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# HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

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NUMBER FIFTY ONE.

From the Friendship's Offering.

ELIODORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CORFU;" "EVENINGS ABROAD," ETC.

"Why don't you dance, Edmund Gray?" said a young en-ign to his friend, as they met in the ball-room of the palace of Saint Michael and Saint George.

"Because," was the answer, "there is no one here to dance with."

"Why do you not talk, Edmund Gray?"

"Because there is no one here to talk to," replied the nonchalant, with an ineffable shrug of his left shoulder, as he turned away.

"Ah!" he continued, soliloquizing as he quitted the room, "these soirees have not been worth coming to since Sir Frederick has made carriage-roads, and we are all become so fine, and so civilized, and so heartless. In the olden times, indeed, when, after ten days' incessant rain, we were obliged to draw lots for the honour of wheeling each other into a barrow to the palace doors,—then there was some excitement in the matter,—some hope and fear as to who should be master and who should be man; some fun, especially if we could manage an upset by the way: but now,—we are much too fine to be happy."

Poor Edmund was doomed to be annoyed this evening. When he reached home, he found that Johannes, the trusty Albanian who served him for valet, cook, and groom, reckoning on his longer absence, had collected a party of friends, and was entertaining them by relating some of the many wonderful sights he had met with in a visit to England lately made with his master.

Johannes described to his ragged audience how, at his first arrival in the great city of the far north-western island, he had stood on one side, humbly, for a long time, to let the crowd pass on:—he told how all the houses were palaces, and even the servants had beds to sleep on. He told how, going into a shop to buy some gloves for his master, he wandered on from one lady or gentleman to another, and could find nobody to serve him; they were all so very grand, counts and countesses at the very least; how he wondered, continually, where all the servants, and working-people, and beggars could be, since he met with none in the streets but fine folks, well, at least decently, dressed, until, at last, he came to the conclusion that they were all celebrating a festival somewhere or other,—in the moon, perhaps;—and how, at last, as night drew on, they did neither light lamps, nor carry links, but, by the mere application of a light to a small tube in the shop windows, and in the lamps, the whole street was instantly in a blaze!

Hitherto, none of the audience had spoken: they had testified their attention only by a little gesticulation, and now and then a roar of laughter, but at this point of the narration, they burst forth unanimously; white teeth gleamed around, dark eyes flashed, the words "Bugiaro! Bugiaro!" were heard, and at last one old man, whose flowing robe and long white beard testified that he was a holy padre, arose and said; "Look you, Master Johannes! we have listened to all your traveller's stories patiently enough, and laughed at them and at you; but this passes even the belief of a dog; so no more of such fooleries, if you please." "Thus it is," said Edmund, as he mounted the staircase, "truth is called falsehood, and falsehood is called truth, in this most deceptive and deceived world: thus it is!" Then, calling for a cigar and a bottle of Ithaca, he took his beloved Shakspeare from the little book-case that decorated his quarters, and sat down to enjoy his loneliness. "What is the use of intellect and knowledge," he said, pursuing his soliloquy, "when those vagabonds were so merry and happy, until—Vanity of vanities:—the world is a vanity, and they who dwell in it are vainer than vain."

II:

One fine autumnal morning, Edmund Gray, in a loose white jacket and a large straw hat, with his gun slung carelessly over his shoulder, set off; attended by Johannes, for a day's shooting. He whistled gaily as he went, for he was leaving behind him a world of nonsense and folly; and when, as they passed through the low covered gateway that terminates the Strada Reale, Johannes looked up reverently towards the old statue of St. Speri-dion, that guards the entrance to the city of Corfu, and implored his blessing on the coming day. Edmund also touched his hat, and exclaimed, "To your guardianship, my worthy fellow, I leave all the jars and annoyances that daily beset my path; keep them, I pray you, until my return,"—so on they went. They lingered long among the wooded heights that surround Potamo,

then crossed into the Alipu road, and so on up the winding ascent that leads to Verapetades. Lovely as autumn is in England it is inexpressibly more beautiful in that southern land. Not a leaf had changed its colour, not a flower had faded, not a blade of grass had withered; nothing spoke of decay or of approaching desolation. The lesser rains had fallen, and had respread the parched earth with her delicate green carpet, and had reclothed the trees with life and beauty. Flowers, too, Flora's second gift this year to the favoured island, peeped out in every direction. The air was heavy with the perfume of the myrtle and orange; the little purple anagallis spread its smiling petals to the sun, promising a fine day to all true lovers of nature; the cerinthe major hung its rich yellow bells belted with crimson, by the side of the delicate cyclamen, in fragrant heaps by the road-side; the sword-lily and verbascom stood in stately pride in the thickets; the plains were covered with orchises,—flies and bees arrested in their busy flight. Even the very underwood,—there are no hedges there,—was redolent with beauty, for from one starchy shrub to another, the clematis, or, sweeter still in its English name, "the traveller's joy," threw its perfumed trail, forming wild arbours innumerable; while occasionally might be seen the scarlet berries of the wild strawberry tree, and the fair spreading blossoms of the datura stramonium,—a fit home, indeed for a fairy, and perchance fairies to dwell therein, for, lest the night air should breathe too roughly on the snowy petals when evening draws on, the broad jagged leaves rise tenderly up, and shut in the flower.

At every opening through the dim trees, Edmund looked out and beheld in the vale below, traced in clear and distinct outline, lowly village, and orange grove and ruined convent, and sometimes, sparkling in the distance, the lake, like the sea, dotted with white sails. Edmund loved Nature in all her moods and tenses; therefore as he happened neither to be in love, nor yet particularly hungry, ever and anon he stayed his foot and looked on the surrounding scenery with a painter's eye, and with a poet's heart. All this time, however, the gun was idle, and the wallet empty; for he had set out with the intention of trusting to his own skill for a dinner. There was something so Homeric in the idea of shooting his dinner, and dressing it under a tree, at night! Edmund was a great worshipper of Homer, and, moreover, was apt to try at realizing the romances of the poets. Poor Johannes! what a pity he could not read the grandfather of all the bards. "Effendi," he said, at last, "the sun is very high, we had better look out for some shade and rest awhile, and I," he added with an arch grin, "will count the birds you have killed."

"Yea," answered the master, "we shall take truer aim, after refreshing ourselves."

So they halted, and asked of a sage looking old gentleman in blue Dutch trowsers, and red cummerbund, the way to the nearest village. "Cala," said the old man, who was lying on his back under an olive tree, shading his eyes with his hands, "Cala; when I have finished watering my tobacco I will tell you." "Tobacco!" exclaimed Johannes, staring around. The other pointed to a little plot of tobacco behind the trees, and reclosed his eyes. But Edmund chinked a few oboli. "Cala, Cala," said the old Greek, and this time he jumped up and explained the way they were to pursue.

They soon came upon a little Albanian village nestling among the trees. It consisted of ten or twelve huts, something like Hottentot kraals, built of bamboo forced together at the top, cone-like, and thatched all over with straw. At one low door-way stood a young woman, looking singularly picturesque in her yellow veil and scarlet apron; she smiled and invited them in. The whole furniture of this simple dwelling-place, consisted of a square stone tray for cookery, full of wood-ashes, a cradle, a black-eyed baby, and a few mugs and pitchers hanging to a shelf. The wayfarers seated themselves on the earthen floor; their young hostess gave them some Indian corn bread, and grapes from the aforesaid shelf; and, lamenting that she had not any crassi, bade them watch the babe till her return, and taking down a pitcher, went out for a few minutes, and presently re-appeared with water cool and sparkling, which she assured them was from a charmed well in the vicinity—the well of Santa Veronica.

"Are you happy here?" said Edmund, when he turned to depart. "Happy!" exclaimed the young mother, bending her dark loving eyes upon her baby; "Yes, yes, Effendi, almost too happy for earth. I want for nothing."

So Edmund Gray walked on marvelling as he went, in mood

most philosophical, why men should toil and fret for power and wealth, and knowledge, when a bare hut with the pure exercise of permitted affection, could light up cheek, and brow, and eye, with such vivid, such not-to-be-mistaken evidences of deep content within. And again his lip almost involuntarily murmured, "It is all vanity!"

Now the meditations of Johannes not being of so abstracted and refined a nature, did not prevent him from paying attention to the passing influences of the moment, more especially to such as were likely to affect his bodily well-doing; therefore, after casting many anxious glances to the sky, and listening with acute attention to a low rumbling sound in the atmosphere, he prophesied that a storm was gathering, and looked out for shelter.

Before he had well done speaking, flash after flash lit up the sky, and some large heavy drops of rain fell most impertinently on Mr. Johannes' nose, as he upturned his face towards the heavens. "Let us hasten thither, master," he said, pointing to a tuft of laurels, overshadowed by a tall cypress, that stood a little way out of the road,— "there are other travellers already there; let us join them."

"Join them!" responded Edmund, "let us rather warn them away from their dangerous resting place," and heedless of Johannes, who continued to asseverate that the laurel was a charmed tree against lightning, Edmund hastened on his mission of charity. A tired child was asleep under the laurel, and a girl watched by him. She had fastened her linen veil to the shrubs to shield him from the rain drops, and unheeding that they fell upon herself, she bent anxiously over him, terrified at the lightning, yet unwilling to disturb the slumberer. Edmund bent low, and touching her arm, and, speaking hurriedly, besought her to come away into the plain; but she, covering her face with one hand, and casting the other over the neck of the child, who began to wake and cry, said, "No, no, I will not go." Edmund told her of the danger of resting under trees during lightning, particularly under a cypress, which from its height would be likely to attract it; but perhaps she did not understand his imperfect Romanic, for she answered only by removing her hand from her eyes, and flinging her arm round the stem of the stately tree. Edmund saw that no time was to be lost. He forcibly raised the child, and bearing him out to a place of comparative safety, returned for the maiden. He was but just in time, for while he was yet placing his hat on the girl's head to shade her eyes, the tall tree reeled for a moment,—the lightning had passed and left its scathe— one side of the proud stem was blackened and burnt to the very root. When the girl saw this, she bent down lowly for a moment, and, joining her young brother's hands with her own, expressed by tears and broken words, her gratitude to the young Englishman who had saved her brother's life as well as her own. Then she arose, and laying down the hat, threw her apron over her head, and leading the young child tenderly by the hand, departed.

The dark clouds cleared away, the sky was again blue and serene; so Edmund, calling Johannes forth from the leafy bower whence neither threats nor entreaties had been able to withdraw him, resumed his way. But there was no luck in store for him: rambling from hill to hill, now exploring the deep ravines, now climbing the myrtle-skirted mountain, he stored his imagination and his portfolio with views of surpassing beauty; but he did not store his wallet with game.

At last twilight, of so brief duration in the south—fell rapidly, and master and man, sorely grumbling and discomposd, had lost their way. They were far, very far from any road, and the more earnestly they sought to regain it, the more entangled did they become in a thicket of wild stunted olives. "There is no help for it," said Mr. Gray, at last; "we must make the best of our mishap and turn heroes. No hope of seeing the city to-night."

"But I am hungry," remonstrated Johannes.

"So am I, but the wallet is not quite empty."

"And so tired," continued the man.

"Then look out for a lodging," said the master.

They soon came upon a little white church. Such an one as there is on almost every hill top in this sweet island. They gently pushed open the door and entered. It promised them shelter from the night-air, and nothing more. It seemed not to have been visited for many weeks, for the wreaths were withered, and there was no oil in the lamp that hung before the virgin. Johannes brought in, with much labour and more noise, some dried olive branches, and set them alight. He then examined with anxious eyes his master's wallet; one owl,—one old grey owl,—was its only tenant. The poor bird was presently condemned to

the roast, but while they were yet racking their brains for a contrivance which should answer the purpose of a spit, some good genius sent aid to them in a manner they little expected. Edmund was vainly trying to warm his hands at the flickering and uncertain blaze; Johannes was trying almost as vainly to disencumber the defunct owl of its feathers; both of the poor wayfarers looking miserable enough, when they were aroused from their melancholy employments by a loud peal of laughter, which rung out clear and distinct through the little aperture that served as a window. A pair of dark eyes were gleaming there, and a merry young face looked in, which they had once before seen that day.

"Kirior!" cried Johannes; but when he reached the door the kirior was gone. Another half hour elapsed, and then the door creaked on its hinges, and the fair young Greek, whom Edmund had saved that day from the lightning came in heavily laden, and deposited a basket on the rough earthen floor, from which she took cold meat and Indian corn cakes, wine and fruit, and lastly, a couple of warm coverlids. "Eliodore!" exclaimed Johannes; but the maiden put her finger to her lip, and, before he could ask any further question, she had disappeared.

"Do you know who she is, Johannes?" inquired the young subaltern.

"I know the kirior," replied the man; "but excuse me, Effendi, I am too hungry to talk now." Edmund was hungry too; so they both sat down and enjoyed the good things thus spread for them in the wilderness; and throwing their coverlids by the fire, they slept the dreamless sleep of the weary.

## III.

Poor Edmund Gray! a weary foot and a fierce headache formed but a small part of the penalty he was destined to pay for his day of wandering through the wild woods. Pleasant as it may be, and romantic as it may seem to sleep the night away in a little lone church embosomed in an olive grove, these same olive groves are sadly infected with malaria, thus forming one of many proofs, that romance and comfort do seldom travel hand in hand about this round globe of ours. In less than a week after the adventure we noted erewhile, our young friend was laid upon a couch of sickness; fever on his brow, and pain in every limb. So the doctor visited him, and looked solemn, and medicine came in abundantly, and the mantle-shelf was decorated with a goodly row of empty phials, yet still the fever was on Edmund's brow, and the pains would not depart. Alas! there was no woman's hand to smooth the poor soldier's pillow,—no woman's voice to soothe him with whisperings of hope; his mother was in the grave, and his sisters were revelling in hall and bower, for he had left them in the spring-time of youth, to seek after glory and fame.

Poor Edmund Gray! Again the M. D. came and shook his solemn head, told him he was none better; pronounced the fever infectious, and sent the patient away for change of air to the other side of the island, to that place where there is now a hospital built to Paolo Castrizza.

A weary journey it was; but the weather was mild and the air refreshing. None of his gay friends came to say farewell, for the fever was infectious; but his commanding officer gave him a month's leave of absence, and Miss Blondell sent him the last new novel she had received from England, with compliments and wishes for his speedy recovery.

On the summit of a lofty rock of red stone, rudely shaped, as though it had once been the fortress home of the stern Phœaciens, with the wild sea foam ever tossing and murmuring about its base, making sweet enough music to the well in health and light of heart, but a sad lullaby to the sick and sleepless,—stood the little hut,—it scarcely merited a better name,—in which poor Edmund was sentenced to regain his health and vivacity. So far from the city, it was impossible for the doctor to visit him often; one short visit on every alternate day was all he could possibly effect. Alas! for Mr. Gray, if he had depended only on his countrymen and friends! but he did not depend only on them. Johannes forgot now his own wants and wishes; he grumbled not at the country bread, and did not make many wry faces at the crassi; these minor grievances were forgotten in his anxiety for his master's comfort. Tender and affectionate, the untutored Albanian laid aside every thought of self, and while Edmund's friends and equals were dancing at the palace, flirting at the opera, or talking nonsense on the esplanade, Johannes passed sleepless nights by his master's couch, and subduing his voice and step to the softness of womanhood, became friend, and nurse and comforter. It was not until nature was fairly exhausted, that he thought of procuring help;—and then did he go to the city for it? Ah! no.

One sunshiny morning he had drawn his master's couch to the open window, and had spread a veil before it, that the sea-breeze might not visit his fevered cheek too roughly, and Edmund thanked him, and said with a smile, "Now, good Johannes, go below, will you, and quiet those clamorous waves,—I cannot rest for them;" "I will sing them to sleep," said Johannes, as he went out of the room.

Presently a deep rich voice came swelling on the breeze,—deep

and rich, yet soft as an infant's murmuring, and the words, though breathed in the rough Romaic tongue felt sweetly and soothingly on the soldier's spirit, for they were of home—of distant home, of a mother's watchful tenderness, of a sister's gentle love, and of reunion after absence. These words were words of holy power—the soldier slept, and his dreams were blest, and when he awoke and met Johannes' anxious gaze, he forgot for a moment where he was, for the first words he uttered were, "Marian, sister Marian!"

## IV.

"And so," said the young Greek, "in return for all I have done for you, watching, and waiting, and singing, and nursing, you, unreasonable as the rest of your nation, wish me to undertake new tasks. This book!" she said, somewhat contemptuously, "why, Effendi, I would rather, to please you, go shooting in the pine woods all day, and return at last with nothing but a grey owl in my basket for supper, then learn the name of one of those crooked figures; I never had the slightest inclination for abstruse studies."

"But, Eliodore! In my country it is counted a shameful thing for any one, even a woman, not to know how to read; nay, almost every body there can write also!"

"It may be so, Caro; I love that pretty soft Italian word, the only good thing you ever taught me; but what are they the better for it? Can they talk to you faster, or sing to you more willingly, or nurse you more carefully than I have done?" And the glorious large black eyes were languidly raised with a reproachful expression, which said more than any words could say.

"No, no, Eliodore! they could not, they would not; why, indeed, should I seek to cloud your pure ingenuous mind with our crabbed learning? It would but make you cold-hearted and deceptive, and selfish as we are; no, no, Eliodore, remain as you are, the sweetest little wild flower that ever looked laughingly up to the sun, or drank the free mountain-breeze;—only this hideous wrapping veil and these frightful silver clasps,—they would be better exchanged for—"

"I know, I know," answered the laughing maiden; "tomorrow, to-morrow, you shall see—but now it is growing chill; you must leave the verandah, and I must hasten home to my father—come, Johannes!"

The next morning when Eliodore came, accompanied by her young brother to visit the hermit dwelling on the rock, she had changed her costume—none knew how, or where she had procured her new attire, but so it was—the cumbrous shoes with enormous silver buckles were exchanged for slight Italian slippers; her pretty figure was no longer disguised by large saucer-like clasps of carved silver; nay, even the bells had disappeared from her bodice, and her dress was confined only by a broad embroidered scarf tied round the waist; her thick linen veil, for one of smaller size and lighter texture, which shaded her features without hiding even the pomegranate blossoms with which she had wreathed her dark hair.

It was pleasant to Edmund Gray, the man of intellect, the man of refinement, the man of the world, to enter into the innermost recesses of this young creature's mind, and thinking her pure thoughts, and sharing her childlike simplicity, live over again his own early and happy days.

She knew nothing, absolutely nothing of the world and its inhabitants; she had never heard of ambition; she had never dreamed of love; those two dangerous and specious deities, which sway the world with an omnipotent sceptre, offering rose-wreaths to their votaries, which rose-wreaths turn ever to links of iron, that bind the heart and destroy the spirit. She loved her father,—he was the syndic of the neighbouring village, and the greatest person she had ever encountered, for all the villagers did his bidding;—she loved her little brother, for he was motherless, and clung to her for support and for protection; but of other love she had never thought; she had ever considered, as she so frankly confessed to Edmund, the science of reading to be something far beyond her powers of mind, an occupation fit only for priests and old women; but who that had heard her young and liquid voice pouring forth its deep Ave to the Virgin at night, or ringing in peals of light laughter, from rock to rock, as she chased the wild kids along the ledges, would have ever wished it to be made audible in any other manner? She never wanted occupation. She had her birds to tame—her bees to tend—her kids to sport with—her dear father to wait upon—her young brother to caress; but when, sick, and sad, and suffering, Edmund Gray came to dwell in the desolate hut, that crowned the frowning rock of Paolo Castrizza, and claimed a stranger's boon at the hands of the kind-hearted maiden,—when she knew that he was not quite a stranger, but the same young Englishman who had perilled his life to save her and her brother, then she joyfully gave up every other pursuit for that of sharing the cares and anxieties of poor Johannes. Her birds followed their own wild wills,—her bees turned vagrants,—her kids grew venerable,—her father bruised his grapes, and hung his tobacco to dry alone, while poor little Dinoo wished with his whole soul that the Englishman was gone.

Returning health is at all times a delightful feeling; Edmund

Gray had experienced it before, but never had it come to him so delightfully as now. He was far from his fellows, and he loved such loneliness. His thoughts were habitually too lofty, too ideal for this rough and common-place world; he cared not for the things which men usually care for, and those beautiful dreamings, and dim visions of unearthly excellence, and shadowy remembrances of the past, which he shrined in his inmost heart, the world despised and laughed at. So he shut himself up in his own fairy creation, and seldom spoke of his hidden treasures to those who crossed his path. His companions called him an idle visionary, but Edmund despised and disliked his companions, and loved to be alone. And now he was alone, unfettered, for the time being, by calls to duty, unworried by what was, in his estimation, far more disagreeable, calls to amusement. Alone with the glory and magnificence of nature, when he was able to go out beyond his verandah, he asked for, he wished for no further happiness. Johannes supported his yet feeble steps, and Eliodore bounded onwards like a young wood nymph, beckoning them to follow. Although Eliodore knew not the source of the hidden fount within, and had never heard the name or praise of sweet Poesy, she loved a bright sky, and a fair scene as well as any poet could desire. She would sit untired for hours, with Edmund, in a little grassy nook, about half way down the rock, listening to the monotonous music of the ever-beating surge; she would stand with rapt eye at eventime, on the sands, watching the last faint glow of the retiring sun; she would look out over the deep waters till, unobserved, the breaking surf rolled on and covered her with a shower of white spray.

Nature, beautiful Nature, beneficent Nature, consoler and friend! thou hast a voice for every mood of the human mind, a balm for every sorrow of the stricken heart! When man has betrayed, and friend has departed, to thee we come for consolation, and we come never in vain. Beautiful Nature! thou hast yet another wonderful power: thou dost stamp thine own impress with unerring hand upon thy votaries. Be they deeply versed in the lore of the world, or be they utterly untaught, save by thine own gentle teaching, it is but to look upon the eye when it rests on sun-touched landscape, around on the eternal sea below, on the star-gemmed glory above—it is but to mark that eye kindle, and to see that cheek glow with the hidden fire within, and straightway we exclaim "And thou, too, art in Arcady."

Concluded next week.

## VOLTAIRE AGAINST WAR.

VOLTAIRE, though a bold and bitter enemy of that gospel on which alone we can rely for the entire abolition of war, has nevertheless filled his writings with strong denunciations of this custom. "Famine, the plague, and war," he says, "are the three most famous ingredients in the misery of this lower world. Under famine may be classed all the noxious kinds of food which want compels us to use, thus shortening our life while we hope to support it. In the plague are included all contagious distempers; and these are not less than two or three thousand. These two evils we receive from Providence; but war, in which all these evils are concentrated, we owe to the fancy of two or three hundred persons scattered over the globe under the name of princes and ministers. The most hardened flatterer will allow, that war is ever attended with plague and famine, especially if he has seen the military hospitals of Germany, or passed through villages where some notable feat of arms has been performed."

"When a sovereign wishes to embark in war, he picks up a multitude of men who have nothing to do, and nothing to lose, clothes them with coarse blue cloth, puts on them hats bound with coarse white worsted, makes them turn to the right and left, and thus marches them away to glory! Other princes, on this armament, take part in it to the best of their ability, and soon cover a small extent of country with more hireling murderers than Jenghiz-Khan, Tamerlane and Bajazet had at their heels. People at no small distance, on hearing that fighting is afoot, and that if they would join, there are five or six sous a day for them, immediately divide into two bands like reapers, and go and sell their services to the first bidder. These multitudes furiously butcher one another not only without having any concern in the quarrel, but without so much as knowing what it is about."

"An odd circumstance in this infernal business is, that every chief of those ruffians has his colors consecrated, and solemnly prays to God, before he goes to destroy his neighbour. If the slain in battle do not exceed two or three thousand, the fortunate commander does not think it worth thanking God for; but if, besides killing ten or twelve thousand men, he has been so far favored of Heaven as totally to destroy some remarkable place, then a verbose hymn is sung."

"All courtiers pay a certain number of orators to celebrate these sanguinary achievements. They are all very long-winded in their harangues; but in not one of all these discourses have they the spirit to animadvert on war, that scourge and crime which includes all others. Put together all the vices of all ages and places; and never will they come up to the mischiefs and enormities of one campaign."

"Ye ministers of God! bungling physicians of the soul! to bel- low for an hour or more against a few flea-bites, but say not a word about that horrid distemper which tears us to pieces! Burn your books, ye moralizing philosophers! Whilst the honor of a few shall make it an act of loyalty to butcher thousands of our fellow-creatures, the part of mankind devoted to heroism will be the most execrable and destructive monsters in all nature. Of what avail is humanity, benevolence, modesty, temperance, mild- ness, discretion, or piety, when half a pound of lead shatters my body; when I expire at the age of twenty in agonies unspeak- able, and amidst thousands in the same miserable condition; when my eyes, in their last opening, see my native town all in a blaze, and the last sounds I hear are the shrieks and groans of women and children expiring among the ruins?"

#### PYRAMID OF SCULLS.

Though it may be an evil to familiarize the mind with scenes and recitals of bloodshed, yet may it be a good thing to have occa- sionally presented to our consideration, those enormities with which war is continually scourging mankind. We cannot hate war too much, nor be too solicitous for the blessings of peace.

The following narrative is calculated to impress us with the con- viction, that war is one of the direst curses with which sin has af- flicted the world.

When Kirman, in the province of Kirman, in Persia, was be- sieged by Agha Mohammad Khan, Looft Allee Khan, the last of the Zund dynasty, defended it to the last extremity. The inha- bitants died of famine and thirst in the horrors of the siege, and two-thirds of the troops perished. Even this desperate condition did not compel the besieged to surrender. At length a sirdar, Nu- jaz Koola Khan, induced by bribery, allowed a party of the ene- my to enter, who immediately ran and opened one of the gates, and let in the whole of the besiegers. Looft Allee Khan, in this extremity, put himself at the head of a few of his bravest ad- herents, and cut his way through his enemies.

He had but little reason to congratulate himself on his escape, for he was soon betrayed into the hands of Agha Mohammad Khan, who barbarously put out his eyes with his own hands, and to commemorate the downfall of the Zund dynasty, and the cap- ture of Kirman, he formed the horrid resolution of erecting a py- ramid of skulls, on the spot where Looft Allee Khan was taken. For this purpose he beheaded six hundred prisoners, and despatch- ed their heads to the place by three hundred other prisoners, forc- ing each man to carry two skulls. These unfortunate wretches on their arrival shared the same fate; and the pyramid was seen by Lieutenant Pottinger in 1810, a horrid evidence of the conqueror's implacable and blood-thirsty disposition.

Such is war, and whether it be engaged in by the inhabitants of the east or the west, the north or the south, its cruel and implaca- ble spirit is the same: blood will not slake its unhallowed thirst, nor conquest satisfy its insatiable ambition.

This relation of the pyramid of skulls, is but one among the thousand cruel acts of idolatry practised by mankind; for to the idol War all nations have bowed the knee; his bloody footprints are impressed on every soil, and millions of self-devoted victims have fallen a sacrifice at his shrine! How unfeignedly ought we to pray that this sanguinary Moloch, this Dagon, may be dashed in pieces; that the merciful influences of the gospel may be shed abroad in every heart, and that all the inhabitants of the earth may cry aloud with one voice, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men."—*London Weekly Visitor*.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF GAMBLING.—It is well known upon the western waters, that the hands employed upon the boats spend much of their idle time in playing cards. Of the passion for gaming thus excited, an instance has been narrated to us, upon most creditable authority, which surpasses the highest- wrought fictions of the gambler's fate. A coloured fireman, on a steambot running between this city and New-Orleans, had lost all his money at *poker* with his companions. He then staked his clothing, and being still unfortunate, pledged his own freedom for a small amount. Losing this, the bets were doubled, and he finally, at one desperate hazard, ventured his full value as a slave, and laid down his free papers to represent the stake. He lost, suffered his certificates to be destroyed, and was actually sold by the winner to a slave dealer, who hesitated not to take him at a small discount upon his assessed value. When last heard of he was still paying in servitude the penalty of his criminal folly.—*Cincinnati Express*.

NOVELS.—"Every novel which is written is a Tract in the hands of Satan for the spread of infidelity." So writes some one, whose cramped mind would, we dare say, strip this "fair heritage of earth," of all its flowers, if possible, and sow in their stead thorns and briars. We deny the assertion that every novel is such a dangerous weapon. Some there may be—too many, per- haps—but then there are works of fiction the tendency of which are directly the reverse. Because the novelist deals in fiction it does not follow that he is allied to the Father of Lies. We have

heard and read sermons, the whole frame-work of which was based upon the imagination. They were in fact, NOVELS in every sense of the word—grounded on sacred themes to be sure, but still none the less novels. Some people have a holy horror of this class of writings, and yet frequently as much good may be gleaned from a novel as from one half the sermons that are delivered. Satan would no more attempt to circulate them than he would lend his aid to scatter "holy water."—*Portland Transcript*.

#### ON SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

That you may relish and understand the New Testament, and all the revelation of God is our earnest desire. We will, there- fore, suggest to you a plan of reading the blessed volume which reason, common sense, and the experience of all who have tried it, recommend and enforce. We will only premise one sentence, namely, that as God has kindly revealed himself, his will, and our salvation in human language, the words of human language, which he used for this purpose, must have been used by his spirit in the commonly received sense among mankind generally; else it could not have been a revelation; for a revelation in words not understood in the common sense, is no revelation at all. You will then take, say, a New Testament, and sit down with a pencil or pen in your hand. Begin with Matthew's Gospel; read the whole of it at one reading or two; mark on the margin every sentence you think you do not understand. Turn back again; read it a second time, in less portions at once than in the first reading; cancel such marks as you have made which noted passages, that on the first reading appeared to you dark or difficult to understand, but on the second reading opened to your view, then read Mark, Luke, and John, in the same manner, as they all treat upon the same subject. After having read each evangelist in this way, read them all in succession a third time. At this time you will no doubt be able to cancel many of your marks. Adopt the same plan when you next read the Acts of the Apostles, which is a key to all the Epistles; then the epistles in a similar manner; always before reading an epistle read every thing said about the people addressed in the epistle, which you find in the Acts of the Apostles. This is the course which we would take to understand any book. You will no doubt see, from what you read, the necessity of accompanying all your readings with sup- plications to the Father of Lights, for that instruction which he has graciously promised to all that ask him; praying that "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, may give to you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that you may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power towards us who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places."

In pursuing this plan, we have no doubt, in going even three times through the New Testament, than you will understand much more of the christian religion than the most learned divine would teach you, according to the popular manner of instructing by ser- mons, in seven years. Do, we entreat you, make the experiment; and if it prove not as useful as we have hinted, remind us of it; tell us of your disappointment, and then we will be deservedly worthy of blame. Beware of having any commentator or system before your eyes or your mind. Act fully upon the two important prin- ciples which formed the impregnable foundation of the great Protestant reformation:—the first that "The word of God is the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice"—the second that, "Every christian has an inalienable right to private judgment in matters of religion." Open the New Testament as if mortal man had never seen it before. Your acquaintance with the Old Testament will incalculably facilitate your proficiency in the New. The time requisite will be redeemed time. It will not interfere with your ordinary duties. Oh remember that this is better than all acquisitions! that happy is the man that finds wis- dom, and the man that gets understanding.

#### THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

But is it not strange that mankind should have been suffered to live so long in the dark—that the world should have been left to drag on four thousand years, before Christianity was revealed? Here, again, analogy steps in, exclaiming, Not at all strange: on the contrary, it is the most common case in nature. How is it, for example, that herbs have been allowed to run to waste for centuries upon centuries, of which the virtues, when they were once discovered,

—'sae fortified the part,  
That when death looked to his dart,  
It was so blunt,  
Fient hact o't wad hae pierced the heart  
Of a kail-runt.'

Indeed it is not till within these very few years that a whole class of medicines, and a class, now, we believe, considered the most efficient,—minerals—have been transferred from the bowels of the earth to the bowels of the patient; to the great advantage of

human life. How is it, to revert to what we have already touch- ed upon, that mankind were left to blunder about upon the ocean; in perils of waters, for so long a period, without the knowledge of the compass? Or to live in gross ignorance of many most essential truths, during a number of generations, for want of the essential art of printing? There is no end to this—the world, like Prospero's Island, is full of strange sounds. But revelation has been communicated partially; if it was really from God, and of the importance alleged, would it not have been universal? Yet which of God's gifts is not communicated thus? Health, and strength, and intellect, and property, are all distributed in unequal proportions—one man has his lot cast among the skows, and seals, and *tripe de la roche* of a polar sky; another on the vine-clad banks of the Loire. It is not for us to reconcile these things; but it is idle to raise an objection against revelation upon a ground which would equally deprive the Almighty of any hand in the government of the universe.—*Quarterly Review*.

#### BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Bunyan was confident in his own powers of expression: he says

—thine only way  
Before them all, is to say out thy say  
In thine own native language, which no man  
Noy weeth, nor with ease dissemble can.

And he might well be confident. His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one: and what a difference is there between its homeliness, and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English,—the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes indeed in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this national style Bunyan is in some degree be- holden for his general popularity;—his language is every where level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shows, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing, as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily; to himself, because the outline only of the picture is presented to him, and the author having made no attempts to fill up the details, every reader supplies them accord- ing to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imagina- tive powers.—*Southey*.

#### WOMAN'S KINDNESS.

Mr. F. Grummet, M. P., related the following incident, which occurred while he was passing through a small village near Rock- fort, as a prisoner, under a military escort. It will show to those acquainted only with modern customs, the value of the kindness formerly practised in washing the feet of strangers. St. Paul, in enumerating the deeds of kindness which especially recommend- ed aged widows to the kindness of the Church, says, 'if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted,' etc.

I had obtained a fresh supply of canvass for my feet, which were much blistered and extremely sore, but this was soon wor- out, and I suffered dreadfully. About noon we halted in the market place of a small town bearing every mark of antiquity (I think it was Melle,) to rest and refresh. To escape the sun I took my seat on an old tea chest, standing in front of a huckster's shop, and removed my tattered moccasins. Whilst doing this, an elderly woman came out of the shop accompanied by a young girl, very prettily dressed, and "Pauvre garcon!"—"Pauvre prisoner!" were uttered by both. The girl with tears in her eyes, looked at my lacerated feet, and then without saying a word, returned to the house. In a few minutes afterwards she reap- peared, but her finery had been taken off, and she carried a large bowl of warm water in her hands. In a moment, the bowl was placed before me, she motioned me to put in my feet, which I did, and down she went upon her knees and washed them in the most tender manner. Oh, what luxury was that half hour. The elder female brought me food, whilst the younger, having per- formed her office, wrapped up my feet in soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes.

"Hail! woman, hail! last formed in Eden's bowers,  
Midst humming streams and fragrance-breathing flowers;  
Thou art, 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill,  
Creator's glory, man's chief blessing still—  
Thou calm'st our thoughts, as halcyons calm the sea,  
Sooth'st in distress when servile minions flee;  
And oh! without thy sun-bright smiles below,  
Life were a night, and earth a waste of wo."

During the process above mentioned, numbers had collected round and stood silently witnessing so angelic an act of charity. "Enlalie!" heeded them not; but when her task was finished, she raised her head, and a sweet smile of gratified pleasure beam- ed on her face.

## 'JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.'

BY MRS. L. H. SIOURNEY.

WATCHER!—who wak'st by the bed of pain,  
While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,  
Still the tear for thy lov'd one's sake,  
Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break;  
In thy loneliest hour, there's a helper nigh,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger!—afar from thy native land,  
Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,  
Table and hearth-stone are glowing free,  
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;  
There is one who can tell of a home on high,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,  
A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,  
Wrestling the favor of God to win,  
His seal of pardon for days of sin;  
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Moaner!—who sitt'st in the church-yard lone,  
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,  
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,  
Planting the myrtle and rose instead;  
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak,  
In thy vein of fire and thy wasted cheek,  
Fear'at thou the shade of the darken'd vale?  
Seek to the guide who can never fail;  
He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

November 1838.

## GLENCOE.

Grey mists rests on the hills. The whirlwind  
Is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river.

OSBORN.

The melancholy event which has attached such a fearful interest to the valley of Glencoe, it shall be our endeavour to lay as concisely before the readers of *The Mirror* as possible. It is in itself, independent of connecting circumstances, the most wild and singular spot in all Scotland, and is situated in the District of Argyllshire. What is about to be related, is perhaps the most atrocious, as it is the most unprovoked, "deed of blood" which stains the page of modern history: all the meritorious actions of King William III. (and they are not a few) are insufficient to obliterate the foul blot which this most unprincipled transaction has thrown upon his memory.

In the year 1691, as the Highlanders who were fondly attached to the Stuart family, had not totally submitted to the authority of William, the Earl of Bredalbane undertook to bring them over, by distributing sums of money among their chiefs; and £15,000 were remitted from England for this purpose. The clans being informed of this remittance, suspected that the earl's design was to appropriate to himself the best part of the money; and when he began to treat with them, made such extravagant demands, that he found his scheme impracticable. He was, therefore, obliged to refund the sum he received; and he resolved to wreak his vengeance with the first opportunity on those who had frustrated his intention. He who chiefly thwarted his negotiation, was Macdonald of Glencoe, whose opposition rose from a private circumstance, which ought to have had no effect upon a treaty that regarded the public weal. Macdonald had plundered the lands of Bredalbane during the course of hostilities; and this nobleman insisted upon being indemnified for his losses, from the other's share of the money which he was employed to distribute. The Highlander not only refused to acquiesce in these terms, but, by his influence among the clans, defeated the whole scheme; and the earl, in revenge, devoted him to destruction. King William had, by proclamation, offered an indemnity to all those who had been in arms against him, provided they would submit, and take the oaths by a certain day; and this was prolonged to the close of the year 1691, with a denunciation of military execution against those who should hold out after the end of December. Macdonald, intimidated by this declaration, repaired on the very last day of the month to Fort William, and desired that the oaths might be tendered to him by Colonel Hill, governor of that fortress. As this officer was not visited with the power of a civil magistrate, he refused to administer them; and Macdonald set out immediately for Inverary, the county town of Argyll. Though the ground was covered with snow, and the weather intensely cold, he travelled with such diligence, that the term prescribed by the proclamation was but one day elapsed when he reached the place, and addressing himself to Sir John Campbell, sheriff of the county, who, in consideration of his disappointment at Fort William, was prevailed upon to administer the oaths to him and his adherents. Then they returned to their own habitations, in the valley of Glencoe, in full confidence of being protected by the Government, to which they had so solemnly submitted. Bredalbane had represented Macdonald at Court as an incorrigible rebel, as a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country, nor

live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed, that he had paid no regard to the proclamation, and proposed that the Government should sacrifice him to the quiet of the kingdom, in extirpating him, with his family and dependents, by military execution. His advice was supported by the suggestions of the other Scottish ministers; and the King whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people—though it does not appear that he knew of Macdonald's submission.

An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his Majesty's own hand, being transmitted to the Master of Stair, secretary for Scotland, this minister sent particular directions to Livingstone, who commanded the troops in that kingdom, to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the sword, charging them to take no prisoners, that the scene might be more terrible. In the month of February, Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered, as friends; and promised, upon his honour, that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal day approached. Macdonald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicions to his brother; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity. Nevertheless, the two young men went forth privately, to make further observations. They overheard the common soldiers say, they liked not the work; that though they would have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cool blood; but that their officers were answerable for the treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded: they heard the discharge of muskets, the shrieks of women and children; and being destitute of arms, secured their own lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died the next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintracken, Macdonald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the Government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question. A boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Thirty-eight persons suffered in this manner, the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the Divine Mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes, so that one hundred and sixty escaped.

Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burnt, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the whole face of the country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste before they could receive the least comfort or assistance.

H. INNES.

*Use of the Toes.*—It is remarkable to what excellent use the toes are applied in India. In England it is difficult to say whether they are of any use at all; but in India they are second fingers; and, in Bengalee, are indeed called the "fingers." In his own house a Hindoo makes use of them to fasten the clog to his feet, by means of a button, which he slips between the two middle toes. The tailor, if he does not thread his needle with his toes, twists the thread with them; the cook holds his knife with his toes, while he cuts fish, vegetables, etc.; the joiner, the weaver, and several other mechanics, all use them for a variety of purposes, for which an European would never think of employing them.

*Sharp Logic.*—Watts, in his *Logick*, says, "There is a sharpness in vinegar, and there is a sharpness in pain, in sorrow, and in reproach; there is a sharp eye, a sharp wit, and a sharp sword: but there is not one of these sharpnesses the same as another of them; and a sharp east wind is different from them all."

From Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*.

## GEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

OR, THE CONSISTENCY OF GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY WITH SACRED HISTORY.

It may seem just matter of surprise, that many learned and religious men should regard with jealousy and suspicion the study of any natural phenomena, which abound with proofs of some of the highest attributes of the Deity; and should receive with distrust, or total incredulity, the announcement of conclusions, which the geologist deduces from careful and patient investigations of the facts which it is his province to explore. These doubts and difficulties result from the disclosures made by geology, respecting the lapse of very long periods of time before the creation of man. Minds which have been accustomed to date the origin of the universe, as well as that of the human race, from an era of about six thousand years ago, receive reluctantly any information, which if true, demands some new modification of their present idea of cosmogony; and as in this respect, Geology has shared the fate of other infant sciences, in being for a while considered hostile to revealed religion; so like them when fully understood, it will be found a potent and consistent auxiliary to it, exalting our conviction of the Power, and Wisdom, and Goodness of the Creator.

No reasonable man can doubt that all the phenomena of the natural world derive their origin from God; and no one who believes the Bible to be the word of God, has cause to fear any discrepancy between this, his word, and the results of any discoveries respecting the nature of his works; but the early and deliberative stages of scientific discovery are always those of perplexity and alarm, and during these stages the human mind is naturally circumspect, and slow to admit new conclusions in any department of knowledge. The prejudiced persecutors of Galileo (a) apprehended danger to religion, from the discoveries of a science, in which a Kepler, and a Newton found demonstrations of the most sublime and glorious attributes of the Creator. A Herschel has pronounced that "Geology, in the magnitude and sublimity of the objects of which it treats, undoubtedly ranks in the scale of sciences next to astronomy;" and the history of the structure of our planet, when it shall be fully understood, must lead to the same great moral results that have followed the study of the mechanism of the heavens; Geology has already proved by physical evidence, that the surface of the globe has not existed in its actual state from eternity, but has advanced through a series of creative operations, succeeding one another at long and definite intervals of time; that all the actual combinations of matter have had a prior existence in some other state; and that the ultimate atoms of the material elements, through whatever changes they may have passed, are, and ever have been, governed by laws, as regular and uniform, as those which hold the planets in their course. All these results entirely accord with the best feelings of our nature, and with our rational conviction of the greatness and goodness of the Creator of the universe; and the reluctance with which evidences, of such high importance to natural theology, have been admitted by many persons, who are sincerely zealous for the interests of religion, can only be explained by their want of accurate information (b) in physical science; and by their ungrounded fears lest natural phenomena should prove inconsistent with the account of the creation in the book of Genesis.

It is argued unfairly against Geology, that because its followers are as yet agreed on no complete and incontrovertible theory of the earth; and because early opinions advanced on imperfect evidence have yielded, in succession, to more extensive discoveries; therefore nothing certain is known upon the whole subject; and that all geological deductions must be crude, unauthentic, and conjectural.

It must be candidly admitted that the season has not yet arrived, when a perfect theory of the whole earth can be fixedly and finally established, since we have not yet before us all the facts on which such a theory may eventually be founded; but, in the mean time, while we have abundant evidence of numerous and indisputable phenomena, each establishing important and undeniable conclusions; and the aggregate of these conclusions, as they gradually accumulate, will form the basis of future theories, each more and more nearly approximating to perfection; the first, and second and third story of our edifice may be soundly and solidly constructed; although time must elapse before the roof and pinnacles of the perfect building can be completed. Admitting therefore, that we have yet much to learn, we contend that much

a How different from the old comments is the view which divines have given of a multitude of Scripture passages touching on astronomical subjects, since scientific men have demonstrated that the earth moves round the sun, and not the sun and the planets round the earth. A similar change, we have no doubt, will take place in reference to geology. b Individuals who deny the conclusions at which modern geologists have arrived with respect to the great antiquity of the earth, ought, in all fairness, to examine well the nature of the facts upon which such conclusions are based; and if after a diligent and candid investigation of geological facts, as found in a few of the most eminent works of the present day, they can still reject the soundness of modern geological conclusions, we can only say that we think they possess a larger amount of incredulity than falls to our lot.—Ed. Pearl.

sound knowledge has been already acquired; and we protest against the rejection of established parts, because the whole is not yet made perfect.

It was assuredly prudent, during the infancy of Geology, in the immature state of those physical sciences which form its only sure foundation, not to enter upon any comparison of the Mosaic account of creation with the structure of the earth, then almost totally unknown; the time was not then come when the knowledge of natural phenomena was sufficiently advanced to admit of any profitable investigation of this question; but the discoveries of the last half century have been so extensive in this department of natural knowledge, that, whether we will or not, the subject is now forced upon our consideration, and can no longer escape discussion. The truth is, that all observers, however various may be their speculations, respecting the secondary causes by which geological phenomena have been brought about, are now agreed in admitting the lapse of very long periods of time to have been an essential condition to the production of these phenomena.

It may therefore be proper, in this part of our inquiry, to consider how far the brief account of creation contained in the Mosaic narrative, can be shown to accord with those natural phenomena, which will come under consideration in the course of the present essay. Indeed some examination to this question seems indispensable at the very threshold of an investigation, the subject matter of which will be derived from a series of events, for the most part, long antecedent to the creation of the human species. I trust it may be shown, not only that there is no inconsistency between our interpretation of the phenomena of nature and of the Mosaic narrative, but that the results of geological inquiry throw important light on parts of this history, which are otherwise involved in much obscurity.

If the suggestions I shall venture to propose require some modification of the most commonly received and popular interpretation of the Mosaic narrative, this admission neither involves any impeachment of the authenticity of the text, nor of the judgment of those who have formerly interpreted it otherwise, in the absence of information as to facts which have but recently been brought to light; and if in this respect, Geology should seem to require some little concession from the literal interpreter of scripture, it may fairly be held to afford ample compensation for this demand, by the large additions it has made to the evidences of natural religion, in a department where revelation was not designed to give information.

The disappointment of those who look for a detailed account of geological phenomena in the Bible, rests on a gratuitous expectation of finding therein historical information respecting all the operations of the Creator in times and places with which the human race has no concern; as reasonably might we object that the Mosaic history is imperfect, because it makes no specific mention of the satellites of Jupiter, or the rings of Saturn, as feel disappointment at not finding in it the history of a geological phenomena, the details of which may be fit matter for an encyclopedia of science, but are foreign to the objects of a volume intended only to be a guide of religious belief and moral conduct.

We may fairly ask of those persons who consider physical science a fit subject for revelation, what point they can imagine short of a communication of Omniscience, at which such a revelation might have stopped, without imperfections of omission, less in degree, but similar in kind, to that which they impute to the existing narrative of Moses? A revelation of so much only of astronomy, as was known to Copernicus, would have seemed imperfect after the discoveries of Newton; and a revelation of the science of Newton would have appeared defective to La Place: a revelation of all the chemical knowledge of the eighteenth century would have been as deficient in comparison with the information of the present day, as what is now known in this science will probably appear before the termination of another age; in the whole circle of sciences, there is not one to which this argument may not be extended, until we should require from revelation a full development of all the mysterious agencies that uphold the mechanism of the material world. Such a revelation might indeed be suited to beings of a more exalted order than mankind, and the attainment of such knowledge of the works as well as of the ways of God, may perhaps form some part of our happiness in a future state; but unless human nature had been constituted otherwise than it is, the above supposed communication of omniscience would have been imparted to creatures, utterly incapable of receiving it, under any past or present, moral or physical condition of the human race; and would have been also at variance with the design of all God's other disclosures of himself, the end of which has uniformly been, not to impart intellectual, but moral knowledge.

Several hypotheses have been proposed, with a view of reconciling the phenomena of Geology, with the brief account of creation which we find in the Mosaic narrative. Some (a) have at-

a To us it appears a most singular phenomenon that persons who find it so extremely difficult to reconcile the Mosaic narrative with the high antiquity of the globe, can, nevertheless, so easily explain a thousand geological facts with the deluge of Noah as described in the Scripture. We can see nothing in the inspired account of that catastrophe to induce a belief that it

tempted to ascribe the formation of all the stratified rocks to the effects of the Mosaic deluge; an opinion which is irreconcilable with the enormous thickness and almost infinite subdivisions of these strata, and with the numerous and regular successions which they contain of the remains of animals and vegetables, differing more and more widely from existing species, as the strata in which we find them are placed at greater depths. The fact that a large proportion of these remains belong to extinct genera, and almost all of them to extinct species, that lived and multiplied and died on or near the spots where they are now found, shows that the strata in which they occur were deposited slowly and gradually, during long periods of time, and at widely distant intervals. These extinct animals (b) and vegetables could therefore have formed no part of the creation with which we are immediately connected.

It has been supposed by others, that these strata were formed at the bottom of the sea, during the interval between the creation of man and the Mosaic deluge; and that, at the time of that deluge, portions of the globe which had been previously elevated above the level of the sea, and formed the antediluvian continents, were suddenly submerged; while the ancient bed of the ocean rose to supply their place. To this hypothesis also, the facts I shall subsequently advance offer insuperable objections.

Concluded next week.

READING MEDICAL BOOKS.—There can be no doubt that hypochondriacal persons are fond of perusing works that treat of diseases, and much addicted to seeing their own case in every page; but we should not, on this account, be inclined to discourage all attempts to make the truths of medicine familiar to unprofessional persons. Medical books of some kind or other, such persons will purchase and will study. Care should be taken to supply them with sensible books, and such as, informing them of the wonders of the bodily functions, would also teach them to place their greatest reliance, as regarded setting the functions in order when impaired, on those who had most studied them. It is to the deplorable ignorance, even of persons of education, with respect to the structure and functions of the human body, and every thing which relates to health and disease, that we must ascribe the inability of such persons to distinguish between the rational practitioner and the quack. The higher classes, especially, hold regular phisic and physicians of small account. Their idea of medicine is, that it is an art, a craft, a kind of *knack*, (to use a somewhat inelegant but not unexpressive word,) which some people are born with, or attain without study, and by the mere felicity of nature. If anatomy and physiology formed part of a good education, phisic would reach its proper rank. But those who hang with ecstasy over stemens and pistils, or fragments of granite and spar, never seem to consider how noble and useful a subject for contemplation exists in their own frames. With increased knowledge, faith in the nostrums of empirics would soon be extinguished, and rash and absurd methods of cure abandoned. No patients are more disposed to rely on trifles for relief than hypochondriacs. Some put their trust in ginger-lozenges, some in hierapicra, some in Daffy's Elixir, and some in Doctor Somebody's famous dinner pill. Some rest their hopes on white mustard-seed, and others seek solace in breakfasting on fried bacon. Some are persuaded that animal food will be fatal to them, and some that vegetables are poison. They heroically abandon whatever is denounced; some giving up their wine without a sigh, and others resigning their tea without a struggle.

—Foreign Quarterly Review.

UNKINDNESS.—How many heart-aches should we spare ourselves if we were careful to check every unkind word or action towards those we love, by this anticipating reflection: The time may soon arrive when the being I am now about to afflict, may be snatched from me for ever to the cold recesses of the grave, secured from the assaults of my petulance and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence.

action was so violent as to 'shutter the solid framework of the globe—burst its adamant pavement—upheave its molten bowels,' and raise its ocean beds. —Ed. Pearl.

b It is not a little curious to observe the mode of interpretation adopted by some of the opponents of modern geology in one or two cases. Read this passage from an able writer on their side of the question (Dr. Comstock):—"A comparison of the bones of the fossil species with those of present ones, show that they generally were of a different species. Hence we must come to the conclusion, that not all, or every species of quadrupeds existing before the deluge, were preserved in the ark, but that many races perished by its waters." And now read the following words of God addressed to Noah—"And of every living thing of ALL flesh, two of EVERY sort shall thou bring into the ark to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of EVERY sort shall come unto thee to keep them alive \* \* \* of clean beasts, and of beasts that are not clean, and of fowls, and of every thing that creepeth upon the earth; there went in two and two unto Noah in the ark, the male and the female, as God had commanded Noah." See Genesis 6th and 7th chapters. In this instance the Doctor tells us "the words every and all, must be understood as universal terms with a limited signification." Very well—but if geological facts as understood by one class of persons, compel such an interpretation, may not the same phenomena, differently construed by other able men, command an interpretation (and one certainly not more strained than the above) of the first chapter of Genesis, somewhat opposed to that which has been generally received.—Ed. Pearl.

## THE SNOW.

The silvery snow!—the silvery snow!—  
Like a glory it falls off the fields below;  
And the trees with their diamond branches appear  
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;  
While soft as music, and wild and white,  
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,  
And spangles the river and fount as they flow;  
Oh! who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow!

The silvery snow, and the crinkling frost—  
How merry we go when the Earth seems lost;  
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,  
To live in a purer and holier clime!  
A new creation without a stain—  
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain!  
But ah! like the many fair hopes of our years,  
It glitters awhile—and then melts into tears!

## A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

In the year 1704, a gentleman apparently of large fortune took furnished lodgings in a house in Soho-square. After he had resided there some weeks with his establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived at Hampstead, and who, on his death-bed, particularly desired to be entered in the family vault at Westminster Abbey. The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for the funeral. The landlord, without hesitation, signified his compliance.

The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in a great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnity. He stayed out late; but this was no uncommon thing. The landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual about twelve o'clock. One maid-servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water, which he had desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was accordingly sitting all alone in the kitchen, when a tall, spectre-looking figure entered, and clapped itself down in a chair opposite to her.

The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex; but she was terrified beyond expression, lonely as she was, at this unexpected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow, at a side door, and hurried to the chamber of her master and mistress. Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre, enveloped in a shroud, and with a face of death-like paleness, made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bed-room, without their having observed how it entered. The worst of all was, that this chair stood by the door of the bed-chamber; so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it. The master and mistress crept under the bed clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid-servant sunk nearly insensible by the side of the bed.

At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar; for though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear the incessant noise and clutter, which served to increase their terror.

At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head, and to steal a glance at the chair by the door; but, behold, the ghost was gone! Sober reason began to resume its power. The poor girl was brought to herself after a good deal of shaking. In a short time, they plucked up sufficient courage to quit the bed-room, and to commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder. Nor were their anticipations unfounded. The whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying for his lodging. It turned out that he was no other than an accomplice of the notorious Arthur Chambers, who was executed at Tyburn, 1706; and that the supposed corpse was this arch rogue himself, who had whitened his hands and face with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin, and appeared to the maid in the kitchen. When she flew up stairs, he softly followed her, and seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as a sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation.

Fish-hooks.—Mr. Ellis, in his Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii, states that the natives told him why they stole Captain Cook's boat was, because they saw it was not sewed together, but fastened with nails, which they wanted to make fish-hooks of; and so anxious were they to obtain a large supply of nails, that the Society Islanders actually, whilst he was there, planted them in the ground, thinking they would grow, like potatoes or other vegetables; and such is the value set on them, that the fishermen would rather receive a wrought nail to make a fish-hook of it according to his own taste, than the best English made hook that could be given them.

**EXERCISE.**—In a new work, entitled 'Health and Beauty,' the following among other instances, is given to illustrate the utility of exercise in developing strength and muscle:

'When three years of age, the subject of this brief history could scarcely stand; at five he walked badly, and supported by leading strings; and it was only after dentition, at seven years old, than he could walk without assistance; but even then he fell frequently, and could not rise again. Given up by the physicians he continued in this state till the age of seventeen, when the joints and lower extremities could scarcely support the upper part of his body. The arms were extremely weak and contracted, the approximation of the shoulders diminished the capacity of the chest and impeded respiration; the moral faculties were quite torpid, and, in short, 'nature was at a stand still.' In the month of November, 1815, this unfortunate youth was presented to Mr. Clinas, the celebrated superintendent of a gymnasium, then at Berne in Switzerland, as he afterwards was of others in Paris and in London. On being admitted, his strength was tried, and his pressure on the dynamometer was only equal to that of the children of seven or eight years of age. In ability to pull, ascend the ladder, and jump, he was utterly deficient. He ran over the space of a hundred feet, with great difficulty, in a minute and two seconds, and could not stand when he had finished. Carrying a weight of fifteen pounds made him totter, and a child of seven years old threw him with the greatest facility.

'A person of the other sex, thus enfeebled, would be thought by a committee of crones and mantua makers, to whom probably she would be consigned, to require, of absolute necessity, the support and comfort of corsets and busks. Her physician would prescribe tonics and sea bathing, and a generous regimen; no bad things in their place, and with suitable hygienic aids; but quite unfitted to prevent the increasing debility and suppurated deformity from the use of exercise. But to return to the poor feeble youth. Was any effort made to strengthen his back by compression of its muscles, or to take off from the weight of his head and chest by various mechanical contrivances? Captain Clinas did not put faith in the doctrine, that to give muscles strength, they must not be used at all; but he believed that the feeble, imperfectly developed ones of this young invalid might be made to grow and acquire strength on the same principle as that by which the legs of a dancer and a porter, and the arms of bakers and boatmen become full, muscular and strong.

'His scholar was subjected to the gymnastic regimen for five months; after which period he could press fifty degrees on the dynamometer; by the strength of his arms he raised himself three inches from the ground, and remained thus suspended for three seconds; he leaped a distance of three feet, and ran a hundred and sixty three yards in a minute, and carried on his shoulders, in the same space of time, a weight of thirty-five pounds.

'Finally, in 1817, in the presence of several thousand spectators, he climbed to the top of a single rope, twenty-five feet high; he did the same exercise on the climbing pole; jumped with a run, six feet, and run over five hundred feet in two minutes and a half. Subsequently, when he became a clergyman, in a village near Berne, he could walk twenty-four miles on foot, without incommencing himself, and the exercises which he always continued, have given him, in place of his valetudinary state, a vigorous constitution.'

**MATRIMONIAL.**—We learn from a Zanesville paper, that a youth of pretty fair exterior, made love to a blooming damsel of that city, and that the first appointment for the marriage ceremony for some cause or other, doubtless the delinquency of the youth, turned out to be a failure. Some months after, however, a second appointment was made, and the company assembled, wine and all the usual accompaniments of a wedding were prepared, and as far as the ceremony, every thing appeared to be in perfect order. The minister conducted his part of the arrangements by repeating the service and asking the young man if he would take the damsel to be his wedded wife. To which he replied in a firm and unflinching voice, "I will." Turning to the maid, he asked if she would take the chap to be her wedded husband.—With a look of the utmost contempt she answered, "No, that I never will." The minister started in astonishment, and the company became confounded by her unexpected determination. The fee had been paid, and married or not married the minister was safe, and being the first to recover his speech, he desired to know the reasons why and wherefore the young lady had thus publicly refused to accept of her husband. "Because," said she, "he sneaked off six months ago, after appointing the time for our wedding, and now I'm even with him, and I'd see his neck stretched before I'd have him." It is needless to say that there was an end of the matter.

**AN IMPORTANT FACT.**—Those who are profoundly read in theological controversy, before they enter on the critical examination of the divine oracles, if they have the discernment to discover the right path, which their former studies have done much to prevent, and if they have the fortitude to persevere in keeping that path, will quickly be sensible, that they have more to *unlearn* than to learn; and that the acquisition of truth is not near

so difficult a task, as to attain a superiority over noted errors and old prejudices.—*Dr. G. Campbell.*

It may minister to our modesty to recollect, that as when "that which is perfect shall come, that which is in part shall be done away," we shall all have, not only much to *learn* but much to *unlearn*.—*Richard Watson.*

**HAT RACING.**—But of all the remarkable exhibitions to be seen in a christian land, that of a man running after his hat in a hurricane is the most striking. There are few effects, either in painting or dramatic representations, equal to it—it is so very life-like. It appears at once to the eye and the imagination; the gaze is fascinated by the headlong career of the desperate individual, and the imagination exercised in conjectures as to what particular lamp-post he will knock out his brains against. To appreciate the thing properly, however, you ought to see the man at the instant his hat takes its departure. Perhaps he has been holding on steadfastly and carefully by the rim for the last half hour, with his head projected before him, as if he meant to "butt" his way through all impediments. A lull ensues; in a deceitful moment of transitory calm his vigilance relaxes, he removes his hand, looks up smilingly, and—whiff! off it goes! No gentleman's portrait was ever painted under such circumstances, because no gentleman ever stood long enough to give an artist a chance, which is a pity. At first he is motionless; his countenance exhibits a sort of stupid incredulity; he had taken all proper precautions—he had thought the thing could *not* have happened, and it *has* happened! Then comes a sense of the peculiar nature of his position, (all the people laughing at him,) a consciousness of the magnitude of his misfortune, and lastly a desperate determination to retrieve his hat or break his neck in the attempt! Off he goes! Meanwhile the enfranchised hat has lost no time, and is considerably in advance, although its progress has been somewhat retarded by the well-meaning kicks of divers people in their attempts to stop it. The impetus of the hatless, however, is greater than that of the hat. He gains upon it—he nears it—he reaches it—he stoops down to clutch it—when lo! a fresh gust suddenly rushing into the vacuum that ought to be filled by his head, sweeps it in an instant almost from his despairing sight! Again his headlong career is renewed! An infuriated lion is not to be trifled with; a mad dog is undoubtedly to be avoided; a bull in a china-shop is allowedly an awkward customer; but a man in desperate pursuit of his hat is perhaps the most frantic and reckless animal in creation, and pursues his object with an intensity and "oneness of purpose" that is truly appalling to the people in his way. At last some angle of a house stops his soiled, shattered, battered treasure. He picks it up, looks ruefully and reproachfully at it, crushes it on his head, and then returns, panting and perspiring, to make apologies, and pick up the old women and children he has spilt in his enthusiastic progress.

**TO A MOTHER.**—"You have a child on your knee. Listen a moment. Do you know what that child is? It is an immortal being; destined to live forever!—It is destined to be happy or miserable! and who is to make it happy or miserable? You—the mother! You, who gave it birth, the mother of its being, are also the mother of its soul for good or ill. Its character is yet undecided, its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be? That child may be a liar.—You can prevent it. It may be a drunkard.—You may prevent it. It may be a murderer.—You can prevent it. It may be an atheist.—You can prevent it. It may live a life of misery to itself and mischief to others.—You can prevent it. It may descend into the grave with an evil memory behind and a dread before.—You can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things. Will you, or will you not? Look at the innocent?—Tell me again, will you save it? Will you watch over it, will you teach it, warn it, discipline it, subdue it, pray for it? Or will you, in the vain search of pleasure, or in gaiety of fashion, or folly, or in the chase of any other bauble, or even in household cares, neglect the soul of your child, and leave the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil, to temptation, to ruin? Look again at the infant! Place your hand on its little heart! Shall that heart be deserted by its mother, to beat perchance in sorrow, disappointment, wretchedness and despair? Place your ear on its side and hear that heart beat! How rapid and vigorous the strokes! How the blood is thrown through the little veins! Think of it; that heart in its vigor now, is the emblem of a spirit that will work with ceaseless pulsation, for sorrow or joy, forever."—*Fireside Education.*

**A MISTAKE CORRECTED.**—An orator holding forth in favour of "woman, dear, divine woman," concludes thus:—"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

**IRISH ATMOSPHERE.**—The atmosphere of Ireland has a bad name. "Is that shower over yet?" said Charles Fox to a friend whom he left in Killarney six months before.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 21, 1838.

## THE ANCIENT ARTS.

A knowledge of the ancient arts is of considerable importance to the artist and to the critic. To such perfection has modern art arrived, that the study of the fine arts and their history, has become necessary to every one who engages in literature and the studies required by common utility. And while all who engage in this pursuit will derive instruction and pleasure from it, abundant occasion will be found by every man for the application of the knowledge he will thus acquire. Of the four plastic arts, painting, Lithoglyphy, Architecture, and Sculpture, an acquaintance with the two last is considered the most beneficial to the useful arts of the present day.

The term Sculpture used in its most comprehensive sense includes under it, the formation of images of visible objects, not only out of hard substances by means of the chisel and graver, but also out of soft substances, and out of melted metals. The first of these arts is properly *sculpture*—the second, the art of *moulding*—and the third, the art of *casting*. Figures formed entire so as to be seen on all sides are termed *statues*; and those which are only prominent from a plane surface are called, in general *Bas-reliefs*. Of the hard substances used by the ancients in the art of sculpture, wood, ivory, marble and bronze were the chief. Clay, gypsum, and wax were the principal soft materials employed. In the choice of wood for the purpose there was frequently a reference to the supposed character of the divinity to be represented. So a statue of Bacchus was sometimes formed out of the vine; and Pluto was commonly imaged in ebony or black marble. Ivory and marble appear to have been the noblest and most valued materials for sculpture. Statues were classified and named variously according to size, costume and attitude. The largest were denominated *colossal*—next to those were the statues of their *gods and heroes*—then those corresponding to *actual life*—and finally those most diminutive went by the name of *sigilla*. According to the costume represented, whether Grecian, Roman, military, or veiled, to denote the peculiarity, a suitable name was used. Among the varieties of ancient image work that which is called *Mosaic* was exceeding graceful and elegant. It consisted of figures formed by pieces, in different columns, of clay, glass, marble, pearls, precious stones, etc. So exceedingly small were the pieces of which the Mosaic work was composed, that sometimes one hundred and fifty were placed in the space of a square inch.

By some ancient writers the invention of the art of sculpture is ascribed to the Egyptians. But the history of Egyptian art, whether in the old or in the later style, does not give us any exalted idea of their talent in the beauty of design and execution of image work. The Etruscans seem to have cultivated the art with great and distinguished success. Of the Etruscan remains we have a most beautiful collection in the British Museum, London. But the highest rank in the history of ancient art unquestionably belongs to the Greeks. The reason assigned by the learned for the advancement of sculpture in Greece are the following;—the influence of a delightful climate upon physical and moral education—the constant views of beauty not only in the various natural scenery, but especially in the human form as produced among the Greeks—their peculiar religion involving so much of poetry and imagination, and yet so addressed to the senses—the high honor bestowed upon artists—the various uses and applications of sculpture, and the flourishing condition of the other imitative arts and of letters in general. Four periods have been pointed out in the history of the progress and character of the art in Greece. The first includes the duration of the *ancient style* of execution—the second has been characterized as the period of the *grand style*—the third, that of the *beautiful style*, and the most flourishing period—the fourth is the period of its *fall*. Of the many monuments of ancient sculpture, a few only have been preserved. Among the most celebrated we may mention, the splendid group of *Laocoon* in the Belvedere of the Vatican at Rome—the group of *Niobe and her children*—the *Farnese Bull*, the largest of all ancient groups—the famous *Apollo Belvedere*—the unrivalled *Venus de Medici* in the Grand Duke's gallery at Florence; it is of pure white marble, and the height of the statue but little over five feet—the *Hercules Farnese*—the *Gladiator Borghese*—the *Dying Gladiator*—the *Flora Farnese*—*Marcus Aurelius*, etc. etc. Some plaster casts of the above splendid specimens of ancient sculpture may be seen in the collection of the Boston Athenaeum. When we take into consideration the beauty and utility of many of the monuments of the plastic arts remaining to us from ancient times, we can but regret that their number is so small. And but for the brutal, barbarous, diabolical custom of war, we might have had more statues to charm the eye and enrapture the imagination. What the ruthless hand of time might have passed by—what the rocking earthquake would have respected—the desolating career of blood-tracked armies failed not to crush and to destroy.

In the lecture of Wednesday evening before the Halifax Institute, by Mr. P. Lynch, Junr. the discussion was confined to the

architecture of the ancients. An elaborate notice of Babylon with its stupendous walls and wonderful hanging gardens—and also of the magnificent ruins of the cities of Balbec, Palmyra, and Petra, was presented to the meeting. The different objects of interest to the antiquarian and the scholar, yet visible among the ruins of the latter cities, were described with much beauty of language. The reflections which naturally arise from the consideration of the instability of all human greatness, as seen in the ruins of cities intended by their proud founders to be eternal, were dwelt upon by the lecturer with much pathos. Of the fine arts of Greece, on which the genius of her sons was so prodigally lavished,—her breathing statues and architectural grandeur,—the speaker was compelled to leave unnoticed for want of time. We could not but regret this circumstance. A more interesting field of inquiry can hardly be desired by a public speaker than that connected with the temples, the palaces, the monuments, the ornaments of costume and furniture, etc. of classic Greece. Her temples—so wonderful in number and magnificence; her theatres—structures of such vast extent, and sometimes wholly built of marble; her *odæa*—edifices designed for the exhibitions of musicians, poets and artists; her *gymnasia*—schools for bodily exercises; her *porticos*—sometimes alone by themselves, but more frequently constructed in connection with temples, theatres, baths, market places and the like; her three orders of architecture, and a multitude of other important subjects, render the architecture of Greece a most captivating theme. And we cannot but hope that some individual of taste and education will yet introduce it before the members of the Institute. We were glad to find that Mr. Peter Lynch, Junr. intends to deliver a lecture “on the Sculpture of the Ancients.”

Mr. W. M. HOFFMAN will Lecture next Wednesday evening on BIOGRAPHY.

The St. John Mechanics' Institute has been opened under the most flattering auspices. Dr. Gesner delivered the introductory lecture to an overflowing audience. Mr. Foulis is to deliver three lectures on Chemistry—and Professor Gray, of Kings' College, is also to give a course of nine lectures on Natural Philosophy. The members already number nearly 300.

We subjoin a list of officers:—

Beverly Robinson, Esq. President.  
Geo. D. Robinson, } Vice Presidents.  
John Duncan, }  
M. H. Perley, Esq. Corresponding Secretary.  
Mr. Samuel J. Scovil, Recording Secretary.  
Mr. J. G. Sharp, Treasurer.

For Directors:—Messrs. Alexander Lawrence, Edwin Fairweather, John Gray, Thomas Nisbet, jr. James McGregor, Richard Duff, George Flemming, W. Jack, Wm. Lawton, Thomas Allen, B. Ansley, and Thomas Rankin, jr.

Subscriptions are making in New Brunswick for the relief of the widows and children of the loyalists who fell at Odell Town. Among the killed were one officer and 7 rank and file, leaving 8 WIDOWS and 35 CHILDREN in a sad state of destitution. Except the accounts of fresh arrivals of prisoners at Quebec we do not find any news of importance. The two extracts below are all we deem worthy of publication.

COURT MARTIAL.—The Court Martial on Cardinal and the eleven rebels, which has been going on since the 28th ult., was brought to a close this afternoon. On Monday, the Court did not sit, to allow the prisoners to prepare for their defence; on Tuesday and Wednesday, they examined witnesses with this view, and this morning read their defence. The Court adjourned for an hour, and at one, Mr. Day, as Judge Advocate, summed up the law of the case, and the evidence adduced against each prisoner. From his address we gathered that the charge was distinctly brought home to nine, by numerous witnesses; that if the evidence of one of the crown witnesses was rejected, on account of contradictions in the testimony, Duchame and Therien might become entitled to the benefit of a doubt; and that against Lesiege, there was not sufficient proof to warrant conviction. It was then intimated to the prisoners, that Judgment would not be pronounced against them, until the sentence of the Court had been approved of by His Excellency the Commander of the Forces.

The Exchange Register of this morning has the following:—

“We learn by a letter from Three Rivers, that Celestine Hood, confined in Three Rivers Jail for seditious practices and for treason, has been admitted to bail by Mr. Justice Vallieres, himself in £400, and two securities in £200 each. Mr. Turcotte appeared as counsel for the prisoner, but the case was not argued; Judge Vallieres at once decided it.”

A more horrible spirit of revenge we have not seen for some time than in the annexed piece from the New York Herald concerning the Prescott prisoners.

“If the British authorities in Canada execute these men, for every American put to death, 1000 will rise up to avenge them from all parts of this country; the shedding of their blood will be like the sowing of the dragon's teeth. The flame will run along the border with unquenchable fury, it may be smothered in

one small spot, but only to break out with redoubled violence in a still larger place. It is not as if these men had created a rebellion in the heart of England, or in one of her colonies far removed from us. The people of America know that the Canadians are aggrieved on many points, and that they have many interests and feelings in common with us. They know too that an hereditary government enforced at the point of the bayonet should not be endured or countenanced by any body of rational beings in the present day.”

WOMEN MURDERED.—The Prescott Sentinel has the following:—“We were much surprised to find three women in the list of the killed at Prescott. A correspondent of the Kingston Chronicle says that they were running out of their houses during the firing, and fell amid a shower of balls from each side.” And it is one of the abominations of war that innocent persons, such as females and children, are its victims. What cares the besieging army whether its missiles of death are stayed in the heart of woman or child? And when females are not thus hurried to an untimely grave, yet how irrecoverable is their loss of fathers and husbands and brothers, cut off by the merciless spirit of war. Every shot that tells on the field of battle, may wring and tear and mangle the heart of some kind sister, or wife, or mother. Writers have from time to time given us the statistics of armies; it would perhaps be no difficult task for them to furnish the statistics of battlefields and military hospitals; but who is able, except that God without whom not even a sparrow falls, to give the statistics of the sighs and tears, the groans and the broken hearts of wretched parents, of mourning brothers and sisters, of desolate widows and orphans! On this account the amiable Dr. Boyce, the founder of the London Missionary Society, once said; “A thousand times rather would I that God had said concerning me—‘Write this man childless’—than that a son of mine had ever embued his hands in the blood of man his brother.”

The rumours which were current last week of fresh invasions of Upper Canada, we are most happy to perceive are not confirmed by the papers of last mail.

Some most disgraceful scenes have transpired at Harrisburgh, near Philadelphia. A mob took possession of the House of Assembly—drove out the members—threatened their lives, and held possession of the place until a body of militia to the amount of 1000 arrived from Philadelphia. A proclamation was issued on the occasion by the Governor—and the ringleaders of the mob were arrested.

A case has recently been tried in the United States' Circuit Court in New York, in which a suit was brought to recover the amount of duty paid on an invoice of grease from South America. The Tariff Law imposes a duty of one cent a pound upon tallow, and the collector demanded that duty upon the article in question. The plaintiff proved that grease is not tallow, inasmuch as grease is soft, and only fit for making soap, whereas tallow is hard and is used for the manufacture of candles. The collector was ordered to refund accordingly.

THIRD VOLUME.—For the continued support we have received from a long list of subscribers we cannot but feel elated and grateful. We are happy to announce to our friends the arrival of our new type, etc. for the forthcoming volume. That the efforts we have made to sustain a respectable literary journal in a British North American Province are beginning to be appreciated, we are gratified to know. From the experience we have now acquired—the highly valuable periodicals and works we regularly receive—the original contributions expected, we flatter ourselves that the third volume of the Pearl will be far superior to its predecessors. The female readers of the Pearl will have a large number of choice pieces set before them suited to the wants and tastes of the lady—and for the especial benefit of the young we have procured a chaste collection of moral and interesting tales. In other respects we hope to improve the general aspect of our paper, so as to make it a greater favourite with all classes of the community. The patronage of our friends is respectfully requested to aid in extending the circulation of the Halifax Pearl. IS IT NOT WORTHY OF ADDITIONAL SUPPORT? Does it not furnish as valuable a selection of family reading as can be procured elsewhere? And is the cost comparable with the utility? Our patrons may do much for us with a little exertion on their part, and we hope the present appeal will not be made in vain.

The first part of a chapter on the consistency of Geology with Sacred History will be found on another page. It is taken from the truly fascinating work of the Rev. Dr. Buckland. Coming from an advocate of the truth of Scripture, and presented in the highest tone of a lofty and impressive eloquence, it is alike worthy the attention of the Christian and the Man of Letters. We shall conclude the chapter next week.

On Tuesday morning last, the body of Mr. Samuel Street, Tailor, was discovered in a well in Grafton Street.

At the last General Meeting of the Halifax Library, the following gentlemen were chosen as the Committee for the ensuing year. Beamish Murdoch, John W. Ritchie, Thomas Williamson, Henry Pryor, W. F. Black, J. L. Starr, Esqrs. and the Hon. J. W. Johnston.

Mr. Munroe of Cape Breton has been appointed Superintendent of the Royal Acadian School, in the room of the Rev. James Morrison, who has resigned his charge.

To new subscribers the price of the Pearl from the beginning of the year will be 17s. 6d. per annum. And when the style of printing—the size of the type—and the expensive price of the paper—are taken into account, it will be found that the Pearl is as distinguished for its cheapness as for the neatness and beauty of its appearance. Our new terms do not affect our present subscribers until their term of subscription is completed.

\*\* On Tuesday evening next, an introductory lecture on THE DIVINE ORIGIN AND AUTHORITY OF CHRISTIANITY, will be delivered in the Wesleyan Association Chapel, Dutch Town, by Thomas Taylor—to be succeeded by a brief course of lectures on the following Sabbath Evenings. Any persons inclined to doubt or defy the supreme authority of the Christian Revelation are kindly invited to attend. To commence at 7 o'clock.

#### MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Captain James M'Daniel, of St. Mary's, to Miss Margaret, eldest daughter of Captain John Bellong, of Pope's Harbour.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Benjamin Hooply, to Mrs. Sarah Gerrard, both of Pope's Harbour.

At Londonderry, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. John Brown, Captain Thomas Morrison, late of the brig. Lender, to Hannah, eldest daughter of Samuel Faulkner, all of the former place.

#### DIED,

At Digby N. S. on the 12th ult. after a lingering illness which she bore with much fortitude and resignation, Miss Murgery McIntosh, aged 21 years, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander McIntosh of that place.

At Pictou, the 8th instant, after a lingering illness, the Rev. James Robson, in the 63d year of his age.

At Kingston, on the 12th inst. Major A. Cameron, R. A. aged 50, an old and distinguished officer of Her Majesty's service.

At the Island of Goree, on the Coast of Africa, on the 10th September last, Deputy Assistant Commissary General Julius Skurrett Lelievre.

On Friday, the 7th inst. suddenly, Andrew Edward, second and youngest child of William Forsyth Black, Esq. aged 12 months.

On Wednesday, the 5th December, of croup, at Middle Musquodoboit, Anne Jane, youngest daughter of A. H. Gladwin, Esq.

At New York, 1st inst. in the 39th year of his age, Mr. Martin B. Long, Printer, late of Halifax, N. S.

#### SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

##### ARRIVED,

Sunday, Dec. 16th—schr. Jasper, Port Ebert, dry fish.

Monday, 17th—Richard Smith, Arichat, fish and butter; Mermaid, do. do. and oil; Jolly Tar, do. beef, etc.; Mayflower, Gabarus, fish; Ariadne, Pickle, Pictou, coals; Thorn, Canso, fish; Margaret, Sydney, coal, etc.; Queen Anguelique, Louisburg, fish, etc.; Royal Adelaide, St. Mary's, lumber, etc.; Reform, and Nancy, St. Mary's, lumber; Elizabeth, and Eliza, Bridgeport, coals; Hawkesbury, Brouard, P. E. I. produce; Pique, Landry, Quebec via Pictou, pork, etc. to S. Cunard & Co; Packet Industry, Simpson, Boston, 3½ days, tobacco, etc. to H. Fay and others—4 passengers; Am. ship Franklin, Pennington, Liverpool, G.B. 75 days, and St. John's, 20 days, iron, coals, etc. 40 passengers, short of water and provisions—obliged to throw overboard, 300 boxes tin, to lighten her on 13th; brig Hypolite, Flockart, Demerara, 48 days, and Nassau, 43 days, ballast to C. West & Son, was blown off on Wednesday.

Tuesday, 18th—Schr. Ruth, Dover, Mackerel; Collector, Ragged Isles, dry fish.

Wednesday, 19th—Adelaide, Guysborough, beef, etc.; True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool, N. S. 1 day; Albion, Forest, St. John via Arichat, 23 days, fish, to J. Allison & Co. and others; schr. Ruth, Port Hood, butter, etc.

Thursday, 20th—Jane, Marshall, St. George's Bay, 10 days, herrings, etc. to the Master; schr. Olive Branch, Bouchier, Pictou, 12 days, and Arichat 4, pork, etc.; Esperance, Sydney, coal.

##### CLEARED,

Saturday, 15th—Wave, McDarmand, St. John, oil, etc by S. S. B. Smith and others. 17th—Swan, La Broeg, P. E. I.; Shelburne, More, Liverpool, N. S.; Stranger, McDonald, Boston, herrings, wood and potatoes, by G. P. Lawson and T. Bolton, 6 passengers. 18th—brig. Susan, Crane, Coffin, Montego Bay, lumber, etc. by J. Allison & Co. and others. 19th—brig. Jane, Matthews, Bremner, Demerara, fish, etc by M. B. Almon, and others; schr. Three Brothers, Wight, P. E. I. Venus, Blake, P. E. I.



## THE PATRIOTISM OF THE MESSIAH.

Unbelievers have objected to the Prince of peace, that patriotism is not found among the virtues which he enjoined or recommended. But he doubtless had very good reasons for omitting to commend such patriotism or love of country as was then and is now popular among warring men. He well knew how liable men were to be deluded by names, and to call evil good and good evil; and that the popular patriotism was rather a vice than a virtue—pernicious rather than useful,—and that it was often made a cloak for the blackest crimes ever perpetrated by human beings. If a man is so zealous to revenge a real or supposed wrong to his country, that he is willing to put in jeopardy his own life and the lives of thousands of others by producing war, he is lauded as a patriot, and his love of country is blazoned as an example worthy of praise and imitation. But what is this supposed patriotism better than love of war,—love of revenge, or hatred to the people of another state? Is it not as opposite to real benevolence, as selfishness, or even hatred itself? This pretended patriotism should be abhorred by every Christian.

The mischief which has been done by it is incalculable. By this passion thousands of millions of human beings have been sacrificed, and almost every land has been made a field of blood. Genuine patriotism seeks the peace and happiness of one's country, and will much sooner lead a person to hazard his life as a peace-maker than as a war-maker.

The Messiah did not indeed act the demagogue by exciting sedition or deeds of revenge; or by blowing the coals of strife with inflammatory breath. Though a Jew by birth, his country was the world, and he sought the good of all mankind. He came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them; and had his instructions been duly regarded, the world might now have been a Paradise of peace. To save men from their sins was the object of his prayers, his preaching, his example, and his death. Hence it is said, that he gave himself for us, and suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps.

In regard to Judea, the particular region in which the Messiah lived and died, he did not, like a war-maker, boast of his patriotism and excite insurrection against the Roman government, as the Jews hoped he would do;—on the contrary, by his precepts and example, he laid the axe at the root of the tree of strife,—prohibiting every passion from which fightings could proceed, and requiring a spirit averse to war. As further proof of the genuine patriotism of his heart, his lamentation over Jerusalem may justly be considered. He saw that the Jews as a people rejected his heavenly instructions, and he foresaw the calamities which they were bringing on themselves. "When he came near and beheld the city, he wept over it, saying, O that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things which concern thy peace! But now they are hidden from thine eyes; for the days are coming upon thee, when thine enemies will surround thee with a rampart and inclose thee, and shut thee up on every side, and will level thee with the ground—thee and thy children, and will not leave thee one stone upon another, because thou didst not consider the time when thou wast visited."

This is the language of true patriotism. Let ministers of the gospel, and Christians of every country, imitate the patriotism of their Lord; we shall then see no more celebrations of sanguinary deeds. Instead of these, will be seen faithful exertions to render war odious throughout the world. Instead of exulting in victories obtained by bloodshed, such scenes should ever be recollected with sorrow and regret, as the fruits of a spirit directly hostile to that of the gospel. How palpably inconsistent are professed Christians in all their acts of professed respect to the Prince of peace, if at the same time they indulge or applaud the passions of war, which he came to subdue! Where is the man who could fight and destroy his brethren with the spirit which Christ evinced towards his enemies while suffering the death of the cross? Or who could celebrate sanguinary feats with the feelings which Jesus displayed while he wept over Jerusalem? Alas! how little of the spirit of Christ has been exemplified in the practice of his professed disciples!—*Dr. Worcester.*

## INQUISITOR OUTWITTED.

The late Admiral Pye having been on a visit to Southampton, and the gentleman under whose roof he resided having observed an unusual intimacy between him and his secretary, inquired into the degree of their relationship, as he wished to pay him suitable attention. The admiral said their intimacy arose from a circumstance, which, by his permission, he would relate. The admiral said, when he was a captain, and cruising in the Mediterranean, he received a letter from shore, stating that the unhappy writer was by birth an Englishman; that, having been a voyage to Spain, he was enticed while there to become a Papist, and in process of time was made a member of the inquisition; that there he witnessed the abominable wickedness and barbarities of the inquisitors. His heart recoiled at having embraced a religion so horribly cruel, and so repugnant to the nature of God: that he was stung with remorse to think if his parents knew what and where he was, their hearts would break with grief; that he was resolved to escape, if he (the captain) would send a boat on shore at such a time and place, but begged secrecy, since, if his intentions

were discovered, he would be immediately assassinated. The captain returned for answer, that he could not with propriety send a boat, but if he could devise any means of coming on board, he would receive him as a British subject, and protect him. He did so, but being missed, there was soon raised a hue and cry, and he was followed to the ship. A holy inquisitor demanded him, but he was refused. Another, in the name of his holiness the Pope, claimed him; but the captain did not know him, or any other master, but his own sovereign King George. At length a third holy Brother approached. The young man recognised him at a distance, and in terror ran to the captain, entreating him not to be deceived, for he was the most false, wicked, and cruel monster in all the inquisition. He was introduced, the young man being present, and to obtain his object, began with bitter accusations against him; then he attempted to flatter the captain, and, lastly, offered him a sum of money to resign him. The captain said his offer was very handsome, and if what he affirmed were true, the person in question was unworthy of the English name, or of his protection. The holy brother was elated. He thought his errand was done. While drawing his purse-strings, the captain inquired what punishment would be inflicted on him. He replied, that, as his offences were great, it was likely his punishment would be exemplary. The captain asked if he thought he would be burnt in a dry pan. He replied, that must be determined by the holy inquisition, but it was not improbable. The captain then ordered the great copper to be heated, but no water to be put in. All this while the young man stood trembling, uncertain whether he was to fall a victim to avarice or superstition. The cook soon announced that the orders were executed. "Then I command you to take this fellow," pointing to the inquisitor, "and fry him alive in the copper." This unexpected command thunderstruck the holy father. Alarmed for himself, he rose to begone. The cook began to bundle him away. "Oh, good captain, good captain, spare, spare me, my good captain." "Have him away," said the captain. "Oh, no, my good captain." "Have him away; I'll teach him to attempt to bribe a British commander to sacrifice the life of an Englishman to gratify a herd of bloody men." Down the inquisitor fell upon his knees, and offered the captain all his money, promising never to return if he would let him go. When the captain had sufficiently alarmed him, he dismissed him, warning him never to come again on such an errand. The young man, thus happily delivered, fell upon his knees before the captain, and wished a thousand blessings upon his brave and noble deliverer. "This," said the admiral to the gentleman, "is the circumstance that began our acquaintance. I then took him to be my servant; he served me from affection; mutual attachment ensued; and it has inviolably subsisted and increased to this day.—*Buch's Anecdotes.*

## CHINESE CLANSHIP.

In tracing the way in which society is constituted, we shall be struck with its divisions into great families, who, though numbering many thousand members, all bear the same surname and consider one another as relations. These clanships resemble those of the Scottish Highlanders, though they do not strictly partake of the feudal system. There are in China about four hundred and fifty-four surnames, and consequently as many clans; thirty of these surnames consist of two characters or syllables, whilst the rest are monosyllabic. All belonging to the same clan consider each other as cousins, and there exists a silent contract to help each other, as if related by the ties of blood. When the author became a naturalized citizen of the Celestial Empire, he very naturally entered a clan, and was suddenly surrounded with a host of cousins, who generally laid a claim to his charity, and occasionally very readily assisted him. No man is permitted to marry a woman of the same clan; he must seek a bride in a different family, and thus acquire the privilege of uniting two surnames. Clanship is of very ancient date. It is said to have arisen when China was divided into many feudal states; so that there were no less than 1,773. It is, however, far more probable that it originated with the first progenitors of the human race, who transmitted their names to their descendants.

Though this institution has great disadvantages, it exercises a most salutary check on the measures of an arbitrary government. The most numerous clans in the various districts often combine to resist extortions and to terrify magistrates into concessions. If any member be unjustly prosecuted, the clan stands forward and insists on the release of their kinsman. On the other hand, the smaller clans are in a most wretched condition; they have to bear not only the oppressive measures of government, but the insults of the more powerful clans. The Chinese Government has often endeavoured to put down these associations, but it has never fully succeeded. This institution is too much interwoven with the whole being of the nation to be overthrown by the mere exercise of despotic power. A magistrate who could sentence his clansman to a heavy punishment, would be considered a monster, and be shunned by his superiors. There is in this respect more nepotism in China than in any other country. Confucius himself connives at committing an injustice in favour of a relation. But even if he had not done so, the ties of blood amongst the Chinese are very strong; and the love of their relations, with utter indifference towards society at large, is almost con-

stitutional.—Mencius rejected with equal disdain egotism and general philanthropy, and taught that our undivided love ought to be bestowed on our relations. No one of his precepts has been so strictly followed as this.—*China Opened.*

*Cure for the Eyes.*—Those who are conscious that their sight has been weakened by its severe and protracted exercise, or arising from any other cause, should carefully avoid all attention to minute objects, or such business or study as requires close application of the visual faculty, immediately on rising: and the less it is taxed for awhile after eating, or by candle-light, the better.—*Curtis.*

*Cause of Diseases of the Eye.*—These affections most commonly arise from derangement of the digestive organs, acting on the ganglia and great sympathetic nerve, which has such an extensive influence on the whole system. It is from medical men not bearing this in mind, that cases often seem incurable, and are found so troublesome.—*Ibid.*

*Voluminous Writer.*—Richard Baxter, the eminent divine and nonconformist, was a most voluminous writer, and his works are sufficient to make a library of themselves. Above 145 distinct treatises of his composition have been reckoned; of which four were folios, 73 quartos, 49 octavos, and 19 in twelves and twenty-fours, besides single sheets. In the reign of James II., he was committed prisoner to the King's Bench, by a warrant from the execrable Judge Jefferies, who treated this worthy man at his trial in the most brutal manner, and reproached him with having written a cart load of books, "every one as full of sedition, and treason as an egg is full of meat."

*Omens.*—When George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from his crown: America was lost in this reign.—When Charles X. was crowned at Rheims, he accidentally dropped his hat: the Duc d'Orleans, now Louis Philippe, picked it up and presented it to him. On the Saturday preceding the promulgation of the celebrated *ordonnances* by Charles X.'s ministers, the white flag which floated on the column in the Place Vendome, and which was always hoisted when the royal family were in Paris, was observed to be torn in three places. The tri-color waved in its stead the following week.—The morning of the rejection, by the House of Lords, of the first Reform Bill, I never shall forget the ominous appearance of the heavens; it might be truly said

"The dawn was overcast."

At the period of Napoleon's dissolution, on the 4th of the month in which he expired, the island of St. Helena was swept by a tremendous storm, which tore up almost all the trees about Longwood by the roots. The 5th was another day of tempests, and about six in the evening, Napoleon pronounced *lete d'armee*, and expired.

*The Jews' New Year.*—The following account of the Jews' new year, is given in *Purchas's Pilgrimage*, published in 1613:—"The Jews believe that God created the world in September, or Tisri—that at the revolution of the same time yearly, he sitteth in judgment, and taketh reckoning of every man's life, and pronounces sentence accordingly. The morning of the new year is proclaimed by the sound of trumpet of a ram's horn, to warn them that they may think of their sins. The day before, they rise sooner in the morning and pray. When they have done in the synagogue, they go to the graves, testifying that if God does not pardon them, they are like to the dead; and praying, that for the good works of the saints he will pity them: and there they give large sums in alms. After noon they shave, adorn, and bathe themselves, that they may be pure the next day, and in the water they make confession of their sins. The feast begins with a cup of wine and new year salutations; and on the tables there is a ram's head, in remembrance of that ram which was offered in Isaac's stead; and for this cause are the trumpets of ram's horns. Fish they eat to signify the multiplication of their good works; they eat sweet fruits of all sorts, and make themselves merry, as assured of forgiveness of their sins; and after meat they resort to some bridge to hurl their sins into the water; as it is written: 'He shall cast all our sins into the bottom of the sea.' From this day to the tenth day is a time of penance or Lent."

## THE HALIFAX PEARL.

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