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DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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THE MAID OF JUDAH.

By A. A. Lipscomb.

CHAPTER I.

"Can I any longer doubt? can I any longer doubt? No, no. Unbelief! thy reign of darkness is over. I will cast off thy chains and be free. He must be the Messiah. Who but He is the deliverer whose coming was first announced by Jehovah himself amid the bowers of Eden? Who but He is the glorious object on which the hopes of patriarchs were fixed and the expectations of a world have so long been placed? Who but He is endowed with that unearthly grandeur—that divine excellence which the prophets of Israel have ever thrown around the person and character of the promised Messiah? Who, finally, but He answers the description which the masterly hand of Isaiah sketched? Expiring one! I see in Thee the "end of the law"—the substance of which all our types were but the shadow. "Thou art the Son of Israel—the Son of God!"

Such were the words of Mariamme, the daughter of a noble Rabbi, as she left the crowd that surrounded the cross of Christ. Impelled by an idle curiosity, she had, but a short time before, joined the eager throng who were pressing out to Calvary. She had witnessed the unparalleled scene of the crucifixion—the darkest record in the volume of time. She had seen the sun blush at the impious exhibition and draw around him a cloudy mantle. She had seen all nature divest herself of the garments of joy and clothe herself in the drapery of mourning. From every part of creation's frame she had heard the mutterings of righteous indignation, and listened to the united voices of heaven and earth proving his purity and establishing his innocence. And could she withstand so forcible, so unexpected an appeal? Could she close her eyes against a truth which seemed to be every where written, or shut her ears against a fact that even the dead had risen to proclaim, and that the eternal silence of nature had been disturbed to publish? Reared up in the bosom of the Jewish church, all her prejudices in its favor, and all her feelings opposed to its destruction, Mariamme had ever manifested a settled hostility to the principles of the new sect. Neither the sanctity of the Saviour's life, nor the sublimity of his precepts, nor the character of his miracles could incline her to view them with the least degree of approbation. What they, however, failed to do, the last tragic scene of the Redeemer's life accomplished. She looked upon the sufferer for whom no tears flowed and no sympathy was felt. She gazed upon the convulsions of nature, and as her eye saw, enmity retired from her bosom—prejudices, implanted within her in childhood and rendered firmer by age, surrendered their strong holds, and from the throne of judgment went forth the voice: "Truly this man was the Son of God."

Slow was the homeward step of Mariamme. The bustle of the dispersing crowd disturbed her not—her senses forgot to perform their offices, and all her soul was engrossed with the scene of which she had just been a spectator. Through the most unfrequented parts of the city she hastened home, endeavoring to prepare herself for the reception with which she most assuredly would meet. Knowing the extreme hatred of her father to the doctrines and advocates of the new religion, and remembering the bitter declarations which he so often had made, she almost trembled for her fate. The triumph of fortitude, however, succeeded her temporary alarm, and she laid her cares and anxieties on the promises of Him who has said—"I will never leave thee."

Having reached her dwelling she immediately, unnoticed by the family, retired to her chamber. Amid the stillness that there surrounded her, Mariamme prayed long and

ferently to her God. Those heartfelt petitions were heard and answered. Among the first to plead a Saviour's death, she was among the first to realize its virtue. That voice which tranquilized the irritated sea, said to her—"Be still," and there was "a great calm." Communion with God! Oh! this can quiet perturbation when all other means have been successful. The oil may fail to still the raging waves, and the strongest "sedatives" may not always calm the agitated nerves; but intercourse with heaven, when did it ever fail? What disturbance can it not quell? what fears can it not subdue?

CHAPTER II.

Seated beside an opened casement, Mariamme held in her hand a letter, on whose contents she was apparently reflecting. Mildness and resignation sat on every feature. No shade of trouble was on her brow, and no expression of inward uneasiness marked her countenance. She had been at prayer, and from the other world had caught the smiles that played around her. An observation of her, at that moment, would have kindled the fire of genius. Admiration would have warmed and glowed at her appearance, and poetry seized her harp and touched its most musical strings to her praise. Oh! there enveloped her a glory such as that which surrounded Moses when he descended from the mount, dazzling the eye by its brightness, and reminding one of that still more surpassing lustre which, flowing from an uncreated fountain, illumines every planet, shines throughout the wide universe, and bathes eternity in its living splendours.

Absorbed in deep meditation, Mariamme continued in one position until the setting of the sun, when she was interrupted by the entrance of her mother.

"I come, my child, to learn your determinations. I have waited thus long to give you sufficient time to examine the matter well. Let me hear your reply to your father's letter," said the mother.

"The letter, mother, has not altered my mind. Fixed still is my resolution to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus. Whatever may be the consequences I cannot—I dare not change."

"And is it possible! Has it come to this, my daughter, that you have no respect for the superior judgment of your father; no regard for the accumulated stores of his experience, and no wishes for his gratification? Can you dishonor his noble name, and stain the reputation of our family by a connection with the odious band who follow a Deceiver? Why not recant?"

"Recant! mother, name it not. I have put my hand to the plough—can I look back! I have laid the foundation, and the building must be finished. How can I renounce a system so pure in its principles, so just in its precepts, so elevating in its transports, and so divine in its rewards? I am wedded to it for life. Mother, hear it—for life."

"Can nothing move you?"

"Nothing! I have counted the cost."

"You have not thought of the serious consequences of your conduct. You have surely been hasty. Disgrace, imprisonment, and death awaits you. Will you endure these things for such a religion? Folly—aye, it is madness!"

"Mother the folly of obeying God! the madness of hearkening to the voice of conscience!"

"Oh, my child, why persevere? Why risk so much for nothing?"

"For nothing, mother! Are peace, pardon, sanctification nothing? Grace now and glory forever—are they nothing? Rather say contempt and misfortune are nothing. Rather say stripes, persecution, and martyrdom are nothing. I am now delivered from the "yoke which

neither you nor your fathers could bear," and I can never again return to it. No never."

"Is there no hope for me, my daughter? Must I carry these painful tidings back to your father? By the memory of my past kindness and the promise of future good, do, my dearest, change your conduct!"

The daughter's utterance was choked. Tear after tear stole down her flushed cheek, and sigh after sigh came from her bosom. At last she regained some composure and merely said, I am unmoved."

"Be it so, then," replied the mother. "Mariamme, I have done. My entreaties have failed. Listen to my last words: When you experience the miseries that will certainly be your portion, remember what the kindness of a mother did to prevent you from the pursuance of this course. In the bitterness of thy spirit, then remember my expostulations and prayers. You authorize me to tell your father that you will never forsake the system which you have espoused?"

"I do! I do!"

"Sad task for me!"

Clasping her mother at that instant, Mariamme burst into a flood of tears and passionately exclaimed, "Oh, mother! tell father that I know the clearness of his judgment and the acuteness of his discrimination. Tell him every motion of this heart is for him, and every wish I have is for his happiness. Tell him I am yet his devoted daughter; but tell him, too, that I believe in Jesus and never can renounce my faith.

Let him try me, mother, and I will show the truth of religion to him in all my life. All my words and actions shall bespeak the highness of its original and the holiness of its ends."

"Alas, poor child" said the mother as she loosed herself from her embrace, "alas, my daughter! would to God thy reason had departed from thee ere it led thee into so fatal an error! Would to God that thou hadst died whilst thy faith was unshaken in Judaism. Then, methinks, thy last pillow would have been all roses and no thorns. Then thy home would have been with angels and God. Alas! thy credulity! Thou art undone! thy ruin is sure!"

The distressed mother narrated the above conversation to her husband. As might have been expected, he was inflamed with rage. Anger pervaded his entire heart, and he thought and spoke of nought else, save her punishment. "Cursed be the hour," said he, "that gave birth to the impostor who has interrupted the harmony of so many families, and torn from our religion so many of her bright ornaments. Deluded girl! What demon possesses her? I'll see if she be past recovery. I'll break asunder the bands that unite us together. I'll crush all natural feelings, and thus will I bring her to herself. She will yet be reclaimed."

CHAPTER III.

What two venerable personages are those walking in the porch of the temple? We recognize in one the father of Mariamme, and in the other a prominent member of the Sanhedrim. They manifest great excitement, and their conversation is on a topic fraught with interest to them.

"This report will do us serious injury. It will overthrow all that we have effected, and communicate a fresh impulse to the abominable cause of the deceiver. Who will believe what we have said when it is every where declared that Christ is risen?"

"And believed, too, by many."

"Yes, believed by all those who are ever ready to credit impossibilities and seize upon every thing that will advance their views."

"For it is unfortunate for us."

"We had flattered ourselves that the quiet of our city was restored—the frightened earth had become calm—the darkness that satan's agency produced had disappeared—all things had resumed their former condition, and here a new source of commotion has been found out. The seal of the tomb is broken and the body is gone. What shall we say? what can we do?"

"When did this happen? Strange occurrence, truly!"

"It took place this morning. While the moonbeams slept upon the sepulchre the body was removed. It is said that distant music was heard, fair forms seen, and singular appearances beheld. It must have been stolen!"

"Stolen! who would have had courage to attempt it? Not, surely, that traitor who denied Christ to the maid, nor those other timid, shrinking disciples! Who were they that removed it?"

"Those deceptions disciples. They only feigned fear while Christ lived, that, when dead, they might, unsuspected, accomplish their design."

"But, hold! what band is that? Is not that the Roman guard? They can give us a true statement of this mysterious matter."

"I have already furnished you with their narration. While they slept the theft was committed."

"Will their story be credited?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. Verily it is a good one. And besides we'll make it better."

"How, pray you?"

"We will sharpen the sword of persecution. We will open more dungeons and rivet more chains. We will add fuel to the fires of vengeance. Zeal for our country, our country's religion, and our country's God shall bear us off triumphantly. The law shall live forever."

"May it be so."

"Time will show that we are right. Its revelations will evince that 'He was stolen.'"

The conversation closed. As the last speaker turned to enter into the temple he repeated, "Time will show that we are right. Who can destroy our foundations? We have a religion hallowed by antiquity. It has flourished in the past, and, in despite of all opposition, it will triumph for ever."

CHAPTER IV.

Who can describe the joy of the infant church when her Lord rose from the dead? Then "was the sound of rejoicing heard in the tabernacles of the righteous." Then did she lay aside the garb of mourning and array herself in the garments of praise." As the flower, bruised and beaten down by the force of the storm, will, when the tempest is over, raise its head and smile for joy, so did the church exult when the scheme of her foes was defeated.

Away from the world: in her own private chamber, Mariamme shared in the joy of the friends of the Redeemer. Again did her solicitous mother find her at and urge upon her an immediate renouncement of her principles.

"It is not yet, my daughter, too late. Your father may yet be reconciled. Though highly incensed by the late occurrence his love may be gained."

"Expect me not, dear mother, to change. Is your mountain of Olivet strong in its foundations? Has the lightning played around its summit without injury and the storms beat upon its base without harm? So it is with me. Behold in it my emblem."

"We must, then, part. Thy father has declared that he will sever the cords that bind us together. No more wilt thou be my daughter, and no more will I be thy mother."

"Say not so. Though I should be harshly torn from thy bosom, and no longer rest in thine embrace, I will keep alive the flame of love that now burns so warmly within. I will watch it as the vestal virgins the fire of the altar. Far from thee, my mother, I'll think of thee. Morning's first breath and evening's latest sigh shall wait to heaven my prayer for thee. I shall still be true—wilt thou be mine?"

"Ever, child!"

"We part then in hope, though in tears. Henceforward I am homeless—fatherless; but not without thee."

Why should I mourn? Oh thou who here below hadst not where to lay thy head—more destitute than the birds of the air, and poorer than the foxes of earth, be my support while in thy footsteps I tread."

The mother had hardly left the room when the father entered. If the reader has ever seen an individual under the influence of anger, with darkened brow and fiery eye, he will be able to form some idea of the appearance of the Rabbi at that time. His daughter rose to meet him, but he commanded her, in a hoarse tone, to keep from him.

"Leave me quickly," said he, "and let me see thee no more."

The blow was now struck. The silence of subdued grief, for a time, placed its signet upon her lips and she said not a word.

Sunlight had faded from the west, and the misty veil of twilight was gently beginning to unroll itself over hill and dale when Mariamme left her home. Where should she go? She felt like Abraham when, by the divine command of God, he forsook his native land to go "he knew not whither." Guided by an invisible hand, she directed her course towards Mount Olivet. As she wound the mountain the hum of the city died away, and full on the breeze came from a distance the sounds of rejoicing. She listened again and again; she drank in the rich melody of the music. Whose voices could they be? Who could be there, wakening the echoes of the mountain and sending forth, to listening trees and repeating rocks, the tributes of praise? Had angels come again to earth to sing of the resurrection of Him whose birth they declared? With a quick step she hurried to the spot, where she found a band of disciples worshipping the God in whom they believed. Why should she feel restrained? She approached them and begged permission to unite in their devotions.

The termination of the religious exercises was followed by an invitation for Mariamme to remain with them. With peculiar weight that invitation was pressed, when she narrated the circumstances which had introduced her among them. "Thou shalt now," said they, "be one of us. We have all things in common. We are but one family—actuated by one principle and pursuing one end. 'Come thou with us and we will do thee good.' Thou shalt share in our means and participate in our enjoyment."

Blessed with the kind society of new friends Mariamme was happy—daily ripening for heaven, and advancing constantly in holiness. She felt herself to be a pilgrim in a strange land, emphatically a wanderer exiled from friends and home.

CHAPTER V.

"Let me see my daughter before I die. Let her be soon brought that I may speak to her ere my voice is hushed. Hasten, for I am dying." So said the aged Rabbi.

His wish was quickly obeyed. Mariamme was found and conveyed to his bedside. What a tender meeting was that! Not the meeting of a friend with his friend; but the meeting of a penitent father with his returning daughter! "Oh, come, my injured one," said the Rabbi, "come from thy banishment to this bosom. Forgive me—forgive me—"

He could say no more, but fainted away. In a few moments he partially recovered, looked upon those around him, breathed a low farewell, turned upon his side, and died.

There was hope in his death. He had seen the error of his ways and repented. Upon his dying bed, he declared his conviction that Jesus was the Son of God, and often was heard to say, "I believe that he died for our sins and rose again, according to the Scriptures."

Mariamme was now restored to the arms of her mother. From the furnace of affliction she came forth bright and beautiful—her brow unblanched, and her fortitude undestroyed. None ever questioned the sincerity of her piety, for she had given the strongest evidence that her religion was not merely a theory of the mind, but an indwelling principle of the heart. In the practice of all those virtues which bring their own recompense she passed the residue of her life. Her spirit was that of Christ—her sphere one of benevolence, and her aim, the advancement of the glory of God and the happiness of the human family.

After having had the satisfaction of witnessing the decided triumphs of grace—after having seen the time-sanctioned throne of Judaism crumble, and the territory of idolatry successfully invaded, she departed from the world cloudless in her prospects and strong in her faith. Her belief, living, was her belief, dying. Her mortal relics sleep in the sepulchre of her fathers while her spirit, purified from sin ascended to that clime "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

HINDOO IMPOSITION.

Among the lower orders of natives, it is no uncommon thing to find men who can counterfeit so skilfully the semblance of death as to deceive even a medical man, until the hand is applied either to the heart or pulse: these men are frequently at very great pains to acquire this faculty, and practise it for many purposes. It serves sometimes as a means of concealment, but more frequently it is made available for the purpose of imposition.

The imitator of death is laid upon a *charpâti*, or light native bed, and being painted as if covered with wounds and bruises, he is carried, in a state of nudity, to the house of an European magistrate or other civil functionary. Here a pitiable story is related of his having been murdered in some remote village, and with bitter tears and lamentations, the magistrate is entreated to send officers to make official investigation of the case, and if possible to bring the perpetrators to an expiation of the outrage. In the meantime, the friends of the unfortunate murdered man, having excited the compassionate interest of the Englishman, or of some of the inmates of his house, solicit a gratuity for defraying the expenses of the funeral, for which they have no means; and if the trick be new to the beholders, an ample shower of donations will most likely be afforded to the poor bereaved creatures. The moment their object is secured, the sorrowing family withdraw, carrying with them the corpse of their deceased relative, who, as soon as he is out of sight of the house where the imposition has been practised, returns to the mortal world, and again condescends to make use of his limbs, taking care to appropriate an adequate share of the bounty which his ingenuity has purchased. Having then cleansed himself from his stains and artificial wounds, the whole party disperse, to avoid apprehension when the fraud is detected.

I was once staying at the house of a civilian, when one of his servants came in and reported that a murdered man had been brought to the door by a party of his friends in the manner related above: he intimated at the same time that, from the appearance of the strangers, he was suspicious of their statement, and believed the dead man to be a counterfeit. We went out and found a spectral looking corpse, with two or three wounds upon the chest, and with many marks of violence about other parts of the person.

The bed upon which the body lay extended was placed upon the ground, and all around it squatted the relatives and friends who owned it, howling, screaming, and groaning, with a touching emphasis, which would have excited the sympathy of the most obdurate. My friend approached to examine the body, but was assailed with thousand importunities not to pollute the corpse before the rites of sepulture had been performed. He, therefore, refrained from touching the body with his hand; but remarking to the people that wood could not defile it, he stuck the sharp end of his billiard cue, which he had in his hand, into the side of the supposed corpse; this evidently disconcerted the surrounding throng; but as the body showed no signs of animation, or any fear of incurring repetition of the test just inflicted, we began to think the suspicion of the *Chupprassi* had been unfounded: the blow was repeated with increased force, and until the sharp point of the cue penetrated the flesh, between the ribs. A very slight quiver of the muscles, and an almost imperceptible movement of the head, discovered the cheat, and my friend then told the people that they had better take the body to the hospital, for that life was not extinct. 'Wa! wa!' said they, 'why the man has been dead since cock-crow, how, therefore, can he be alive?'

(an idiom quite as purely Hindostani, as it may be thought Irish.)

'Bring a tea-kettle of boiling water,' shouted the gentleman, to the dismay of the family.

'Sir, great sir, what would you do with boiling water? the man is dead.'

'Exactly so my good friends; and that is the reason that you are all weeping and sorrowful?'

'What else, sir?'

'Why I am a great physician, and know how to bring such dead men as these to life.'

'The poor fellows begged hard that the body might be spared; but the kettle was brought; and still the dead moved not, until a small quantity was poured upon his foot; when he bounced from his *charpáli*, and upsetting one-half of his little brothers and cousins, fled like a spirit rather than an earthly body.—BACON'S *Hindostan* recently published.

For the Pearl.

FRAGMENTS OF PIOUS THOUGHT.

I

PSALM XXV. 5 :

"On thee do I wait all the day."

There is something so beautiful, so happy, so full of meaning in the idea of waiting upon God.—It indicates a spirit so patient, so serene, so hopeful, so confiding, so firm.

On thee do I wait!—it speaks a devotedness that cannot forget itself in unconcern—an expectation that cannot weary itself to sadness—a patience that no delay can irritate—an attention that can scarcely mistake its meaning, a willingness that never loiters to fulfil it. An abandonment that has no purpose of its own, and effects nothing on its own behalf, but "waits all the day" long.

Many are the events that an hour may bring forth, changeable is the aspect of the days of man. The sun that rises all bright and glorious, may be shadowed ere it is noon. The friends that saluted us in the morning, ere the night closes upon the world, may be numbered with the silent dead. Various are the occupations of the days of man, and fickle as the winds are the feelings of his bosom. Do I wait on thee all the day? not in sorrow only when I cannot do without thee, nor in joy only when I revel in thy bounties—nor only when the sweet voices of wife and children mingle in glad some strains, hymning the praises of the skies, but when far away from home and its endearments, amid the tumult of the thronging crowd, or the corroding anxieties of the busy mart—nor only when my heart is warmest, and prospects are brightest, but all the day long—giving my futurity as it were to thee with all its temporal and spiritual concerns, and looking to receive it back again minute by minute in whatsoever form or errand thou art pleased to charge it; waiting for the message it brings, confident in being pleased with it, and determined to abide by it.

Is there any happiness on earth worth the peace of a bosom that thus waits upon its God? The senator may quail for the fate of his country—the philosopher tremble for the interests of his loved and cherished pursuits, and the merchant become haggard and gloomy with the wide-spreading symptoms of commercial depression and failure, but he that waits on the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which abideth for ever.

II

NATURE AND REVELATION.

The voice of nature is the voice of God. This position admitted, you will not wonder that we urge you to go abroad on the wide theatre of existence to gather instruction from every object presented to your notice. For you the dread magnificence of the planetary worlds is to cry aloud—the waves of the great and endless deep tossing and foaming in their rage are to utter their strong and awful voice—the tempest which rends the everlasting hills and tears the solid rock in pieces is to admonish you—the crumbling of the hoary mountain is to teach you—the murmuring of every pebbled stream is to convey knowledge—every breeze of wind that fans you is to waft some

gentle lesson of wisdom—the ancient forest oak is to stand before you a powerful monitor—in the trail of the worm crawling at your feet you are to read some useful and salutary sentiment. You are to

"Find tongues in trees—books in the running brooks.
Sermons in stones and good in every thing."

Every withered leaf is to be a preacher—every blade of grass a discourse—and all the glory of man is to teach eloquently and impressively of vicissitude and perpetual mortality. The book of nature is to be spread open before you and on every page and distinctly traceable in every line you are to behold inscribed "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Having read this book of mutability with aching eyes and bleeding heart, you are to turn to the book of divine revelation—on it you are to see emblazoned "This word liveth and abideth for ever;" and you are to remember that its Redeemer can never die—that its Gospel can never change—that its essential truths can never be impaired—that its everlasting mercy can never depart, and that its holy consolations can never cease. This word is the stupendous fortress raised by the power and goodness of the great Jehovah, and you are to go round it and mark its mighty bulwarks, and count its invulnerable towers, and consider its massy iron gates, and having ascertained that the 'foundation of the Lord standeth sure' the song of your triumph is to be heard, saying "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

SILVANUS.

THE STARS.

I WALK abroad at midnight, and my eye,
Purged from its sensual blindness, upward turns,
And wanders o'er the dark and spangled sky,
Where every star, a fount of being, burns,
And pours out life, as Naiads, from their urns,
Drop their refreshing dew on herbs and flowers:
I gaze, until my fancy's eye discerns,
As in an azure hall, the assembled powers
Of nature spend in deep consult those solemn hours.

Methinks I hear their language—but it sounds
Too high for my conception, as the roar
Of thunder on the mountains, when it bounds
From peak to peak; or on the echoing shore
The tempest-driven billows bursting pour,
And raise their awful voices; or the groan
Rumbling in Ætna's entrails, ere its store
Of lava spouts its red jets; or the moan
Of winds, that war within their caverned walls of stone.

And there is melody among those spheres.
A music sweeter than the vernal train,
Or fay notes, which the nymph-struck shepherd hears,
Where moonlight dances on the liquid plain,
That curls before the west wind, till the main
Seems waving like a ruffled sheet of fire—
'Tis Nature's Alleluia; and again
The stars exult, as when the Eternal Sire
Said, 'Be there light and light shone forth at his desire.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THE GRASS AND THE FLOWER.

By J. K. Paulding.

A lovely flower stood blooming on a bush alone. It was the admiration of all, but most of itself. It unveiled its painted leaves in the sun; it glittered with the dew-drops of morning, and breathed pleasant fragrance upon the air. Throned amid the fresh green leaves, which sheltered as well as ornamented it, nothing could be more charming and graceful. Every passer-by said, "Look what a beautiful flower!"

Beneath this pretty and delicate creature of Providence there spread a green meadow, here swelling into gentle undulations, and sloping till it fringed the bank of a running stream. The flower looked down on the lowly grass and with a sneering air and with a haughty tone gave utterance to these thoughts,—

"Behold this insolent grass, what does it so close to me? How different the appearance and destiny from me! Never does it hear the admiring murmurs which I excite.

It emits no fragrant odor, but remains to be trodden under foot by all who list, unvalued and unnoticed. I should like to know for what it was created."

"Ignorant and conceited flower," replied the grass, "that question might better be asked of thyself; for thou art as useless, idle, and fleeting, as thou art pretty. True, the scent which rises from thy silken leaves is greatful, but where will it be to-morrow? The gleaming of thy soft colors, too, amid the verdant leaves,—but how soon will they fade on the ground? Evanescent child of vanity! I have witnessed the brief existence and death of a thousand such as thou, living unvalued and perishing unmourned; and dost thou sneer at me because my stem is not so slender and brittle, my blade so fair as thine? Know that the wise regard me, even for my beauty, more than they do thee. I spread over the earth a carpet of velvet. I clothe the uplifted hills in mantles of verdure. I furnish food to hundreds of animals who derive from me the power to gratify man with the most judicious luxuries. The wind blows over me and hurts me not. The sun-shine falls on me and I am yet unwithered. The snows of winter cover me and I am ready to beautify the earliest spring. Even the steps of the many who tread upon me, do not prevent my growing ever bright and cheerful; and Heaven has blessed me with a color of all others the most graceful to human eyes."

The fancy flower was about to reply, when a passer-by plucked it, admired its hues, and threw it away.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD IN MAN.—In man the heart is said at every contraction to expel about two ounces of blood, and calculating that there are eighty such contractions in a minute, there must be one hundred and sixty ounces sent forth by it in that space of time; and in the course of about three minutes the whole blood in the circulation, on an average about thirty pounds, must pass through the heart; and in the space of one hour this must by consequence take place twenty times. What must be the feelings of that man who can think of these things without wonder? I envy not his feelings, I covet not his mind, who, reflecting on the tissues to be permeated, the functions to be discharged, the secretions to be formed from, and the nutritious substances to be taken into the circulating fluid; and reflecting upon how soon each particle, each atom of blood, after having been deteriorated in its constitution, and rendered unfit for the discharge of its important duties, is again driven through the lungs and again aerated; who, I repeat, reflecting on these things, can retire from the investigation of the course of the blood in our frames, without feelings ennobled, and the whole man rendered better by his researches. But, to carry this interesting investigation still further, let us suppose that two ounces of blood will occupy a cylinder eight inches in length, then it will pass through eight hundred and forty inches in a minute, and thirty-eight thousand four hundred inches, or three thousand two hundred feet in an hour.—Dr. Robertson.

WOMAN.—Female attachment is much more pure, refined, and disinterested, and of a higher, holier character than the love of man. Every effort of superstitious education would be exhausted in vain to induce men to burn themselves on the funeral pile of a wife; and yet, for ages, thousands of females, in the eastern world have voluntarily and cheerfully submitted to this self-immolation.

The timidity of woman at the sight of blood ceases when it is her own that is shed. Her sensibility to human agony disappears, when it is herself that suffers. She submits to pain, to amputation, to "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and to death itself, when they become necessary, or inevitable, with more composure, and less complaint than man. In the horror of the French Revolution, when hundreds of males and females were daily hurried to the guillotine, the contrast between feminine firmness, and masculine trepidation, was conspicuous to every beholder.

Men will wrangle for religion—argue for religion—write for religion—anything and everything rather than live and die for religion.

SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"So! I have climbed high, and my reward is small. Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. O that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed, nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away from the eye, and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness! And yet I shiver at that cold and solitary thought. What clouds are gathering in the golden west, with direful intent against the brightness and the warmth of this summer afternoon! They are ponderous air-ships, black as death, and freighted with the tempest; and at intervals their thunder, the signal guns of that unearthly squadron, rolls distant along the deep of heaven. These nearer heaps of fleecy vapor—methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long!—seem scattered here and there, for the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps—for who can tell?—beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light, and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream. Or, where the floating mass so imperfectly abstracts the color of the firmament, a slender foot and fairy limb, resting too heavily upon the frail support, may be thrust through, and suddenly withdrawn, while longing fancy follows them in vain. Yonder again is an airy archipelago, where the sunbeams love to linger in their journeyings through space. Every one of those little clouds has been dipped and steeped in radiance, which the slightest pressure might disengage in silvery profusion, like water wrung from a sea-maid's hair. Bright they are as a young man's visions, and like them, would be realized in skillness, obscurity and tears. I will look on them no more.

"In three parts of the visible circle, whose centre is this spire, I discern cultivated fields, villages, white country-seats, the waving lines of rivulets, little placid lakes, and here and there a rising ground, that would fain be termed a hill. On the fourth side is the sea, stretching away towards a viewless boundary, blue and calm, except where the passing anger of a shadow flits across its surface, and is gone. Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land; on the verge of the harbor, formed by its extremity, is a town; and over it am I, a watchman, all heeding and unheeded.

In two streets, converging at right angles toward my watch tower, I distinguish three different processions. One is a proud array of voluntary soldiers in bright uniform, resembling, from the height whence I look down, the painted veterans that garrison the windows of a toy shop. And yet, it stirs my heart; their regular advance, their nodding plumes, the sun-flash on their bayonets and musket-barrels, the roll of their drums ascending past me, and the life ever and anon piercing through—these things have awakened a warlike fire, peaceful though I be. Close to their rear marches a battalion of school-boys, ranged in crooked and irregular platoons, shouldering sticks, thumping a harsh and unripe clatter from an instrument of tin, and ridiculously aping the intricate manoeuvres of the foremost band. Nevertheless, as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire, one might be tempted to ask, "Which are the boys?"—or rather "Which the men?" But, leaving these, let us now turn to the third procession, which, though sadder in outward show, may excite identical reflections in the thoughtful mind. It is a funeral. A hearse, drawn by a black and bony steed, and covered by a dusty pall, two or three coaches rumbering over the stones, their drivers half asleep; a dozen couple of careless mourners in their every-day attire; such was not the fashion of our fathers, when they carried a friend to his grave. There is now no doleful clang of the bell, to proclaim sorrow to the town. Was the King of Terrors more awful in those days than in our own, that wisdom and philosophy have been able to produce this change? Not so. Here is a proof that he retains his proper majesty. The hearse, then, and the military boys, are wheeling round the corner, and meet the funeral full in the face.

diately the drum is silent, all but the tap that regulates each simultaneous foot-fall. The soldiers yield the path to the dusty hearse, and unpretending train, and the children quit their ranks, and cluster on the side walks, with timorous and instinctive curiosity. The mourners enter the church-yard at the base of the steeple, and pause by an open grave among the burial stones; the lightning glimmers on them as they lower down the coffin, and the thunder rattles heavily while they throw the earth upon its lid. Verily, the shower is near."

"Lo! the rain drops are descending and now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the keuel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the deep blue lightning wrinkling on my brow, and the dread thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy mountain-tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is striding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might besem a city of the dead; and turning a single moment to the sky, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the rainbow!"

MUSIC.

The peculiar benefits which flow from the cultivation of music, have long been acknowledged to be great. The principles of patriotism, morality, and religion, are each infixed most deeply, when whispered to the soul in the moving melody of song. How is the love of country kindled by a national ode! Moral truth sinks deep into the heart, and is never forgotten, when conveyed there in the accents of music. The plaintive strain can melt the heart to tenderness and compassion, and the breathings of soft melody calm and cheer the troubled and sorrowing bosom. And who that has heard the chanting of solemn praise, in the worship of God, but has been carried upward in thought, and filled with reverence and holy emotion?

It is the office of music to heighten enjoyment; and such is the organization of man, that he feels impelled by the necessity of his nature, even in his rudest state, to seek for it in some form or other. Civilized and refined, if deprived of all music, he would feel life to be little less than miserable. It is because music is thus valuable to man, that science has lent her aid, and art her skill, to render it as perfect in theory and practice as is possible. On a few simple elements is based an extensive and profound theory, demonstrated by mathematical calculation and nice philosophical experiment; and to such perfection has the practice of each department of the art at length been brought, that an industrious application, for years, is required, before any one can claim the distinction of a master. Happily, however, the gratifications which flow from music are not necessarily dependent upon such high scientific attainments; and the song of the untutored peasant often carries to the refined and cultivated mind a thrill of delight. And thus does nature sometimes mock at human effort in other arts—and the poet, the painter, the orator, and the beautiful sculptor of the schools, turns back to study and admire the productions of some disciple of nature. How beautiful and yet how simple! Take the first compositions of the child Mozart, untaught in every rule, yet

violating none. Handel and Haydn, too, though late and common attainments, and standing in their maturity on an eminence beyond the reach of their contemporaries and successors. The efforts of the great masters in all the arts, destined to survive the longest, are those which present to the mind the most beautiful pictures, in a certain near conformity with the truth of nature. These remain as models for future generations, and all others are comparatively ephemeral.

Music is natural to man. The mother has scarcely presented the breast to her infant, before she warbles music in its ear, and it listens with pleasure, and is quiet. Thus pillowed, it drinks in melody, as the food of the mind; and when it hungers for that nutriment, it often attempts to gratify the desire, even in its tenderest age: its little song brings to itself the desired pleasure, and to the ears of its fond parent untold delight. Surely, it is no marvel that we love music, and well might the great master-poet denounce him who hath none in his soul.—*Katck-erbocker.*

FEMALE FLORISTS.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Among the pleasant employments which seem peculiarly congenial to the feelings of our sex, the culture of flowers stands conspicuous. The general superintendence of a garden has been repeatedly found favorable to health, by leading to frequent exercise in the open air, and that communing with nature which is equally refreshing to the heart. It was laboring with her own hands in her garden, that the mother of Washington was found by the youthful Marquis de la Fayette, when he sought her blessing, as he was about to commit himself to the ocean and return to his native clime. Milton, who you recollect was a great advocate that woman should "study household good," has few more eloquent descriptions, than those which represent our first mother at her floral toil amid the sinless shades of Paradise.

The tending of flowers has ever appeared to me a fitting care for the young and beautiful. They then dwell as it were, among their own emblems, and many a voice of wisdom breathes on their ear from those brief blossoms, to which they apportion the dew and the sun-beam. While they eradicate the weeds that deform, or the excrescences that endanger them, is there not a perpetual admonition uttered, of the work to be done in their own heart? From the admiration of these ever-varying charms, how naturally is the tender spirit led upward in devotion to Him, "whose hand perfumes them, and whose pencil paints." Connected with the nurture of flowers, is the delightful study of botany, which imparts new attractions to the summer sylvan walk, and prompts both to salubrious exercise and scientific research. A knowledge of the physiology of plants, is not only interesting in itself, but of practical import. The brilliant coloring matter which they sometimes yield, and the healthful influences which they possess, impart value to many an unsightly shrub, or secluded plant, which might otherwise have been suffered to blossom and to die without a thought.

It is cheering, amid our solitary rambles, to view the objects that surround us, as friends, to call to recollection their distinctive lineaments of character, to array them with something of intelligence or utility, and to enjoy an intimate companionship with nature. The female aborigines of our country were distinguished by an extensive acquaintance with the medicinal properties of plants and roots, which enabled them, both in peace and war, to be the healers of their tribes. I would not counsel you to invade the province of the physician. In our state of society, it would be preposterous and arrogant. But sometimes, to alleviate the slight indispositions of those you love, a simple infusion of the herbs which you have reared and gathered, is a legitimate branch of that nursing-kindness which seems interwoven with woman's nature.

Why are your teeth like verbs?—Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

FRIENDS OF EARLY YEARS.

By Mrs. Abdy.

I sought my youthful home again;
The birds poured forth a tuneful strain,
The silver stream its waters flung
O'er banks where blushing wild-flowers clung;
The lambs were sporting on the lea,
Light waved the milk-white hawthorn tree;
And yet I viewed the scene with tears,
I mourned the Friends of Early Years.

I left that spot of light and bloom,
To seek the church-yard's sheltered gloom,
They slept beneath the mossy earth,
Untold, unsung their simple worth;
Yet, fondly, sadly, I avowed
That none amid the dazzling crowd
Had shared my hopes or soothed my fears
Like these—the Friends of Early Years.

That home I wish not now to see,
It boasts no charm, no joy for me;
Yet Time my feelings cannot chill,
My faithful friends are near me still:
I lift to them my longing eyes,
Whene'er I view the peaceful skies;
For there the blessed home appears,
Where dwell the Friends of Early Years.

Metropolitan for May.

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

By Sir Walter Scott.

The same course of reflection which led me to transmit to you the account of the death of an ancient borderer induces me to add the particulars of a singular incident, affording a point which seems highly qualified to be illustrated by the pencil.

The story is an old but not an ancient one. The actor and sufferer was not a very aged man when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1747, with others of his clan, and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor, in a certain tragic affair which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye. But the limbs had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp about the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing, or pastoral farm, in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock, and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and at the same time so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the gathering of his clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path peculiarly required caution.

In this manner he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red deer species coming down the cliff in the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun, no rencontre could have been more agreeable; but, as he had not this advan-

tage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some time.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst and as a last resource stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion, for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached toward Duncan very slowly, and with great caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he held his head down as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untameable love of sport peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact which might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a 100 feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm and three ribs. In this state he was found lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct toward the deer in a moral point of view—although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend—but the temptation of a hart of grease offering, as it were his throat to the knife would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording or deserving of illustration remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

A FUTURE STATE.

Happily for the interests of virtue the doctrine of a future state has a most powerful advocate in the conscience of every individual. Where is the necessity for a labored train of argumentation to sustain it? Evidence the most convincing exists in each mind. Let any one listen to the language of hope and fear. Let him view, in their true light, the ceaseless aspirations that rise toward heaven—the dissatisfaction with the present, and the earnest grasping at the future, and he will not be left in darkness or doubt on this subject. We have in ourselves the faithful witnesses of our immortality. They are interwoven in our very constitution—they make a part of our inward frame. Skeptics may invest this matter with as much gloom as they please. Corrupt philosophy may start its objection. Casuists may reason their lives away in efforts to prove the impossibility of the independent and everlasting being of the soul. What are all their objections? Who can believe them when, from within, there sounds a voice more emphatic, declaring our immortality? Not at one time—not in one state does this monitor speak. We hear it when the mind is as tranquil as the sleeping lake. We hear it when the storms of passion agitate us—when the elements within rise in their terror and convulse the prison that

confines them. We hear it in the time of prosperity moderating our wishes and reproving our worldly anxieties. We hear it in the hour of adversity teaching submission and reconciliation by the promise of a more perfect state. We hear it in the visitations of Jehovah when the dove-like spirit descends upon our heart and tenders all its feelings. We hear it in the dreams of midnight when the souls revels in her native freedom independent of sense and matter. Whether we pine unseen beneath the withering influence of despair or float away over the realms of the future on the strong pinions of hope, we have an assurance that we shall continue to live when our dust has mingled with the particles of its kindred earth.

PROVIDENCE.

Our present happiness is closely connected with a belief in the doctrine of a providence. It is hardly possible for an undisturbed serenity of mind to be preserved independently of a confidence in this truth. That man who discards the idea of a superintending providence has no real tranquility. His happiness, if happiness he have, lies at the mercy of every occurrence. Events sport with him as the winds with a feather. He has no steadiness of feeling—no constancy of joy. In the strong language of Byron, he is

Like a Weed,
Flung from the rock on ocean's waves
To sail where'er the surges may beat or tempest's breath prevail.

Let the condition of the believer in an universal providence be contrasted with the state of such a man, and how advantageous does it appear! Taught by the sacred volume to regard every thing as the wish and ordering of the Supreme Being, he murmurs not at his fate. If his cup be bitter he refuses not to drink it. Clouds may lower over his head—woes may fall upon him—schemes may fail—but he is secure. He is invulnerable. No dart can pierce him, for he is clothed in the panoply of God and defended effectually on every side. He knows that He who sent sorrow can quickly remove it when it has accomplished His purpose. He believes that the power which sent forth the winds can restrain their fury and bind them in submission, and that the breath which kindled the lightning can easily direct its course. I never look upon such a character without sentiments approaching reverence. I look upon him as a moral hero, decked with a brighter laurel than a conqueror ever wore. I look upon him as I gaze upon a rock, at whose base the irritated waves dash but upon whose elevated summit the glad sunlight rests.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

And is it the privilege of mortals, sinful and polluted as they are, to be brought into the above delightful relation? May they feel towards God as a child to a father? Yes, it is so. Of all the unions which exist between us here, is there one so pure in its nature and so glorious in its effects as this? Not one. The sweetness of connubial felicity and the tenderness of friendship's tie are trifling when compared with it. There is one peculiarity belonging to it that is attached to no other connection, and that is the eternity of its duration. Warm as our earthly love may be, that love is soon broken. The closest ties are severed! Friends are torn from friends—parents from children, and husbands from their wives. Death breaks the cords of the deepest affection. How different with this relation! Distance cannot interrupt it,

"Since God is every where,
In the void waste as in the city full."

Nor can death disturb it. He numbers its destruction not among his achievements. He gathers not a portion of his spoils from it. It is entirely out of his reach. What a source of perennial bliss is here! When troubles assail and dangers affright, how dear is the reflection that we have a Father in heaven! When our relatives are snatched from us here, where do we look for support? There is but one answer: to our Father in heaven. If in life there be one joy richer than another, surely that joy is derived from "Our Father, in heaven." And if, in the music of Paradise, there be one note that swells higher than another, certainly that is to "Our Father, in heaven." In the brightness of that world we shall hear our Father's voice, see our Father's face, and rest our wearied frames on our Father's bosom forever and ever.

TEACHINGS OF GEOLOGY.

"The progressive improvement which the state of the globe seems to have undergone in past ages, and is now undergoing, presents the plans of the Deity to our contemplation in an interesting light. In the earliest condition of the earth, the soils on its surface must have been meagre, and scarcely adapted to the support of vegetable life. But the processes of degradation, that have always been going on, and the accumulation of animal and vegetable matter, must improve their quality, and increase their quantity. It appears too that there has been a constant increase of limestone since the stratified rocks began to be deposited. Now the calcareous are the richest of all soils, and the most prolific in vegetation. From this cause, then, we see progressive fertility produced. Accordingly, there are some reasons for supposing that each successive creation of animals and vegetables has been more numerous than the one that preceded it; and we know that there has been a progression in the complication and curious structure of their natures.

"These facts teach us that the same admirable adaptation of the different parts and processes of nature, which we observe in the present creation, has always been prominent in every previous condition of the globe, indicating the unerring and ceaseless exercise of the same infinite wisdom in all ages. We see, secondly, in these facts, evidence that the plans of the Deity have always been devised with such admirable skill, that from apparent evil real good is always produced in the end. At first view we cannot but regard the tremendous revolutions which the earth appears to have undergone with painful emotions, and as evidence either of penal inflictions, or of a defect of contrivance on the part of the Creator. But here we learn that every revolution of this kind is improvement, and that its object was to fit the world for more numerous and perfect beings. This view of the subject changes the painful aspect of these revolutions into displays of benevolence, and defect of skill and contrivance into a demonstration of infinite wisdom.

"Upon the whole, however, geology gives the greatest expansion to our views of the plans of the Deity, by furnishing us with a clue to one of the grand conservative and controlling principles of the universe. But two of these principles have yet been discovered. Newton developed the great mechanical power by which the universe is sustained, when he unfolded and demonstrated his theory of gravitation. The other, the chemical power—the second right hand of the Creator—it was reserved for geology to bring to light. A third, perhaps, the electrical power, may yet be disclosed by some future Newton. Gravitation binds the universe together, and controls the movements of its larger masses. But were no chemistry at work in these masses, to transmute their elements into successive forms of beauty and life, it would be literally the bands of death which gravity would impose. But chemistry is at work unceasingly through all the dominions of nature, and perpetual change is the result. This perpetual change is the great conservative and controlling principle to which we referred. On the surface of the globe, and especially among animals and plants, this constant change, this perpetual increase and diminution, renovation and destruction, have always been most obvious: and it is usually regarded as a defect or penal infliction, rather than a wise and universal law of nature. Especially does diminution and decay affect us with painful emotions. And we would not deny that such may be the circumstances under which these changes occur, as to make them real penal inflictions. Indeed, natural theology cannot but regard in this light the diseases and dissolution to which man is subject. Still geology in connexion with astronomy shows us that perpetual change of form and condition is a universal law of nature; that it is not limited to the organized creation, but extends an equal dominion over suns and planets.

"We see it, in the first place, in the geological history of our globe. There is an increasing agency at work all around us to wear down the mountains, and to fill up the valleys; we see the evidence of powerful diluvial action in comparatively modern times, in the accumulation of detritus, and in the grooves and furrows which the surfaces of rocks exhibit. As we descend into the solid strata, we meet with perpetual proof, in the chemical and mechanical characters of the rocks, and in their organic remains, that a multitude of changes have been going on during their deposition: or rather that there has been unceasing change.

"At this point geology connects itself with astronomy, and the two sciences are made to reflect mutual light upon each other. Astronomy discloses to us certain facts in respect to other worlds, that lead the geologist strongly to suspect, that they too are undergoing those changes and that progressive improvement which the earth has experienced. The comets appear to be in the very earliest stages of these transmutations. They appear to be even in a gaseous condition, through excessive internal heat; and are not yet brought into such a state that any animal or vegetable natures with which we are acquainted could inhabit them; though the remarkable history of the extinct cometary beings of our own globe, should lead us not to be very confident on this point. To become the first resi-

dence of such natures as ours, by the operation of natural laws, will surely require periods of almost incalculable length. Still further removed from the condition of our globe appears to be that of the nebulae; consisting apparently of the wonderful materials out of which comets might be formed: though here, too, uncertain conjecture is our only guide. But the point which we wish to be borne in mind is, that these bodies, as well as the comets, seem to be in a condition analogous to what the records of geology lead us to conjecture might have been the state of our globe at some period of the immense past. The moon, we may reasonably conjecture, seems to be so far redeemed from the excessive violence of volcanic agency, as to be adapted, perhaps, to the natures of some organized beings; though it is doubtful whether that globe has such an element as water, or any atmosphere, upon its surface. This fact, however, by no means militates against the idea that it may contain living beings. For to infer that water and air are essential to all organized existence, because such is the case on this globe, would be the conclusion of a narrow-minded philosophy. Jupiter, on the other hand, it would seem, may be covered as yet with one shoreless ocean; and there perhaps such leviathans may now be playing as once sported in the earlier seas of our globe.

"Such are the motions and orbits of the asteroids of the solar system, that ingenious men have been led to conjecture that they once constituted a single planet between Mars and Jupiter, which was burst asunder by some internal force. And if such a process of refrigeration has taken place in other planets as in our own, might we not admit, that, under possible circumstances, such a terrific disruption might have taken place? and that, too, in exact accordance with the most wise and benevolent plans of the Deity?

"Those solid meteors that sometimes fall to the earth appear to have been in a state of fusion: and, indeed, they are usually intensely heated when they descend. May we not regard these facts, too, as perfectly consonant with the idea that all the bodies of the universe are undergoing important changes by powerful agents, not the least of which is heat?

"Is it not most natural and philosophical to regard the sun as an immense globe of heated matter, constantly radiating heat into space, and therefore gradually cooling? And what are the spots on its surface, but the incipient crust? And what is the zodiacal light, but elastic vapours, driven by heat from the sun's surface, and made to assume an oblate and almost lenticular form?

"Shall we regard those fixed stars that have in passages disappeared from the heavens, and those which now shine only periodically, as evidence of disorder and ruin among the works of God? Rather let the analogies at which we have hinted lead us to view them as worlds in particular stages of those mighty changes to which we have reason to believe the universe is subject, and without which all would be stagnation and death.

"We acknowledge that these astronomical facts afford us but faint glimpses of the geology of other worlds. Nevertheless, they seem to us to lead the mind that is conversant with the geological history of our globe irresistibly to the conclusions, that similar causes are in operation, and similar changes are in progress, in other worlds; and that perpetual change is not an anomaly peculiar to our planet, but the very essence of a vast system embracing the wide universe.

"Faint as the light that is yet thrown upon this subject, yet what an immense field for contemplation does it disclose to our view! And how do the plans of the Infinite Mind enlarge and ramify as we gaze upon them until we see them connecting past eternity with that which is to come; the two extremities being lost in the dimness of distance! God is here exhibited to us as employing the same matter, under successive forms, for a great variety of different purposes; all, however, connected into one vast system; and all bearing upon the happiness of animated nature?"—*Dr. Hitchcock.*

CURIOSITIES IN THE ARTS.

Petrus Ramus tells us of a wooden eagle and an iron fly, made by Regiomontanus, a famous mathematician of Nuremberg, whereof the first flew forth out of the city, aloft in the air, met the Emperor Maximilian a good way off, coming towards it; and, having saluted him, returned again waiting on him to the city gates. The second, at a feast, whereto he had invited his familiar friends, flew forth from his hand, and, taking a round, returned thither again, to the great astonishment of the beholders; both of which the excellent pen of the noble Du Bartas rarely expressed.

In the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scalliot, a blacksmith, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, all which, together with a pipe key to it, weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, whereto having fastened the lock and key before mentioned, he put the chain about a flea's neck, which drew them all with ease. All these together, lock and key, chain and flea, being weighed, the weight of them was but one grain and a half.

Inyrmacidea was also excellent in that kind of workmanship. He wrought, out of ivory, a carriage, with four wheels, and as many horses, in so small a compass that a fly might cover them all with her wings. The same man made a ship, with all her tackling to it, so small that a bee might hide it with her wings.

Oswaldus Norhingerus, the most excellent artisan of this or any former ages, made sixteen hundred dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small, thin, and slender, that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a pepper-corn of the common bigness. Johannes Carolus Shad, of Mittelbrach carried this wonderful work with him to Rome, showed it to Pope Paul the Fifth, who saw and counted them by the help of a pair of spectacles; they were so little to be almost invisible to the eye. He then gave liberty to as many as would see them, amongst whom were Gaspar Scioppius, and Johannes Faber, of Bamberg, physician in Rome.

FREAKS OF A RAVEN.—There was a raven kept a few years ago at Newhaven, at an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashbourn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry, and, like the parrot of Paraguay, could do very well too. One day—the table being set out for the coach passengers' dinner—the cloth was laid, with knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in the state it was left for some time, the room door being shut, though the window was open. The raven had watched the operation very quietly, and, as we may suppose, with a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was just arriving the dinner was carried in—but behold! the whole paraphernalia of the dinner-table had vanished—silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone! But what was the surprise and amusement to see through the open window upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array very carefully set out, and the raven performing the honours of the table to a numerous company of poultry which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1837.

THE THUNDER STORM.—Reader, hast thou ever witnessed a storm at sea? If so there is no need to tell thee that it is a very different affair from any land-storm however grand and terrific. On terra firma the lightning may blaze with a ghastly, blinding splendour, and the thunder explode with a horrible crash, but you have not the unearthly glare of the one, or the deep, fathomless sound of the other, as on the broad and heaving surface of the great waters. The screaming of birds and the howling of beasts may echo disuasally from the mountain steeps, but you are not dinned with the tremendous roar of the angry ocean mingling with the dreadful blast of the skies. With invincible patience do the hills and valleys, the plains and fields bear the fury of the tempest; but the ocean, not so tame and submissive, maddens with rage—lashed into foam, the waves leap up to war with the battling heavens—above you cloud contends with cloud—beneath you billow bows on billow. At fearful intervals, floods of flame may leap up the black expanse, and bursts of horrid sounds assault you with their hideous noise, still in the climax of the storm, the solidity of the ground on which you tread spires you with confidence and fills you with hope; but on the briny deep, even this consolation is denied you—demon of the air flaps his glittering wings and pours his fiery phials on your head, whilst at your lettering the greedy sea opens her monstrous jaws to devour you.

In the days of our childhood we took a strange delight in the perusal of the sublime descriptions which our poets afford of the terror and grandeur of the storm—and whatizing upon the feeble essay of the painter to spread out canvass all the majesty of the tempest, our attention was ever deeply excited and our spirits filled with awe. To converse with the thunder, play with the lightning, call the winds and dance on the waves, gave us a kind of satisfaction not to be expressed in words. Foolishly wishing to see in vivid reality what we had so often read in poetry and beheld in painting, in the year 1830 we sailed to the land of our fathers, and committed ourselves to the billowy bosom of the great deep. The common currencies of a sea voyage transpired during the days of our passage, but on the 25th of September the winds awoke from their slumber, the waves answered

challenge and arose in their might. Now was the hour of the prince of the power of the air—and well did he employ it, rolling the thunders before him, and carrying the whirlwind in his train. The sea literally ran mountains high—one moment we were on the sharp ridge of its topmost billow, the next we descended almost a thousand fathoms below—now mounting up to the heaven, and anon going down again to the depths. Suddenly a frightful gust of wind came and sent our little bark floundering on its side—from the roundhouse on deck rushed forth the Captain, while from his birth flew the chief mate. On the countenance of this latter individual brooded anxiety, and fear—in deep excitement we watched him lowering the lead to ascertain the depth of water in the hold, and never shall we forget his ghastly appearance, as he examined the line; flinging it from him he ran with haste to the side of the vessel, when he looked and paused—looked and paused, again, and then the wild cry broke forth from his lips “We are all dead men, she has sprung a leak.” And then there was the loud voice of the sailors “Take to the long boat,” and the instant reply of the master, “She would sink in a moment.” At that fearful crisis many a soul was melted because of trouble: they reeled to and fro like drunken men that were at their wits end. A respectable fellow voyager was sadly dismayed—on his knees he cried mightily to Jonah’s God, wrung his hands, and wept most bitter tears. From our hearts we pitied this individual and in the time of his distress afforded him all the consolation in our power. But the winds abated, the waves became still, and after a second perilous adventure we were brought to our desired haven in peace. The most singular circumstance remains now to be told—during the whole night preceding the storm the chief mate had remained on deck, but early in the morning he retired for rest—while in his birth he dreamt that there was a hurricane of wind and that our ship was in imminent danger, having sprung a leak—not recovered from the fright of his dream he hurried from his birth at the moment when the fierce north wind was tearing up the ocean in its wrath; he saw the vessel precisely in the position represented in his dream, lying on her side—the hurricane was raging, and forgetting that it was drenched with the pouring rain, in his haste, he lowered the line, while its wet appearance as he drew it up again, led to the rash cry mentioned above.

But reader, you have had enough of storms, and be assured, so have we. We no longer talk with the lightning, or take pleasure in witnessing the convulsions of the skies. Since the memorable day of the 25th of September, 1830 our love for the greedy sea has vanished—our desire has been granted and we never wish again to gaze on the fearfulness and horror of the ocean storm. Nor should we now have penned a single line on the subject, but that the whole scene has been brought to our recollection by the thunder-storm of last sabbath day.

LIGHTNING.—We were yesterday afternoon visited with a very severe storm of thunder and rain, during which a store at the Naval Hospital was struck by the lightning and much injured; it was only prevented from being entirely destroyed by the torrent of rain which was falling at the same time. We understand that there was a great quantity of rum in the cellar.—*Journal.*

NIMROD THE SECOND.—Wild sports are becoming the order of the day. In our papers by the last Packet, we find this notable piece of news!

The Marquis of Waterford intends to proceed to Africa for the purpose of lion-hunting; for which purpose he has collected a formidable train of bull-dogs and blood-hounds.

83d. Regt.—Major Trydell and a strong detachment of this depot are under orders to join the Regiment at Nova Scotia; but the time of embarkation is not fixed.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Vice Admiral Sir C. Paget, arrived at Devonport on the 27th of April, and on the following morning visited his Ship the Cornwallis. On his arrival on board, his flag was hoisted at the fore, as Vice Admiral of the White. Sir Charles inspected every part of the ship very minutely, and appeared much pleased with the manner in which he found every thing going on. He repeated his visit the next day, and on the evening took his departure for London, intending

to rejoin his ship at Portsmouth, when ready to proceed with him to his appointed command on the West India Station. It is expected that she will sail from Plymouth about the first week in May next.—*United Service Jour.*

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—We are happy to announce that letters have been received here from the Court of Directors in London by this Packet, and that by the next, the Manager of the Branch of this Institution to be established in Halifax, may be expected, with a supply of Specie, when business will be immediately commenced.—*N. S.*

POWER OF MAMMON. Our readers are aware that a work of great and deserved celebrity was lately issued from the British press, entitled “Mammon” by the Rev. John Harris. At the last anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, held on Monday the 1st of May in Exeter Hall, the following anecdote was related by the successor of the far famed Rowland Hill, the Rev. James Sherman, of Surrey Chapel:

“At a watering place not very far distant, an officer went into a bookseller’s shop and asked if he had got any thing new? The bookseller said—“Why no,—nothing particularly new, tho’ there is a Book come out, but one which you won’t like to read.” He said “What is it?” The Bookseller said—“It’s Mammon.” The officer observed—“Why that’s a queer title—I should like to know what it is—send it to me, and as I have not much to do I will read it.” The Book was sent, and, by the grace of God, “Mammon” worked on the officer’s heart; and as the first fruits of that working, he came to the Tract Society, and laid down on the Breakfast Table 800l. for the good of the cause.”

TEMPERANCE.—A correspondence has taken place between Mr. Buckingham, M. P., and the Chancellor of the exchequer, respecting the admission into this country, duty-free, of a short pamphlet, containing the most material facts and arguments in support of the Temperance Reformation, which the Temperance Societies in America have undertaken, at a cost of about £5,000 sterling, to furnish to every householder in Britain, free of expense, with the proviso that the pamphlets in question shall be exempted from duty, and that immediate means shall be taken for their gratuitous distribution. This proposition at first met with the Chancellor’s ready and cheerful concurrence, which, however, he shortly afterwards thought proper to retract, on the ground that the Lords of the Treasury, with whom rest the confirmation of his decision, did not feel themselves justified in having recourse to a proceeding, which they conceived, would form a most inconvenient and dangerous precedent. Thus the matter rests at present.

Those of our subscribers who, by mistake, have not received their first number, will be kind enough to inform us, and they shall immediately be supplied.—We have widely distributed the Pearl of to day and will shortly wait on our friends, and with their good consent, will most readily and unhesitatingly append their names to our daily increasing list. We hope none will be afraid of our refusal.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. John Jones, to Miss Ann Berry, both of this place.
On Saturday last, by the Rev. John Laughlan, Mr. Thomas Crocket, of Dumfries, Scotland, to Ellen, second daughter of Mr. James Sanders of this town.
On Thursday, 8th instant, by the Rev. the Rector of St. George’s, William Hargraves Molyneux, Esq. to Martha Maria, only daughter of the late Sir Andrew Mitchell, Knight of the Bath.
At Studley, on Wednesday evening last, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Stewart Campbell, Esq. Barrister, to Georgiana Mackintosh daughter of M. Richardson, Esq.

DIED.

At Granville, N. S. on the 8th ult. after a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Edward Thorne, Esq. in the 37th year of his age.
On Tuesday morning, after a few days illness, in the 15th year of her age, Ann Hunter, third daughter of James McNab, Esq.
Last evening of Consumption, Elizabeth Ann, third daughter of the late John W. Pyke, Esq. aged 24 years. Funeral on Sunday at one o’clock.
In Poor’s Asylum, John Sheely, aged 44 years. Annis Bell, aged 36 years—both natives of Ireland.
At Musquodoboit, on the 13 May, James Benvie, Esq. in the 84th year of his age, a native of Bamfshire Scotland, and one of the oldest magistrates in the County of Halifax; a man highly esteemed by the community where he resided, and deeply and deservedly regretted by his relatives and friends.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.
Saturday, 3rd.—Brig. President, Crumb, Buenos Ayres, 24 days; Harriet, De Roche, Sydney, 7 days; bark Manfield, Brewer, Hull, 42 days; H. M. S. Racchorse, Commander Sir J. E. Home, St. Thomas, 14 days.

Sunday, 4th.—Schr. Hope, Foret, St. George’s Bay, N. F. 8 days;
Monday, 5th.—Schr. Mary Hill, Boston, via Liverpool, 9 days;
Sybella, Musgrove N. York, 7 days; Temperance, McPhee, Burin, N. F. 9 days.—left schr. Hazard, Hence, brig Coquette, Demerara, 24 days.—left brig Lady Campbell, and Don of Liverpool.
Tuesday, 5th.—Brig Fanny, Brown, Demerara, 23 days.
Wednesday, 6th.—Brig. Eliza Ann, Love, Lisbon, 30 days; barque Lotus, London, 50 days.

CLEARED.

Friday, June 2d.—Schr. Heloise, Kirby, Quebec; Mary Alice, McLean, West Indies; Stromont, Ibitson, Miramichi. 3rd.—Schr. Planet, Williams, B. W. Indies; brigs Don, Toole, Miramichi. 5th.—Hummingbird, Godfrey, Trinidad; Acadian, Lane, Boston, Schr. Sable, Hammond, St. John N. B. 6th.—Willing Lass, Watt, Bay Chaleur. 7th.—Schr. Industry, Long, Boston; Victory, Banks, St. Andrews; Myrtle, Suliff, B. W.; brig Harriet, De Roche, Philadelphia.

Auctions.

BY EDWARD LAWSON,
On MONDAY next, at 12 o’clock, at Commercial Wharf:
4 puns. Jamaica Spirits, (7 years old); 4 puns. Real Irish Malt Whiskey, (very old); 2 new Anchors and Chains, 11 1-6 inch 90 fathoms, 1 in. 75 fts, 1 box Cinnamon, 1 do Nutmegs, 1 do Mace, 1 case cont’g. 4 Pit Saws, 1 chest Calcined Magnesia, 18 cases cont’g 4 doz each, Port, 2 cases 2 doz ea. Hock, 1 do 2 doz ea. Marcella, 1 do 2 doz ea. White Hermitage, 3 qr. casks Port, 2 do White Terro, 2 do do Calcavellos, 4 hhd. Rayon, Madeira Wines, 18 bags Calapances, 4 bales cont’g 21 pieces black and blue Superfine Cloths, 9 hhd. White Wine Vinegar, 3 bbls Flour, 1 case Walking Sticks, 2 bbls Olive Oil, 50 boxes Oranges, 50 do Lemons, in superior order, being repicked. June 10.

BY DEBLOIS, MITCHELL & CO.
On Tuesday next, at 12 o’clock, at their Room.
A variety of Dry Goods, consigned to them for immediate sale by the late arrivals:
Painted Floor Cloths, 4-4 wide, Green Baize, a variety of Slops, consisting of Jackets, Trowsers, Shirts, Vests of various qualities, Silk Beaver Hats, a bale Brown Cotton, a bale Cotton Warp, 6 ends invisible Green Cloth, (superfine) 5 cases Palm Leaf Hats, 2 boxes 12 trunks Ladies fashionable Tuscan and other Bonnets.—They will also sell in a few days, a variety of Paints, Paint Oil, Glass, Cordage, Whiting; Putty, Brown Stout, Leith Ale, &c.
*+ Any of the above articles will be sold in the mean time, cheap, at private sale. June 10.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Has just received, from London & Glasgow, a large assortment of
STATIONARY, BOOKS, &c. &c.—viz
LEDGERS & JOURNALS, various sizes, Day, Cash, Land Registrar Books, Writing Papers, various sizes and qualities, Quills, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Penknives, Ink and Ink Powders, Bibles, Testaments, Prayer, Psalm and Hymn Books, English, French and Latin School Books. A large variety of children’s Books, Pocket Books, Gunter Scales, Dividers, CHARTS, Wax Taper and Stands, Writing Desks, Travelling Dressing Cases, &c. &c. all of which will be sold at low prices.
Blank Books made to order.
June 10. 6c. J. MUNRO.

HENRY G. HILL,
Builder and Draughtsman.
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has discontinued the Cabinet business, and intends to devote his time exclusively to
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.
He begs to offer his grateful acknowledgements to those who have hitherto patronised him, and now offers his services as an Architect, Draughtsman and Builder, and will be prepared to furnish accurate working plans, elevations and specifications for buildings of every description, and trusts by strict attention to business to insure a share of public patronage.
Residence, nearly opposite Major McColla’s.
Carpenter’s shop—Argyle-street. June 10.

HERRING.

200 BBLs. No. 1 Newfoundland Herring,
250 No. 2 do do.
50 hlf. bls. No 1 do do.
50 th. bls do do.
For Sale by
HERBERT BAZALGETTE.
June 10 No. 2, LONG WHARF.

MIRAMICHI SHINGLES.
210 M. best prime Shingles for sale by the Subscriber **ROBERT H. SKINNER.**
June 3, 1837. 6c.

From the Religious Magazine.

A SCENE AT SEA.

In June of 1826, the writer of this article took passage in a packet, from a southern city for New York. It was a lovely morning. A fair wind swept us from the wharf. Fort after fort, and island after island were rapidly passed as we stretched out of the beautiful harbor. There was a crowd of passengers. Gaiety and cheerfulness prevailed; for our circumstances conspired to promote it. Some of us, after long absence were hastening toward home, 'the place where all endearments meet.' Others were on visits of pleasure and relaxation to the healthful scenes of a northern summer. A couple of leagues of distance were passed. But an incident, affecting and painful to me at least, occurred.

In stowing away some articles of freight, the chief mate of the ship discovered a slave, who had secreted himself in the hole, in hope of escape from bondage. He had made the necessary provision for his support during the passage, in some simple articles of food, which, with a couple of blankets which he had provided for his bed, were drawn forth from the darkness and presented to our sight.

I looked on this scene with the deepest sympathy for the man, a slave indeed, but a man. There he stood, of fine form and noble features. He appeared about thirty years of age. I gave him the appellation, man. So he was. And then he must have had the feelings of human nature. And what must have been the anxieties of his mind as he laid this plan of escape and carried it into execution? How strong must have been his emotions, as in the darkness of midnight, he stowed himself away in the hole, and made the various arrangements necessary to escape the observation of all on board! How high must have been the exultation of hope, as he heard the fastenings of the ship cast off—as he heard the dashing of the passing waves, indicating progress toward a land of freedom! What pleasant scenes must have arisen before him, as he thought of stepping on that distant shore where he should be a slave no longer! I say he was a man, and therefore such emotions as these must have arisen in his bosom.

But suddenly the fair fabric of his hopes was dashed in pieces. The officer's eye fell upon him. His stern voice called him from his dark retreat. What a sound for his ear! What anguish for his heart! The bright visions of his fancy were suddenly overshadowed with terrible darkness. You could see the emotions of sadness and despair on his countenance, as he slowly ascended from his place of refuge and stood before us. There were those of the passengers, who uttered the bitter curse upon him, and the still more bitter jest. I heard the rude laugh as strains of heart-cutting ridicule rang in his ears. But all this was most harshly at variance with the mournful reality of the sad scene. I could have wept over the unhappy man. I could not see such delightful hopes, as I knew must have gladdened his soul, thus cloven down without deep sympathy with him. I could not see but with strong emotion a fellow being, just bursting from the bondage and oppression of thirty years, thus cruelly thrust back again into the furnace—to be for him heated seven-fold. I could not see that crushed and bleeding heart, those withered and expiring hopes, and suffer my thoughts to glance at that prospect of gloom, which had so suddenly succeeded such blessed expectation. I could not do this, without heart-felt grief. I was bound with him. And I could not but see, as clearly as the midnight lightning's flash is seen, the odious influence of a system, which could make so sad a spectacle an occasion of curses or merriment; which could steel the heart to insensibility when so powerful an appeal was made to its sympathies.

By the captain's order the ship was hove to, and a signal was soon flying to recall the pilot-boat which had just left us. In an hour the unhappy slave was on his way back to his master. But before the flight of another hour he was in the eternal world! Rather than fall into the hands of men, he chose to fall into the hands of the sea. He threw himself into the sea and was seen no more.

ON TIME.—Time is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical of all things; the past is gone, the future is to come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand disposer of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of all depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; it warns us with a voice which even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little hope from his friends.—*London Magazine.*

From the Abbe Raynal.

THE WOMAN AND THE LIONESS

When the Spaniards first laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, in 1535, the new colony wanted provisions. All who attempted to procure them were murdered by the savages, and it became necessary to forbid any one, upon pain of death, from going beyond the limits of the new settlement. A woman, whom hunger had certainly inspired with resolution to brave the fear of death, eluded the vigilance of the guards who were posted round the colony to preserve it from the dangers it was exposed to in consequence of the famine. Maldonata—for such was the name of the fugitive—having wandered about for some time in unknown and unfrequented roads, entered a cave to repose herself. A lioness whom she met with there filled her with extreme terror, which was soon exchanged into surprize when she perceived this formidable animal approaching her with signs of fear, and then caressing and licking her hands with mournful cries, rather calculated to excite compassion than dread. Maldonata soon perceived that the lioness was with whelp, and that her groans were the complaints of a dam who calls for help to get rid of her burthen. Maldonata was inspired with courage, and assisted the effort of Nature in that painful moment when she seems reluctantly to give life to all beings, which they are to enjoy for so short a time. The lioness, being safely delivered, soon went out in quest of provision, which she brought and laid at the feet of her benefactress. She daily shared it with the little whelps, who, brought into life by her assistance, and bred up with her, seemed by their playful and harmless bites to acknowledge an obligation, which their dam repaid with the tenderest marks of attention. But when they grew bigger, and found themselves impelled by natural instinct to seek their own prey, and sufficiently strong to seize and devour it, the family dispersed in the woods, and the lioness, who was no longer called to the cave by maternal tenderness, disappeared likewise, to roam about the forest, which her hunger daily depopulated. Maldonata, alone and without sustenance, was forced to quit a cavern which was an object of terror to so many living creatures, but which her pity had made a place of safety for her.

She now felt the want of a society that had been of such signal service to her. She did not wander for any considerable time before she fell into the hands of the savages. She had been fed by a lion, and was made a slave

of by men. She was soon after retaken by the Spaniards, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres. The commandant, more savage than the lions or the wild Indians, did not think her sufficiently punished for her flight by all the dangers and miseries she had endured. He had the cruelty to order her to be tied to a tree in the middle of a wood, and there left to starve or to be devoured by wild beasts. Two days after, some soldiers went to see what was become of the unhappy victim. They found her alive, surrounded by hungry tigers, who were eager to devour her, but were kept at a distance by a lioness who lay at her feet with her whelps. The sight struck the soldiers motionless with pity and terror. When the lioness saw them she withdrew from the tree, as if to make room for them to unbind her benefactress; but when they took her away the animal slowly followed at some distance, endeavoring to confirm by her caresses and tender complaints the wonder of gratitude which the woman was relating to her deliverers. The lioness with her whelps for some time followed her footsteps, showing all the same marks of regret and affliction that a disconsolate family express when they attend a beloved father or son who is going to embark for a place from whence he may never return.

The commandant was informed of the whole adventure by his soldiers, and this example of gratitude in an animal so ferocious awakened in him those feelings which his savage heart had undoubtedly lost in crossing the sea, and he suffered a woman to live who had been so visibly protected by Heaven.

ALEXANDER McLEOD,

No. 3, George-Street.

Respectfully acquaints the Public, that he has received by the late arrivals from Great Britain, a Supply of the following articles, (in addition to his former extensive Stock) which he can with confidence recommend.

CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy,
Hock, Sauterne, Vin-de-Gra e,
Pale and Red Constantia, Black-
burn's and others sup. Maderia,
Fine old Brown, and pale Sherries
Fine old Port, Marsala, Teneriffe
Buccias, Muscatel and Malaga
Fine old Cognac, pale and Colored **BRANDIES.**
Do. Hollands, fine old Highland Whiskey,
Do Irish Whiskey, fine old Jamaica Rum, direct
from the Home Bonded Warehouse.
Booth's celebrated Cordial Gin, or cream of the valley
Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy,
Curaco and Maraschino,
Guinness's celebrated Dublin **PORTER,**
equalled for the richness of its quality and
fine flavour,
Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout,
Edinburgh and Alloa **ALES**—Hodgson's pale Ale
Fine light Table do., superior bottled **CIDER**
and Ginger Beer.
W. A. Phalia and Nova-Scotia superior flavored Ham,
Cheshire, Wiltshire, double and single Gloucester, and An-
napolis Cheese, double and single refined London and
Scotch Loaf Sugar, Turkey figs, imperial French Plum,
muscatel and bloom Raisins, Almonds, assorted preserved
Fruits, preserved Fresh Meats, and Milk; a general as-
sortment of Pickles and Sauces, Olive Oil, do for lamp,
Robinson's patent Burley and Groats, Fry's approved
Cake and Paste Chocolates, Cocoa and Broma, Hock,
and West India Coffee, superior Spanish Cigars, and
assortment of Elegant **CUT GLASS,** latest patterns, con-
sisting of—rich cut glass Decanters and Wines, Claret
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