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# HALIFAX PEARL,

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## SONNET TO THE QUEEN.

When some fair bark first glides into the sea,  
Glad shouts of thousands echo to the sky,  
And as she leaves the land fond hearts beat high  
With hope and fear; and prayers are heard, that he  
Who stirs and calms the deep, her guide may be;  
That over sunny seas her path may lie;  
And that she still may find, when storms are high,  
Safe anchor underneath some sheltering lee.  
Even so thy subjects' hopes and prayers, fair Queen:  
Go with thee:—clouds above thy bark may brood,  
And rocks and shoals beset thine unknown way;  
But thou in virtue bold may'st steer serene  
Through tempests; England's glory and her good  
The load-star of thy course, and Heaven thy stay.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## THE DYING CHILD.

"Shall I meet thee again, my child—my child?  
Shall I meet thee again, my child,  
Roaming along by the hill-side free;  
Bounding away with boyish glee  
In the evening sunbeam mild?  
Oh! down by the flood, in the tufted wood,  
Shall I meet thee again, my child?"

Mother, no; the mountain path  
No longer is mine to see;  
And the glow of the summer sunbeam hath  
No warmth or joy for me!  
Oh! never again by cliff or glen  
Shall my footstep wander free!"

"And shall I not meet thee again, my child,  
Not meet thee again, my child,  
Where the holly berries are red and bright,  
Down by the copse-wood wild?  
Where the nested bird in its joy is heard,  
Oh! shall I not meet thee, my child?"

"Mother, no; the young bird's song  
No longer is mine to hear;  
And the music stream as it rolls along  
No longer will catch mine ear;  
And the crimson bough of the holly now  
Must blossom over my bier!"

"Thou goest to Heaven, my child, my child!  
Thou goest to heaven, my child!  
And thine eye is glazed while the spring soft  
Brightens the path where so oft and oft  
Thy cherub-lips have smiled;  
And already they weep o'er thy dreamless sleep,  
My loved and my sainted child!"

"But oh! when the bosoms of all forget,  
And the earth rings again with glee,  
Then, then, will mine aching lids be wet,  
My gallant child, for thee!  
When summer with flowers and fruits shall come,  
And all are in mirth and joy;  
Oh! then, in the midst of the fair earth's bloom,  
I'll kiss thee, my darling boy!"

*Bentley's Miscellany.*

## THE LOST ONE.

A Live-Oaker, employed on St. John's River, in East Florida, left his cabin, situated on the banks of that stream, and with his axe on his shoulder, proceeded towards the swamp in which he had several times before plied his trade—that of felling and squaring the giant trees, that afford the most valuable timber for naval architecture and other purposes.

At the season which is best for this kind of labor, heavy fogs not unfrequently cover the country, so as to render it difficult for any one to see farther than thirty or forty yards in any direction. The woods, too, present so little variety that every tree seems the mere counterpart of every other; and the grass, when it has not been burnt, is so tall that a man of ordinary stature cannot see over it, whence it is necessary for him to proceed with great caution, lest he should unwittingly deviate from the ill-defined trail which he follows. To increase the difficulty, several trails often meet—in which case, unless the explorer be perfectly acquainted with the neighbourhood, it would be well for him to lie down and wait until the fog should disperse. Under such circumstances, the best woodsmen are not unfrequently bewildered for a while; and I well remember that such an occurrence happened to myself, at a time when I had imprudently ventured to pursue a wounded quadruped, which led me to some distance from the track.

The Live-Oaker had been jogging onward for several hours, and became aware that he must have travelled considerably more than the distance between his cabin and the 'hummock,' he desired to reach. To his alarm, at the moment when the fog dispersed, he saw the sun at its meridian height, and could not recognize a single object around him.

Young, healthy, and active, he imagined that he walked with more than usual speed, and had passed the place to which he was bound. He accordingly turned his back upon the sun, and pursued a different route, guided by a small trail. Time passed, and the sun headed his course: he saw it gradually descend in the west; but all around him continued as if enveloped with mystery. The huge grey trees spread their giant boughs over him, the rank grass extended on all sides; not a living being crossed his path—all was silent and still, and the scene was like a dull and dreary dream of the land of oblivion. He wandered like a forgotten ghost, that had passed into the land of spirits without yet meeting one of his kind with whom to hold converse.

The condition of a man lost in the woods is one of the most perplexing that can be imagined by a person who has not himself been in a like predicament. Every object he sees, he first thinks he recognizes, and while his whole mind is bent on searching for more that may gradually lead to his extrication, he goes on committing greater errors the further he proceeds. This was the case with the Live-Oaker. The sun was now setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sank in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow.—Myriads of insects, delighted at its departure, now filled the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from its muddy pool in which it had concealed itself; the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and far above, the harsh croaking voice of the heron announced that, full of anxiety, it was wending its way to the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl; and the breeze, as it swept among the columnar stems of the forest-trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews. Alas, no moon with her silvery light shone on the dreary scene, and the Lost One, weary and vexed, laid himself down on the damp ground. Prayer is always consolatory to man in every difficulty or danger, and the woodsman fervently prayed to his Maker, wishing his family a happier night than it was his lot to experience, and with a feverish anxiety, waited the return of day.

You may imagine the length of that cold, dull, moonless night. With the dawn of day came the usual fogs of those latitudes. The poor man started on his feet, and with a sorrowful heart pursued a course which he thought might lead to some familiar object—although, indeed, he scarcely knew what he was doing. No longer had he the trace of a track to guide him; and yet, as the sun rose, he calculated the many hours of daylight he had before him, and the further he went continued to walk the faster. But in vain were all his hopes; that day was spent in fruitless endeavours to regain the path that led to his home, and when night again approached, the terror that had been gradually spreading over his mind, together with the nervous debility induced by fatigue, anxiety and hunger, rendered him almost frantic. He told me that at this moment he beat his breast, tore his hair, and had it not been for the piety with which his parents had in early life imbued his mind, and which had become habitual, would have cursed his existence. Famished as he now was, he laid himself on the ground, and fed on the weeds and grass that grew around him.—That night was spent in the greatest agony and terror. 'I knew my situation,' he said to me. 'I was well aware that unless Almighty God came to my assistance, I must perish in those uninhabited woods. I knew that I had walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook, from which I could quench my thirst, or even allay the burning heat of my parched lips and blood shot eyes. I knew that if I should not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon, and although deer and bears now and then started within a few yards or even feet of me, not one of them could I kill: and although I was in the midst of abundance, not a mouthful did I expect to procure, to satisfy the cravings of my empty stomach. Sir, may God preserve you from ever feeling as I did the whole of that day!'

For several days after, no one can imagine the condition in which he was—for when he related to me the painful adventure, he assured me that he had lost all recollections of what had happened. 'God,' he continued, must have taken pity on me one day, for as I ran wildly through those dreadful pine barrens, I met with a tortoise. I gazed upon it with amazement and delight;

and, although I knew that were I to follow it undisturbed, it would lead me to some water, my hunger and thirst would not allow me to refrain from satisfying both, by eating its flesh and drinking its blood. With one stroke of my axe the beast was cut in two, and in a few moments I despatched all but the shell. Oh, Sir, how much I thanked God, whose kindness had put a tortoise in my way! I felt greatly renewed. I sat down at the foot of a pine, gazed on the heavens, thought of my poor wife and children, and again and again thanked my God for my life—for now I felt less distracted in mind, and more assured that before long I must recover my way, and get back to my home.'

The Lost One remained and passed the night at the foot of the same tree under which his repast had been made. Refreshed by sound sleep, he started at dawn to resume his weary march. The sun rose bright, and he followed the direction of the shadows. Still the dreariness of the woods was the same, and he was on the point of giving up in despair when he observed a raccoon lying in the grass. Raising his axe, he drove it with such violence through the helpless animal that it expired without a struggle. What he had done with the turtle, he now did with the raccoon, the greater part of which he actually devoured at one meal. With more comfortable feelings, he then resumed his wanderings—his journey I cannot say—for although in the possession of all his faculties, and in broad daylight, he was worse off than a lame man groping his way in the dark out of a dungeon, of which he knew not where the door stood.

Days, one after another passed—nay, weeks in succession. He fed now on cabbage trees, then on frogs and snakes. All that fell in his way was welcome and savory. Yet he became daily more and more emaciated, until, at length he could scarcely crawl. Forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he at last reached the banks of the river. His clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimed with beard, his hair matted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment—there he laid himself down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of his fevered fancy, he thought that he heard the sound of oars far away on the silent river. He listened, but the sound died away on his ear. It was indeed a dream, the last glimmer of expiring hope, and now the light of life was about to be quenched for ever. But again the sound of oars awoke him from his lethargy. He listened so eagerly, that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear. They were indeed the measured beats of oars, and now, joy to the forlorn soul, the sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man, by the broad still stream that glittered in the sunbeams; and human eyes soon saw him too—for round that headland covered with tangled brushwood, boldly advanced the little boat, propelled by its lusty rowers. The Lost One raised his feeble voice on high;—it was a loud, shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause, and look around. Another, but feebler scream, and they observe him. It comes,—his heart flutters, his sight is dimmed, his brain reels, he gasps for breath. It comes,—it has run upon the beach, and the Lost One is found!

This is no tale of fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence, which might be embellished, no doubt, but which is better in the plain garb of truth. The notes by which I recorded it were written in the cabin of the once lost Live-Oaker, about four years after the painful incident occurred. His amiable wife and loving children were present at the recital, and never shall I forget the tears that flowed from them as they listened to it, albeit it had long been more familiar to them than a tale thrice told. Sincerely do I wish, good reader, that neither you nor I may ever solicit such sympathy, by having undergone such sufferings, although no doubt such sympathy would be a rich recompense for them.

It only remains for me to say, that the distance between the cabin and the live-oak hummock to which the woodsman was bound, scarcely exceeded 8 miles; while the part of the river at which he was found, was 38 miles from his house. Calculating his daily wanderings at 10 miles, we may believe that they amounted in all to 400. He must, therefore, have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do in such circumstances.—Nothing but the great strength of his constitution, and the merciful aid of his Maker, could have supported him for so long a time.—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography.*

SYMPATHY WITH DELICATE FEELINGS.—A display of delicate feelings provokes contempt in some minds; as the same music which inspires the nightingale, sets the dogs a-barking.

## PROPHECY CONSIDERED NEGATIVELY.

The argument from the fulfilment of prophecy which appears so strong and conclusive in its affirmative aspect, is no less so when the negative mode of reasoning is adopted. We may waive, for example, the idea of a divine intelligence operating in the annunciation and fulfilment of prophecy, and attempt to account for the facts mentioned in some other way. But upon what other principle can we account for them? The prophetic scheme is evidently too vast and multifarious for human agency; and this excluded, there remains only the hypothesis of chance—the negation of all intelligence, human and divine. The law of events, under this supposition, is the same as that by which probabilities are calculated in some of the pursuits and occupations of life; and an argument on this point, therefore, resolves itself into a mere application of the theory of probabilities to the subjects of prophecy. If it result from such application that the fulfilment was an event to be calculated upon with some degree of reasonableness, independently of any intelligent supervision, then are we at liberty to adopt the philosophy of chance; but otherwise we are bound to reject it.

The laws of chance, applicable to the case, may be briefly stated as follows: When circumstances seem to determine an event equally, in two different ways, the chances are said to be equal; and the expectation of either result is expressed with evident truth, by the fraction  $\frac{1}{2}$ . But when the determining circumstances are unequally divided, so that any proportion, more or less than half of the whole number, operates in favor of a particular result, the chance of that result is expressed by the corresponding fraction. If a ball, for example, is to be drawn from a bag containing equal numbers of white and black, the probability of a white one being drawn is expressed numerically by  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; but if there be only one fifth of the whole number white, the ratio of expectation will be  $\frac{1}{5}$ , and so for any other proportion: and this is the general law of simple probability.

The probability of a joint occurrence, when two independent events are expected, is determined by the product of their simple ratios; for there must evidently be, in this case, a whole range of possible results, as regards one event, corresponding to each possible result of the other; and by a parity of reasoning, the same truth is made evident for any number of events jointly considered. If balls, for example, are to be drawn concurrently from two or more bags, containing different proportions of black and white, the probability of the whole result being white will be found in the compound ratio of all those proportions: thus, if one contains  $\frac{1}{3}$  white, another  $\frac{1}{5}$ th, another  $\frac{1}{8}$ th, and another  $\frac{1}{10}$ th, there will be one chance in 800 that, in drawing one ball from each, the whole four will be white; and this is the general law of compound probability.

With these premises let us open the book of prophecy, and select an example from among the various remarkable events there predicted. We choose one of so extraordinary a character as to place it among the most improbable events (humanly speaking) of any age or nation; but to be quite sure that we do not over-estimate it, we suppose it to have an equal chance of general fulfilment; expressed as we have said by the fraction  $\frac{1}{2}$ . This does not, however, include the particularities of time and place, both of which are comprehended in the terms of the prediction. With regard to time, we observe, that as there is no natural circumstance to determine the event spoken of to one age or period more than another, the probability of exact fulfilment in this respect must be inversely as the whole number of ages in which it might have taken place. This if we allow forty years for the average duration of an age, is about sixty; and the fraction  $\frac{1}{60}$ th, therefore, expresses the contingency of time in the case supposed. With regard to place, the probability of exact fulfilment is evidently determined by the relation of the locality named to the whole world. This, in the case referred to, is not greater than that of one to 100,000; and the fraction  $\frac{1}{100,000}$ th, therefore, is the numerical factor for this element of probability. Combining these three ratios, we obtain an aggregate of no less than twelve millions of chances against the fulfilment of the assumed event at the time and place designated; and this event is the personal appearance of Jesus Christ upon earth as the Saviour of the world.

Remarkably associated with this appearance in many ancient predictions, was the continuance of the Jewish dominion, and of the temple at Jerusalem; the joint contingency of which, according to the principles explained, cannot be rated at less than  $\frac{1}{340}$ . A multitude of predictions are found, also, in various parts of Scripture, relative to extraordinary particulars in the life, character, and death, of our Saviour, as well as with reference to the political and social aspect of the times in which he appeared. Many of them are so nearly miraculous in their nature, or so minute and circumstantial in their details as almost to preclude the idea of chance in any sense. And we are very sure, therefore, that we do not assume too much in assigning to twenty of them an average equal chance of non-concurrence. Proceeding upon this ground, we find the probability of their joint occurrence opposed by a disparity of more than a million of chances to one; and it results from the combination of all the ratios thus found, that the

advent of our Saviour, in all its characteristic circumstances and relations, could not have been calculated upon as a matter of fortuitous occurrence, with more than one in four thousand millions of millions of chances. The term probability can scarcely be applied with propriety to a case so very remote; but the argument does not stop here.

Our Saviour, at a time when all the calculations of human forethought were diametrically opposed to him, predicted the general dissemination of his gospel, and the consummation of prophecy with regard to the destruction of Jerusalem, in the short space of a single generation: and so it turned out. By the laws of probability, neither event had, at the utmost, more than one chance in ninety of occurring at that particular time; and there was, therefore, only one in 8,100 of their joint occurrence.

The predictions relative to the siege of Jerusalem, the subjugation of Judea, and the dispersion and subsequent condition of the Jews, present many particulars equally remarkable in character and fulfilment. We select twenty-four, which have severally a degree of probability not greater than  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and the result is an aggregate of nearly seventeen millions of chances opposed to their joint occurrence.

The predictions of the Old and New Testament relative to the state and condition of the Church in various ages, and its influence upon the moral and political welfare of mankind, furnish another class of particulars which have been singularly verified. The individual probability of most of them would be much less than  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; but we concede this, and limit ourselves to twelve points, the aggregate contingency of which is about  $\frac{1}{4000}$ th.

Finally, the prophecies of the Old Testament relative to the Gentile nations around India, and the great empires Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Egypt, etc. present about fifty particulars worthy of notice in this calculation. To avoid, however, all possibility of error, we consider only half that number, from which we deduce the expectation of their united fulfilment in about the ratio of one to thirty-three millions.

There remains still a vast number of correlative and circumstantial details, not reducible to any of the foregoing heads, which are found scattered through the pages of Scripture, and furnish a thick array of corroborative evidence for the affirmative view of the subject; but we need not fear to waive the use of them in the present calculation. The composition of the ratios already determined gives an aggregate which it requires nearly forty places of figures to enumerate, and which the utmost powers of the human mind may vainly attempt to appreciate. If we should even assume a single grain of sand for the numerator of the fraction, the whole globe of the earth, repeated many millions of times, would scarcely suffice for its denominator; and such is the extreme improbability of any consistent fulfilment of the scriptural prophecies on the principles of chance.

It will not be objected to this calculation that it regards the different subjects of prophecy as parts of one and the same system; for although they were in fact uttered by different prophets and in different ages of the world, they are all united by a common subject; and that with a degree of consistency and harmony scarcely less wonderful than the fulfilment itself.—*McIlvaine's Evidences of Christianity.*

Philip's Beauties of Female Holiness.

## THE PROMISES.

"Among those who waited for the 'Consolation of Israel,' none in Beersheba had appeared in Zion so often as Sheshbazzar. From year to year he had cheered the aged, and charmed the young, on their pilgrimage. His proverbs met all cases, and his smiles or tears suited all hearts. He wept with the weeping and rejoiced with the joyful. And yet Sheshbazzar was a man that had seen affliction. The Angel of Death had said twice, 'Write that man a widower;' and the 'desire of his eyes' was taken away at a stroke. The Angel of Death stood on the tomb of his grief, and said again, 'Write that man childless;' and it was done. His heart bled but it never murmured. He said that each loss had become a new link between his heart and heaven; and that now like the High Priest's breast-plate, it was so linked, all around, that it could not fall. The young wondered and the aged blessed the God of Israel, who gave consolation in trouble, 'and songs in the night.'

"His fellow-pilgrims regarded him as almost a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, whilst journeying with him in the wilderness. They resolved to ask him what was the secret of his consolation under so many calamities. They asked and the old man answered with a heavenly smile, 'I shake the mulberry trees.' It was a dark saying, and they understood him not; but knowing that he never spake unadvisedly with his lips, they pondered that saying in their hearts.

"Sheshbazzar knew that their curiosity was neither idle nor impertinent, and said, 'When we come to the valley of Baca, I will explain myself.' They came to the valley of Baca, and behold, it was very dry! The streams in the desert were passed away like the summer brook, and the heavens gave no sign of rain. The pilgrims were panting 'as the hart for the water brooks,' but found none. All eyes were turned to Sheshbazzar. 'Shake the mulberry trees,' said he. They shook them, and

dew, pure and plenteous as 'the dew of Hermon,' began to pour from every leaf. They made wells around the mulberry trees to prevent the showers from being absorbed in the sand of the desert, and then shook the trees again. They drank; but, though refreshed they were not satisfied. They looked to Sheshbazzar again. His eyes were up unto God. He raised 'the song of Degrees' in that 'house of their pilgrimage.'—All joined in it, and sung, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.' The pilgrims paused. No cloud appeared on Carmel, and no sound of rain was heard from the wings of the wind. 'Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious?' was a question quivering on the parched lips of many. Sheshbazzar alone was utterly unmoved. He raised again the song of Degrees, and his rich and mellow-toned voice sounded in the wilderness like the jubilee trumpet among the mountains of Jerusalem. The pilgrims listened as if an angel had sung; 'He will not suffer thy root to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord is thy keeper: The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in from this time forth, and for evermore.' He paused, and bowed his head, and worshipped. The pilgrims felt their faith in God reviving, and renewed their part of the song: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.' And whilst they sung, 'the Lord gave a plenteous rain' to refresh his weary heritage in the wilderness.

"When they had drank and were satisfied, and had blessed the God of their fathers, Sheshbazzar said,—'My children! the Promises of God are the mulberry trees in this valley of tears. The dew of heaven lies all night on their branches, and some dew may always be shaken from them. When I was widowed like our father Jacob, I shook the unfading mulberry tree, 'The Lord liveth; blessed be the rock of my salvation.' When like David, our king, I was bereaved of my children, I shook that broad branching mulberry tree, 'I will be unto thee a better portion than sons or daughters. Accordingly, I have found no trial without finding some dew of consolation upon the trees of promise, when I shook them. And when more was necessary, God has strengthened me with strength in my soul.'"

ANECDOTES OF DR. RUSH.—The doctor once informed me that when he was a young man, he had been invited on some occasions to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who, on his appearance apologized for detaining them by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders. 'Well, Mr. Morris,' said the doctor, 'how did you like the sermon? I have heard it highly extolled.' 'Why, doctor,' said he, 'I did not like it at all. It is too smooth and tame for me.' 'Mr. Morris,' replied the doctor, 'what sort of a sermon do you like?' 'I like, sir,' replied Mr. Morris, 'that preaching which drives a man up into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the d—l is after him.'

I heard him reprove his medical class once for restlessness, during one of his lectures, by saying, 'Gentlemen, I fear I do not make you happy. The happy are always contented.' This gentle rebuke pleased me so well that after lecture I thanked him for it, observing that 'when occasion should offer, I would try the effect of it upon my congregation.'—'No,' said the doctor, 'I hope you will not.—It is no compliment to a minister of the Gospel to reprove his congregation for inattention. He should be able to keep their attention.' Adding that 'Dr. M's congregations were always attentive.'

Dr. Rush was perhaps one of the most untiring students that ever lived. Two young physicians were conversing in his presence once, and one of them said 'When I finished my studies,'—'When you finished your studies!' said the doctor abruptly, 'Why, you must be a happy man to have finished so young.' 'I do not expect to finish mine while I live.'

The writer once asked him, how he had been able to collect such an immense amount of information and facts as his publications and lectures contained. 'I have been enabled to do it replied he, 'by economizing my time as Wesley did. I have not lost an hour in amusement for the last thirty years.' And taking a small note book from his pocket, and showing it to me, he said, 'I fill such a book as this once a week with observations and thoughts which occur to me, and facts collected in the rooms of my patients, and these are all preserved and used.'

Dr. Rush was a great enemy to theatrical amusements. He told me that he was once in conversation with a lady, a professor of religion, who was speaking of the pleasure she anticipated at the theatre, in the evening.—'Why madam,' said he, 'do you go to the theatre?' 'Yes, was the reply: 'and don't you go? Do you think it sinful?' said she. He replied, 'I never will publish to the world that I think Jesus Christ a hard master and religion an unsatisfying portion, which I should do if I went on the d—l's ground in quest of happiness.' This argument was short but conclusive. The lady determined not to go.

## TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

By WORDSWORTH.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head :  
And those grey rocks ; that household lawn ;  
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;  
This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake ;  
This little bay, a quiet road  
That holds in shelter thy abode—  
In truth, unfolding thus, ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
Yet, dream or vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart :  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
I neither know thee, nor thy peers ;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away :  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here scattered, like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamed face :  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer :  
A face with gladness overspread !  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !  
And seamlessness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech :  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
So have I, not unmoved in mind  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee who art so beautiful ?  
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality :  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighbourhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father—any thing to thee !

Now thanks to heaven ! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place  
Joy have I had ; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :  
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
I feel this place was made for her ;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;  
And thee, the spirit of them all !

Works of Wordsworth.

THOMAS-A-BECKET.—Leigh Hunt, in his Indicator, thus characterises, and tells the following family story, of this celebrated Archbishop :

The idea generally conveyed to us by the historians of Thomas-a-Becket, is that of a mere haughty priest, who tried to elevate the religious power above the civil. But, in looking more narrowly into the accounts of him, it appears that for a great part of his life, he was a merry layman, was a great falconer, feaster, and patron, as well as a man of business ; and he wore all characters with such unaffected pleasantness to all ranks, that he was called the Delight of the Western World.

All on a sudden, to every body's surprise, Henry the Second, from chancellor made him archbishop ; and with equal suddenness, though retaining his affability, the new head of the English church of all his worldly graces and pleasures (save and except a rich gown over his sackcloth) ;—and, in the midst of a gay court, became the most mortified of ascetics. Instead of hunting and hawking, he paced the solitary cloister ; instead of his wine, he drank fennel-water ; and, in lieu of soft clothing, he indulged his back in stripes.

This phenomenon has divided the opinions of the moral critics. Some insist that Becket was religiously in earnest, and think the change natural to a man of the world whose heart had been struck with reflection. Others see in it nothing but ambition. We cer-

tainly think that three parts of the truth are with the latter : and that Becket suddenly enabled to dispute a kind of sovereignty with his prince and friend, gave way to new temptation, just as he had done to his falconry and fine living. But the complete alteration of his way of life—the enthusiasm which enabled him to set up so different a greatness against a former one, shows that his character partook at least of as much sincerity as would enable him to delude himself in good taste. In proportion as his very egotism was concerned, it was that such a man would exalt the gravity and importance of his new calling. He had flourished at an earthly court ; he now wished to be as great a man in the eyes of another ; and worldly power, which was at once to be enjoyed and despised by virtue of his religious office, had a zest given to its possession, of which the incredulosity of mere insincerity could know nothing.

Thomas Becket may have inherited his portion of the romantic from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, who was afterwards a flourishing citizen, was, in his youth, a soldier in the crusades ; and being taken prisoner, became slave to an emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees, he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a personage who became more attached to him. This was the emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not, does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady, with her loving heart, followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language—London and Gilbert ; and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman, and went from street to street, pronouncing Gilbert. A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking, of course, a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—Gilbert ! Gilbert ! She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who won her heart in slavery, was living in a prosperous condition. The crowd drew the family to the window : his servant recognised her : and Gilbert Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed, his far-come princess, with her solitary, fond word.

There are better histories than the quarrels of kings and archbishops.

A PRACTICAL JOKE PUNISHED.—An old coal-dealer who had made a great deal of money by retailing coals, and living in a very penurious way, conceiving that he had at last sufficient to enable him to leave off business, and live like a gentleman, built himself a neat villa in the cotway, to which he retired. But such is the force of habit, that (to the great annoyance of his family, who wished him to "sink the shop") he was always unhappy unless in the cellar measuring his own coals. Among others who had often expostulated with him on the impropriety of so doing, was a favourite nephew, to whom he had given a good education, and supported in the first style. One morning walking in his garden with his nephew, he said to him, "Henry, I want a motto, or something of that kind, to put up in front of my house ; but I don't like your Grove House—Prospect Place—this Villa, and t'other Lodge. Come, you are a scholar, give me one, and let it be in Latin." "Well," replied the nephew, "what think you of—Thus is industry rewarded !" "The very thing," says the uncle, "if you'll only put it into Latin." The nephew then taking out a pencil, wrote on a slip of Paper, *Otium sine dignitate* (Ease without dignity), which he gave his uncle, who read it thus :—*Hottum sinne dignitat*. "Ay, Henry," said the old man, "that'll do famously !" The next day he sent for a painter, who happened to know as little of the dead languages as himself, and the words were painted in large characters on a conspicuous part of the house. On the Sunday following, he happened to have a large party ; and after dinner, as the company were strolling about the garden, to view his improvements, some read the words, but said nothing (not wishing, probably, to show their ignorance)—some said "they were prodigiously fine"—"so novel"—"so appropriate ;" and to those who did not exactly happen to observe them, he was kind enough to point them out, and to explain the meaning, saying, "Thus is industry rewarded," and that "he was not ashamed of having gained a competency in trade." However, among the company there happened to be a Charter-house boy, who told the old gentleman that there must be some mistake, for they were the last words he should like to have put upon a house of his. This brought about an explanation ; and the poor old coal-dealer was so struck with the malice and ingratitude of his nephew, that he instantly destroyed a codicil to his will, in which he had left him £5000, took to his bed, and died in a fortnight !—*Flowers of Anecdote*.

RULES OF CHARITY.—"The first rule of charity is this : Though it is right to express dislike and displeasure at all that is wrong in conduct, it is always charitable to hope that those who do the wrong have some mistaken views that serve to palliate.—Men often do wrong things from a want of knowledge, or from want of good judgment ; and in such cases they deserve pity and sympathy.

"The second rule of charity is this : Though it is right to try to

convince our fellow-men of all that is wrong and injurious, yet in doing it we ought to speak kindly to those we oppose, and to hope that they may be acting and teaching wrong things without knowing how much evil they are doing.

"The third rule of charity is this : Though it is right to like those best who think and feel as we do, we are bound to treat all those who oppose us, with kindness, justice and politeness.

"The fourth rule of charity is, always to give a man credit for all his good qualities, whenever we are called to notice his defects. This is the only way to perform strict justice. If we speak of what is bad, and neglect to notice what is good, we deal uncharitably. This is not doing to others as we would that others should do to us.

"The fifth rule of charity is, always to hope that the best rather than the worst motives influence our fellow-men, when we cannot know what their motives are.

"The sixth rule of charity is this : Whenever it is our duty to expose the faults and mistakes of our fellow-men, to do it in a spirit of pity and kindness, and not in a sneering and triumphant way, as if it gave us pleasure to make known their defects."

"Charity suffereth long and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

1. Cor. xiii : 4—7.

"Hatred stirreth up strifes, but love covereth all sins."—Prov. x : 12.

TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.—The whole of the northern Siberia presents the singular phenomenon, that, even in the hottest season, the soil remains frozen from a certain depth downwards, differing according to the latitude, and other local circumstances, and that the thickness of this frozen stratum is so considerable in the more easterly places, as for instance, at Jakutzk, that its bottom has not yet been reached. Gmelin relates that in the archives at Jakutzk, he found an account of an inhabitant of that town having, at the beginning of the last century, together with some Jakuters, contracted to sink a well, and that when they had reached the depth of ninety feet, finding the earth still frozen, they refused to fulfil their engagement. Some philosophers have considered this contradictory to the supposition that the interior of the earth is in a state of fusion. But from the following account it will be seen that, in those frozen strata, the general phenomenon of an increase of temperature with the depth is not wanting, and that by continuing the work, they have arrived at a temperature which leaves no doubt that they are not far from the lower limits of the frozen soil, and that water, the object of their undertaking, is not far distant. An article from St. Petersburg, in the Berlin News of the 24th February 1832, states that at Jakutzk, in Siberia, the earth, even in the hottest summer, only thaws to about the depth of three feet. Hitherto all attempts to discover the thickness of the frozen strata beneath, have been fruitless. Since the year 1830, one of the inhabitants of Jakutzk has been engaged in sinking a well, by which means it may, perhaps, be ascertained. In the same year the workmen reached the depth of seventy-eight feet below the surface, but still found no water. In the year 1831, they reached ninety feet, and were still in the frozen soil. The work is still in progress, and there seems no doubt of their attaining their object, for the thermometer, which showed 18°·5, a few feet below the surface, rises, when sunk to the bottom of the well, to 19°·75.—*Bischoff, in Edin. Phil. Journ.*

SUICIDE.—Nothing but the frequency of the fact could make it credible that a rational animal, short-lived and fond of life, should be distinguished among other things, from all other animals not considered to be endowed with reason, by inflicting premature death upon himself. The circumstances under which the act is done are not calculated to lessen the surprise it occasions. It is resorted to by the young, who might be supposed to be in the enjoyment of the gift of life, and by the old, who might be expected soon to be delivered from it in a natural way. Very often it is performed with evident deliberation and forethought, with much ingenuity of concealment and elaborateness of preparation ; and the last act is as calmly executed as if it were but the dignified end of a well-spent life. Charity towards human beings disposes juries, in defiance of barbarous remnants of ancient laws, to assume that, in every case of this kind, the guiding reason was first overthrown ; and we believe that this merciful view is actually borne out by the uncoloured facts disclosed by dissection, and facts related by various witnesses, many of whom had had extensive opportunities of observation. The question is, at least, one of considerable interest to every man of humanity, as well as to every man of science.—*British and Foreign Medical Review*.

How little reliance can be placed upon kind hearts, quick sensibilities, and even devotional feelings, if there is no religious principle to control, direct, and strengthen them !—*Southern*

From the Knickerbocker for May.

OLLAPODIANA.—No. XXI V.

It is no long time, respected reader, since we communed together. Yet how many matters have happened since that period, which should give us pause and solemn meditation. We are still extant; the beams of our spirit will shine from our eyes; yet there are many who, since last my sentences came to yours, have dropped their lids for ever upon things of earth. Numberless ties have been severed; numberless hearts rest from their pantings—and sleep—"no more to fold the robe o'er secret pain." All the deceits—the masks of life—are ended with them. Policy no more bids them to kindle the eye with deceitful lustre—no more prompts to *semblance*, which feeling condemns. They are gone!—"ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;" and when I think of the number who thus pass away, I am pained within me; for I know from them, that our life is not only as a dream which passeth away, but that the garniture, or the carnival of it, is indeed a vapor—sun-gilt for a moment, then coloured with the dun hues of death—or stretching its dim folds afar until their remotest outlines catch the imperishable glory of eternity.—Such is life; made up of successful or unsuccessful accidents; its movers and actors, from the cradle to three-score-and-ten, pushed about by Fate; not their own; aspiring, but impotent—impelled as by visions, and rapt in a dream—which who can dispel?

To those who take every event in their lives as a matter of "special providence"—who make a shop-keeper and supercargo of Omnipotence—who refer to celestial interposition for the recovery of a debt, the acknowledgment of a larceny, or the profits on a box of candles, or a bundle of ten-penny nails; who perceive something more than a special providence in the death of a sparrow, or the fall of a brick-bat, sent from vagrant hand; to those, all argument of reason would be useless, even if they who employed it were warm and sincere, as I know I am, in a belief of the general watchfulness of my Creator over men's woe and weal. But, as in things that are of the earth earthy, there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, as was said by the great captain of his age, so it appears to me it is with things celestial.

It seems impossible for the human intellect to appreciate that tripling ubiquity of supervision which some credulous persons—more devout than intelligent—impute to the supervision of the Almighty. That God is every where, admits of no dispute; but when we ransack his discernments into the scrutiny of those minutest matters which would scarcely attract for a moment the observation even of low-minded men, we create an anomaly which has, in proportion to its indifference, an aspect of frivolity, and an attitude of common-place. It seems to establish or defend that theory, which pronounces that whatever is is right. This is a phrase of Pope's which in my humble opinion contains much more poetry than philosophy. To maintain that all which is, is right, does away, in my poor sense, with all true appreciation of rectitude and wrong. It nullifies the Decalogue. If the postulate be true, why the tablets of the law, or that divine mountainous sermon? What need of statutes, or the jury of a man's peers? Why arraign a man who abstracts the horse from his stable, without a "by y'r leave" from the owner, or seduces a ram from the pasture, without clover or salt? Why should penitentiaries be filled? Why Auburn or Sing-Sing hear the groans of the prisoners? If all that is, is right, these prisoners have but done their duty; counterfeiting is but a pastime, though fruitful; perjury is a species of verbal romance, sanctified by a kiss on calf or sheep-skin; larceny and burglary, the acts of brief visitors who make strong attachments; and even murder itself, a modification of the code of honor—a kind of "popping the question" in the great matter of the future; sometimes put with leads to the aorta, or with steel to the jugular.

But while I impugn the philosophy of Pope, in the phrase herein before mentioned, let me not arraign his verse, or cast one doubtful shade upon the brightness of his thoughts, or the sweet harmony of his numbers. How often have their cadences satisfied my ear, and enriched my mind! In his *Eloise*, the actual, solemn swell of the music which distracted the nun betwixt the choice of Earth or Heaven, seems pouring from the stream. He brings to my mind those sunny seasons when my sense of harmony, though less acute, was perhaps more rapturous, than now; when the rustle of leaves, the casual trills of summer birds, the chiming dance of waters, and the zephyrs, floating from the fragrant south or balmy west, seemed to breathe of the concord, and herald the dulcet airs, of Paradise. Sometimes, in the jostling din and bustle of active life, I lose these harmonies for a little season, and I feel oppressed with the spirit of discontent and complaining—and could say within me, as do the Hebrews in their service of the morning of the ninth of Ab, lamenting the sweet bells lost from the priestly robes of Israel—the lost language of seers and poets—the ephod, and the memorial—"The voice of wailing hath passed over my melodious psalteries; wo is me!"

Is there any poetry equal in severe simplicity, and quiet, natural beauty, to that of the Hebrews of Israel? I confess that I

think not. In his inspired wanderings, I can conceive that Shakespeare walked as it were arm-in-arm with Moses and the prophets; with that complaining man of Uz, who held colloquies with the Almighty, in whirlwind and storm. In truth, as I have pored over some of the beautiful inspirations of the Dispersed of modern days, they come to my spirit like "the airs of Palestine." Indeed, I have had great doubts, when as I have overlooked the pages which have been lent me by a Rabbi of the Synagogue—written on one page with mysterious characters, and on the other with the pure English version of those venerated Scriptures—whether the renderings of Yarchi and Leeser, and others, were not more beautiful than those which have given to us the Word, from the sovereign command of the First James of England. Let us list the following, as read in the Fast of the ninth of Ab. "The lot of the Lord's inheritance is Jacob. He encircled him, and he watched him, and he guarded him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth her young, spreadeth abroad her wing, taketh them, beareth them aloft on pinions, so the Lord did lead him." And how eloquently do they complain! "Where," they ask, in their deep and briefest language, "where is the residence of the Divine Glory? the house of the Levitic order, and their desk? Where the glory of the faithful city? Where are the chiefs of thy schools, and where thy judges? Who arrange the answers to them?—who ask concerning thy mysteries? Where are they who walk in the paths of truth, enlightened by the brightness of thy shining?"

There is something extremely touching in these Israelitish lamentations. They were wailed *con amore* and by the card. I truly believe, that all the sackcloth poetry of modern time, put together, would give a mere dividend of the great capital of dolor employed by the olden-time Hebrews. They wept and howled copiously—yea, abundantly. There is something, after all, sacred in sorrow. It has a dignity, which joy never possesses. The sufferings of Medea in Euripides—the scenes betwixt Andromache and Hector—the pangs of Virginius—these are remembered, and will be when the glittering treasures of Cræsus at Delphi shall be forgotten, and the gay measures of Gyges be lost to men. Here is a strain in this kind—one that was spent at the close of a summer day, some year or so agone. It needs a little preliminary blazon.

You must know, reader, that there lieth, some three miles or so from Brotherly Love—a city of this continent, a delectable city—a place of burial, "Laurel Hill" by name. On a sweeter spot, the sun never threw the day-spring of the morning, nor the blush of the evening west. There the odors and colors of nature profusely repose; there, to rest of a spring or summer afternoon, on some rural seat, looking at trees, and dancing waters, and the like, you would wonder at that question of Dean Swift, addressed on his death-bed, to a friend at his side: "Did you ever know of any really good weather in this world?" You would take the affirmative. Well, thus I sang:

Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie,  
Life's lingering languors o'er—its labors done;  
Where waving boughs betwixt the earth and sky,  
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,  
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in;  
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,  
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words  
Which Grief's sententious gives to marble pale,  
Shall teach the heart, while waters, leaves and birds  
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour  
On scented airs the unavailing sigh—  
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,  
And landscapes blooming—that the loved should die?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene—  
Soon, rainbow colors on the woods will fall;  
And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,  
As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Yet, when the warm, soft winds shall rise in Spring,  
Like struggling day-beams o'er a blasted heath,  
The bird returned shall poise her golden wing,  
And liberal nature break the spell of death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,  
The blessed Dead to endless youth shall rise,  
And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend  
Its tones with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,  
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand—  
Where Love her crown attains—her trials past—  
And, filled with rapture, hails the better land!

Thus I strummed the old harpsichord, from which I have aforesaid, at drowsy hours and midnight intervals, extracted a few accidental numbers, (more pleasant doubtless to beget than read,) "sleepless myself, to give to others sleep!"

Well, that is the only way to write without fatigue, both to author and reader. In all that pertains in the petty businesses which bow us to the routine of this work-day world, I am as it

were at home. I am distinctly a mover in the great tide of Action sweeping on around me; yet when I enter into the sanctuary of the muses, lo! at one wave of the spiritual wand, this "dim and ignorant present" disappears. I breathe a rarer atmosphere. Visions of childhood throng upon my soul; the blue mountain-tops—the aerial circles of far-off landscapes—the hazy horizon of ocean-waters—the wind-tossed verdure of summer—the hills that burst into singing—and the sweet harmonies of nature—Universal parent!—all appeal to my spirit. This dismemberment of the ideal from the actual, is a fountain of enjoyment, which whoso knows not, has yet the brightest lessons of life to learn. He has yet to enter that fairy dominion which seems the intermediate territory betwixt the airy realms conceived of in this world, and the more radiant glories of that undiscovered country

—"from whose bourne  
No traveller returns."

There is something in the feeling, beyond the impulses of fame, beyond the "mouth honor, breath," which the falsest of the world are the most ready to bestow; something beyond the empty plaudits, the spurious honors, of the multitude, given to-day—withheld to-morrow. Anathemas a moment gone—benedictions now—these are the marks and signals of the multitude. I would not seek their favor, for their disapproval is the same in the end. It is a curious truth, that no man realizes fame until he is beyond it; that the tardy honors which men receive from royalty or from republican powers, generally come too late to be appreciated—or rather, too late to be of value.

Yet there is something exceedingly solemn in the mutability of a name. 'Tis indeed a vapor, which appeareth but for a little season, and then vanisheth away. I like not this life-after-death-repute—this post-mortem vitality. "Give it to me, if I deserve it, while the breath of existence sports in my nostrils; while I can walk, and bear, and see, and jostle among men!" Such are my aspirations—malgre the littleness of it. To have antiquaries puzzling themselves with one's merits—supposing that they might reach beyond his sepulture—is to my mind a dry and arid prospect. One wants to be quiet. "To subsist in bones," saith my old friend, Sir Thomas Browne, "and to be put pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of Names, Persons, Times, and Sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes of pride.—Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men, without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herodotus lives that burnt the temple of Diana—he is almost lost that built it. Time had spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse—confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the Everlasting Register. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one; and who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate? Who knows whether the best of men be known? Or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?"—*Ollaped.*

#### EXPOSURE OF THE SICK IN INDIA.

Hindoos are extremely anxious to die by the side of the Ganges, that they may have their sins washed away in their last moments. When a person is on the point of death, his relations carry him on a litter to the bank of the river. The litter consists of some bamboos fastened together and slung on ropes. Some persons are carried many miles to the river, and this practice is often attended with very grievous circumstances; a person in his last agonies is dragged from his bed and friends, and carried in the coldest or in the hottest weather, from whatever distance, to the river side, where he lies, if a poor man, without a covering day or night, till he expires; and not only this, but in his last agonies he is put up to the middle in water, and the water poured down him. Leaves of the toolsee plant are also put in his mouth. His relations who carry him to the river call upon him to repeat, and repeat for him, the names of Rama, Huree, Narayuna, Bramla, Gunga, etc. While he has life and the power of speech, he himself repeats one or other of these names. In some cases the family priest goes to the river side, repeats some incantations, and makes an offering to Vocturune. If a person should die in his house, and not by the river side, it is considered as a great misfortune, as he thereby loses the benefit of the goddess in his dying moments. If a person choose to die at home, he is sure to leave a bad name at his death. What the sick and dying suffer, by being exposed to all kinds of weather, in the open air on the banks of the river, and in being choked by the sacred waters in their last moments, is beyond expression. The wish to get rid of a burden is another reason. There is no public provision made for the old or infirm. All who are past labour become dependent upon their relatives; and the consideration of the expense may possibly make them wish to rid themselves of an incumbrance; especially when it can be done in a way, which, instead of ap-

pearing dishonourable, or any proof of want of affection, is rather considered an act of kindness. How often is the aged Hindoo parent deemed an incumbrance by his family; and carried a living victim, devoted to die on the margin of the Ganges, or some other holy stream; his own children fill his mouth and nostrils with mud; and cutting off every prospect of recovery, leave the author of their being, to be carried away by the stream as food for alligators and vultures! When a person has been taken to the side of the Ganges, or other substituted waters, under the supposition that he is dying, he is in the eye of the Hindoo law, dead; his property passes to his heir, according to his bequest; and in the event of recovery, the poor fellow becomes an outcast. Even his own children will not eat with him, nor afford him the least accomodation; if, by chance, they come in contact, ablution must follow. The wretched survivor from that time is held in abhorrence, and has no other resort, but to associate himself in a village inhabited by persons under similar circumstances. There are but few such receptacles; the largest is on the banks of the Simla, which passes near Sooksaugur, about forty miles north of Calcutta. Such is heathenism! Can you contemplate immortal beings passing into eternity under such circumstances without pitying and endeavouring to help those not yet lost for ever. It may be instructive to detail a few cases of misery springing from this cruel and horrid superstition. "A gentleman as he passed a place called Culna, a little above Calcutta, saw some Brahmuns pushing a youth, of about eighteen years of age, into the water; and, as they were performing their work of suffocation with mud, he called on them to desist. They answered calmly—"It is our custom. He cannot live; he cannot live; our gods says he must die." On March 18th, at nine o'clock in the morning, a sick man by the name of Beekenaut was brought by his relatives to the river-side, and laid on the wet sand in expectation of soon expiring. In this situation he remained, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, till about four p. m., when he was immersed up to the breast in the river; and in this position one of his relatives vociferated in his ears, "Hurree! Ram! Krishma! Ram!" After some time finding that death was not so near as they anticipated, he was again replaced on the wet bank. The next morning the same ceremony was commenced of immersing and repeating the names of their deities, until five o'clock p. m., when the man expired, literally murdered by his own relations. In a village near Serampore, an aged father was brought by his children to the river side to die. After having been there for some time, contrary to their expectations, he recovered and went home again; but his unfeeling children, instead of rejoicing that he was spared to them a little longer, so tormented him by their jeers and scoffs, because he did not die when carried to the river-side for that purpose, that, weary of his life, the old man at length put a period to his existence by hanging himself on a tree near the public road! "One evening," says the widow of a Missionary, "as I was walking with my husband by the river-side, we saw two respectable natives carrying a woman in their arms. We asked them what they were going to do with her? They very coolly answered, 'We are going to put her into the water that her soul may go to heaven, for she is our mother!' I asked them if she was ill? They said, 'She is not very ill; but she is old and has no teeth, and what is the use of her living?' I felt a great deal on hearing this, and said, 'What! have you no compassion on your mother? Will you drown her because she is old? The woman instantly fixed her eyes on me, and said, 'What sort of woman are you?' I told her I was an English woman, and wished to prevent her children from drowning her; and, if they did, I would acquaint the governor with it, and have them hanged. They said, 'Never mind;' and proceeded towards the river. Mr. R. then ran down the bank, and taking hold of the woman, insisted upon their taking her home. They did so; but they brought her again the next evening, and Mr. F. Carey saw them throw her into the water, without performing the usual ceremony of giving her water in the name of their gods."—*East India and Colonial Magazine*.

**THE FARMER.**—It does one's heart good to see a merry, round-faced farmer so independent, and yet so free from vanity and pride. So rich and yet so industrious—so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, social and obliging. There are a thousand traits which light up his noble character. He is hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he wont set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with a double compound interest, as some I have known will—you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in low underhand cunning, than many I could name. He gives to society its best support—is the firm pillar that supports the edifice of government—he is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and gray black—gentlemen, laugh at him if you will—but, believe me, he can laugh back if he pleases.

**COMMUNING WITH ONE'S SELF.**—A person of a truly superior and philosophic mind, would seldom wish to forego the inestimable privilege of communing with himself. Sir Walter Scott

says in his diary—"from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood I saw this would not do; and that to gain a place in men's esteem, I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and exaltation of spirits often supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society: yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell.'"

For the Pearl.

### THE LATTER DAY GLORY.

ISAIAH II.—MICAH IV.

Mountain summits all transcending  
In the days so long foretold—  
Majesty and beauty blending,  
Now the church of Christ behold!

Sequel to his faith and patience:  
Lift your eyes—and look abroad,  
All around th' enquiring nations  
Turn themselves to seek the Lord.

Numerous tribes and tongues and peoples  
See the day-star now arise;  
And to Zion's sacred steeples  
Bend their wondering, longing eyes.

"Let us go to seek Jehovah—  
Bow ourselves beneath his fane,  
Christ the saviour—our soul's lover  
Is Jehovah,—God and man."

"Come for he will then instruct us  
In his true and holy ways,—  
And by his great-grace conduct as—  
In his service all our days."

Hear his law proclaimed in Zion—  
Love of God and Man enjoined,—  
Hear the word we may rely on—  
Righteousness and peace combined!

Zion is the Lord's possession,  
He will bless her—give her peace—  
Shield her children from oppression—  
And secure her long increase.

Jesus, sits as judge for ever:  
Jesus, pleads our cause alone:  
Jesus, will forsake us never  
Jesus, knows and saves his own.

Jesus, than our foes are stronger,  
He will vanquish them in might:  
They shall break our peace no longer,—  
Ne'er again disturb our right.

Now reduced to your allegiance,  
Nations, all to Jesus bow;  
Pay your constant true obedience  
Coronate his glorious brow;—

Now the Prince of Peace proclaim him,—  
Kiss the son,—repeat your vows—  
Ground your arms—and victor name him;—  
Beat your thirsty swords to plows,—

And your spears to hooks for pruning;—  
Consecrate them to the Lord,  
Now your harps and voices tuning,—  
Praise him, all with one accord!

Next proclaim, a peace eternal,—  
Peace pervade your happy bowers!  
Let the seasons ever vernal—  
Blissful roll their hallowed hours!

In your vineyards, by your fountains—  
Beneath your fig-trees, freed from fear,—  
On his fruitful holy mountains,—  
Offerings of your love prepare.

God will thus his people honour,  
Bless his Zion—her defend—  
Beam his glowing smiles upon her—  
Cause her grief for ever end.

Come then O come from every dwelling,—  
Spread the honours of his name,—  
Let the anthem still be swelling,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

In his promise reap salvation;  
For the feeble shall be strong:  
And with gladsome exultation  
Exiles feed his sons among.

Feeble ones shall be as David  
David shall prevail with God:  
God shall reign o'er all the saved,—  
Light of life, beam all around;

Happy Zion! saved—annointed—  
Sanctified and ruled by Love!  
He thy blissful lot appointed,  
Peace from thee shall never move!

Named of Love, Jehovah Shammah,  
All thy gates resound his praise:  
All exclaim—The Lord's my Banner,  
He is my king, to endless days!

### DESTINY OF WOMAN.

The progress of society manifests itself more clearly in the development and beauty of the female character, than in any other way. In a rude and uncivilized community, woman is a disregarded creature; as it advances, she is the mark of its exaltation. A new era has dawned upon us, and woman is the morning star of the return of the golden rising; she is the herald of a spiritual sun, whose beams are to search the darkened depths of humanity, and reveal the great problem of our nature. There is not one in a million who knows what man is, or the relation he bears in the interminable universe of being. The thoughts of the millions are bowed down to the earth, and are centered in themselves—they have no conception of the nature of love and the emotions which bear that name give the lie to its philosophy. They do not understand—their intelligence has not expanded to that degree of reciprocity which drinks in the vast revelation of humanity, its end, its mighty destination, and the causes which have operated to produce its present state, and the causes which must energise for its consummation.—They do not know that woman is the recipient of celestial love, and that man is dependant on her to perfect his character; that without her, philosophically and truly speaking, the brightness of his intelligence is but the coldness of a winter moon, whose beams can produce no fruit, whose light is cheerless and depressing. They do not know that woman is all affection, and they cannot appreciate the comprehensiveness of the truth.

We have no disposition to flatter the sex: we should raise them above the humiliation of flattery. Adulation is not congenial with their better nature; and this we are desirous of unfolding. If they can only be made to understand their real character, they will feel and acknowledge the truth of the remark, that in proportion as they admit self-satisfaction from the praises of man, they are removed from his purest admiration. In this expression, we would not be understood as being the advocates of prudery and that false modesty which prides itself in the distance it holds from man. On the contrary, we would expose the narrow minded views of that class of teachers indicated in the 'Young Lady's Friend,' who, by warning the sex against unthought-of improprieties, have no other end but to suggest them as wrong. Women ought to associate freely with men, according to the unwritten rules of decorum which are stamped on the heart. The precepts of prudery are steeped in the guilt of contamination. Truth and the loveliness and delicacy of cherished affections, beautiful dreams of the ideal woman, gentle hopes and aspirations for the pure and perfect attainment of the angelic character, are enough for her guidance, without the transferred colorings of a stained sufferer.

Woman has heretofore occupied a false position in the world—an unnatural one. She has been so long regarded as a weak creature, an inefficient actress on the great stage of life, a mere puppet, to fill up the drama of existence that she has too often come to be of the same mind herself, and forgotten her high destination in the frivolities of an hour. We have no patience with those persons who wish to treat her as a mere Rora Matilda, who can be allured by a pretty compliment and satisfied by the gossamer of romance. Bését, as she has been, by the intellectual, vulgar, selfish, the designing and the false, no wonder she has sometimes folded her wings in despair, and forgotten her heavenly mission in the delirium of imagination. But this cannot be always.—There is a remnant of blessedness with her, in spite of evil influences; there is enough of the divine master left, though the portraiture is worn and blamished; and the time is fast approaching when the picture of the true woman will shine for its fame or glory, to captivate, to win back and restore the objects of her mission.

**PRAISE.**—Of all drams, the most noxious is praise. Be sparing of it, ye parents, as ye would be of the deadliest drug; withhold your children from it, as ye withhold them from the gates of sin. Whatever you enjoy, do it because it is right, enjoy it because it is the will of God; and always without reference of any sort to what men may say or think of it. Deference to the opinion of the world, and reference to the opinion of the world, and conference with it, and inference from it, and preference of it above all things, above every principle, and rule and law, human and divine; all this will come soon enough with out your interference.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

**SCIENTIFIC PREACHING.**—The humbler classes miss every gleam of instruction, when illustrations drawn from the sciences are introduced into the pulpit. I met with an instance of this in one of the country parishes in England. A young preacher used a simile drawn from the principles of optics, a science to which he repeatedly referred in the course of his sermon. Next day I entered into conversation with one of his rustic auditors, who said he liked the sermon well enough, only he wondered how the parson could call hop-poles by the odd name of *hop-sticks*.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

**FEELING AND REASON.**—Feelings are stars, which are guides only when the sky is clear; but reason is the needle, which aids us even when the former are obscured.

**BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—It may be interesting to many of the readers of the Pearl to have a list of the different moral and religious societies in England which hold their anniversaries in London during the months of April and May.

1. Newfoundland School Society.
2. Ladies' British Society for Promoting the Reformation of Female Prisoners.
3. Newport Pagnell Evangelical Institution.
4. British and Foreign Temperance Society.
5. British and Foreign Sailors' Society.
6. General Annuity Society of the Church of England.
7. Infant Orphan Asylum.
8. Wesleyan Missionary Society.
9. Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.
10. Baptist Home Missionary Society.
11. Baptist Irish Society.
12. Christian Instruction Society.
13. Church Missionary Society.
14. British and Foreign Bible Society.
15. Baptist Missionary Society.
16. Prayer Book and Homily Society.
17. British Reformation Society.
18. Sunday School Union Society.
19. Baptist Union Society.
20. London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.
21. Religious Tract Society.
22. London Hibernian Society.
23. British Reformation Society.
24. British and Foreign School Society.
25. Trinitarian Bible Society.
26. Society for Prevention of Juvenile Prostitution.
27. Church Pastoral Aid Society.
28. Naval and Military Bible Society.
29. European Missionary Society.
30. Irish Evangelical Society.
31. Protestant Association.
32. London Missionary Society.
33. London Association in Aid of the Moravian Missions.
34. District Visiting Society.
35. Church-rate Abolition Society.
36. Colonial Missionary Society.
37. Society for Protection of Religious Liberty.
38. London City Mission Society.
39. Itinerant Society.
40. Hospital Accident Case Society.
41. Home Missionary Society.
42. Society for the Protection of Defenceless Native Tribes.
43. Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace.
44. Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
45. Female Servants' Home Society.
46. Society for Promoting the due observance of the Lord's Day.
47. Society for the Suppression of Vice.
48. Bible Christian Missionary Society.

### THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 29, 1838.

**DAY OF THE CORONATION.**—Yesterday Halifax presented a scene of innocent festivity and rejoicing, worthy the metropolis of this loyal and happy province. Every thing combined to render the day memorable. The weather was charming in the extreme—the sun sending down his warmest rays and the delicious breezes fanning you on every side. The expectations of the people were raised to the highest pitch of excitement—indeed it was evident from the crowds which flocked to various points of attraction, that all hearts were attuned for the happy occasion. The morning of the day was auspicious—and when the shades of evening dispersed the multitudes of loyal spectators, all retired pleased and satisfied. Even the children partook of the gaiety and cheerfulness of the day—and a ribbon on their caps with the name of Victoria inscribed upon it, seemed to make them sit about more proudly and happily. One feeling of exultation pervaded all classes—the poor were blessed, and the rich were not less delighted—the groups of young in their holiday attire were all mirth and cheerfulness, while now and then you would meet with a very aged individual, who appeared for the joyous time to have lost the weight of years. The 28th of June will not soon be forgotten—nor will Halifax soon witness another day so marked by generous loyalty, and universal rejoicing.

For the benefit of our distant subscribers we may give an outline of the proceedings, in honor of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Royal Coronation.

On Wednesday evening the Irish Society roasted an Ox on the common. At sunrise on Thursday the Militia Artillery fired a royal Salute three times repeated. At 8 o'clock A. M. the Ves-

sels in port exhibited their colors—flags of every description were displayed from the Exchange, Custom House, Dalhousie College, Province Building, and the Churches. "Merry Peals" were rung and continued at intervals until 11 o'clock, A. M. At 12 o'clock His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell reviewed the troops in garrison—three rounds were fired and three hearty cheers given by the Soldiers to Victoria their Queen. At half past one o'clock the NOVA SCOTIA PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY left the parade in front of Dalhousie College and went in procession to Government House where they gave three most hearty cheers to the Queen. At three o'clock a Procession was formed in the following order:—

Companies of Militia,  
Committee of Management preceded by the Sheriff,  
Band of Music,  
The Masonic Lodges,  
The Highland Pipes,  
The North British Society,  
Band of Music,  
The Charitable Irish Society,  
The Carpenters Society,  
Band of Music,  
The Truckmen on Horseback,  
Joseph Campbell  
And his colored brethren.

This procession moved from the Parade to the upper side of the Government House—where each Society halted and gave three loyal cheers for the Queen; after which they proceeded to the Common and dispersed. Tents were erected on the common provided with Beef, Bread and Porter for gratuitous distribution. During the afternoon various sports and amusements gave life and animation to the thousands who thronged the Common. At dusk the Province Building, Dalhousie College, the Engine House, Carpenters' Hall and a few private houses were brilliantly illuminated. The Engine House with its number of transparencies and covered with evergreens, attracted general attention. A transparency of the Nova Scotia Philanthropic Society was conspicuous in front of Dalhousie College.

At 9 o'clock a succession of splendid fireworks were displayed on the grand Parade.

Thus closed the memorable day of the 28th of June. All the festivities of the day passed off with great spirit and hilarity. It was a holiday of the people and as such was richly enjoyed. Generally, we believe, all were orderly, peaceful, and quiet. In short, many, many years may elapse before Halifax will witness so bright and triumphant a day as that on which Victoria was crowned Queen of all the British Dominions. *Vivat Regina!*

The following paragraph falsifies the account of the steamer Great Western being 17 days on her homeward passage:—

The Great Western, Steamer, from New York, at Bristol in 14½ days; sailed from New York 7th instant, and will leave Bristol for New York 2d June.—*Liverpool Paper.*

The Great Western arrived at New York on Sunday morning 17th inst. from Bristol, in 14½ days.

The Sirius arrived home (at Falmouth) on the 19th ult. making the passage in 18 days. Her passage was protracted by the difficulty of keeping up steam, from the inferior quality of her coal. The Sirius arrived at New York from Cork on the evening of the 18th inst., sailed from the latter port on the 31st May.

At a highly respectable meeting of Merchants and shipowners, held yesterday, it was resolved to establish a joint stock navigation company, to facilitate the intercourse between this port and New York. The prospectus has been published.

*Liverpool paper.*

Prince de Talleyrand died on the evening of the 17th May.

In the House of Commons, May 22, a resolution was moved by Sir E. Wilmot, declaring that the apprenticeship system should immediately cease, and though opposed by Ministers was carried by a vote of 96 to 93 in a thin house. Subsequently a motion of Sir G. Grey, that it was not advisable to proceed on the resolution passed by a vote of 250 to 178.

Sir R. Peel brought forward his promised views of the measures regarding Ireland, on Monday the 28th ult. which were met by Ministers with great satisfaction,—a variety of reports are in circulation that a coalition will be formed, and that there will be no objection in making room for Peel, Stanley, Graham, and others, to throw overboard Palmerston, Glenelg, Spring Rice and Hobhouse.

The new poor laws have given rise to a fatal riot in Canterbury. A person of the name of Courtenay (calling himself Lord Courtenay) who opposed them, being arrested, fired a pistol at the officer and killed him. He then appealed to the populace for protection, and a number responded to the appeal, who took refuge in the adjoining woods. A party of the 45th were called out to disperse them. An officer of the name of Bennet, was shot by Courtenay, and the officer in command of the party dangerously wounded. Courtenay was killed and several other lives lost.

There were strong symptoms of riot at Reading, on the 31st of May, in consequence of which, two hundred special constables were sworn in, and the Life Guards were ordered to hold themselves in readiness.

The following particulars are from the Montreal Courier of Saturday last:—Yesterday evening the celebrated General Sutherland and Theller, Colonel Dodge and seven others—all State prisoners, on their way to England, from whence they will be transported, arrived in Town from Toronto, via the Rideau Canal, under the guard of a detachment of the Toronto Queen's Rangers, consisting of one Captain, two Subalterns, two Serjeants and twenty-nine rank and file. Mr. Sheriff Jarvis, also accompanied them. They reached Lachine about 3 o'clock, and were shortly after removed from the steamer Ottawa into a batteau which brought them to town through the Canal. The two Generals and the Colonel, were cabin passengers from Kingston to Lachine, and were without irons. The other seven were chained in pairs, and exhibited a most wretched appearance—some of them appeared mere boys. Sutherland wore a kind of blanket half military looking coat, and blue cloth cloak. He is a handsome man, with an intelligent but bad expression of countenance. Theller, who is a short, stout, impudent-looking fellow, appeared wholly unconcerned about his situation, and converses freely with every person who addresses him. Dodge has an handsome, but pale and dejected countenance. He wears a green shade over one of his eyes, which he lost at the time he was arrested. Twelve others came as far as Kingston with them. Among whom were Montgomery, John G. Parker, and the two Shepards. The batteau with the prisoners passed through the locks, and was brought alongside of the British America, on board of which they were put with an adequate guard. Soon afterwards they were removed to the new jail. A large concourse of citizens crowded the beach to see their arrival, and they had a numerous escort of the curious from the British America to the citadel."

*From the Montreal Herald, June 12.*

His Excellency the Earl of Durham has ordered instructions to be issued, for the present, that the improvements in the houses which he has engaged in town, shall be discontinued. Various rumours are in circulation in consequence, but none that are general, are true. Lord Durham has demanded the delivery to the British authorities of the prisoners concerned in the burning of the Sir Robert Peel.

*Extract from a Letter dated Cornwall, U. C. 14th June.* A very bad feeling exists on both sides, all along the frontier; and I am very sorry to say that it is growing worse every day. Sir John Colborne passed this to day on his way to Quebec. On his arrival there he will immediately dispatch two or three more regiments to this Province. He has made arrangements to place the whole frontier in this quarter in a strong state of military defence. Lord Durham is expected here on Wednesday next. He intends taking a tour of the Upper Province; and it is current reported that he intends moving the seat of government from Toronto to Kingston. This is said to have been recommended by Sir George Arthur.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The Toronto Patriot of Tuesday says, "Another division of the pirates is at work on Lake Erie, where a schr. laden with merchandise, belonging to Mr. Chrysler of Niagara, has been captured. A despatch announcing this new outrage, arrived in the city last night, but nothing more than the bare fact has transpired." Two steamboats with troops on board are searching among the islands for the plunderers.

*From the Albany Journal, Monday Evening, June 18.*

**IMPORTANT FROM THE FRONTIER.**—We learn from Mr. J. W. Turner, deputy marshal at Oswego, who arrived here this morning express from Lewiston, that the patriots of Upper Canada have made a rally on their own soil, having formed a camp in 'Long Swamp' an extensive marsh lying between Grand Island and Chippewa Creek, where they are now fortifying themselves. The nucleus of this force was formed by refugees who crossed over from the United States in parties of twenty or thirty at a time, so as to elude British vigilance; but volunteers are said to be flocking to them from all quarters. The number entrenched when they were discovered, is supposed to be from 200 to 400. The alarm was instantly given, and an express sent off to Toronto for a regular force to extirpate them. This news is very vague—we believe it comes by way of Toronto—but we think it may be substantially relied on.

**TROOPS.**—A further arrival of troops took place this day, in the Transport *Barossa*, Captain Trivett, which vessel left Cork on the 4th of May. These troops consist of twenty-two officers and 584 men of the 15th, 34th, 66th, 71st, 83rd and 85th regiments. These regiments being stationed above Quebec, the steamer which leaves to-night will take the detachments on their way to the stations of their respective regiments.—*Quebec Mercury June 16th.*

The harbour of Quebec afforded, yesterday afternoon, another of the magnificent spectacles which have so frequently, this year, delighted the lovers of the picturesque. The weather was de-





DAVID SWAN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which naturally influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David, until we find him at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday, and his grassy hair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky, overhead, and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among the busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nearer, also was near; thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the charming fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road side. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference, were all one, or rather all nothing to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowed easily along, and was brought to a stand still, nearly in front of David's resting place. A hach-pia had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to fly off. The damage was slight, and merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in their carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gnat would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

'How soundly he sleeps!' whispered the old gentleman. 'From what depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would support health, and an untroubled mind.'

'And youth, besides,' said the lady. 'Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his, than our wakefulness.'

The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way side and the maple shade were as a secret chamber with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

'Providence seems to have laid him here,' whispered she to her husband, 'and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?'

'To what purpose?' said the merchant, hesitating. 'We know nothing of the youth's character.'

'That open countenance!' replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. 'This innocent sleep!'

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not

throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burthen of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such a case, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor who had fell asleep in poverty.

'Shall we not waken him?' repeated the lady persuasively.

'The coach is all ready sir,' said the servant behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing any thing so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along with a tripping pace, which shewed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. She turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep beside the spring. Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed chamber, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was a peril nearer the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

'He is handsome!' thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain, by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

'How sound he sleeps!' murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again, had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were down askant over their brows. The dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the evil one sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the jointed profits of their next pieces of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow:—

'Hist!—See that bundle under his head!'

The other villain nodded, winked and jeered.

'I'll bet you a horn of brandy,' said the first, 'that the chap has either a pocket book, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket.'

'But how if he wakes?' said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

'So he it!' muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt, and fear, bent over their victim, looking horribly enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never known a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

'I must take away the bundle,' whispered one.

'If he stirs, I'll strike,' whispered the other.

But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

'Pshaw!' said one villain. 'We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind.'

The man with the dagger, thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone their way rejoicing. In a few hours, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glory of renewed life, when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burthened it. Now he stirred—now moved his lips, without a sound—now, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectress of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage coach. He started up with all his ideas about him.

'Halloo, driver!—Take a passenger?' shouted he.

'Room on top!' answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and howled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters—nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur—nor that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available.

HOW FOXES GATHER CROW'S EGGS.—A rare place is a menagerie, both for exhibition of the animals observed, and the human observing. Various are the drolleries in each which pass before the keeper. 'Have you such an animal as a Prock in your menagerie?' said a backwoods' wag to the President of a western itinerating 'institute' of wild animals. 'No; never heard of him, what sort of a critter is he?'—'He is a Wisconsin varmint, which it is difficult sufficiently adequate for to describe. He is exceedingly fleet—in fact, very much so. He has four legs—two short ones on one side, and two long ones on the other. He always grazes on an inclined plane; and the way they catch him is curious. They head him, make him turn round, and this brings his long legs on the up hill side; consequence of which, his short legs an't no account. He falls down, rolls over and over, and is mighty soon caught.' The apparently credulous President offered a handsome sum for a live specimen; and proceeded to hoax the naturalist in return, while he was deeply interested in a cage of playful foxes. 'Them animals,' said he, 'comes from Ireland, a cold country, north of Canada, a piece. They are very fond of crow's eggs, which they steal from the precipices on the sea side. They are cunning critters, very. When they come to a spot where they expect to find a batch of nests, they make a ring, and begin to wrestle, to see which is the strongest. When they find out, the stoutest goes to the edge of the precipice, takes his neighbor's tail, in his teeth, and he takes another, and so on, till the string is long enough to hang over and reach the eggs, which are then handed up from one to another, (our greedy listener forget to ask how,) until they arrive in safety at the top! The 'prock' fabulist retired, filled with amazement at the marvellous vulpine string.—*Knickerbocker*.

A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. 'Why,' said he, 'some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on one cheek.'

COMING TO THE POINT.—'Madam,' said an old man, 'have you any water in the house, that you can give a poor man a drink of beer, though I like cider best, and should like a little whiskey. Very seldom get no cider at all at home—my orchard is very small, consisting only of one scattering tree.'

ADVICE.—If I were to venture any advice in any case it would be my best. The sacred duty of an adviser (one of the most inviolable that exists) would lead me towards a real enemy to act as if my best friend were the party concerned.—*Burke*.

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