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# HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Published every Friday evening, at Fifteen Shillings per Annum, in advance.

VOLUME TWO.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, 1838

NUMBER NINE.

From the Book of Beauty.

## A SIMPLE TALE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

"We live in a world of busy passions. Love and hate, sorrow and joy, in a thousand shapes, are for ever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbours are 'Exultations, Agonies!' And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all. Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would be unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted (like the people in the palace of Truth,) all contributing their share to the unknown romance which Time is for ever weaving round us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies, almost unknown, and soon forgotten; unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence into another region, or to hold his 'fame' in suspension, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered into the dust. It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts regarding a neighbouring family, which else had probably slipped very quietly into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am now about to relate is, almost literally, a fact. Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in — Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious, and not without some pretensions to the graceful; the marble chimney-piece being distinguished by a painting by Cipriani, whilst on the ceiling were scattered some of the conventional elegancies of Angelica Kauffman. From the windows, which occupied the northern extremity of the room, we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses,—the points of the arc receding from us. [I mention these things, merely to recall to your mind our precise position.] In the centre of this crescent, was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbour dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was, for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the causes of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly—it was on an April morning—we perceived, for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced an incoming tenant. 'Well,' said —, 'at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted house; or, perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavouring to decoy the unwary passenger. We shall see.' A few weeks determined the question: for, after the house had been duly cleansed and beautified, and the odour of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms. These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know 'what manner of man' he was. Our interest in the once empty house had received a new impulse; and we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival. At last, a young man, of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently the master of the mansion. He strayed for half an hour, then departed; and he repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office,—a merchant or professional man,—whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether.

'Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed room'—

And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen. Throwing open the windows at morning, to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing, with a delicate hand, the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighbourhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, 'imparadised' in rustic dreams, she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not the 'genius loci' which we had reckoned upon. Our imaginations were not satisfied; and we looked forward confidently to another coming. We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast, with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white, she

was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations, on the husband's leaving-taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away; and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms of the house. Every thing was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little bookcase contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommenced. The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we heard her words—'How beautiful this is! What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen! How kind, how good, how considerate of —!' It was altogether a pretty scene. Let us pass over the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and, when at home, we remember but little of what happened. There was little or no variety to remark upon; or, possibly, our curiosity had become abated. As last, spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plane put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue overhead (even in London); and the windows of the once melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers. So May passed; and June came on, with its air all rich with roses. But the lady? Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden (when the sun was full upon it): at other times, she might be seen, wearied with needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or, when her husband was at home (before and after his hours of business), she walked a little, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with her infirmity. It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicsome spirit of the man. A joyous and, perhaps, common manner, became serious and refined. The weight of thought lay on him—the responsibility of love. It is thus that, in some natures, love is wanting to their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies the intellect which else would remain trivial and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human mind springs at once into fertility—from vagueness into character—from dulness, into vigour and beauty, under the 'charming wand of love.' But let us proceed:—On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided; the passings backwards and forwards became less frequent; and at last tranquillity was restored. A single light, burning in an upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child. We drank to its health in wine. For a few days, quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came,—and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly) to hide a world of grief. Ere long, the bed-room window was thrown open—the shutters of the house were closed; and in a week, a hearse was at the door. The mystery was clear—she was dead!—She died! No post ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown. But what of this? She lived, and died, and was lamented. The proudest can boast of little more. She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile as herself. And for a name—a tomb—alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth—nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests for ever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have boarded in our hearts, to the deep and ever shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know where it is that we have laid our fading treasure. Otherwise, the pilgrimage is as easy (and as painful) to the simple churchyard hillock, as to the vault in which a king reposes. The gloomy arches of stately tombs—what are they to the grandeur of the overhanging heavens? and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows! The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another were now concentrated on a little child. The solemn doctors came, and prescribed for it, and took their golden fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready smiles. The services which the mother purchased were now the property of another claimant. Even the father turned towards it all of his heart which was not in the grave. It was part of her who had strewn sunshine in his path; and he valted it accordingly. But

all would not do. A month,—'a little month,'—and the shutters were again closed. Another funeral followed swiftly upon the last. The mother and her child were again together. From this period, a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the care which he bestowed upon her child), now changed to a sullen, or reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded and oppressed; but at night a mad and dissonant jollity (the madness of wine) usurped the place of his early sorrow. His orgies were often carried into the morning. Sometimes he drank with wild companions; sometimes he was seen alone, staggering towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals, indeed, when reflection would come upon him,—perhaps remorse; when he would gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upon the few withered flowers that had once flourished in his gay window. What was he then thinking of?—Of vanished hopes and happy hours? Of her? her patience, her gentleness, her deep, untrusting love? Why did he not summon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity, his young and manly spirit? The world offered the same allurements as before, with the exception only of one single joy. Ah! but that was all. That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. That was the mirror which had reflected happiness a thousand ways. Under that influence, the present—the past—the bright to come—all had seemed to cast back upon him the picture of innumerable blessings. He had trod 'even in dreams upon a sunny shore.' And now —! But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell, from step to step. Sickness was on his body: despair was in his mind. He shrank and wasted away, 'old before his time'; and might have subsided into a paralysed cripple or moody idiot, had not death (for once a friend) come suddenly to him, and rescued him from further misery. He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there—the unnatural quiet—the closed shutters—and the funeral train. But all in their time disappeared. And in a few weeks, workmen came thronging again to the empty house—the rooms were again scoured—the walls beautified. The same board, which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words, 'To Let' upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again; and that the interval was nothing but a dream. And is this all!—Yes; this is all. I wish that I could have crowned my little tale with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish even that I could have it more heroic, or have developed some grand moral for your use. As it is, it contains little beyond the common threadbare story of human life—first hope, and then enjoyment, and then sorrow, all ending quietly in the grave. It is an ancient tale. The vein runs through man's many histories. Some of them may present seeming varieties—a life without hope or joy—or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul—the thousand thousand small pulsations, which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured, that there is no more an equality in the heart than in the ever-moving ocean. You will ask me to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? Some wise friend will tell you that you may learn never to lean too much on others; for that thereby you lose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman—to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the east wind may blow into the dust, is any thing but the act of a wise man. And to grieve for her when dead—to sigh for what is irrecoverable! What can be more useless? All this can be proved by every rule of logic. For my part I can derive nothing for you from my story, or sympathy quite as necessary, as any high wrought or stern example, which shuts the heart up, instead of persuading it to expand; which teaches prudence instead of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able, and most of us too well contented, to reach. We should not commit ourselves to the fields, and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should not read the sadness of domestic history, merely to extract some prudent lesson for our-

selves: We should open our hearts beneath these great influences, and endeavour to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish, (though it may sleep) of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of. So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it. And I hope that you will not entirely condemn this, until you have given it the consideration of a friend. It is this:—'Let but the heart be opened and a thousand virtues will rush in.'

For the Pearl.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROPHECY.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

No. 6.

"In following these heaps of ruin, I could not at every step help feeling convinced, that ancient Babylon occupied a very great portion of the western as well as the eastern bank of the Euphrates; and admitting this, the Birs Nemroud, by many (in my opinion most inaccurately) supposed to be the Tower of Babel, or Temple of Belus, will not be so far removed from a division of the city as I had at first supposed; and certainly, from its present situation, I conclude that this grand heap, apparently the remains of a bastion or battlement, erected as a defence to this quarter, stood in the south-west angle of the mighty city, on the western side of the river. It does not appear to me at all unaccountable, that as many traces of building should be found on this side of the river as on the other; because we are expressly told, that Babylon resembled a country walled in rather than a city; raising grain in a sufficient quantity to support the inhabitants during a long siege. I should not omit to state, that there are many urns containing ashes (the bones being in the smallest fragments) near Hillah, and visible traces of them on the opposite side. These are not placed horizontally only, but in every possible position; their dimensions vary in a great degree, while their contents differ from those urns at the Mujellibah, where the bones are in a perfect state.

I shall conclude with noticing a very remarkable conical ruin worthy the attention of the antiquary. It is distant from Hillah eight miles, in a direction E. N. E. and the natives distinguish it by the name of El Hamir. On reaching the foot of this ruin, I was immediately struck with the great similarity it bore to the Birs; particularly the upper portion or mass of deep red brickwork resembling the breastwork of a fort. It is not difficult to derive from this remain of antiquity, conceptions as grand as those suggested by the view of Birs Nemroud. Its circumference is 840 feet, its height 75 feet. The foundation is composed of sun-dried brick, which extends half-way up the pile, the remainder being furnace-burnt, of a coarse fabrication. This pyramidal ruin is crowned by a solid mass of masonry, the bricks of which were so soft, that pieces might easily be broken off; but those composing the interior were as firm and hard as at the Kasr, and rather larger. The brickwork on the summit faces the cardinal points, and is much dilapidated. The bricks are cemented together with a thick layer of clay, and between the courses of brickwork, at irregular distances, a layer of white substance is perceptible, not unlike burnt gypsum, or the sulphate of lime. In my judgment these white layers are not the remnants of reeds.

Throughout the ruin, small square apertures, similar to those at Birs Nemroud, are observable; but neither lime nor bitumen can be seen adhering to the bricks, though large pieces of the latter substance are very abundant at the base of the mound. The inscriptions appear to have been stamped on the bricks while in a soft state, by a block of wood, and greatly resemble the nail-headed writing of Persepolis, though their form and arrangement differ. In speaking of these most curious, Mr. Rich says, "No idea of the purpose these inscriptions were intended to answer, can be formed from the situation the bricks are found in, which is such as to preclude the possibility of their being read till after the destruction of the buildings they composed. At the ravine in the mound of the Kasr, I was present at the extracting of above a hundred of them, and found that they were all placed on the layers of cement with their faces or inscribed parts downwards; so that the edges only (which formed the front part of the wall) were visible: and from subsequent observation I ascertained this to be the case in every ruin where they are found; a proof that they were designedly placed in that manner.

"The prospect," Mr. Rich says, "of one day seeing these inscriptions deciphered and explained, is probably not so hopeless as it has been deemed. Leaving the attempt to those who have more leisure, ability, and inclination for such undertakings, than I possess, I shall content myself with suggesting, that from the specimens now before us, some points may be established, the importance of which those skilled in the art of deciphering will readily acknowledge. The language may safely be pronounced to be Chaldee; the system of letters are alphabetical and not a symbolical one; and each figure we see on the bricks, a simple letter, and not a word or a compound character; the number of different characters, with their variations, may be therefore easily ascertained. Any one, however, who ventures on this task, should have a thorough knowledge of the Chaldean language, as well as indefatigable application: aided by these qualifications,

and furnished with a sufficient quantity of specimens, he might undertake the labour with some prospect of success."

"The Babylonians had three different styles of written characters; answering to our large hand, small text, and round hand. With the greatest difficulty, in my examination amongst the fallen edifices of Babel, and laborious search after every fragment and vestige of antiquity that might remain of a people of the primitive age of the world, I had the good fortune to find one of those beautiful specimens of Babylonian brick-writing, in one of the innumerable unexplored winding passages, at the eastern side of that remarkable ruin the Kasr, or great castellated palace. It was deposited within a small square recess, near a fine perfect wall, the kiln-burnt materials of which were all laid on in bitumen, and the ground was strewed with fragments of alabaster, sarcophagi, and enamelled brick, still retaining a brilliant lustre. Many fractured masses of granite of inconceivable magnitude, (some chiselled in a pyramidal form,) prevented my penetrating far into this intricate labyrinth; which must be entered in a creeping posture. The cylinder measures nine inches in length, by sixteen in circumference. Bronze antiquities, much corroded with rust, but exhibiting small figures of men and animals, are often found amongst the ruins: these are valuable and interesting, as early specimens of science.

Diodorus Siculus observes, that in the walls of the palace were colossal figures in bronze, representing Ninus, Semiramis his wife, the principal people of their court, and even whole armies drawn up in order of battle. Lib. II. p. 97. These designs must have required the greatest skill, and no small labour. The art of fusing the most stubborn metals was known from the earliest days, as we find in Genesis, that Zillah bore Tubal Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron; and the innumerable golden statues that ornamented the temple and palace, are proofs of the knowledge of this art. I was unsuccessful in tracing any samples of those mill-stones mentioned by Xenophon, in his Anabasis, lib. I. c. 2.

"At some distance to the northward and eastward of El Hamir, a very large assemblage of mounds, the remains of some extensive buildings, are divided by a canal running south. The ground surrounding this spot is covered with nitre, and cut by countless canal beds of great antiquity; while very visible vestiges of ancient edifices exist: but the place being so far removed from the site of the venerable city, and seeing no end to my searches if attempting to prosecute them farther to the eastward, which I well knew would have ended in disappointment, from the unsettled and unsafe state of the country; I was induced, however reluctantly, to retrace my steps to Hillah. An hour and a half brought me to the bridge a little after sunset. It is not improbable that the above noticed mounds may have formed some exterior building to the great metropolis; and the circumstance of the arrow-headed writing being engraved on the lower face of every brick, bears ample testimony to the great antiquity of the spot, were any doubt entertained, from its being so far removed from the position of the walls of the city. Speculation alone is left to us: until the ruins about this celebrated spot are more correctly observed and clearly delineated, little more can be gained with truth as the basis of the assertion.

On the 6th December 1827, I bade adieu to Hillah and the majestic Euphrates. I could not but reflect, that the masses of the most ancient capitals in Europe bore no comparison with the mighty ruins which still exist on its banks. From an elevated spot near the village of Mohawwil, I turned to take a parting glance at the tenantless and desolate metropolis. It was impossible not to be reminded of the fulfilment of the predictions of Isaiah; and I involuntarily ejaculated, in the words of that sublime and poetical book:—"Babylon, the glory of Kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in the pleasant palaces." (Isaiah, chap. xiii. ver. 19, 20, 21, 22.) How wonderful is the fulfilment of these predictions, and what a convincing argument of the truth and divinity of the Holy Scriptures!

It was after sunset: I saw the sun sink behind the Mujellibah; and, again taking a long last look at the decaying remains of Babylon and her deserted shrines, obeyed, with infinite regret, the summons of my guides. After traversing the vast wastes of Babylonia for three days, I reached Bagdad in safety; inexpressibly delighted with the scenes I had contemplated during the ten days of absence from that city, the recollection of which, no time can ever efface from my memory.

Your most obedient Servant.

H. H.

It is incumbent on every one, to make himself as agreeable as possible to those whom nature has made, or he himself has singled out, for his companions in life.—Seed,

THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLE.—The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarian Bible, a copy having been found about the middle of the last century, in Cardinal Mazarin's Library at Paris. It is remarkable that its existence was unknown before; for it can hardly be a book of very great scarcity; nearly twenty copies being in different libraries, half of them in those of private persons in England. No date appears in this Bible, and some have referred its publications to 1452, or even to 1450, which few perhaps would at present maintain; while others have thought the year 1455, rather more probable. In a copy belonging to the Royal Library at Paris, an entry is made, importing that it was completed in binding and illuminating at Mentz, on the feast of the Assumption, (Aug. 15) 1546. But Trithemius, in the passage above quoted seems to intimate, that no book had been printed in 1452; and considering the lapse of time that would naturally be employed in such an undertaking, during the infancy of the art, and that we have no other printed book of the least importance to fill up the interval till 1457, and that also that binding and illuminating the above mentioned copy is likely to have followed the publication at no great length of time, we may not err in placing its appearance in the year 1455, which will secure its hitherto unimpeached priority in the records of bibliography. It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarian Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong black, and tolerably handsome characters, but with some want of uniformity, which has led perhaps unreasonably, to doubt whether they were cast in a matrix. We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven.—Hallan's Introduction.

POETRY.—"Poetry is born not only of the lofty and imaginative, but of the simple and pathetick. The attendant of human feelings and human passions, it exists alike for the means and the extremes of life. Wherever man is separated from the gross earth beneath him, and connected by any link with the east and beautiful above him; wherever there exists an image of a greater good than the conditions of sense offer; wherever the limited, intellectual and moral part of our nature sighs after the great and the perfect; wherever any of the mysterious links of the chain binding together the present with the untied future are visible—there, in their just degree, live the nature and spirit of poetry. 'Soaring in the high region of its fancies,' it may approach 'the azure throne, the sapphire blaze,' it may be 'choiring to theyoung eyed cherubin,' and it may sing of 'the humblest flower that decks the mead,' or speak of the smallest hope that breaks the darkness of the least educated. It is not to be limited in its application. It is not built on learning, or founded on the canons of the critick. It is itself the foundation of all just critical laws. Its fresh source is in the human heart; its province is in the wide map of human relations; it is bounded only by the horizon of human emotion; its heritage is the race of man, and its task-work is to connect and blend the sentiment of the true, the good, the beautiful, the infinite and eternal, with all the passions and emotions that beat in the heart of universal humanity."

The glory of the summer is gone by; the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all—were there no associations of moral desolation—of faded hopes—of hearts withering in the bosoms of the living—connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not indulge in a moment's melancholy. The season of flowers will come again—the trees will again toss their cumbrous load of greenness to the sunlight—and by both stone and winding rivulet, the young blossoms will start up, as at the bidding of their fairy guardians. But the human heart has no change like that of nature.—It has no second spring time. Once blighted in the hour of freshness, it wears forever marks of the spoiler. The dews of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it—but the sore root of blighted feeling will never waken into life—nor the crushed flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty.

TIME TO SPEAK.—I have often heard a first-rate anecdote told of some student of Chapel-hill University. What his name was I know not, but I do think his reply is worthy of preservation. The college commons were at the time very poor, particularly the article of butter. One day a plate of it was placed upon the table, which, from long keeping, had become rancid. One of the students, upon tasting it, was so exasperated as to seize the dish and throw it, hutter and all, against the wall. The dish, of course, was shattered to pieces, but the butter stuck to the side of the room. One of the tutors instantly rose and demanded who was the perpetrator of the mischief. There was no answer. The demand was repeated, when, after a few moment's silence, a sharp voice replied, 'Ask the butter—it is old enough to speak for itself.'—New Yorker.

I once heard it related that a man who was in the habit of going to his neighbor's corn field to steal corn one day took with him his son, a boy of eight years of age. The father told him to stand still while he looked if any body was near to see them. After standing on the fence, peeping through all the corn rows, he returned to take the bag from the child and begin his guilty work. 'Father,' said the boy, 'you forgot to look somewhere else.' The man dropped the bag in a fright and said, 'Which way, child?'—supposing he had seen some one. 'You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God was noticing you.' The father felt this reproof so strong that he left the corn and returned home, and never again ventured to steal, remembering the truth the child had taught him. The eye of God always beholds us. 'Thou, God, seest me. Think of this when tempted to steal and take what you have no right to. Look upwards. God is in the sky, and in the clouds, and in the sun, and at night he is in the darkness and sees you.

Too LATE.—A country servant once by untoward delay put a whole house into a terrible fright, and the silly fellow might have met with a serious injury himself. One day his mistress sent him to a neighbour's about two miles distant, with her compliments, to inquire for the lady of the house, who had very recently been confined. The sot, however, could not pass a hamlet that lay in his way without indulging his favourite propensity of paying his respects to the public-house. When a drunkard loses his senses he is sure to lose his time. The first he may recover, but never the last. When he came to himself, he be-thought him of his errand ; but was, perhaps, totally unconscious of the time lost, and had not quite sufficient senses to make inquiry ; and the stars he never contemplated ; there were always so many more than he could count. But to my neighbour's gate he found his way. He knocked, he beat, he rang, and he halloed—for now he did not like to waste time—and it was two o'clock in the morning. The inmates were all in confusion. 'Thieves ! fire ?' was the general cry. Some ran about half clad—some took out of window—dogs barked, and women howled. The master took his blunderbuss, opened the window, and called out stoutly, 'Who's there ! who's there !' Trinculo answered, but not very intelligibly. At last the master of the house dresses, unbolts and unbars his doors, and with one or two men-servants behind, boldly walks down the long-path to the gate. 'What's the matter—who are you?' Trinculo stammers out, 'My master and mistress compliments, and be glad to know how Mrs.—and her baby is.'—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THALES, ONE OF THE WISE MEN OF GREECE.—A sophist, wishing to puzzle him with difficult questions, the sage of Miletus replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with the utmost precision.

What is the oldest of all things ? God, because he always existed.

What is the most beautiful ? The world, because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things ? Space, because it contains all that has been created.

What the most constant of all things ? Hope, because it still remains in man after he has lost every thing else.

What is the best of all things ? Virtue, because without it there is nothing good.

What is the quickest of all things ? Thought, because in less than a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest ? Necessity, because it makes men face all the dangers of life.

What is the easiest ? To give advice.

What is the most difficult ? To know yourself.

MOUNT ARARAT.—We travelled an hour and a half in one of the clearest and most beautiful mornings that the heavens ever produced ; and passing on our left the two villages of Dizze and Kizzel Dizze, we came to an opening of a small plain, covered with the black tents and cattle of the Elauts. Here, also, we had a view of Mount Ararat ; the clouds no longer rested on its summit, but circled it round below. We went to the largest tent in the plain, and there enjoyed an opportunity of learning that the hospitality of these people is not exaggerated. As soon as it was announced at the tent that strangers were coming, every thing was in motion ; some carried our horses to the best pastures, others spread carpets for us ; one was despatched to the flock to bring a fat lamb ; the women immediately made preparations for cooking ; and we had not sat long, before two large dishes of stewed lamb, with several basins of *yaourt*, were placed before us. The senior of the tribe, an old man (by his own account eighty-five years of age), dressed in his best clothes, came out to meet us, and welcomed us to his tent with such kindness, yet with such respect, that his sincerity could not be mistaken. He was still full of activity and fire, although he had lost all his teeth, and his beard was as white as the snow on the venerable mountains near his tent. The simplicity of his manners, and the interesting scenery around, reminded me in the strongest colours of the lives of the patriarchs ; and more immediately of him whose history is inseparable from the mountains of Ararat. We quitted our hospitable friends (who appeared to be almost more grateful

for our visit than we for their kindness), and passed along the plain. Mount Ararat bore N. 40 E., and extended itself completely to our view. Its N. W. ascent is not so rapid as its S. E., and I should conceive that in this quarter it might be possible to ascend it. The height of Ararat can best be understood by considering the distance at which it may be seen. Chardin mentions that it is visible at Morant ; Bruce that he saw it at Deerbend ; Struys describes his visit to a sick hermit at the top ; Tournefort, one of first of travellers, has stated so fully the difficulties of his own attempt, that probably they have never yet been overcome. The mountain is divided into three regions, of different breadths ; the first, composed of a short and slippery grass or sand, is occupied by shepherds ; the second, by tigers or crows ; the remainder, which is half the mountain, has been covered with snow since the ark rested there, and these snows are hid half the year under thick clouds. The common belief of the country may well be admitted, that no one ever yet ascended the Ararat of the Armenians. —*Morier's Embassy to Persia.*

THE QUEEN.

Written on seeing Chalon's magnificent Portrait of her Majesty.

Brave banners of England, your garlands revealing,  
Wave high in the sunlight of freedom serene ;  
And come, every heart, with the warm-spring of feeling,  
Bid Loyalty's voice glad the throne of your Queen !

That brow which the crown of Britannia entwreath,  
Shines pure as the day-star of beauty and truth ;  
And where is the form that such dignity breathes,  
So blended with grace and the sweetness of youth ?

Then maidens of England, shed roses around ;  
Bring laurels, ye brave, let your spirit be seen ;  
Whilst the song of a nation ascends from the ground—  
Victoria for England, and God bless the Queen !

May Wisdom sit firm in her councils—and still  
May the Angel of Mercy descend on her laws ;  
Whilst the bold sword of Britain springs forth at her will,  
In defence of the right, and for Liberty's cause !

Oh ! ne'er may a shadow her destiny dim ;  
But the wing of the dove with the eagle extend ;  
And defeat, and the world's execration on him  
Who a pang to that breast for a moment would lend !

Then, maidens of England, shed roses around ;  
Bring laurels, ye brave, let your spirit be seen ;  
Whilst the song of a nation ascends from the ground—  
Victoria for England, and God bless the Queen !

C. SWAIN.

EDIBLE EARTH.—New facts are constantly brought forward by the learned men of the continent, to show that the earth eaten in Lapland, as described by Baron de Humboldt, is known to other nations as a species of food. M. Edouard Biot has laid before the French Academy of Sciences, an account translated from the narratives of the Missionaries in the Japanese Encyclopaedia. In China it is called *chi-nien*, or stone flour, and the description is as follows : "The stone flour is not an ordinary production, for it is a miraculous substance. Some say that it was born in seasons of scarcity ; and, in the time of the Emperor Aien Tsong (740 of the Christian era), a miraculous spring came out of the ground, the stones were decomposed, and transformed into flour. The text is here accompanied by wood-cuts, representing the spring escaping in cascades, and the stones separating into filaments, but the latter are too incorrectly given, to enable us to form any mineralogical idea of their nature. Another missionary writes, that "in the province of Kiang Si, in consequence of the destruction of the crops by the overflowing of the rivers, a great many people subsisted on the bark of a tree, and others on a light earth, of a white colour, which they discovered in a mountain, but which was not abundant, and people sold even their wives, children, household goods, and houses, in order to procure it. It appears, that several of the enormous provinces of China consist of open plains, traversed by large rivers, the beds of which are constantly raised by the soil deposited by the water, so that it is necessary to border them with high dykes. If the rivers, as it occasionally happens, rise above these dykes, or break through them, the whole country is inundated, and the usual calamitous circumstances follow. If we add to these disasters, the frequent and widely extended earthquakes, which take place in China, those sudden and remarkable changes in the amount of population, which have often excited astonishment may be easily accounted for.

THE FAIR SEX.—Barret, in his 'Woman, a Poem,' pays the following compliment, as beautiful as it is true, to the enchanters of our pleasures, the solacers of our cares, in whose arms our first hours are nursed, and on whose bosoms we generally breathe our last :

'Ask the gray pilgrim, by the surges cast  
On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast—  
Ask who relieved him—who the hearth began  
To kindle—who with spilling goblet ran  
O, he will dart one spark of youthful flame,  
And clasp his withered hands, and WOMAN name.'

HATH any wronged thee? be bravely revenged ; slight it,  
and the work is begun ; forgive it, and it is finished. He is be-  
low himself that is not above an injury.—*Quarles.*

For the Pearl.

THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

Silence and Gloom, companions of Decay,  
Still linger round these haunts of honors fled,  
While on these mould'ring walls departing day  
Rests like a gleam of beauty o'er the dead.

Through lonely walks now deeper grows the shade,  
Save where the fire-fly lights his mimic lamp,  
Or where beside yon leafy colonnade  
A ruddy flame displays the rude-made camp.\*

Ere not a mark of other days appear,  
Ere ruly sweep each vestige from the scene,  
I pause to ask—And was it here,  
Once dwelt the Sire of England's Virgin Queen.

Where are the festive lights, the garland flowers,  
The sweet wild music melting on the wave,  
Where are the stately guards, the princely bowers,  
The Hermit's home, the stone that mark'd his grave ? †

Did merry laughter ever here rebound,  
Did busy footsteps haste along this floor,  
Did mingling voices in this hall resound,  
And hearts beat high—that now shall beat no more ?

Can grandeur pass away without a trace  
To tell to present bliss or future trust ?  
Then let me linger near this lonely place  
And write the record in its kindred dust.

Queen of the British Isles ! I may not see,  
Save by the graver's art, thy face divine,  
Nor, Lady, would'st thou deign to hear from me  
The rustic strain that suits not cars like thine.

But could thine eye behold this lovely spot,  
And mark the desolation Time hath wrought,  
Though all exalted be thy royal lot,  
A moral to thy heart, would here be taught,—

"Fleeting and frail is all beneath the skies,  
The reign of beauty and the throb of joy,  
Mine be the choice amid the good and wise  
To seek the Home no changes can destroy."

August, 1837.

ALBEN.

\* A small party of Aborigines or poor Emigrants, were preparing their evening meal under the shade of those beautiful poplars, which form the avenue to this interesting Ruin.

† The Hermitage and grave stone, which formerly were conspicuous in the romantic walks around the Lodge, have now as little existence as the imaginary being whose fate they were intended to commemorate.

LAUGHTER.—Physiologists and Physicians have demonstrated that laughter, in proper quantities, improves digestion, facilitates circulation and regulates the functions of various viscera. In this way it promotes health, cheerfulness and vivacity ; inspires benevolence, and all the kindly feelings of the heart. In itself a pleasure, it adds to that of others by sympathy, and drives away the wrinkles of care and the sullen frown of habitual moroseness. Shakspeare, who seemed to know all the sciences by intuition, in his Julius Cæsar, makes the great Captain distrustful of the lean Cassius, who never laughed.

THE TEMPTATION AND AVOVAL.—"I have played," said Maltravers, "and I know the temptation. I dare not play now. I love the excitement, but I have been humbled at the debasement ; it is a moral drunkenness that is worse than the physical." "You speak warmly." "Because I feel keenly. I once won of a man whom I respected, who was poor. His agony was a dreadful lesson to me. I went home and was terrified to think I had felt so much pleasure in the pain of another. I have never played since that night."—*Bulwer.*

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.—When Dr. Donne, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, took possession of his first living, as he walked into the churchyard, he took up a skull thrown by the sexton out of a grave, and in it he found a small headless nail, which he drew out secretly, and wrapt it up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then asked the grave-digger if he knew whose the skull was ? He replied, that it was the skull of a person who had kept a gin shop, and who, having gone to bed intoxicated, was found dead in his bed in the morning. "Had he a wife ?" asked the Doctor. "Yes." "What character does she bear ?" "A very good one; only the neighbours reflect on her, because she married the day after her husband's burial." A few days afterwards the Doctor paid her a visit, as if by accident ; asked her a few questions ; and at last, of what sickness her former husband had died. As she was telling him the same story as the sexton, he opened his handkerchief, and cried out in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail ?" Struck with horror, she instantly confessed the murder.

When Captain Bathurst, of the Genoa, who was mortally wounded in the Battle of Navarino, felt his end approach, he sent for his steward, and positively bargained for the price of a butt of rum to preserve his own body in: "I should like," said the veteran, "to have my old bones carried to my native land ; but, steward, I am but a poor man, and I leave a family behind me. You must let me have the stuff as cheap as possible."

## FLAG OF WATERLOO.

"The last annual tribute of the flag of Waterloo to the crown of England was made to William the Fourth a few hours before his Majesty's lamented death; on receiving the banner, the king pressed it to his heart, saying 'It was a glorious day for England.' and expressed a wish he might survive the day, that the Duke of Wellington's commemorative fete of the victory of Waterloo might take place. A dying Monarch receiving the banner commemorative of a National Conquest, and wishing at the same time, that his death might not disturb the triumphal banquet, is at once so heroic and poetic, that it naturally suggests a poem. The following lines were written immediately after the event, but the publication of the song has been delayed through a feeling of respect: the laurel should not be placed too close to the cypress, nor the sound of the lyre be heard too near the grave of a king.

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,  
'Twas the day he had seen the foe-man fall,  
'Twas the day that his country's valour stood  
Against steel, and fire, and the tide of blood,  
And the day was mark'd by his country well,  
For they gave him broad valleys, the hill and the dell;  
And they ask'd as a tribute, the hero should bring  
The flag of the foe to the foot of the king.

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,  
And the banner was brought at the chieftain's call,  
And he went in his glory the tribute to bring,  
And lay at the foot of the brave old king;  
But the hall of the king was in silence and grief,  
And smiles, as of old, did not greet the chief,  
For he came on the Angel of Victory's wing,  
While the Angel of Death was awaiting the king.

The chieftain he knelt by the couch of the king;  
'I know,' said the monarch, 'the tribute you bring;  
Give me the banner ere life depart.'  
And he press'd the flag to his fainting heart.  
'It is joy ev'n in death,' cried the monarch, say'  
That my country hath known such a glorious day!  
Heaven grant I may live 'till the midnight's fall,  
That my chieftain may feast in his warrior hall!"

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

## AN HISTORICAL BALL.

The time has not yet fully arrived for making the last war the theme of grandfathers' tales or historical romances; but yet it is surprising with what a new zest we occasionally hear or read of incidents, and associations of persons, to which that contest gave rise. Turned as the public mind of Britain now is towards the social improvements which benefit a state of peace, a reminiscence of Bonaparte or Wellington startles the ear like the blare of the trumpets suddenly arising in the midst of a commercial street, to call attention to some state proclamation. We were forcibly struck with the fact a few months ago, when, at an evening party a gentleman of no more than middle age chanced to give an account of a certain ball at which he was present in Paris in the year 1815. The narrative, briefly and modestly as it was expressed, related to circumstances so uncommon, and so unlike any thing which has since occurred, or is likely ever to occur again, that the whole party, after listening to it in almost breathless silence, declared it to be more like a chapter of romance than any thing which a living man might be supposed to have passed through in his own proper person. In compliance with our request, the narrator has thrown his story into the following shape, for the benefit of a more numerous audience.

On arriving in Paris about the end of July, 1815, from an intensely interesting sojourn of some time in the region of the memorable contest of Waterloo, and full of curiosity to see the men who had achieved that great victory, by which the capital of France had fallen into their hands about a fortnight before my arrival, I was informed by my friend Sir John Malcolm, who had been a companion in arms of the Duke of Wellington in India, that, in two days, his grace was to give a splendid ball to the monarchs, princes, generals, and statesmen, who were then, from so many countries of Europe, met in Paris; though, for obvious reasons, none of the royal family of France were expected to be present. My friend of his own accord promised to endeavour to obtain for me, late as it was, a ticket of admission. This prospect, enough to raise any one's hopes, had its full effect on mine, and my disappointment was great indeed when informed on the morning of the day itself that I was too late; the duke had peremptorily refused to issue one admission more—too many for even his spacious saloons having been given out already. There was nothing for it but resignation, and the whole day was passed by me in *seeing sights*, with an occasional sigh for the ball, not less sincere than that heaved on similar occasions by many a ticketless damsel, whose case is aggravated by having to assist in dressing a more fortunate sister for the treat which has been denied to herself. It was nine at night of a hot and most fatiguing day, my only remaining ambition then being to be lifted by some good angel, and put into bed without the labour of even undressing. I could not move a muscle without the greatest reluctance, but lay on a sofa, a capital subject for the experiment of the power of mind over body, which was the next moment to be made upon me.

A note arrived, which I had just strength to unseal and read. It said, "Put on your silk stockings speedily, get a chapeau-bras, jump into a *fiacre* which waits for you at your hotel gate, and come off to the Place Vendome without asking a question!" This spoke too plainly to be misinterpreted. Fatigue fled as if by magical influence; I could have leapt over the house; and in an incredibly short time I was stockinged, hatted, and away, as directed by my good genius, and literally without having put a single interrogation to my conductor. Arriving at my excellent and most considerate friend's hotel, I was considerably cooled down by finding that he and a large party, of which Sir Walter Scott was one, had departed for the ball, leaving only a verbal message for me to follow, to make my way, and, if I should find any difficulty in gaining admission, to call him out, when he would set all to rights. My first feeling was that the game was up. Make my way! call him out! with the halls, corridors, and staircases of the palace before my embarrassed imagination—crowded with guards and attendants speaking all the languages of Europe—and a splendid multitude in the saloons themselves, amidst which my friend appeared lost beyond recall—the thing seemed impossible. I therefore gave orders to the driver of the *fiacre* to return to my hotel, when it occurred to me that at the worst it was only failing. The object was well worth a bold stroke, and, if I should not succeed, I should at least, like Phæton, or Napoleon himself on the late occasion, fail in an undertaking of no common kind. To the palace, then, of Marshal Junot, in the corner of the Place Louis XV., then the residence of the Duke of Wellington, I heroically drove.

In my doubtful state of mind I desired that my *fiacre* might wait five minutes for the chance of a fare home, and entered the court-yard. A guard of honour from each of the allied powers, displayed by a blaze of torchlight, was the first of the striking scenes of the night. The mixture of troops and nations was as splendid as it was friendly. In approaching the door of entrance, an accidental circumstance "set all to rights," without the intervention of Sir John Malcolm. An English carriage, with a coronet on its panel, drove up, and discharged a gentleman and two ladies; I stepped back to give them the lead, but followed so closely, without intending the effect, that I became, to the perceptions of all the persons who had to pass, a fourth component of my lord's party. His name alone was announced, and the two ladies and I passed halls and staircases with him, and entered, without question, into the saloon, where the duke was receiving his illustrious guests, the first party, within the door of which was my friend's. "Well, you have made your way." "Yes, I have, and done the most impudent thing I ever did in my life." "Never mind, you are really an invited guest, and I will by and by tell you how. In the mean time, take your place with us, and you will learn to know the guests, by hearing them announced." We were fortunately early, and no very illustrious visitor had yet arrived. As we gazed with intense curiosity at the door, nobles, statesmen, generals, marshals, entered it in rapid succession. Schwartzburg, Benningsen, Platoff, Prince Wrede, the hero of Hanau, Barclay de Tolly, Metternich, Castlereagh, Bulow, Humboldt, and many others of not less note, passed, announced in French. The Company included, as might be expected, every British officer of distinction. Amidst a splendid display of scarlet, mingled with rich foreign uniforms, we readily distinguished a profusion of the uniform of Austria, which, being white, gives its wearers, to a British eye, the appearance of the musicians of a band. Diamonds blazed, and stars, crosses, and ribbons, were seen in every direction. "Son Altesse le Prince de Benevento" was declared, and for the first time I saw, close to me, the celebrated Talleyrand. The wily politician's appearance surprised us all. It did not indicate that superior talent and vigour which had politically survived repeated revolutions, and warned Napoleon himself of the commencement of the downward movement which hurried him to his fate. All seemed old-beau-like about him—a powdered, old-fashioned gentleman, something younger, but much resembling Lord Ogilby in the play, and as unfit apparently, to govern the diplomacy of Europe. But we did not allow his countenance to go unscrutinised, and we saw, or thought we saw, in its very calm and mildness, the practised tranquillity of the prince of diplomatists. Fouché soon followed, and we beheld the minister of police, the mover of the most tremendous engine of tyranny known to modern times. He looked the office well, and it was very exciting to see, almost to touch, a man whose name had exercised a sway of terror not exceeded by Napoleon's own. A bustling cortege of officers and aids-do-camp, with a veteran at their head, were explained by the announcement, "Son Altesse Serenissime le Prince Blucher." On his entry there was a rush to gaze upon him, and a strong feeling experienced when the Duke of Wellington met him half way down the saloon with a hearty shake of both hands. Sir Walter Scott was, I remember, moved to tears, and said to me. "Look at that—a few weeks ago these two men delivered Europe!" The spectacle, by the way, seemed to make an unusually deep impression upon this illustrious person. Wonder and veneration sat upon his countenance during the most of the evening, to the marked diminution of its usual intelligent expression, and he appeared like a man engrossed by mastering feelings,

as was the Frenchman who, overpowered by the beauties of Loch Katrine, when asked what he thought, answered, "I do not think—I only feel." Our common Edinburgh friends remarked his extraordinary aspect though we were not then so well able to account for it as we might be now, when the character of the great master of modern fiction has been so well explained by himself and others.

Crowds of every-day rank and nameless beauty continued to arrive, and we all acknowledged our ungallant indifference to what is the chief adornment of ordinary balls, and charms of the ladies, with a virtuous reservation that it was for once only in our lives. In the midst of some gay chat upon this subject, our eyes were suddenly called to the folding doors, when, on their flying open, we learned that the next entrant was to be a monarch. In louder accents than usual, we heard the following announcement: Sa Majeste le Roi de Prusse—leur Altesse Royales les Princes Royal de Prusse—le Duc de Mecklingburg." The king entered with his splendid cortege, and, after being solemnly received by the illustrious host of the night, and shortly conversing with him, passed on among the gay crowd, and joined a circle, the centre of which was Lady Castlereagh, and one of its components the veteran Blucher. This monarch had been remarked in Paris for his gentleman-like appearance and great plainness of circumstances. He seemed about forty-five years of age, and would have passed for a well-bred English gentleman. There was also observed a sober and rather melancholy expression of countenance, imputed to his great loss in his amiable queen. His two sons were mere youths. The Prince of Orange followed, pale from his recent wound, and with his arm in a sling. He spoke some time with the Duke of Wellington, and then joined the circle of Lady Castlereagh. I observed General Alava much beside the duke; he had distinguished himself by writing a spirited account of the battle, and has since been ambassador from Spain, his native country, to Britain. After all had assembled, there was no figure present which commanded a larger share of attention than the Duke of Wellington. His person was new to the bulk of the company. Familiar as *that* is now as he walks the streets of London in his blue surtout, it was a most exciting novelty to those who had followed him only in the gazette in his career of victory, and there was an eagerness to get his form into memory by studying it well. He was in field-marshal's uniform, and seemed in remarkably good and even high spirits, as befitted the gay occasion. He was seen in every room, noticing every one whom he at all knew, and conversing with many in the most frank and easy manner. It was said that he was induced to dance; but I did not witness this proof that the hero of Waterloo, the pacificator of Europe, was, after all, a mortal man. The most powerful sovereigns of Europe seemed to shrink beside this son of an English baron, mere external rank being felt as little or nothing in comparison with the greatness of commanding intellect, and the merit of having wrought out the deliverance of many nations.

One of the most striking and significant features of the scene was the appearance of a portrait of Napoleon, which had been recently finished for Junot, and was left leaning against the wall in one of the rooms. The duke, with true magnanimity, had allowed this picture to remain, so that the fallen emperor also seemed to form a part of the company. I saw the King of Prussia and one or two other personages whose fates had been strangely connected with his, stand for a few seconds before the portrait, and make a few remarks on the fidelity of the likeness. At this time, the original was on his passage to St. Helena, dis-crowned and a prisoner—for life, as it afterwards proved—while here was one of his palaces occupied in triumph by his conquerors—men who, a few months before, would have compounded with him for one of the earth's best kingdoms, but had now put his neck beneath their yoke, and were amusing themselves by criticising his picture, which was all that remained of him to his country. Can such vicissitudes of fortune ever again be witnessed on earth! Walter Scott observed to me, that if he should venture, in fiction, to depict such a scene as was here presented to our eyes with all its circumstances and associations, brilliant, noble, and affecting, he should be charged with unpardonable exaggeration. He was right. Only reality is privileged to bring such wonderful things under observation.

When wearied to a certain degree with the feelings excited by what we saw in the rooms, we strayed out into the gardens, which were lighted up gorgeously, in a serene starry night, and enlivened by the performances of jugglers and grimaciers. A sumptuous supper was spread out in the gardens under elegant awnings, and, on returning into the rooms, we learned that this meal had just been announced. I made an effort to enter the grand *salle-a manger*; and here I expected to see the duke presiding over monarchs and princes, but it was already full, and I failed. A little disappointed, I went into a small room close at hand, and here supper was spread on several small round tables. At the next to that where I was seated, sat two very beautiful English ladies, keeping a chair vacant between them. One of them was the wife of a great minister then present, and the other the wife of a minister who has since borne a conspicuous part in the affairs of England. In a few minutes the Duke of Wellington himself

looked into the room, when the ladies called to him that they had kept a place for him. He joined them, passing so close to where I sat, that I rose and put my chair under the table to let him pass, for which he thanked me. When he had taken his seat, I could not help remarking—for such things had then a strange interest—that, over his head, by mere accident, was a bust of Napoleon. The *trio* were presently joined by Sir Walter Scott, of whom I had for some time lost sight, and the *four* formed a very merry supper party. I could not help hearing their conversation, for it was rather loud, but there were no state secrets in it. What became of the crowned heads and their supper I never heard or enquired. About four in the morning I again came in contact with Sir Walter, who said he was quite worn out with excitement, and, presuming I was in no better condition, proposed that we should go home together. I at once complied, and left the extraordinary scene as one awakens from a splendid dream—a dream never to be forgotten.

Next day, when I called to thank my friend Malcolm, I naturally asked him how he had got me an invitation after all.—He said he had made one more attack upon the duke, who answered, "If you will show me how my rooms can be made to hold more people than they will hold, you shall have tickets for the surplus." My friend replied, with that readiness for which he stood unrivalled, "I will tell you how your rooms will hold more, than they will hold: light up your gardens as we used to do in India, and put a juggler or two and a punchinello into them, to draw out the crowd." "It shall be done," rejoined the duke, and the result was a hundred or two additional tickets. The effect was anticipated. One third of the company was always in the gardens, and a large portion of them supped there. I observed a grumacious or maker of faces performing to a crowd, in which stood the young princes of Prussia, who were in ecstasies of delight, especially with his wig, which seemed to have been transferred, without any preparatory manufacture, from a sheep's back to the head. When speaking, perhaps lightly, of this worthy, my friend said, "It would become you in gratitude to allude to the gentleman in the wig a little more respectfully, seeing that you owe your admission mainly to him." "How, in the name of the succession invariable of cause and effect, could that have been?" "Oh, most logically thus:—but for him the gardens would not have attracted out a large part of the company; without the certainty of that result, the gardens would not have been lighted up, and you would not have been present, at what will most certainly stand on record the most memorable ball which ever was given."

Published by request.

### LOVE.

By Miss Mary Magdalen.

"I differ in opinion from ye, as regards the passions. Pertinax supposes that fear and anger are both more powerful passions than love, and that they do more harm than love. I contend, that love is more powerful than either, or both of them. I know, too, by experience, that it does more harm. Neither fear nor anger ever mastered me but love often has. I can maintain my position by argument: thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, said one of old, and this shall be my text: now for the argument to prove that love is greater than fear or anger, and that it does more harm than either of them. What then is love? It is the strongest and deepest rooted passion in the human breast. It is the common parent of all other passions. It is the first cause of every good and evil. Why does the drunkard destroy his soul and body by his vice? is it not pure, genuine love of rum that urges him to do it. Love, then, is the cause of drunkenness. Why does the midnight assassin enter the chambers of an old man who has never done him any harm, and plunge a dagger to his heart? Because he loves money! Why does a newspaper Editor publish flaming philippics against his brother editor? Because he loves to have all the patronage himself. Why do we have so many political parties, so many religious parties, so many calumniators of people's characters, so much ill-will, between man and man? Why does the great monster or orthodoxy, persecute the Roman Catholics? Because people love quarrelling. What has been the cause of so many revolutions, so much bloodshed in Europe? The love of liberty, and the love of power, acting in opposition to each other. The people love to be free, but the nobles love to tyrannize. Why did John Calvin string up Michael Servetus, and let him roast by a slow fire? Because he loved to see all opposition to his doctrines crushed, and may be too, he loved to see him writhe.

"I doubt not that you perceive the relation that love sustains to all these evils, and if you will but search to the bottom of the truth, you will find love to be the basis of every thing. If a soldier runs away from the enemy, instead of meeting him in battle you say fear prompts him to do so. But would it not be more correct to say that the love of being free from pain, wounds and danger, prompts him. This effect of love is generally denominated fear. A good man fears to commit sin, lest he should endanger the welfare of his soul. It is the love of the welfare of his soul that produces this fear. Love produces anger and jealousy too.

Suppose you chanced to see her upon whom you have placed all your affections and hopes of happiness in this life, who is as essential to your existence, as the very air you breathe, and without whose presence, the earth would be to you a void, and your life a curse, suppose I say, you happen to see her listening with evident pleasure to the attentions of another, while for your devoted and constant love, your unwearied and never tiring attentions, you can get nothing but cold looks, haughty reserve and neglect, what a pang is inflicted on your breast? Such a pang you would call jealousy. But would not the same passion which made her so dear to you, make you the pang too? Thus love is the author of jealousy. It would produce jealousy towards the fair, and anger towards her favorite.

"Love is the primary passion, all others are secondary. Love is the first cause of all existence. God is love. And now I shall attempt to describe that kind of love most thought of, most talked of, and when once excited most powerful in its effects, that love which emanating from youth and beauty enchains the heart of the captivated beholder alas! it is indescribable; language cannot give it utterance; those only, who have been held its captives, can conceive the least idea of it; truly may it be said of disappointed love, it is like the remembrance of past joys, sweet, but mournful to the soul. Often has it spread aloud over youth and beauty, and nerved the arm and sharpened the blade to put an end to the miseries of its victim by death, often has it forced its captives to leap from frightful precipices and throw themselves into foaming cataracts to give release from its continued torments, which clearly shows how little power frail mortals have to resist its influence. Alas! its power can be resisted by none.

The strongest heart in sorrow bleeds,  
From every clime its prisoners leads,  
From the wild savage of the wood,  
To eastern youths of pale blood.

"It has compelled the forsaken bride of the Indian Sachem with her children in a canoe, to float calmly over the great cataract of the Niagara, singing her wild death song, and chiding herself that she still loved her unfaithful husband. It has furnished victims for the lover leap. Alas! it requires more than the poet's muse to describe it, or the most vivid imagination to give it vent. It is adapted to excite emotions of pity and compassion in the beholder; but those only, who have been under its influence, can feel that it is like the remembrance of past joys, sweet but mournful to the soul. It tears the heart to rags.

"But why should we dwell upon the miseries of disappointed love. Let us raise our thoughts above these: let us view its ennobling influences.

Come now kind muse our soul's inspire,  
Celestial music, tune my Lyre  
Raise up our souls to world's above;  
To view our great creator's love.

"May we never forget that heavenly, that divine, that paternal love, that prompted the great Creator to send his only begotten son to reconcile men to him, to redeem and save a guilty world. May we ever adore that Saviour's love, who took upon himself our nature, endured the agonies of death upon the cross, to save us from our sins. May we remember that greater love than this hath no man that he should lay down his life for his friend. May we cherish filial love towards God and his son, our saviour; may we without running into any excess, cherish love towards God and man, and, in obedience to his command, love our neighbour as ourself."—From the *Chronicles of Mount Benedict*.

### MARTYRDOM OF IGNATIUS.

By R. W. Evans.

"He was now fast approaching the end which he had been so long and fervently desiring. A short delay was occasioned by their being baffled by the wind in an attempt to land at Puteoli, and considerable disappointment to Ignatius, who wished much to enter Italy at the same point as St. Paul, and pursue the track of his journey to Rome. They made land, however, at the port which was at the mouth of the Tiber. The soldiers hurried him hence, since they feared that the festival was fast running to its close, and the bishop was eagerly accompanied them. On reaching Rome, he was immediately surrounded by the brethren, who received him with a strange mixture of joy and sorrow—with joy at the sight of so holy and celebrated a man, who had been, like their lately lost Clement, a disciple of the Apostles; with sorrow that such a man would be so shortly lost to them and to the Church. Some of them, in despite of the charge in his letter, eagerly demanded to interpose for his life. But he as eagerly repelled the proposal, repeating probably the several expressions of his letter: 'Let me be food for beasts, through whom I may attain unto God: I am God's wheat, and shall be ground by the teeth of beasts, so that I may be found pure bread of Christ.' . . . 'May I have the benefit of the beasts which have been prepared for me, and I pray that they be found prepared for me. I will provoke them quickly to devour me, and not (as they have sometimes done) to cower and leave me alone. And if they be

unwilling I will force them. Pardon me, I know what is good for me. Now do I begin to be a disciple. Let nothing of things visible or invisible grudge me the attainment of Christ. Fire and the cross, and throngs of beasts, cutting, tearing asunder, wrenching of bones apart, chopping of limbs, the grinding of my whole body,—let all these evil inflictions of the devil come against me, provided only I win Christ.' Such were the strong expressions of this honest and ardent martyr, who inherited much of the fire of St. Peter, by whom some say he was ordained bishop. After having embraced them all, and asked from them that which was true charity, (namely, to let him die) and extended the exhortation which he had already given them by letter, they all knelt down, and he in the midst of them besought the Son of God in behalf of the Churches, for the ceasing of the persecution, and for the mutual love of the brethren. He was then hurried off to the amphitheatre.

"There, insolent with revelling, and maddened to cruelty by the sight of the blood of dying gladiators, the people of Rome were expecting the appearance of the old man, and raised, no doubt, a shout when he was produced before them. For the first time in his life he beheld the interior of an amphitheatre—a sight forbidden to the eyes of the Christian. He beheld the assembled majesty of the lords of this world, their senate, their magistrates, and, O strange and impious spectacle! their women and consecrated virgins, looking upon death's shocking and varied agonies with composed countenances, and almost drinking in the streams of blood with their eyes, amid savage delight. It was truly the temple of the Prince of this world. Can we wonder that, in such a place, generally began the first cry for persecution; that there resided his peculiar inspiration; that there the sight of a helpless and venerable old man, of blameless life, and yet brought to suffer the death of the worst malefactors, moved no pity, but rather provoked rage? How little did the mighty ones of that day imagine that the obscure sufferer, who stood before them, would leave behind him an everlasting name, to their shame and to his Master's glory; and that the blood of the saints, with which they were now drunken, should be the means of making many like him, until their whole empire should be full of them! Some few hearts, perhaps, at that moment, were pricked with the first entrance of God's grace. They pitied, they admired, they loved, and they believed. They who began with the Amphitheatre ended with the Church. But the vast multitude, with shouts, beheld the preacher of love and peace placed upon the spot which was assigned to assassins and murderers, and cheered the beasts as they were loosed upon him. The agony of the blessed Martyr was short. The beasts quickly dispatched him, and so ravenously, that only the harder and more rugged bones were left. Thus was fulfilled his desire, that the beasts may be his tomb, and leave nothing of his body. So should he give trouble to none in collecting his remains." This was in the year 115.—*Biography of the Early Church*.

AN INGENUOUS MODE OF MAKING PAPER CASTS OF SCULPTURE:—My servants made me casts in paper of the sculpture on the walls of these two rooms, that is, of all the sculpture in the three large plates, which I now publish. This method of obtaining fac-similes of sculpture in basso-relievo, is very successful, and so easy that I had no difficulty in teaching it to my Arabs. I found stiff, unsized, common white paper to be best adapted for the purpose. It should be well damped; and, when applied to sculpture still retaining its colour, not to injure the latter, care should be taken that the side of the paper placed on the figures be dry—that it be not the side which has been sponged. The paper, when applied to the sculpture, should be evenly patted with a napkin folded rather stiffly; and, if any part of the figures of hieroglyphics be in intaglio or elaborately worked, it is better to press the paper over that part with the fingers. Five minutes is quite sufficient time to make a cast of this description: when taken off the wall, it should be laid on the ground or sand to dry. I possess many hundred casts, which my Arabs made for me at Thebes and in the Oasis. Indeed, I very rarely made any drawings of sculpture, without having a cast of the same: and as the latter are now quite as fresh as on the day they were taken, the engraver having not only my drawing, but also these indubitable fac-similes, is enabled to make my plates exactly like, and quite equal to the original."—*Hoskin's Visit to the Oasis*.

MISTAKES OF FRIENDSHIP.—I think it is Gallagher who said that 'the grape must be crushed before the wine will flow,' and we must have felt adversity before we can rightly estimate friendship.

'They who will abandon a friend for one error know little of human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.'

We should tolerate much and forgive much in those we love, but we can never be justified in forming an intimate connexion with a person who violates the laws of morality; in that case we partake in his debasement.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, 1838.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS IN RESPECT TO SCIENCE  
AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

NO 3.

In two of our former numbers we endeavoured to establish the proposition that 'Christianity not only allows but requires the acquisition of general knowledge.' In soliciting the attention of our readers to some other proofs confirmatory of this position, we shall copy from an eloquent lecture delivered before the Sheffield Mechanics' Institute, by the Rev. Thomas Allin. The title of this masterly production is "MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS, AND THE UNIVERSAL DIFFUSION OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE DEFENDED ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES."

"It must be observed, that Christianity distinctly recognizes the divine and permanent authority of those doctrines and laws recorded in the Old Testament, which have reference to the common nature and state of man, as distinguished from things arising out of local circumstances, or things typical and ceremonial, and therefore temporary; as well as those additional doctrines and laws recorded in the New Testament. Now with this fact in mind, let it be observed that, according to this record of our faith, when the first human pair came forth from their Creator's hand innocent and happy, the following announcement conveyed to them the charter of their privileges, and the rule of their conduct, respecting the world in which they were placed, and the various orders of beings by which they were surrounded: 'Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle and the wild beasts, and over every reptile that creepeth upon the earth.\*' According to this divine announcement, the earth was made and peopled, not that it might be shared by man in common with its other inhabitants, but that he might replenish, or fill it, and subdue, or bring it under his dominion. He is here placed on the same pre-eminence in authority as in capabilities; and the universal sway for which his superior powers of reason are fitted, he is commanded to acquire: that is to say, as his well-being is the immediate end of this part of the creation, so to render it subservient to this end, is at once his duty and his privilege. But in order to do this, he must acquaint himself with the constitution and laws of nature—its adaptations and capabilities. He must understand the qualities of things, and the several purposes to which they are applicable: he must, in fact, explore the immense regions, which in earth, and air, and sea, are placed before him, in order that all their contents, with all their capabilities, may be rendered subservient to his will and promotive of his happiness. Such is the knowledge obviously necessary to universal appropriation and government. The same law, therefore, that directs to the end, authorizes the means; and by rendering such knowledge necessary to the attainment of that end, it not only allows, but requires the human race to secure it.

"For the sake of some, it may be expedient to remark, that whatever change may have taken place in the situation or capabilities of man, since the first issuing forth of the divine decree, yet so far from this charter of human privileges having been repealed, it was expressly renewed to Noah and his sons, immediately after the flood. It therefore stands the charter of our privileges, and the law of our common nature. Capabilities may have lessened, or difficulties may have multiplied; but whatever capabilities remain, are to be exerted; and whatever difficulties are surmountable, are to be encountered. The way may have become more thorny, but it is to be trod; and the hill of knowledge may present a more steep and rugged ascent, but still the highest elevation possible is to be gained. This is the proud pre-eminence to which the God of Revelation points, and which in language recognized by Christianity as obligatory and divine, he requires us to labour to attain.

"But satisfactory as this must be to every attentive and unprejudiced mind, it would be injustice to the important cause before us to leave it here: it is rather necessary that all the support which Revelation furnishes to that cause should be drawn out, and presented with all the particularity and clearness of which it is capable. We must therefore observe, that to the praise of our common nature, Revelation states, 'God, our Maker, teacheth us more than the boasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven.' To the honour of Solomon, it records, that when offered a choice of temporal blessings, he solicited neither riches, nor honor, nor the life of his enemies, but wisdom and understanding. It teaches, 'That the soul be without knowledge: it is not good.' And concerning the period, in the anticipation of which, an enlightened philosophy, under the guidance of benevolence has rejoiced, when the miseries which now press so heavily on the bodies and minds of men shall be lessened, and the human condition shall be extensively improved it records, 'The eyes of them that see, shall not be dim, and the ears of

them that hear shall hearken: the heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly [or elegantly.] And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times.' The same revelation distinctly commands, 'Get wisdom: and with all thy getting, get understanding.' A wisdom consisting principally, indeed, in the fear of the Lord; but concerning which, statements are made, that cannot, by any correct rules of interpretation, nor even by the wild system of allegorizing adopted by some pretended expositors, be limited either to theology or morals. The first passage which I have selected, I take the liberty of giving according to the rendering of Dr. Boothroyd; a man, who, though he never drank of learning's streams at a college, yet by dint of industry has raised himself to an honourable eminence in general literature, but more especially in a critical knowledge of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament. 'Doth not wisdom cry aloud, and understanding raise her voice? At the top of high places, by the way; where cross-paths meet, she standeth. At the gate-way, the entrance of the city; at the door-way, she crieth aloud, 'To you, O men,' saith she, 'I call; to you, sons of men, is my voice directed. O ye simple, learn prudence: O ye foolish, attain understanding. Hear, for I will speak of excellent things. And my lips shall utter things that are right. For my mouth shall speak truth, and falsehood be the abomination of my lips. All the words of my mouth are just; in them is nothing winding or perverse. They are all of them plain to the intelligent, and right to those who have attained knowledge. Receive my instruction rather than silver, and knowledge rather than pure gold. For wisdom is more precious than pearls, and all the objects of desire are not equal to her. I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out the knowledge of every invention. I fear Jehovah, and hate wickedness; pride, arrogance, and the way of the wicked, and the froward mouth do I hate. With me is counsel and sound wisdom, with me is prudence; with me is might. Through me kings reign, and counsellors make just decrees. Through me princes possess dominion: the nobles, and all the judges of the earth. I love those who love me, and those who seek me shall find me. Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than the finest gold, and my revenue than the purest silver. I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment. I will enrich those who love me, and their treasures I will fill. Jehovah possessed me at the beginning of his way; before his works, from the remotest period. From eternity I was anointed to reign; before the beginning, before the earth was. When there were no seas I was brought forth,—no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills, I was brought forth; when as yet he had not made the earth, or the water, or an atom of the dust of the globe. When he established the heavens, I was there. When he drew a circle around the ocean; when he established the clouds above; when he made strong the fountains of the deep; when he appointed to the sea its bounds, so that its waters should not pass their limits; when he traced out the foundations of the earth, then was I as a workman with him; and from day to day was I delighted, rejoicing continually in his presence.'

"On this fine and poetically descriptive passage, the learned and judicious translator well observes, 'Let the noble description given of the effects of wisdom, increase our regard for it. It is to be preferred to gold and rubies, and every thing the heart of man can desire. It brings us substance; what is solid and durable, and will afford us the highest and noblest delight. It directs in the government of kingdoms, churches, and families; discovers the useful arts of life, and especially ennobles, and enriches, and sanctifies the soul.' The following passages also claim our attention: 'Every prudent man dealeth with knowledge: but a fool layeth open his folly. A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not: but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth. Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge. The simple inherit folly; but the prudent are crowned with knowledge. The heart of him that hath understanding seeketh knowledge: but the mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness. Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it: but the instruction of fools is folly. The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips. A wise man scalet the city of the mighty and casteth down the strength of the confidence thereof. Through wisdom is a house builded; and by understanding it is established; and by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches. A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. For by wise counsel thou shalt make thy war; and in multitude of counsellors there is safety. Wisdom is too high for a fool; he openeth not his mouth in the gate. For the transgression, [or by the rebellion] of a land many are the princes thereof; but by a man of understanding and knowledge, the state thereof shall be restored.' That the terms, wisdom, knowledge &c., as used in these passages, refer not only to the fear of the Lord, but also to that general information which results from the diligent exercise and extensive improvement of the intellectual powers, is too evident to require proof; as by it a house is builded, and the

chambers filled with riches—war is made—strength increased—and the deranged frame of society restored to order.

"I have only one other passage of this class to place before you; but it is one that so strongly expresses, and so finely illustrates, the advantages of intellectual culture and extended knowledge, as to deserve particular attention. 'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness; and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.'—Then, in proof that wisdom or knowledge deserves the eulogies thus passed upon it, as being promotive of the present interests and happiness of man, Solomon adds, 'The Jehovah by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath he established the heavens. By his knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down their dew.'—Now as it surely will not be contended that it was by the knowledge of theology or morals exclusively that the heavens were first stretched out, and the foundations of the earth laid, or by which the deeps are now regulated and the clouds caused to shed down their refreshing contents upon the earth, so neither is it to this knowledge exclusively that the preceding eulogistic representation refers, but rather to that general knowledge of nature in its constitution, as well as in its physical and moral relations, which results from extensive research and high intellectual culture.

This allowed, let it be particularly remarked, that such culture and research, and the knowledge resulting from them, are thus recommended, not to some peculiarly favoured classes of the community alone, the noble or the rich,—nor to some particular country or age,—but to man, as man—a being possessing powers suited to such exercises and acquisitions, and capable of deriving from them temporal advantages and intellectual pleasures. These passages, then, embody those universal principles and rules of action which Christianity recognizes, and the truth and obligation of which it supposes and confirms. By what unheard-of principles of interpretation, or by what strange process of reasoning, passages like these are to be transformed into prohibitions of general knowledge except to a highly favoured few, who may thereby acquire additional dignity to their rank, additional power over their fellows, or an augmentation of their riches, is not easy to conceive. Nor is it much more easy to understand how they are to be wrested into an approval of general ignorance. What! does Christianity intend to teach the mechanics of Sheffield, and the labouring classes of the community at large, that they are not to aspire after the acquirement of any other knowledge except religion and their particular occupation, by enologizing the wisdom that dwells with prudence, and finds out the knowledge of every invention; by which, too, a house is builded, and the chambers filled with riches; by which successful war is made, and order restored to the body politic after rebellion had involved it in confusion? Does Christianity command ignorance of nature and her laws, by pronouncing the man happy who finds that wisdom by which Jehovah founded the earth and established the heavens, and that knowledge by which he regulates the deep, and causes the clouds to drop down the dew? If this be the divine appointment of ignorance, how may we expect the attainment of knowledge to be commanded? Or if this be an approval of ignorance, in what terms may we expect its sentence of condemnation to be pronounced?

"Christianity thus presents before us the plainest, as well as the most extensive, charter of intellectual and moral immunities. It commands us to free the mind from ignorance, as well as to purge the heart from sin. So far from encouraging barrenness of mind and brutality of manners—frowning on the refinements of civilized life—and stinting both body and spirit to the scantiest measure of present enjoyment, it stands forward as the guardian angel of knowledge and happiness. And instead of condemning the wisdom by which the power of man is increased and his empire enlarged; his manners refined, and his condition ameliorated; and to which are owing useful contrivances, good government, and salutary laws—it directs him at once to the immense treasures of nature and grace, and offers to his acceptance every thing that can give activity to the mind, or dignity to the character; peace to the conscience, or virtuous joy to the heart. This being the case, a Christian ought to be the most enlightened individual, in proportion to his circumstances and opportunities; and the readiest supporter of every institution calculated either to enlarge the views of his fellow men, or to increase their means of usefulness, or of innocent enjoyment. The Christian, therefore, however sincere, who stands forward as the foe of knowledge, or the advocate of ignorance, widely mistakes the character of his religion, the nature of his own duties, and the ultimate effect of the work in which he is engaged. And though he is not, as his enemies and the enemies of his faith would represent, a demon of darkness, clothed as an angel of light, yet he unquestionably dishonours the religion he professes, by throwing over its lovely and attracting form, the disfiguring and repelling mantle of the father of lies.

\* Boothroyd's Translation.





## THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

By Dr. SOUTHBY.

She hears not of his death  
Who bore him, and already for her son  
Her tears of bitterness are shed; when first  
He had put on the livery of blood,  
She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed  
Clay in the potter's hand! One favour'd mind  
Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore  
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man,  
Framed with like miracle, the work of God,  
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on  
A life of labor; like this soldier here,  
His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain,  
Be moulded by his fate till he becomes  
A mere machine of murder.

And there are  
Who say that this is well! as God has made  
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men  
The many for the few! Court-moralists,  
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a-week  
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they  
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though now  
Tolling and troubled, they may pick the crumbs  
That from the rich man's table fall, at length  
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus,  
Themselves meantime secure their good things here,  
And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord!  
Who in thy plain and simple Gospel see  
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoin'd,  
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them  
Who shed their brethren's blood, . . . blind at noon-day  
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness!

O my God!  
I thank thee, with no Pharisaic pride  
I thank thee, that I am not such as these;  
I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart  
That feels, the voice that in these evil days,  
Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself,  
And cries aloud against iniquity.

## SKETCH OF A BATTLE.

Genius and taste have lent their utmost powers to throw a charm over the horrors of war. All ancient literature, and the greater part of modern, have been its guilty eulogists; and thus have men been led to admire a monster as foul, malignant and terrible, as ever stalked over the earth, or kennelled in the infernal pit.

Thanks to the influence of the gospel, in checking this general prostitution of literature. It is now fashionable to describe war for the purpose of holding it up to the abhorrence of mankind; and the best minds of modern times, the most gifted poets, the most powerful orators, the wisest statesmen, and the profoundest philosophers, are fast coming to pour their indignant and withering rebukes on this parent of a thousand abominations and woes.

The following description of a battle scene, we quote from the vivid pen of Mr. Quincy, late mayor of Boston, and now president of the oldest and best endowed university in the United States.

"It is impossible, without recurring to feelings and sentiments of a higher and purer nature than those induced by common life, to conceive the deep moral depravity, and the cruel, blood-stained scenes of ordinary warfare. Alas! how must they be viewed by higher intelligences and virtues!

"Imagine one of these celestial spirits descending upon our globe, and led by chance to an European plain, at the point of some great battle on which the fate of states and empires is suspended.

"On a sudden, the field of battle opens on his astonished vision. It is a field which men call *glorious!* A hundred thousand warriors stand in opposing ranks. Light gleams on their burnished steels. Their plumes and banners wave. Hill echoes to the noise of moving rank or squadron, the neigh and tramp of steeds, the trumpet, drum, and bugle call.

"There is a momentary pause—a silence like that which precedes the fall of the thunderbolt, or the desolating rage of the whirlwind. In an instant, flash succeeding flash, pours columns of smoke along the plain. The iron tempest sweeps, heaping man, horse and car, in undistinguished ruin. In shouts of rushing hosts, in shock of breasting steeds, in peals of musketry, in the roar of artillery, in the clash of sabres, in thick and gathering clouds of smoke and dust, all human eye, and ear, and sense are lost. Man sees nought but the sign of onset. Man hears but the cry of *onward!*

"Not so the celestial stranger. He witnesses the real scene naked in all its cruel horrors. He sees lopped and bleeding limbs scattered; gashed, dismembered trunks, out-spread, gore-clotted, lifeless; brains bursting from crushed skulls; blood gushing from sabred necks; severed heads, whose tongues mutter rage amidst the palsying of the last agony. He hears the mingled cry of anguish and despair, issuing from a thousand bosoms in which a thousand bayonets are turning; the convulsive scream of agony from heaps of mangled, half expiring victims, over whom the heavy artillery wheels lumber, and crush into one mass bone, and muscle, and sinew; while the fetlock of the war-horse drips

with blood, starting from the last palpitation of the burst heart on which his hoof pivots.

" 'This is not earth,' would such a celestial stranger exclaim; 'this is not earth—'tis HELL! This is not man, but demon-tormenting demon!'"

A SINGULAR STORY.—It was well nigh six o'clock, and my old friend Corkingdale, very well dressed of course, was on his way to the 'Wells.' There was to be a new grand aquatic spectacle, and as usual, with real water. It was fated, however, that Corkingdale was to meet with another entertainment in the same element; not announced in the bills. He had just arrived here, or hereabouts, when all at once he perceived something floating in the river, which if not a woman, was certainly a man in woman's clothes. In either case the duty was the same; and in a moment, the little man perfumed and powdered, and in a bran-new suit was plunging in the water like a Newfoundland dog. The object proved as was expected, to be a human body not yet a corpse; in short he had the happiness to prolong the life of an unfortunate female; and was so well satisfied with his own performance, that he abandoned all intention of going to the theatre. So far so good, and as any other man might have acted; but with poor Corkingdale the matter took a more singular turn, namely, a turn for pulling people out of rivers. The Humane Society unfortunately sent him a silver medal; and from that hour the desire of saving increased upon him as it does with a miser. He neglected his business to take long daily rambles by the Serpentine, or where else there seemed a chance of gratifying his propensity; and above all, he haunted the place of his former exploit, under the very common expectation, that what had occurred once would happen again in the same locality; and curiously enough, the calculation was partly to be realised. At the same hour, on the same day of the same month as before, I was walking with him on the road to the Wells, when lo! at the identical spot, we perceived a boy in the last stage of distress, wringing his hands, weeping aloud, and gazing intently on something which seemed to have disappeared in the river. We of course inquired what was the matter; but the poor fellow was too overcome to speak intelligibly, though he was able to intimate by signs, that the cause of his agony was in the water. In such case every moment is precious, and merely throwing off his new hat, Corkingdale was instantly diving in the stream, where he kept under indeed so long, that I really began to fear he had been grappled by some expiring wretch at the bottom. At last however he emerged but it was only to ask a more explicit direction. By this time the poor boy was more composed, so as to be able to direct the search a little more to the left, which was with the current. Accordingly down went Corkingdale a second time, in the direction pointed out, but with no better success; and when he came up again, between agitation and exertion, he was almost exhausted. At last he was just able to articulate, "gracious heaven! nothing—not a shred." The anxiety of the poor boy in the mean time seemed extreme. "Laws bless you sir, forever and ever," said he, "for going in, sir, but do just try again—pray, pray do sir." Corkingdale did not require urging. "Quick, quick," making himself up for another attempt; "tell me—man or woman?" "Oh how good on you, sir," cries the boy, poor fellow, quite delighted at a fresh hope; "Oh, how very good on you, sir, but it's nobody sir, but a hook—a hook for fishing!—And Oh mighty! if you don't find it—for I've got never a fardin for to buy another!"

ELEPHANT SHOOTING—Extract of a letter from Ceylon dated 20th January, 1837, in the Wellassees District. "We had excellent sport, having bagged 106 elephants among four of us in three days, but I had a very narrow escape from shooting my friend G—. We had all followed three elephants into a thick bit of jungle, and came up with them at an opening of, perhaps, twenty feet square. G—and I went at the same *bird*, which after taking some shots from both of us, and one or two from our companions, got into the cover, but suddenly burst out again abreast upon G—, who was close behind it, and who, being unloaded, halted back, and stumbled over the trunk of a dead elephant, sufficiently within reach of the live one. In the meantime a Cooly had put a fresh gun into my hand, and, as I fired, G—, in rising from his stumble, brought the top of his cap on the line of sight. I saw the cap jerk and open, and the elephant drop at the same instant. The cap was of wicker-work, covered with blue nankeen, and in shape a hunting-cap, fitting close to the head; the ball had opened full four inches of it; his hair was not cut, but still it was a frightfully close shave."

A CURIOUS INSTANCE OF TASTE. "I fear you will think I am grown a downright gossip when I tell you a bit of scandal that has reached me about the Moorish young ladies. They are fond of puppies. For that matter, you will perhaps reply, that the finest ladies of Europe also frequently show a predilection for that species of animal, both canine and human. Well, but likings take different modes of expressing themselves. A Canadian Indian was once asked if he had known the Bishop of Quebec? 'Yes, yes.' 'And how did you like him.' 'Oh! vastly.' 'But how did you happen to know him?' 'Happen to know him! Why, I ate a piece of him?' In like manner my Mau-

ritanian beauties are *devouringly* fond of puppies. You only fondle them, but they gobble them up by litters in their consciousness. It is said, however, that they do this not so much from a *carnivorous* propensity, as from a belief that this sort of flesh is very fattening, and the fat of a Mahometan beauty is her glory."—Campbell's Letters.

## FOR SALE.

THAT desirable HOUSE in Hollis street, occupied by the Subscriber; there is a well of excellent water in the cellar, a tank for rain water, with a pump to each, metal ovens, stoves, &c. No expense has been spared to render it a comfortable and convenient residence for a family. Further information may be obtained on application to.  
February 12. EDWARD ALIISON.

## PRIVATE SALE.

THE Dwelling House and Shop, at present occupied by Mr. W. A. McAgly, in Barrington Street, next door to Mr. A. Reid's Store near St. Paul's Church. Possession may be had 1st May, 1838. For particulars apply by letter, post paid, to the Proprietor, D. D. Stewart, Esq. Newport, or to B. Murdoch, Esq. at his Office, next door to the premises.  
February 2.

TURNBULL & FOUNDE  
TAILORS,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the Public, that they have commenced business in the above line, in the house adjoining Mr. Nordbeck, in Granville Street, where all orders in their line will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.  
Feb 17.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA,  
Halifax, Thursday 1st February, 1838.

A DIVIDEND of Four and one-half per cent on the Capital Stock paid in has been declared, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, for the half year ending the 31st January, and will be paid at the Bank on or after the 3rd March next.

By order of the President and Directors,  
JAMES FORMAN, Cashier.

## INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has just received 150 pairs Indian Rubbers assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order.  
Opposite Cunard's Wharf.  
Jan. 27. (3m.) WILLIAM WISSWELL.

## VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

To be sold at Private Sale the following highly valuable Real Estate,

ALL the DWELLING HOUSE, Lot of Land and appurtenances formerly owned and occupied by the late Hon. James Fraser, deceased, consisting of the dwelling house and Lot fronting in Water street, measuring forty six feet six inches in front by one hundred and thirty six feet in depth—also the lot of land in rear thereof, fronting westwardly on Argyle street, and measuring in front sixty three feet by sixty four in depth. These premises will be sold either together or in separate Lots, at the desire of purchasers.

Also, The Warehouse and buildings formerly occupied by Messrs. Fraser and Co. as a store and counting house, situate in the middle range of buildings on Marchington's Wharf, adjoining the property of the late John Barron.

Also, a lot of ground in the south range of Marchington's wharf, adjoining the Ordnance property, measuring twenty two feet in front by twenty six feet in depth.

The terms and particulars may be known on application at the office of the Subscriber, who is authorized to treat for the sale of the above premises.  
February 2. JAMES F. GRAY.

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION  
ESTABLISHMENT.

THE necessity which has for some time existed in Halifax, of having an AUCTIONEERING ESTABLISHMENT, where Goods sent could be promptly sold and settled for, has induced the Subscriber to come forward, in the hope that the concern which he is about to establish, will meet with that public patronage which he believes on trial it will fully merit. The Business will be conducted on the following system.—All Goods sent for public Sale, will positively be sold—no articles being put up, which are either limited or allowed to be withdrawn—all purchases to be paid for on delivery, and the proceeds to be handed over to the owner on the day succeeding the Sale; and as there regulations will be rigidly adhered to in all instances, the Subscriber trusts that they will be found advantageous for both Buyer and Seller, as the former may rely that the Sale will be positive, and the articles themselves will always command a fair price from the competition which such a system must produce; and the fact that the money will be forthcoming on the day succeeding, will recommend itself to the favorable notice of those who may be inclined to patronize it. Business will be commenced on Thursday next, the First day of February, and parties wishing to send Articles will please leave a Note of them previous to that time, in order that they may be properly advertised, and they may rely that confidence will at all times be strictly preserved. Articles will also be received for Private Sale; and as the premises occupied by the Subscriber are in a central part, and one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Town, quick Sales may be reasonably expected. The smallest favor will be carefully attended to.

JAMES NORVAL.

Corner of Duke and Water Street

The usual assortment of Groceries and Liquors kept constantly to hand.  
Jan 26.

## THE HALIFAX PEARL,

Will be published every Friday evening, at the printing office of Wm. Cannabell, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, exclusive of the title-page and index.

TERMS: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in all cases in advance, or seventeen shillings and six-pence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at a regular period of six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names. All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance. Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.