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NARRATIVE OF JAMES WILLIAMS.

AN AMERICAN SLAVE.*

Not long after my master had left us, the overseer ascertained for the first time that some of the hands could read, and that they had brought books with them from Virginia. He compelled them to give up the keys of their chests, and on searching found several Bibles and hymn-books. Uncle Solomon's chest contained quite a library, which he could read at night by the light of knots of the pitchpine. These books he collected together, and in the evening called Uncle Solomon into the house. After jeering him for some time, he gave him one of the Bibles and told him to name his text and preach him a sermon. The old man was silent. He then made him get up on the table, and ordered him to pray. Uncle Solomon meekly replied, that "forced prayer was not good for soul or body." The overseer then knelt down himself and in a blasphemous manner, prayed that the Lord would send his spirit into Uncle Solomon; or else let the old man fall from the table and break his neck, and so have an end of "nigger preaching." On getting up from his knees he went to the cupboard, poured out a glass of brandy for himself, and brought another to the table. "James," said he, addressing me, "Uncle Solomon stands there, for all the world, like a Hickory Quaker. His spirit don't move. I'll see if another spirit wont move it." He compelled the old preacher to swallow the brandy; and then told him to preach and exhort, for the spirit was in him. He set one of the Bibles on fire, and after it was consumed, mixed up the ashes of it in a glass of water, and compelled the old man to drink it, telling him that as the spirit and the word were now both in him, there was no longer any excuse for not preaching. After tormenting the wearied old man in this way until nearly midnight he permitted him to go to his quarters.

The next day I saw Uncle Solomon, and talked with him about his treatment. He said it would not always be so—that slavery was to come to an end, for the Bible said so—that there would then be no more whippings and fightings, but the lion and the lamb would lie down together, and all would be love. He said he prayed for Huckstep—that it was not he but the devil in him who behaved so. At his request, I found means to get him a Bible and a hymn-book from the overseer's room; and the old man ever afterwards kept them concealed in the hen-house.

The weeding season of 1826, was marked by repeated acts of cruelty on the part of Huckstep. One of the hands, Priscilla, was, owing to her delicate situation, unable to perform her daily task. He ordered her to be tied up against a tree, in the same manner that I had been. In this situation she was whipped until she was delivered of a dead infant, at the foot of the tree! Our men took her upon a sheet, and carried her to the house, where she lay sick for several months, but finally recovered. I have heard him repeatedly laugh at this circumstance.

Not long after this, we were surprised, one morning about ten o'clock, by hearing the horn blow at the house. Presently Aunt Polly came screaming into the field. "What is the matter, Aunt?" I inquired. "Oh Lor!" said she, "Old Huckstep's pitched off his horse and broke his head, and is o'en about dead."

"Thank God!" said little Simon. "The devil will have him at last."

"God-a-mighty be praised!" exclaimed half a dozen others.

The hands, with one accord dropped their hoes; and crowded round the old woman, asking questions. "Is he dead?" "Will he die?" "Did you feel of him—was he cold?"

Aunt Polly explained as well as she could, that Huckstep, in a state of partial intoxication had attempted to leap his horse over a fence, had fallen and cut a deep gash in his head, and that he was now lying insensible.

It is impossible to describe the effect produced by this news among the hands. Men, women and children shouted, clapped their hands, and laughed aloud. Some cursed the overseer, and others thanked the Lord for taking him away. Little Simon got down on his knees, and called loudly upon God to finish his work, and never let the overseer again enter a cotton field. "Let him die, Lord," said he, "let him die. He's killed enough of us: Oh, good Lord, let him die and not live."

"Pence, peace! it is a bad spirit," said Uncle Solomon, "God himself willetth not the death of a sinner."

I followed the old woman to the house; and found Huckstep at the foot of one of those trees, so common at the South, called the Pride of China. His face was black, and there was a frightful contusion on the side of his head. He was carried into the

house, where, on my bleeding him he revived. He lay in great pain for several days, and it was nearly three weeks before he was able to come out to the cotton fields.

On returning to the field after Huckstep had revived, I found the hands sadly disappointed to hear that he was still living. Some of them fell to cursing and swearing, and were enraged with me for trying to save his life. Little Simon said I was a fool; if he had bled him he would have done it to some purpose. He would at least, have so disabled his arm that he would never again try to swing a whip. Uncle Solomon remonstrated with Simon, and told me that I had done right.

The neighbouring overseers used frequently to visit Huckstep, and he, in turn, visited them. I was sometimes present during their interviews, and heard them tell each other stories of horse-racing, negro-hunting, etc. Some time during this season, Ludlow, who was overseer of a plantation about eight miles from ours, told of a slave of his named Thornton, who had twice attempted to escape with his wife and one child. The first time he was caught without much difficulty, chained to the overseer's horse, and in that way brought back. The poor man, to save his wife from a beating, laid all the blame upon himself; and said that his wife had no wish to escape, and tried to prevent him from attempting it. He was severely whipped; but soon ran away again, and was again arrested. The overseer, Ludlow, said he was determined to put a stop to the runaway, and accordingly had resort to a somewhat unusual method of punishment.

There is a great scarcity of good water in that section of Alabama; and you will generally see a large cistern attached to the corners of the houses to catch water for washing, etc. Underneath this cistern is frequently a tank from eight to ten feet deep, into which, when the former is full, the water is permitted to run. From this tank the water is pumped out for use. Into one of these tanks the unfortunate slave was placed, and confined by one of his ankles to the bottom of it; and the water was suffered to flow in from above. He was compelled to pump out the water as fast as it came in, by means of a long rod or handle connected with the pump above ground. He was not allowed to begin until the water had risen to his middle. Any pause or delay after this, from weakness and exhaustion, would have been fatal, as the water would have risen above his head. In this horrible dungeon, toiling for his life, he was kept for twenty-four hours without any sustenance. Even Huckstep said that this was too bad—that he had himself formerly punished runaways in that way—but should not do it again.

I rejoice to be able to say that this sufferer has at last escaped with his wife and child, into a free state. He was assisted by some white men, but I do not know all the particulars of his escape.

Our overseer had not been long able to ride about the plantation after his accident, before his life was again endangered. He found two of the hands, Little Jarret and Simon, fighting with each other, and attempted to chastise both of them. Jarret bore it patiently, but Simon turned upon him, seized a stake or pin from a cart near by, and felled him to the ground. The overseer got up—went to the house, and told aunt Polly that he had nearly been killed by the 'niggers,' and requested her to tie up his head, from which the blood was streaming. As soon as this was done, he took down his gun, and went out in pursuit of Simon, who had fled to his cabin, to get some things which he supposed necessary previous to attempting his escape from the plantation. He was just stepping out of the door, when he met the enraged overseer with his gun in his hand. Not a word was spoken by either. Huckstep raised his gun and fired. The man fell without a groan across the door-sill. He rose up twice on his hands and knees, but died in a few minutes. He was dragged off and buried. The overseer told me that there was no other way to deal with such a fellow. It was Alabama law, if a slave resisted to shoot him at once. He told me of a case which occurred in 1834, on a plantation about ten miles distant, and adjoining that where Crop, the negro hunter, boarded with his hounds. The overseer had bought some slaves at Selma, from a drove or coffee passing through the place. They proved very refractory. He whipped three of them, and undertook to whip a fourth who was from Maryland. The man raised his hoe in a threatening manner, and the overseer fired upon him. The slave fell, but instantly rose up on his hands and knees, and was beaten down again by the stock of the overseer's gun. The wounded wretch raised himself once more, drew a knife from the waistband of his pantaloons, and catching hold of the overseer's coat, raised himself high enough to inflict a fatal wound upon the latter. Both fell together, and died immediately after.

Nothing more of special importance occurred until July, of last year, when one of our men named John, was whipped three times for not performing his task. On the last day of the month, after his third whipping, he ran away. On the following morning, I found that he was missing at his row. The overseer said we must hunt him up; and he blew the "nigger horn," as it is called, for the dogs. This horn was only used when we went out in pursuit of fugitives. It is a cow's horn, and makes a short, loud sound. We crossed Flincher's and Goldsby's plantations, as the dogs had got upon John's track, and went off barking in that direction, and the two overseers joined us in the chase. The dogs soon caught sight of the runaway, and compelled him to climb a tree. We came up; Huckstep ordered him down, and secured him upon my horse by tying him to my back. On reaching home he was stripped entirely naked and lashed up to a tree. Flincher then volunteered to whip him on one side of his legs, and Goldsby on the other. I had, in the meantime, been ordered to prepare a wash of salt and pepper, and wash his wounds with it. The poor fellow groaned, and his flesh shrunk and quivered as the burning solution was applied to it. This wash, while it adds to the immediate torment of the sufferer, facilitates the cure of the wounded parts. Huckstep then whipped him from his neck down to his thighs, making the cuts lengthwise of his back. He was very expert with the whip, and could strike at any time, within an inch of his mark. He then gave the whip to me, and told me to strike directly across his back. When I had finished, the miserable sufferer, from his neck to his heels, was covered with blood and bruises. Goldsby and Flincher now turned to Huckstep, and told him, that I deserved a whipping as much as John did; that they had known me frequently disobey his orders; and that I was partial to the "Virginia ladies," and didn't whip them as I did the men. They said if it was a driver of theirs they would know what to do with me. Huckstep agreed with them; and after directing me to go to the house and prepare more of the wash for John's back, he called after me, with an oath, to see to it that I had some for myself, for he meant to give me, at least, two hundred and fifty lashes. I returned to the house, and scarcely conscious of what I was doing, filled an iron vessel with water, put in the salt and pepper; and placed it over the embers.

As I stood by the fire watching the boiling of the mixture, and reflecting upon the dreadful torture to which I was about to be subjected, the thought of escape flashed upon my mind. The chance was a desperate one; but I resolved to attempt it. I ran up stairs, tied my shirt in a handkerchief, and stepped out of the back door of the house, telling Aunt Polly to take care of the wash at the fire until I returned. The sun was about one hour high, but luckily for me the hands as well as the three overseers, were on the other side of the house. I kept the house between them and myself, and ran as fast as I could for the woods. On reaching them I found myself obliged to proceed slowly, as there was a thick undergrowth of cane and reeds. Night came on. I straggled forward by a dim star-light, amidst vines and reed beds. About midnight the horizon began to be overcast; and the darkness increased, until, in the thick forest, I could scarcely see a yard before me. Fearing that I might lose my way and wander towards the plantation, instead of from it, I resolved to wait until day. I laid down upon a little hillock, and fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. The clouds had vanished, and the hot sunshine fell through the trees upon my face. I started up, realizing my situation, and darted onward. My object was to reach the great road by which we had travelled when we came out from Virginia. I had, however, very little hope of escape. I knew that a hot pursuit would be made after me, and what I most dreaded was, that the overseer would procure Crop's bloodhounds to follow my track. If only the hounds of our plantation were sent after me, I had hopes of being able to make friends of them, as they were always good-natured and obedient to me. I travelled until, as near as I could judge, about ten o'clock, when a distant sound startled me. I stopped and listened. It was the deep bay of the bloodhound, apparently at a great distance. I hurried on until I came to a creek about fifteen yards wide, skirted by an almost impenetrable growth of reeds and cane. Plunging into it, I swam across and ran down by the side of it a short distance, and, in order to baffle the dogs, swam back to the other side again. I stopped in the reed-bed and listened. The dogs seemed close at hand, and by the loud barking I felt persuaded that Crop's hounds were with them. I thought of the fate of Little John, who had been torn in pieces by the hounds, and of the scarcely less dreadful condition of those who had escaped the

* Concluded from our last.

dogs only to fall into the hands of the overseer. The yell of the dogs grew louder. Escape seemed impossible. I ran down to the creek with a determination to drown myself. I plunged into the water and went down to the bottom; but the dreadful strangling sensation compelled me to struggle up to the surface. Again I heard the yell of the bloodhounds; and again desperately plunged down into the water. As I went down I opened my mouth, and, choked and gasping, I found myself once more struggling upward. As I rose to the top of the water and caught a glimpse of the sunshine and the trees, the love of life revived in me. I swam to the other side of the creek, and forced my way through the reeds to a large tree, and stood under one of its lowest limbs, ready in case of necessity, to spring up into it. Here panting and exhausted, I stood waiting for the dogs. The woods seemed full of them. I heard a bell tinkle, and, a moment after, our old hound Venus came bounding through the cane, dripping wet from the creek. As the old hound came towards me, I called to her as I used to do when out hunting with her. She stopped suddenly, looked up at me, and then came wagging her tail and fawning around me. A moment after the other dogs came up, hot in the chase, and with their noses to the ground. I called to them, but they did not look up, but came yelling on. I was just about to spring into the tree to avoid them, when Venus the old hound met them, and stopped them. They then all came fawning and playing and jumping about me. The very creatures whom a moment before I had feared would tear me limb from limb, were now leaping and licking my hands, and rolling on the leaves around me. I listened awhile in the fear of hearing the voices of men following the dogs, but there was no sound in the forest save the gurgling of the sluggish waters of the creek, and the chirp of black squirrels in the trees. I took courage and started onward once more, taking the dogs with me. The bell on the neck of the old dog, I feared might betray me, and, unable to get it off her neck, I twisted some of the long moss of the trees around it, so as to prevent its ringing. At night I halted once more with the dogs by my side. Harassed with fear, and tormented with hunger, I laid down and tried to sleep. But the dogs were uneasy, and would start up and bark at the cries or the footsteps of wild animals, and I was obliged to use my utmost exertions to keep them quiet, fearing that their barking would draw my pursuers upon me. I slept but little; and as soon as daylight started forward again. The next day towards evening, I reached a great road which, I rejoiced to find, was the same which my master and myself had travelled on our way to Greene county. I now thought it best to get rid of the dogs, and accordingly started them in pursuit of a deer. They went off, yelling on the track, and I never saw them again. I remembered that my master told me, near this place, that we were in the Creek country, and that there were some Indian settlements not far distant. In the course of the evening I crossed the road, and striking into a path through the woods, soon came to a number of Indian cabins. I went into one of them and begged for some food. The Indian woman received me with a good deal of kindness, and gave me a good supper of venison, corn bread, and stewed pumpkin. I remained with them till the evening of the next day, when I started afresh on my journey. I kept on the road leading to Georgia. In the latter part of the night I entered into a long low bottom, heavily timbered—sometimes called Wolf Valley. It was a dreary and frightful place. As I walked on, I heard on all sides the howling of the wolves, and the quick pattering of their feet on the leaves and sticks, as they ran through the woods. At daylight I laid down, but had scarcely closed my eyes when I was roused up by the wolves snarling and howling around me. I started on my feet, and saw several of them running by me. I did not again close my eyes during the whole day. In the afternoon, a bear with her two cubs came to a large chesnut tree near where I lay. She crept up the tree, went out on one of the limbs, and broke off several twigs in trying to shake down the nuts. They were not ripe enough to fall, and after several vain attempts to procure some of them, she crawled down the tree again and went off with her young.

The day was long and tedious. As soon as it was dark, I once more resumed my journey. But fatigue and the want of food and sleep rendered me almost incapable of further effort. It was not long before I fell asleep, while walking, and wandered out of the road. I was awakened by a bunch of moss which hung down from the limb of a tree and met my face. I looked up and saw, as I thought, a large man standing just before me. My first idea was that some one had struck me over the face, and that I had been at last overtaken by Huckstep. Rubbing my eyes once more, I saw the figure before me sink down upon its hands and knees. Another glance assured me that it was a bear and not a man. He passed across the road and disappeared. This adventure kept me awake for the remainder of the night. Towards morning I passed by a plantation, on which was a fine growth of peach trees, full of ripe fruit. I took as many of them as I could conveniently carry in my hands and pockets, and retiring a little distance into the woods, laid down and slept till evening, when I again went forward.

Sleeping thus by day and travelling by night, in a direction to-

wards the North Star, I entered Georgia. As I only travelled in the night time, I was unable to recognize rivers and places which I had seen before, until I reached Columbus, where I recollected I had been with my master. From this place I took the road leading to Washington, and passed directly through that village. On leaving the village, I found myself, contrary to my expectation, in an open country with no woods in view. I walked on until day broke in the east. At a considerable distance ahead, I saw a group of trees, and hurried on towards it. Large and beautiful plantations were on each side of me, from which I could hear dogs bark, and the driver's horn sounding. On reaching the trees, I found that they afforded but a poor place of concealment. On either hand, through its openings, I could see the men turning out to the cotton fields. I found a place to lie down between two oak stumps, around which the new shoots had sprung up thickly, forming a comparatively close shelter. After eating some peaches, which since leaving the Indian settlement had constituted my sole food, I fell asleep. I was waked by the barking of a dog. Raising my head and looking through the bushes, I found that the dog was barking at a black squirrel who was chattering on a limb almost directly above me. A moment after, I heard a voice speaking to the dog, and soon saw a man with a gun in his hand, stealing through the wood. He passed close to the stumps, where I lay trembling with terror lest he should discover me. He kept his eye however upon the tree, and raising his gun, fired. The squirrel dropped dead close by my side. I saw that any further attempt at concealment would be in vain, and sprang upon my feet. The man started forward on seeing me, struck at me with his gun and beat my hat off. I leaped into the road; and he followed after, swearing he would shoot me if I didn't stop. Knowing that his gun was not loaded, I paid no attention to him, but ran across the road into a cotton field where there was a great gang of slaves working. The man with the gun followed, and called to the two colored drivers who were on horseback, to ride after me and stop me. I saw a large piece of woodland at some distance ahead, and directed my course towards it. Just as I reached it, I looked back, and saw my pursuer far behind me; and found to my great joy, that the two drivers had not followed me. I got behind a tree, and soon heard the man enter the woods and pass me. After all had been still for more than an hour, I crept into a low place in the depth of the woods, and laid down amidst a bed of reeds, where I again fell asleep. Towards evening, on awaking, I found the sky beginning to be cloudy, and before night set in it was completely overcast. Having lost my hat, I tied an old handkerchief over my head, and prepared to resume my journey. It was foggy and very dark, and involved as I was in the mazes of the forest, I did not know in what direction I was going. I wandered until I reached the road, which I supposed to be the same one which I had left. The next day the weather was still dark and rainy, and continued so for several days. During this time I slept only by leaning against the body of a tree, as the ground was soaked with rain. On the fifth night after my adventure near Washington, the clouds broke away, and the clear moonlight and the stars shone down upon me.

I looked up to see the North Star, which I supposed still before me. But I sought it in vain in all that quarter of the heavens. A dreadful thought came over me that I had been travelling out of my way. I turned round and saw the North star, which had been shining directly upon my back. I then knew that I had been travelling away from freedom, and towards the place of my captivity, ever since I left the woods into which I had been pursued on the 21st, five days before. Oh, the keen and bitter agony of that moment! I sat down on the decaying trunk of a fallen tree, and wept like a child. Exhausted in mind and body, nature came at last to my relief, and I fell asleep upon the log. When I awoke it was still dark. I rose and nerved myself for another effort for freedom. Taking the North Star for my guide, I turned upon my track, and left once more the dreaded frontiers of Alabama behind me. The next night, after crossing a considerable river, I came to a large road crossing the one on which I travelled, and which seemed to lead more directly towards the North. I took this road, and the next night after, I came to a large village. Passing through the main street, I saw a large hotel which I at once recollected. I was in Augusta, and this was the hotel in which my master had spent several days when I was with him, on one of his southern visits. I heard the guards patrolling the town cry the hour of twelve; and fearful of being taken up, I turned out of the main street, and got upon the road leading to Petersburg. On reaching the latter place, I swam over the Savannah river into South Carolina, and from thence passed into North Carolina.

Hitherto I had lived mainly upon peaches, which were plenty on almost all the plantations in Alabama and Georgia; but the season was now too far advanced for them, and I was obliged to resort to apples. These I obtained without much difficulty until within two or three days journey of the Virginia line. At this time I had nothing to eat but two or three small and sour apples for twenty-four hours, and I waited impatiently for night, in the hope of obtaining fruit from the orchards along the road. I passed by several plantations, but found no apples. After midnight,

I passed near a large house, with fruit trees around it. I searched under, and climbed up and shook several of them to no purpose. At last I found a tree on which there were a few apples. On shaking it, half a dozen fell. I got down, and went groping and feeling about for them in the grass, but could find only two, the rest were devoured by several hogs who were there on the same errand with myself. I pursued my way until day was about breaking, when I passed another house. The feeling of extreme hunger was here so intense, that it required all the resolution I was master of to keep myself from going up to the house and breaking into it in search of food. But the thought of being again made a slave, and of suffering the horrible punishment of a runaway restrained me. I lay in the woods all that day without food. The next evening, I soon found a large pile of excellent apples, from which I supplied myself.

The next evening I reached Halifax Court House, and I then knew that I was near Virginia. On the 7th of October, I came to the Roanoke, and crossed it in the midst of a violent storm of rain and thunder. The current ran so furiously that I was carried down with it, and with great difficulty, and in a state of complete exhaustion reached the opposite shore.

At about 2 o'clock, on the night of the 15th, I approached Richmond, but not daring to go into the city at that hour, on account of the patrols, I lay in the woods near Manchester, until the next evening, when I started in the twilight, in order to enter before the setting of the watch. I passed over the bridge unmolested, although in great fear, as my tattered clothes and naked head were well calculated to excite suspicion; and being well acquainted with the localities of the city, made my way to the house of a friend. I was received with the utmost kindness, and welcomed as one risen from the dead. Oh, how inexpressibly sweet were the tones of human sympathy, after the dreadful trials to which I had been subjected—the wrongs and outrages which I witnessed and suffered! For between two and three months I had not spoken with a human being, and the sound even of my own voice now seemed strange to my ears. During this time, save in two or three instances, I had tasted of no food except peaches and apples. I was supplied with some dried meat and coffee, but the first mouthful occasioned nausea and faintness. I was compelled to take my bed, and lay sick for several days. By the assiduous attention and kindness of my friends, I was supplied with every thing which was necessary during my sickness. I was detained in Richmond nearly a month. As soon as I had sufficiently recovered to be able to proceed on my journey, I bade my kind host and his wife an affectionate farewell, and set forward once more towards a land of freedom. I longed to visit my wife and children in Powhatan county, but the dread of being discovered prevented me from attempting it. I had learned from my friends in Richmond that they were living and in good health, but greatly distressed on my account.

My friends had provided me with a fur cap, and with as much lean ham, cake and biscuit, as I could conveniently carry. I proceeded in the same way as before, travelling by night and lying close and sleeping by day. About the last of November I reached the Shenandoah river. It was very cold; ice had already formed along the margin, and in swimming the river I was chilled through; and my clothes froze about me soon after I had reached the opposite side. I passed into Maryland, and on the 5th of December, stepped across the line which divided the free state of Pennsylvania from the land of slavery.

I had a few shillings in money which were given me at Richmond, and after travelling nearly twenty-four hours from the time I crossed the line, I ventured to call at the tavern, and buy a dinner. On reaching Carlisle, I enquired of the ostler in a stable if he knew of any one who wished to hire a house servant or coachman. He said he did not. Some more colored people came in, and taking me aside told me that they knew that I was from Virginia, by my pronunciation of certain words—that I was probably a runaway slave—but that I need not be alarmed, as they were friends, and would do all in their power to protect me. I was taken home by one of them, and treated with the utmost kindness; and at night he took me in a wagon, and carried me some distance on my way to Harrisburg, where he said I should meet with friends.

He told me that I had better go directly to Philadelphia, as there would be less danger of my being discovered and retaken there than in the country, and there were a great many persons there who would exert themselves to secure me from the slaveholders. In parting he cautioned me against conversing or stopping with any man on the road, unless he wore a plain straight collar on a round coat, and said, "thee," and "thou." By following his directions I arrived safely in Philadelphia, having been kindly entertained and assisted on my journey, by several benevolent gentlemen and ladies, whose compassion for the way-worn and hunted stranger I shall never forget, and whose names will always be dear to me. On reaching Philadelphia, I was visited by a large number of the Abolitionists, and friends of the colored people, who, after hearing my story, thought it would not be safe for me to remain in any part of the United States. I remained in Philadelphia a few days; and then a gentleman came

on to New-York with me, I being considered on board the Steam-boat, and in the cars, as his servant. I arrived at New-York, on the 1st of January. The sympathy and kindness which I have every where met with since leaving the slave states, has been the more grateful to me because it was in a great measure unexpected. The slaves are always told that if they escape into a free state, they be will seized and put in prison, until their masters send for them. I had heard Huckstep and the other overseers occasionally speak of the Abolitionists, but I did not know or dream that they were the friends of the slave. Oh, if the miserable men and women, now toiling on the plantations of Alabama, could know that thousands in the free states are praying and striving for their deliverance, how would the glad tidings be whispered from cabin to cabin, and how would the slave-mother as she watches over her infant, bless God, on her knees, for the hope that this child of her day of sorrow, might never realize in stripes, and toil, and grief unspeakable, what it is to be a slave!

PEACE ON EARTH.—One of the most interesting passages of Riley's narrative is the account of an interview between the Captain and a Moor, whom he met immediately upon coming off the desert. The Captain and his companions, while wandering with the Arabs had frequently been termed 'Christian dogs,' and every kind of insult had been piled upon their heads, because they were not Mussulmen. This Moor appeared to be endowed with extraordinary wisdom, and told Captain Riley that we were all the Children of one Father, whether Christian, Mahomedan, or Pagan—that we were all brethren, and equally under the care of Heaven. It would seem that this Moor was even more enlightened than most men in Christian lands. There is but little excuse for the professed believer in Christ, however, when he permits the bitterness of sectarianism to seal his heart against his neighbor. It is evident that one of the principal objects of Jesus Christ was to break down the partition wall which sectarianism had reared between the Jews and the Gentile—to destroy caste and exclusiveness and restore to the human family that feeling of Universal brotherhood without which religion is but a name, often productive of more harm than good. How severely did he reprove the bigoted Pharisees, who, wrapped up in their self-righteousness, looked upon the publicans as vastly their inferiors, as if a *knowledge* of the law were of more importance than *obedience* to it.

The parable of the good Samaritan, no doubt, offended the high professors among the Jews—and the Samaritan woman was surprised that Jesus being a Jew should converse with her. In order to reprove their sectarianism, Jesus told the Jews that all were not of Abraham who were called Abraham; and by many parables and in his own conduct, he taught them that the grace of God was not penned up and confined by any of the arbitrary boundaries which men in their selfishness and their short sighted malice had set up.

On one occasion his disciples came to him and said, 'We saw one casting out devils that followed not with us, and we forbade him.'

That was equivalent to saying—'one who does not worship at our church,' or 'who does not believe in our religion.'

But the reply of Jesus was one that would sit uneasily on the minds of some at the present day of light, and superior knowledge. 'Let him alone, for he who is not against us is for us.'

The Jews made a great parade about their descent from Abraham, but Jesus told them plainly that they were not Abraham's children, because they did not the works of Abraham.

Although Peter had been much in the presence of Jesus and had listened to his words, yet he was not prepared, save by a vision, to adopt the sentiment that 'God is no respecter of persons: but, in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.'

It is too common to overlook this important part of Christ's mission—the breaking down of the partitions that prejudice, pride, selfishness, and bigotry have built up. While the Christians were persecuted—while their faith was kept lively and active, they bore in mind the words of their Great Teacher; but when power and influence were added to the church, when it became an object to the worldly minded to be a Christian, the apostacy commenced, and the church soon lost its original purity and excellence. It will never recover itself until recurrence is had to first principles; until flinging aside the tradition of men, we go back to the simple teachings of Jesus, the most important of which is the Universal Brotherhood of mankind.—*Boston Pearl and Galaxy.*

SIMPLICITY.—All the works of God are admirable, whether we consider them in reference to the wisdom of their contrivance, or the beneficence displayed in their ends. But notwithstanding the wisdom and benignity which meets us, and excites our wonder at every step we advance in the kingdoms of nature or grace, there is nothing more remarkable than the simplicity of the means by which God is pleased to accomplish his purposes. Examples of the simplicity of wisdom are ever at hand. The exhalations and clouds, which water and refresh the earth, rise and descend through the agency of heat alone. All the winds, from the gentle zephyr that plays upon the water at eventide, to the

hurricane that uproots the sturdiest trees, and sweeps away the labored monuments of man, are produced by one and the same cause—heat.

Even that singular phenomenon, the waterspout, may be ascribed in some measure, if not altogether, to some modification in the agency of heat; for it is sometimes attended with an extraordinary depression of temperature, as the writer once experienced in the Southern Pacific. To turn our eyes from the sublimer objects of nature to those that seem less assuming, we see the honey-suckle twining round the neighboring shrubs simply through the action of heat upon the sides exposed to the influence, just as a sheet of paper bends when held to the fire.

As one of the most familiar instances of simplicity of contrivance, we might cite the aspen. Had it been proposed as a problem, to find what should be the nature of a leaf that would quiver in the slightest possible agitation of the air, it could not have been more clearly solved than by the mere inspection of the leaf and its leaf-stalk.

If the aspen leaf were held up in the hand so that its edges pointed north and south, the edges of the stalk would point east and west; but in the leaf of the elm, both the leaf and the stalk would point in the same direction; or, as commonly explained, the plain or level of the leaf is exactly perpendicular to the plain of the foot-stalk.

These instances, with a countless multitude of others which might be drawn from all quarters of creation, suggest to us the wisdom and propriety of making simplicity the reigning principle of our lives. Our plans should be simple; the means selected for carrying them into execution, simple; the whole bent and tenor of our conduct in prosecuting them, simple. The student in literature or science will find that his proficiency is comprehensive and well founded, in proportion to the simplicity of the method pursued. The Christian, whose heart is longing for the solution of some difficulties, or a right apprehension of things hard to be understood, will find them in patient and simple study of the word of God: and the man who desires to be saved from the punishment of hell, and inherit the kingdom of heaven, must cast away the complexities of all other systems, and rely alone on the simplicity which there is in Christ. Happy the hearts that "in simplicity and godly sincerity, by the grace of God, have their conversation in the world." 2 Cor. i: 12.—*Methodist Protestant.*

SOCIETY.—When neighbors dwell together in peace, visit in friendship, converse for useful improvement, or harmless amusement, take part in each other's prosperity and adversity, concur in the government of their families, are candid to excuse and careful to conceal each other's casual or accidental failings; studious not to form real and dangerous faults; who abide in their calling, and quietly pursue their own business, and meddle not with the temporary concerns of others, a blessing will attend their labors, and success will smile upon their designs. Their intercourse will be easy, pleasant, and virtuous; and a foundation will be laid for the happiness of succeeding generations. But if each is bound up within himself, and looks with indifference on all around him, or beholds his inferior with contempt, and his superior with envy; if every meeting is filled with impertinent and angry controversy, and every visit employed in tattling and backbiting, if neighbor defames neighbor, and each watches for advantage against the other—if an acquaintance receives you with feigned smiles of pleasure and friendly greetings, and debases your character when your back is turned; if every brother will endeavor to supplant, and every neighbor to walk in slander, one had better flee to the solitary mountains, and dwell alone in the earth.

IS THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE A FAILURE?—In October last as the train of cars between Philadelphia and New-York stopped at the half-way place, while the locomotive and tender were being supplied with wood and water, several of the passengers got out to stretch their limbs and look round. In the apartment where our informant sat, (a valuable member of the legislature of New-York,) was a red-faced, "genteel wine-drinker;" and within a few feet of them, in full sight, was the bar, 'with all that could tempt the eye and please the depraved taste' of the quaffer of alcoholic stimulus. Said the genteel wine-drinker to an intelligent looking young man, "Friend, just pass this sip, and tell the bar-keeper to hand me a glass of his best Madeira;" who with a low bow replied, "Excuse me, sir; I am pledged not to furnish it to others, as well as not to use it myself." A slight blush, and a bite of the lip, and the sixpence was returned to the pocket. But soon it was between thumb and finger, and extended toward another passenger who was walking by, with "Please, sir, hand this sip and order me a glass of wine." "Sir," said the fellow passenger, "I think it wrong to drink poison, and cannot, therefore, be a partaker with you, sir." A deep-crimson suffused his cheek: and a curl of the lip, indicative of deep chagrin, marked the countenance of the wine-drinker. At that moment the cry, "All aboard! all aboard!" was heard. The sip still remained clenched between the thumb and finger of the red-faced gentleman, and he evidently was very unwilling to lose his accustomed stimulus; so, with the cry "All aboard!" he laid his hand,

with a sip in it, on the shoulder of a very pleasant-looking young man, who was standing between him and the bar, and said, "Just pass this; and order me a glass of wine, quick!" With a smile of conscious superiority, the young gentleman replied; "I am in the situation of the two gentleman you have already asked." Our informant, the Hon. F. G. is also a "cold water man." The wine-drinker sat pensive, and made no further attempt to procure alcoholic stimulus, until they arrived at New-York. We hope he did not then, and never more will. Firmness, coupled with gentlemanly decision, on the part of the friends of Temperance, especially when they travel and mingle with their fellow-men, would do much to correct the fashion, as it regards the use of intoxicating drink.—*Alb. Temp. Rec.*

For the Pearl.

SCOTTISH SCENERY. No. 5.

CARTLANE CRAGS.

"The auld lang-leggit bridge" deserves a song—
Spanning across the dark and deep ravine
Upon whose sides precipitous are seen
The varied hues of foliage which belong
To birch and pine and smiling evergreen—
Beyond the bridge is shown the moss grown cave
Where legend says Sir William Wallace brave
Lurk'd 'mongst the crags by prying foes unseen.
Below the fertile vale and banks of Clyde
Are in luxuriance spread—the rapid tide,
Fed in its progress by a thousand rills—
From distant mountains and adjacent hills—
A glowing landscape—full of loveliness—
A page from Nature in its brightest dress.

C

NATIONAL CONFIDENCE.—"There never was, and probably never will be, said Captain Mornington, 'so powerful an example of the influence of national confidence and courtesy, remaining unimpaired even during the continuance of a ferocious engagement, as that which Talavera exhibits. All morning the battle raged, and the day assault was as unsuccessful as the night attack had proved. Both armies had lain upon the ground, but none had slept—the trooper with his horse's bridle round his arm—the soldier in momentary expectation of a fresh attempt, listened in every noise for the enemy's approach. No wonder then that a sultry day in July found both sides overcome with heat and hunger—and by a sort of common consent, long before noon, hostilities ceased, and the French cooked their dinners, while the English had wine and bread served out. Then it was that a curious scene ensued. A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause that the heat of the weather and the weariness of the troops produced, both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other, fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other like old acquaintances, and exchanged their brandy-flasks and wine-skins. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would appear more like an allied force, than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed—the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard-contested field; and, to the honour of both be it told, each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies without distinction. Suddenly—the bugles sounded—the drums beat to arms—many of the rival soldiery shook hands and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes after they were again at the bayonet's point."—*From the Bivouac.*

HELPLESSNESS OF WOMAN.—There is a beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching—timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough, for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact; and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach.

Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place; woman has hers to seek,—and, alas! I fear me, that however he may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers to the last; until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home, where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest.

The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity: we have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence, with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on amid the heat and the hurry of existence with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home-affection.—*Miss Pardoe.*

From the Boston Liberator.

One who ministers at the altar, in this city—with whose poetic genius both Europe and America, are familiar—pours forth the emotions of his soul, in view of the fearful scenes at Philadelphia, in the following spirit-stirring verses.

THE TOCSIN.

Wake! children of the men who said,
‘All are born free!’—Their spirits come
Back to the places where they bled
In Freedom's holy martyrdom,
And stand you sleeping on their graves,
And hugging there your chains,—ye slaves!

Ay—slaves of slaves! What, sleep ye yet,
And dream of Freedom, while ye sleep?
Ay—dream, while Slavery's foot is set
So firmly on your necks,—while deep
The chain her quivering flesh endures
Gnaws, like a cancer, into yours!—

Ha! say ye that I've falsely spoken,
Calling ye slaves?—Then prove ye're not!
Work a free press!—ye'll see it broken:
Stand to defend it!—ye'll be shot.—
O yes! but people should not dare
Print what 'the brotherhood' wont bear!—

Then from your lips let words of grace,
Gleaned from the Holy Bible's pages,
Fall, while ye're pleading for a race
Whose blood has flowed thro' chains for ages;—
And pray—Lord, let thy kingdom come!
And see if ye're not stricken dumb.

Yes, men of God! ye may not speak
As, by the word of God, ye're bidden;—
By the press'd lip,—the blanching cheek,
Ye feel yourselves rebuked and chidden;
And if ye're not cast out, ye fear it:—
And why?—The brethren' will not bear it.

Since, then, through pulpit, or through press,
To prove your freedom ye're not able,
Go,—like the Sun of Righteousness,
By wise men honoured,—to a stable!
Bend there to Liberty your knee!
Say there that God made all men free!

Even there,—ere Freedom's vows ye've plighted,
Ere of her form ye've caught a glimpse,
Even there, are fires infernal lighted,
And ye're driven out by Slavery's imp.
Ah, well!—so persecuted they
The prophets' of a former day!

Go, then, and build yourselves a hall,
To prove ye are not slaves, but men:
Write 'FREEDOM' on its towering wall!
Baptize it in the name of PENN;
And give it to Her holy cause,
Beneath the Aegis of her laws:—

Within, let Freedom's anthem swell;
And, while your hearts begin to throb,
And burn within you—Hark! the yell—
The torch—the torrent of the Mob;—
They're Slavery's troops that round you sweep,
And leave your hall a smouldering heap!

At Slavery's beck, the prayers ye urge
On your own servants, through the door
Of your own senate,—that the scourge
May gash your brother's back no more,
Are trampled underneath their feet,
While ye stand praying in the street!

At Slavery's beck, ye send your sons
To hunt down Indian wives or maids,
Doomed to the lash—Yes, and their bones,
Whitening mid swamps and everglades,
Where no friend goes to give them graves,
Prove that ye are not Slavery's slaves!

At Slavery's beck, the very hands
Ye lift to Heaven, to swear ye're free,
Will break a truce, to seize the lands
Of Seminole or Cherokee!
Yes—tear a flag, that tartar hordes
Respect, and shield it with their swords:

Vengeance is thine, Almighty God!
To pay it hath thy justice bound thee:
Even now, I see thee take thy rod:
Thy thunders, leashed and growling round thee—
Slip them not yet, in mercy!—Deign
Thy wrath yet longer to restrain!—

Or—let thy kingdom, Slavery, come!
Let Church, let State, receive thy chain!
Let pulpit, press, and hall be dumb,
If so 'the brotherhood' ordain!
The Moss her own indignant spirit
Shall still speak out; and men shall hear it.

Yes:—while, at Concord, there's a stone
That she can strike her fire from still;
While there's a shaft at Lexington,
Or half a one on Bunker's Hill,
There shall she stand and strike her lyre,
And Truth and Freedom shall stand by her.

But should she thence by mobs be driven,
For purer heights she'll plume her wing.—
Spurning a land of slaves, to heaven
She'll soar,—where she can safely sing.—
God of our fathers, speed her thither!
God of the free,—let me go with her!

OLD MADELAINE,

AN INCIDENT AT HONFLEUR.—BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

*** We left the chapel, and in the porch were again assailed by the supplications of the maimed, the halt and the blind, vociferous for charity, and exposing their infirmities to excite pity. The cross standing at the end of the promontory, relieved by the clear blue sky, had a bold and picturesque effect—for a moment emerging from the deep twilight of the shaded chapel, and seeing it in the full glare of a bright sunny day, it looked as if hung in the heavens; the expanded country on the other side of the harbor, comprising all that was beautiful along the coast, formed a splendid back ground to the simple yet glorious picture. It was an effect which no artist could convey to the canvas, however skilled he might be in his art. I never saw any thing like it, for after a moment or two, the cross seemed rooted as before on the peak of the toppling cliff, and the leaves of the beautiful trees by its side were dancing in the sunshine. As we approached, we perceived a circle worn on the grass at its base by the knees of the devout, who had performed their vows at its base: a little nearer, and I saw asleep beneath its shadow, her head resting on her withered arm, the self-same woman whose singular devotion on board the lone steamer had attracted my attention. She slept soundly upon her hard pillow, and her repose seemed tranquil as an infant's. The rosary was upon her arm, and her fingers grasped the cross. Her features looked still more aged and worn than they had done in the murky light when I first observed them, and her silver hair rested in snowy flakes on her wrinkled brow.—I wondered how she could sleep so soundly in the daylight; but she seemed like one who had both woke and slept by the waysides of life. I cannot say how long I might have stood and gazed on "poor Madelaine," had not a noisy set of sailors rushed trooping up the hill, accompanied by the great dog of the steamer, who was the only sage looking creature of the company. When they reached the summit they abandoned their noisy mirth, took off their hats reverently as they passed the cross, and entered the chapel. The dog appeared to recognise the old woman, walked up to her, moved his tail, snuffed around her, and as if convinced she was asleep, lay down at a little distance off. Two of the sailors belonged to the Honfleur steamer, and if they had a gift or a prayer to offer they did it quickly, for they came out long before their companions. The younger of the two advanced to the cross, and dropping on his knees, commenced praying with all his might: the other seated himself under the trees, and called the dog to him by a soft, low whistle. He looked good-natured (the man I mean), and I forthwith inquired if he knew the story of poor Madelaine?

"Story!" he repeated, opening his large grey eyes (grey eyes look unnatural in a French face, they have no corresponding features). "O, there is no story, it was a circumstance. Madelaine, I have heard, was a great many years ago one of the merriest maids in the town of Honfleur, and she won the heart of a mate of a ship, who married her before he sailed for the Spanish Main. It was the second week of August that his ship left France and his young bride, and she knelt by that cross praying for his "bon voyage," till the vessel was out of sight. She made a vow (I have heard tell) to our Lady of Grace—its nature I could never quite understand—but she believes to this hour, that if she renews it at the foot of that cross the second week in every August, her husband will yet return."

"She was a young and pretty girl when she made the vow you say," I observed, looking at the brown and withered sleeper.

"Ma foi, oui!" he replied, shrugging his shoulders; "but the hot sun, and sorrow, and, and—that was five-and-forty years ago."

And during the period of five-and forty years that faithful heart had retained its first affection!

"Was the ship lost?"

"It was never heard of. Madelaine had a son about five months after her husband left her—a brave garçon—and every one pitied the boy, for his mother little heeded him—her heart and hopes were on the sea. When the weather was fair, Madelaine would be up here on the lookout: when it was foul, she would kneel in the tempest, telling her beads at the foot of the cross. Years wore on, and she grew unsettled in her head. She would wander through *Bus Normandie*, or pass the river to Rouen; but the eldest person here says that she was always at the feet of our Lady of Grace the second week in August."

"And her son?"

"He got employment about the docks, and in the small craft on the river. He never married—never seemed to care for amusement—never cared for anything that I know of, except his crazy mother and this dog."

"That dog!" I exclaimed, remembering how the creature had

appeared to watch the old woman the evening I saw her first. "Ay he had found a pup, and when he was employed on board our steamer, 'Esperance' (as his mother would have him called), never crossed without his dog. One night, when we were about half way to Havre, he heard a splash in the sea, in another moment, *Vite!* and 'Courage' had sprung overboard. We missed poor Esperance, and we stopped and searched, and hung out lights, and did our best. We got the dog who was swimming and howling in the waves, but the poor comrade was gone: how, *le bon Dieu* only knows!"

"Did his mother ever miss him?"

"She was not here, Madame, when it occurred; but when she returned at her usual time, she looked about as if she wanted something. The dog knows her well; and what is strange, though the captain has taken him as his own, and four years have passed since his master was lost, the animal watches the water every time we cross the harbor, as if he expected *Esperance* to rise from its depths!"

"Does the old woman tell of her sorrow or anxiety?"

"No, Madame, it lies too deep for that, I think: when her own born child could not win her words or thoughts, we cannot expect them. Sometimes if she sees a sailor, she asks if any ships are in from the Spanish Main—"

He had hardly finished speaking, when Madelaine awoke; and then the grave old dog walked up, and licked her withered hands. She neither prevented nor returned his caresses, if so they might be called; and they seemed offered as a tribute of duty rather than affection.

My informant rose, and she rose also, and advancing with a hasty step to the sailor, curtsied, while she enquired in a feeble voice, "if any ships had arrived from the Spanish Main?" He shook his head. I could see the serge heave that was crossed upon her chest.

We retraced our path, giving many a lingering look to the cross and chapel; but I fairly paused as we descended by the carriage road, to gaze on that faithful woman for the last time:—and there I saw Old Madelaine, her hand shading her eyes, looking over the sea for the sails, that half a century ago had left her to return no more!—*New Monthly*.

THE GLOBE.

From Dr. Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*.

"The earth," says Burnet, "was first invested with an uniform light crust, which covered the abyss of the sea, and which being broken up for the production of the deluge, formed the mountains by its fragments."—*Theoria Sacta*.

"The deluge," says Woodward, "was occasioned by a momentary suspension of cohesion among the particles of mineral bodies.—The whole of the globe was dissolved, and the paste thus formed became penetrated with shells."—*Essay*.

"God raised up," says Schenckzer, "the mountains, for the purpose of allowing the waters which had produced the deluge to run off, and selected those places in which were the greatest quantity of rocks, without which the mountains could not have supported themselves."—*Mem. de l'Academ*.

"The earth was formed from the atmosphere of one comet, and deluged by the rain of another. The heat which it retained from its origin was the cause of exciting its inhabitants to sin, for which they were all drowned except the fishes, which, having been fortunately exempt from the heat remained innocent."—*Whiston, New Theory*.

"The earth is an extinguished sun, a vitrified globe, on which the vapors falling down again after it had cooled formed seas which afterwards deposited the limestone formations."—*Leibnitz Prologaa*.

"The whole globe was covered with water many thousand years. The water gradually retired. All the land animals were originally inhabitants of the sea. Man was originally a fish; and there are still fish to be met with in the ocean which are half men on their progress to the perfect human shape, and whose descendants will in process of time become men."—*Demaillet*.

"The earth was a fragment of the sun, struck off red-hot by the blow of a comet, together with all the other planets, which were also red-hot fragments. The age of the world then, can be calculated from the number of years which it would take to cool so large a mass from a red-hot down to its present temperature. But it is of course growing colder every year, and, as well as the other planets, must finally be a globe of ice."—*Buffon's Theorie*."

All things were originally fluid. The waters gave birth to microscopic insects; the insects in the course of ages, magnified themselves into larger animals; the animals in the course of time converted a portion of the water into calcareous earth, the vegetables converted a portion into clay! These two substances in the course of ages converted themselves into silex, and thus the siliceous mountains are the oldest of all. All the solid parts of the earth, therefore, owe their existence to life, and without life the globe would still be entirely liquid."—*Lawark*.

This, too, is the favorite mode among the German philosophers, of accounting for the formation and filling up of the world.

The earth is a great animal—it is alive; a vital fluid circulates in it; every particle of it is alive! it has instinct and volition, even to the most elementary molecules, which attract and repel each other, according to sympathies. Every mineral has the power of converting immense masses into its own nature, as we convert food into flesh. The mountains are the respiratory organs of the globe! The schists are the organs of secretion, the mineral veins are abscesses, and the metals are products of disease, for which reason most of them have a repulsive smell.”—*Patrin. Dict. d' Historie Naturelle.*

TO THE READERS OF THE PEARL.

The information given in the ensuing letters has been derived from a valuable work entitled “Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræ, and the Holy Land,” by an American citizen (Mr. Stevens) a native of, and a present resident in the city of New York. This Tour was performed so late as the years 1836 and 7. At the end of the last year the author returned to his native city, and since that period, four Editions of his Travels have been published. The 4th Edition, published by the Harpers, is before me,—and if the reader will enjoy even a fair proportion of the gratification I have experienced in compressing the valuable information contained in a certain portion of these Travels, they may be induced to purchase the work, which abounds in interesting matter, recorded in an easy, unaffected style, well adapted to the general reader. America, North and South, contains by far the largest division of this Earth, and as *one American only*, has ever visited the remains of Petra, and thus, having become a living witness of the fulfilment of the denunciations of the Almighty against Edom and its territory, and as he providentially escaped the frauds, perfidy and extreme dangers of a personal intercourse with the Arabs,—his work in 2 vols. 12mo. is worthy of every encouragement. If the Arabs were honest, easily satisfied and kind to strangers, many travellers would visit these highly interesting regions. Stevens was afraid to remain for *even a single night*, at Petra,—and the French travellers, Linant and Laborde, were permitted, by giving bribes of great value, to these sons of Ishmael,—to take drawings of the temples of Petra, splendid views of which have lately been published in Paris. The Arabs are “to a proverb” destitute, and miserable; they have yet to learn the truth of the maxim that “Honesty is the best Policy.” but as many nominal christians are equally deficient in the knowledge of that great truth, we can less blame the untutored sons of the Desert. The time may not be distant, when the heralds of salvation may be sent even to these men who still sit “in darkness and in the shadow of death”—mean time few travellers will enter these forbidden limits. As even New Zealand has not been neglected, so may not Arabia, bordering on Judea, the favoured land of Heaven. That all may know God, and him whom he hath sent to seek and to save that which was lost: is the hope and prayer of

Your faithful servant,

HENRY HAYDEN.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

PETRA, No. I.

“For my sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment. From generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it: and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech owls also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow: there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate. Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read: no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate: for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them. And he hath cast the lot for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line: they shall possess it for ever, from generation to generation shall they dwell therein.”—ISAIAH XXXIV: 3, 10—17.

Mr. Stevens thus commences his Narrative:

I had now crossed the borders of Edom, standing near the shore of the Eranitic branch of the Red Sea; “the doomed and accursed land” lay stretched out before me, the theatre of the fulfilment of awful prophecies; given by the Lord of Hosts to Esau, as the fatness of the Earth, but now a barren waste, a picture of death, an eternal monument of the wrath of an offended and insulted deity and a fearful witness to the truth of the words spoken by his prophets. I read in the Bible prophecy upon prophecy, and curse upon curse, against the very land on which I now trod. I was on a journey through this land, and intended to see with my own eyes whether God had stayed his uplifted arm, or whether his avenging sword had indeed descended from heaven upon the doomed land of Idumea. Keith in illustrating the prophecies against Edom, “that none should pass through it for ever and ever,” after referring to the singular fact that the grand caravan routes existing in the days of David and of Solomon, and under the Roman Empire, are now completely broken up, and that the routes to Mecca, from Damascus to Cairo, lie along the borders of Idumea, barely touching, but not passing through it,

proves by abundant references that to this day no traveller has ever passed through the land of Edom. The Arabs (Bedouins) who roam over the land of Idumea, have been noted by travellers as the ‘worst of their race, as robbers, and at war with all mankind.’ Mr. Joliffe calls it the ‘wildest and most dangerous territory in all Arabia, and the celebrated Burckhardt says that the first time he had ever felt fear was during his travels in this savage desert; that his route was most dangerous, though he had no kind of property to attract their cupidity, and was even stripped by the savages of some rags that covered his wounded ankles.’ Messrs Leigh and Banks, and Captain Irby and Mangles, were told that the Arabs who formed their escort were a most savage and treacherous race, that they would use their blood as medicine, and they heard also that 30 pilgrims from Bombay had been savagely murdered at Petra, the previous year, by the Arabs, and they speak of the opposition of these tribes, as similar to the case of the Jews under Moses, when Edom refused them a passage through his territory. None of these men passed through it, nor had any traveller done so save Stevens, who says the ignorance and mystery which hung suspended over this fated land added to the interest he felt thoroughly to explore it, but he scarcely felt confidence in his natural strength for so tremendous an enterprise, with the awful denunciation before his eyes that none should pass through Edom for ever. To add to his embarrassment his faithful servant refused to accompany him. Stevens now advanced to Petra through a valley in breadth from four to eight miles; on each side were vast, dreary and barren mountains bounding the valley like a wall; on the left were the mountains of Judea, and on the right those of Seir, the portion of territory given to Esau as an inheritance; and included in those rocky deserts was the excavated city of Petra, the “accursed and blighted Edom of Prophecy!” Idumea lay before him in rugged barrenness and utter desolation; like the Moon, no trees in her valleys, no verdure on her mountains, all a savage wilderness, an awful prospect of utter ruin. The beauty of the weather in some degree relieved the dreary prospect. From day to day the same savage prospect appeared. Crossing to the right they arrived at the foot of the mountains of Seir, and towering above all the rest in terrific sublimity, surrounded by a circular dome was the bare and rugged summit of mount Hor—the grave of Aaron, the brother of Moses the Prophet—visible in every direction, situate in the centre of vast ridges of highly elevated mountains, forming one of the landmarks of the Arabs in their journeyings through this terrific wilderness.

Soon after Stevens and his escorts turned in upon the mountains, at times passing small spots of verdure, contrasting with the surrounding general desolation. Towards evening in a small mountain on the top they observed an excavation in the rock, which the Arabs said had been a fortress. On a fine evening, gazelles were sporting in the valleys, and partridges running wild on the sides of the mountains, and they pitched their tent partly over a carpet of grass with the door open to the elevated tomb of Aaron. Before day the next morning they had struck their tent, and with provisions for one day only (we conceive this very imprudent) they started for the venerable city of Petra. The course was a continual ascent, the mountains as formerly were barren, solitary and desolate; as they ascended they became still more wild, and rugged, and then rose to grandeur and sublimity. Streams gushed from the mountains; the effect was beautiful, and sometimes appeared valleys of small extent where was a prospect of early spring. The ascent was very difficult; the camels toiled, and even the sure-footed Arabian horses often slipped on the steep and rugged paths. Here the Arabs had from time to time sacrificed sheep to Aaron, as their bones were heaped on the plains; the stones were black with smoke, the accumulation of ages. From the plain they wound along the base of Mount Hor, which commenced rising into a vast mountain. Not far from its base, they arrived at tombs cut in the sides of the rocks, and standing at the threshold of the entrance to the excavated city.

We will give a succinct history of this wonderful city “the rock of ages” (in a terrestrial sense,) the long lost Capital of the doomed Idumea or Edom, all the edifices public and private in which city were hewn out of the native rock—desolate as it now is, as was foretold by the Prophets. We learn that dukes and kings reigned in Edom before any king yet reigned in Israel or Judah. We also recognise it as the central mart to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious merchandize of the East, from which point they reached Egypt, Palestine, and Syria; even Tyre and Sidon had their purple and other dyes from Petra. 300 years after the last of the Prophets, and nearly 100 years B. C. the King of Arabia proceeded from his Palace at Petra at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot; entered Jerusalem, and uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the Temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans,—and in the 2d Century of our era, though its independence was lost, Petra was still the Capital of a Roman Province. After this period it rapidly declined—its history became more and more obscure; for more than 1,000 years it was completely lost to the world, and until its happy discovery by Bruckhardt in 1812, except to the wandering (Bedouin) Arabs, its very site was unknown.

LAVATER.

The following sketch of Lavater, the far-famed physiognomist of Zurich, is from the pen of the celebrated Helen Maria Williams.

Lavater received us in his library, which was hung thick with portraits and engravings, of which he has a considerable collection, forming a study of the ever-varying expression of the human face divine.

He is a venerable-looking old man, with a sharp, long face, high features, and a wrinkling brow; he is tall, thin, and interesting in his figure: when serious, he has a look of melancholy, almost of inquietude; but when he smiles, his countenance becomes lighted up with an expression of sweetness and intelligence.

There is a simple eloquence in his conversation, an effusion of the heart extremely attractive; he speaks French with some difficulty, and whenever he is at a loss for an expression, has recourse to German, which I in vain begged a Swiss gentleman, who was of our party, to translate for me; he told me that for the most part the German words Lavater employed were compound epithets of his own framing, which had peculiar energy as he used them, but which would be quite vapid and spiritless in translation.

The great rule of moral conduct, Lavater said, in his opinion, was, next to God, to respect time. Time he considered as the most valuable of human treasures, and any waste of it as in the highest degree immoral. He rises every morning at the hour of five; and though it would be agreeable to him to breakfast immediately after rising, makes it an invariable rule to earn that repast by some previous labour; so that if by accident the rest of the day is spent to no useful purpose, some portion of it may at least be secured beyond the interruptions of chance.

Lavater gave us a most pleasing account of morals in Zurich. He had been a preacher of the Gospel, he said, in that town thirty years; and so incapable were the citizens of any species of corruption, that he should have rendered himself ridiculous, had he ever, during that long period, preached a sermon against it, since it was a vice unknown. “At what a distance, thought I, am I arrived from London and Paris!”

One of my fellow-travellers, who was anxious to wrest from the venerable pastor his confession of faith, brought in review before him the various opinions of the fathers, orthodox and heretic, from Justin Martyr and Origen, down to the Bishop of St. David and Dr. Priestley. But Lavater did not appear to have made polemics his study; he seemed to think right and wrong, in historical fact, of far less importance than right and wrong in religious sentiment, and, above all, in human action. There was more of feeling than of logic in his conclusions; and he appeared to have taken less pains to examine religion than to apply its precepts to the regulation of those frailties and passions of the human heart, the traces of which, hidden from others, he had marked with such admirable accuracy in the character and expression of outward forms. For myself, I own, the solemn, meek, affectionate expression of Lavater’s pious sentiments were peculiarly soothing to my feelings, after having been so long stunned with the cavils of French philosophers, or rather the impertinent comments of their disciples, who are so proud of their scepticism, that they are for ever obtruding it in their conversation.

ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—A circumstance has lately occurred in the south of France, realizing a fairy tale. An old man, now aged seventy-nine, was obliged to leave France during the revolution. He had lost his wife, and left behind her two sons and a daughter. Forced to fly for his life, penniless and destitute, he passed the period of the exile of the Bourbons, in procuring a scanty subsistence in Italy, Germany, and other parts of Europe, and afterward served in the armies of the empire. Having returned to his native town, finding himself forgotten by his friends, dispossessed of his estate, and unable to gain any intelligence of his children, he resigned himself with content to all the privations of poverty, and, with a courage worthy of fewer years, endeavoured to prevent his becoming a burden to the charitable, by making himself useful in the office of a lawyer of some celebrity at Marseilles. One of the students in the office, who had travelled in Italy, was struck with a resemblance between the old man and a lady he had met in society at Milan. He asked him if he had a daughter, in Italy. “I once had three children, but they are all dead!” said he. The young man persisted in his inquiries, and the result was, a conviction that the lady in question was the daughter of the emigre. “Sir!” said he, “your daughter is alive, and lives in a palace at Milan. I know her; she is the Countess Ottolini Visconti, the wife of a dignitary of the Austrian empire.” It was true. Mr. Napollon had given his daughter in charge to a Milanese lady, when two years old. All his letters, written to her during his exile, had miscarried. He supposed her dead. She had been well educated, and the beauty of her person and the graces of her mind had captivated an Italian of a noble family, who sought her hand. She knew the history of her family, and had long supposed her father dead. She was made acquainted with the circumstances, and the result is an union of father and daughter, after a separation of forty-seven years.

HINDOO RITES.—The late Miss Winslow, under date of Madras, August, 1837, in a letter to a friend in this country, gives the following painful picture of Hindoo superstition :

“The natives have been lately performing the Churakeen or hook-swinging near our house, and a more dreadful scene can hardly be imagined.—The manner of doing this is by erecting a high post in an open place and crossing it by a long pole in the manner of a well-sweep. The cross-pole has cords at both ends. The man who has to swing has two strong iron hooks inserted in his back by taking up about two inches of the flesh and forcing them through. These hooks are fastened to the cord on one end of the cross-pole; a rope at the other end is then pulled down until the end on which the man swings is raised high in the air, (we judged about fifty feet from the ground, as he was above the tops of the tallest cocoa-nut trees near him.) When he gets to a certain height, those holding the rope at the other end, run round with it three or four times. As the poor victim is thus swung round, he throws flowers, betel-leaves, and sometimes fruit among the crowd below, which are eagerly gathered up and considered sacred. In two cases yesterday, they let off pigeons which they had taken up with them. Seventeen persons swung in this way, in the course of the afternoon. Mr. Winslow was very near to one when he came down; saw the hooks through the flesh, and witnessed the poor creature’s attempts to conceal the pain. Thousands and tens of thousands flock to these spectacles. It is like a great fair. Booths are erected for the sale of arrack, fruit, etc. The beating of tom-toms, blowing of horns, and constant firing of guns are never failing accompaniments, and all this is considered agreeable to their gods.”

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 22, 1838.

VICTORIA AND ENGLAND.—On Thursday next, June 28, the day appointed for the solemnization of the CORONATION of HER MAJESTY, Great Britain will present a scene of rejoicing and magnificence, unrivalled even in the annals of her own brilliant and far-famed history. The cheerful greens of her happy villages will display one universal manifestation of joyous and loyal feeling—while her thriving towns and populous cities will ring with shouts of rapturous applause to our beloved Queen Victoria. Throughout the length and breadth of the land not a mute tongue will be found—not a haggard or envious countenance will be seen; all eyes will be brightened and all hearts and mouths will be opened, to give echat and true glory to the coronation of Britain’s Queen. Certainly England has never witnessed such demonstrations of general satisfaction and joy as, without doubt, will mark the ensuing week. A beautiful female in the flower of youth, invested with the robes of royalty, and with the imperial diadem on her brow, will be the object of thought and attraction to unnumbered thousands. Every happy spectator of the gorgeous coronation scene will afterwards have occasion to say of the most beloved of all Queens,

“She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where’er I turned mine eye,
The morning star of memory.”

Hail to thee, happy Victoria! Thousands bless thee on these Western shores, and thousand thousands will pour forth to thee their grateful songs of love on thy Coronation day! On that day these distant lands shall be vocal with thy praise, and where’er the banners of Old England float, thy name shall be echoed, loud as the sound of many waters. **VICTORIA and the LAND OF OUR FATHERS** for ever!

NARRATIVE OF JAMES WILLIAMS.—“*American Slavery*,” said the celebrated John Wesley, “is the vilest beneath the sun.” Of the truth of this emphatic remark, no other proof is required, than an attentive perusal of the simple and unvarnished history of James Williams. In this affecting narrative the scenes of the plantation rise before us, with a distinctness which approaches reality. We hear the sound of the horn at day break, calling the sick and the weary to toil unrequited. Woman, in her appealing delicacy and suffering, about to become a mother, is fainting under the lash, or sinking exhausted beside her cotton row. We hear the prayer for mercy answered with sneers and curses. We look on the instruments of torture and the corpses of murdered men. We see the dogs, reeking hot from the chase, with their jaws foul with human blood. We see the meek and aged christian scarred with the lash, and bowed down with toil, offering the supplication of a broken heart to his Father in Heaven, for the forgiveness of his brutal enemy. We hear, and from our inmost hearts repeat the affecting interrogatory of the aged slave, “*How long, Oh Lord! how long!*”

And this is slavery! American Slavery! **REPUBLICAN SLAVERY!!!** It assumes the right to transform moral beings into brutes—legalizes man’s usurpation of the divine authority—annihilates the rights of conscience—discourages purity and chastity—encourages crime and legalizes concubinage; and while it

places the slave entirely in the hands of his master, provides no real protection for his life or his person. Yes, this is Republican Slavery! But softly, you must say nothing against it, or the trumpeters of the essential equality of man will denounce you a fanatical abolitionist! Nor must you discuss the subject of slavery in a Hall dedicated to “**FREEDOM, VIRTUE, and TEMPERANCE**,” for the consistent friends of liberty will burn it down! Aye, said one, in an ecstasy of delight at the late Philadelphia carnage, as the door of the Hall was shivered into a thousand splinters, “*That’s liberty, my boys!*” The abolitionists must be silent on the evils of slavery, or they are persecuted with a bloody persecution. Nay, not even ministers of the Gospel must lift up their voices against the abominations of American bondage, or they are suspended from their ministerial functions, as was the case with two only last month, by the New York Episcopal Methodist Conference. On the other hand, say as much as you please in favor of the institutions of slavery, and you are an honorable man! So are they all honorable men! The late Southern Convention of Merchants have published the following declaration:—

“Of all the social conditions of man, the most favorable to the development of the cardinal virtues of the heart, and the noblest faculties of the soul—to the promotion of private happiness and public prosperity, is that of **SLAVEHOLDING COMMUNITIES under free political institutions.**” With this unblushing avowal of their shame we leave for the present, the men-stealers and men-drivers of America.

THE STEAMER GREAT WESTERN.—Captain Tay of the bark Cambridge, arrived at Boston on Thursday, from Glasgow, reports that on the 18th of May, when in lat. 43. long. 50 30, he spoke the brig Madrid, Birkett, 25 days from Rotterdam for Philadelphia. Captain Birkett reported speaking the steamer *Great Western*, Captain Hosken, on the fourteenth of May, then in longitude forty-four—thus having completed half the passage in one week.

Congressional Ruffianism.—On June 1, in the House of Representatives, a fight occurred between two slave-holders, Messrs. Turney and Bell. Quite right in such men, for if a man may, with impunity, knock down a black man, we do not see why he may not smite a man with a white face!

The following is an extract of a letter dated Kingston, Upper Canada, 28th May:—

“The Rebels have again mustered, and it is said for the purpose of destroying the Welland Canal; the Militia are called out at Niagara, and the 24th Regt. are doing duty in the streets of Toronto. Things look squally at present.”

FROM THE MONTREAL COURIER.—By passengers arrived from Upper Canada last night, we learn that the new steamboat affair, of which rumour had made so much through the day, was much less than rumour had made it.—About 9 on Friday evening, it appears that the *Telegraph*, an American steamboat running between Ogdensburgh and Rochester touched at Brockville on her way up, with a vessel in tow. Just after she had left the wharf, she was hailed, and the captain desired any one who wanted to come on board to come out in a boat, as he could not come back.

No boat putting out, he again got under weigh, and 10 musket shots were immediately fired into the boat, but without doing any mischief. The *Telegraph* let go the vessel she was towing, and made off; and the men (two in number) who had fired, were seized, and their firing stopped by those on the wharf. One of our informants states that these men were volunteer sentries placed on the wharf; another understood that they were not on the wharf, but at a little distance, and that the people were therefore some time before they could stop them.

We are farther informed, that the captain of the volunteer company at Brockville followed the *Telegraph* in the Kingston, and explained the whole circumstance to the captain, from whom he learned that no harm was done.—It is added, that the affair has not created any considerable excitement on the American side, and that the two men had been arrested.

Comparative Statement of Vessels, &c. arrived at the Port of Quebec in 1837 and 1838.

	VESSELS.	TONNAGE.	PASSENGERS.
1838.—June 6. . . .	377	126225	723
1837.—June 6. . . .	256	83372	3193
More this year, . . .	121	42853	3190 Less.

A congratulatory Address from the British Wesleyan Ministers stationed in Lower Canada was presented, on June 7th, to His Excellency the Governor-General, by the Rev. Mr. Lusher, of Montreal, accompanied by a deputation of gentlemen belonging to the Wesleyan Connexion in this city. The following is His Excellency’s Reply to the Address:—

“**GENTLEMEN,**—Your congratulations are most agreeable to me, and demand my grateful acknowledgments.

“I have implicit reliance on your assurances of attachment to the principles of the British Constitution, in which you and all her Majesty’s subjects in these Provinces will ever find protection and encouragement.

“I shall not fail, in obedience to the dictates of that holy Christian religion of which you are ministers, and in accordance with the prayer of your address, to exercise the high functions entrusted to me with “justice and mercy”—Justice towards the guilty—Mercy towards the misguided.

“Your fervent expressions of loyalty to our beloved Queen are such as I expected to receive from you and from all who are sensible of the advantages of living under a Constitutional Monarchy.”

MOST DISTRESSING EVENT.—The Barques, *Fasque*, *Stackpoole*, and *Francis Lawson*, Mitchinson, arrived here from Liverpool on the 18th ult. The *Fasque* was loaded and ready for sea on Thursday last, but the *Francis Lawson* is yet up the St. Croix waiting for orders. Capt. Mitchinson came down to see his friend Capt. Stackpoole previous to his sailing, and went aboard the *Fasque* then lying at the Ballast ground. On Thursday about noon they left the *Fasque* to come ashore in a small boat with a lug-sail, and four hands to row back. There was a strong, variable breeze in opposition to the ebb tide, which produced a rough sea in which the little boat had enough to do to live. One of the sailors sat on the gunwale to windward, and whilst he was being cautioned to sit down, a heavy sea lurch-ed the boat to leeward and half filled it with water. All hands naturally inclined to the upper side, but the sudden reaction caused the sail to gibe and upset the boat. It is supposed that on being freed of the mast and sail the boat rolled round and righted; for when Job Gardiner passed near the spot in his wood-boat from Deer Island, he heard the cries of people in jeopardy and steered for that quarter, there being then a dense fog; when he discovered a man sitting in the bow of a sunken boat, another in the stern-sheets, and another holding on by the stern. The first was James Middleton of Montrose, the second mate of the *Fasque*, John Williams of Liverpool, one of the crew, and the third was Capt. Stackpoole. They were relieved from their perilous situation and brought ashore.—Middleton recovered rapidly, and landed quite hearty and alert, but Williams seemed quite gone and Capt. Stackpoole to sink rapidly.—They were carried to Mr. Driscoll’s, medical aid called in, and every means, we are assured, were used for their recovery. Williams speedily revived and is now doing well, but while Capt. Stackpoole was being undressed he suddenly expired. The means of resuscitation were however persevered in for more than two hours without success. Capt. Mitchinson’s body was found in the afternoon, and likewise the bodies of Wm. Keswick of Liverpool, and James Souter of Montrose, two of the *Fasque*’s crew.

This melancholy event has created strong feelings of sorrow for the untimely fate of so many of our fellow beings. The Captains were both young gentlemen of high respectability and great promise, of engaging manners and most exemplary conduct. It is almost needless to say that every attention will be paid to their obsequies, the only consolation we can offer to their distant relatives.—*The Standard, St. Andrews.*

THE CORONATION.—We are glad to find that preparations are making in this City to celebrate the Coronation of our Most Gracious Queen with becoming spirit. The Common Council, we understand, have determined to commemorate the auspicious event by a Public Dinner, and, that the poorer classes may enjoy a share of the good things, two Oxen are to be provided for their entertainment, one to be roasted on Queen’s Square on the Eastern side of the Harbor, and the other in the Square of the same name on the Western side. Preparatory arrangements for a Coronation Ball and Supper have also been made; and a Subscription List for a Regatta, to take place on the day appointed for the Coronation, is now rapidly filling up. To allow all classes to participate in some of the festivities of the joyous occasion, we feel confident that there will not be a dissenting voice in this community against proclaiming Thursday the 28th of June a general Holiday in the loyal City of St. John.—*St. John, N. B. Courier.*

On Wednesday last, a deputation of Ministers from the Annual District meeting lately held in Charlotte Town, P. E. I. waited upon his Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, to present the following Address:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, K. C. B. LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA, &c. &c. &c.

May it please your Excellency; We Her Majesty’s dutiful and loyal subjects, the Wesleyan Ministers of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, having assembled in this our first annual district meeting since the demise of His late Majesty William the Fourth, of blessed memory, and the accession of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to the Throne of the British Empire, beg permission by deputation to approach your Excellency on behalf of ourselves, and of the Societies we represent, to express our firm attachment to Her Majesty’s Royal Person, and Government—to the princi-

ples of the British Constitution—and to those noble and well tried national institutions, which have given Great Britain such preeminence among the nations of the earth.

Loyalty has ever been a distinguishing feature of Wesleyan Methodism; and we beg to inform your Excellency, that the same sentiments which influence the Connexion at home, do in like manner influence the Societies established by them in Her Majesty's transatlantic possessions.

It was therefore with the deepest regret, and the utmost abhorrence and detestation, that we heard of the recent Rebellion in the Canadas; and devoutly do we thank Almighty God, who has been pleased to crown Her Majesty's arms with success, thereby crushing the hopes of the unprincipled leaders of so foul and treasonable an attempt, and, happily, restoring peace to those distracted provinces.

That the Most High, who ruleth over the kingdoms of men, may ever shield our gracious Sovereign with his Almighty arm, and clothe her enemies with shame—that she may long continue to reign over a grateful, happy people, in peace and honour—and that, at a time very far remote from the present, she may exchange an earthly for an heavenly Crown, and bequeath an imperishable name, to the memory and love of future generations, is the prayer of
Your Excellency's

Most obedient humble Servants.

Signed on behalf of the meeting,

RICHARD KNIGHT,
Chairman of the District.

His Excellency received the deputation most graciously, although suffering from recent indisposition, and in a short Speech complimented the Body represented by those before him—upon the loyalty and zeal and usefulness which was well known always to have been the characteristic of the connexion both at home and abroad.

From the observations of the Quebec Mercury, given in a former column, it is apparent that the arrangements recently made by the Post Office, relative to the communication between Halifax and Quebec, have occasioned much satisfaction. We notice this with pleasure, but it should not be forgotten that some credit is due to the Post-master General of this Province, for his strenuous exertions, having personally inspected part of the route, during a very early and judicious period of the late spring, to accomplish so desirable an undertaking.—*Rec.*

ONCE FOR ALL.—The stories put forth by certain profligate and ruffian editors, about the 'ostentatious parading of whites and blacks, arm-in-arm, through Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, &c. etc. are purely fabulous, and coined for the basest of purposes. Nevertheless, he who would refuse to walk with a colored brother gives evidence that he is a murderer in his heart.—*Liberator.*

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR,
14th June, 1838.

At a Convention held this day, James Cogswell, Commoner, of this University, was admitted to the degree of B. A.

PASSENGERS.—In the Georgian, J. C. Hamill, Esq. Lady, and Family. In the Breeze, Messrs. Duncomb, Swaine, and Qr. Master M'Intosh, 93d Regt. In the ship Halifax, for Liverpool, G. B.—Judge Wilkins, and Lady; Miss Wilkins; Mr. Sturgess, and Lady; Mr. Shannon; Mr. Bament; 2 Master Murisons, and 3 in steerage.—In the Belfast from Jamaica—Mrs. Drummond and 3 children; Messrs. Hughs, Todd, and Smith.—In the Kate, Mr. Twining.

MARRIED.

On Sunday, by the Rev. Mr. Laughlin, Mr. Angus Campbell, a native of Iverness Shire, Scotland, to Miss Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. Peter Grant.
On Sunday evening by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. William Small, to Miss Louisa Lovett, both of this Town.
On the 21st ult. at Dalhousie, by the Rev. James Stephen, M. A. Mr. Joseph Nelson Verdge, formerly of Halifax, to Miss Amelia, eldest daughter of Charles M. La'Billious, Esq. M. D. of Maguasha, Chaleur Bay.
May 26, by the Rev. E. A. Crawley, A. M. Mr. Anthony Webber of the Windsor Road, to Mrs. Sarah Lordly, of Chester.
June 21, by the same, Mr. Elisha Bancroft, of Annapolis, to Miss Sarah Ann Austen, of Halifax.

DIED.

On Monday morning, in the 51st year of his age, Mr. John Pence.
On Thursday the 14th inst. at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, perfectly resigned and resting on the sure mercies of her Redeemer, Margaretta Susan, daughter of John W. Tapp, Esq. Ordnance Storekeeper.
At Rome, whither he had repaired for his health, on the 7th April last, in the 20th year of his age, Charles Andrew Scott, of Woburn, Roxburghshire, only remaining child of William and Alicia Scott, and grandson of the late Honorable R. J. Uniacke; this amiable and promising young man was endowed with more than ordinary talents, and impaired his constitution by unremitting application to study and literary pursuits.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday, June 15th—schr. Albion, Moore, Miramichi, 10 days—lumber to master; Lively, Vigneau, Magdalen Isles, 15 days—herrings; Esperance, M'Kenzie, do 11 days—do; Maria, Andit,

Carleton, 15 days—salt to G. Roast; left schr Messenger, Besong, to sail in 6 days; schr Maria, Gerrior, Quebec, 17 days—salt, to Wm. Donaldson; brig. Sophia, Hudson, Nassau, 11 days—sugar and coffee, to J. Fairbanks—brig Jané Seymour, sailed 7 days previous for Barbadoes and Halifax.

Saturday, 16th—Schr. Waterlily, Bell, Liverpool, N. S. 16 hours—flour; True Brothers, Slocomb, do.—lumber; Snowbird, Shelburne; brig Triton, Arrowsmith, Hamburg, 28 days—wheat, bread, etc. to G. P. Lawson; schr. Elizabeth Hamilton, Hamilton, P. E. Island—outs, alewives, etc.; Charlotte, Bridgeport; Speculator, Young, Lunenburg; Active, McDonald, Liverpool, N. S.; Placid, Harrison, Trinidad, 21 days—molasses, cocoa, etc. to J. A. Moren; Surprise, Cameron, Magdalen Isles, 12 days—herrings, bound to Yarmouth; Amethyst, Hilton, St. Andrew's, via Yarmouth, 6 days—shingles, to A. Murison.

Sunday, 17th—Gov. schr. Victory, Darby, Sable Island—deals. Monday, 18.—Schr. President, Odell, St. John's, N. F. 12 days, fish, wine, etc. to Saltus & Wainwright and J. & M. Tobin.—Left brig. Pictou for Halifax in 4 days; brig Belfast, Godfrey, Kingston, Jam. 22 days—rum to J. & M. Tobin; Hugh Denoon, Brookman, Sydney, 7 days, coals.

Tuesday, 19.—Schr. Ellen, Sutcliffe, Fortune Bay, 11 days—dry fish and herrings, to A. Bazalgette; Venus, Belong, P. E. Island, 7 days—lumber, to W. M. Allan—spoke on Saturday, schr. Victory, from Richibucto for Halifax; Royal Adelaide, St. Mary's—lumber; Margaret, Antigonish—butter, plaister, etc.; Acadian and Angeliq, Sydney—coal; Bold Jack, Arichat—herrings; Avon, Currie, Labrador, 6 days; brig. Shelburne, Liverpool, N. S.; Schr. Nancy, Vigneau, Quebec, 19 days, bound to St. John, N. B., put in for a pilot; Richard Smith, Langlois, Richibucto, via Arichat, 10 days, shingles and lumber, to J. & M. Tobin; saw this morning off Jedore 2 brigs and a brig. becalmed, apparently bound here; Eliza Ann, Smith, Miramichi, 8 days, salt, to Fairbanks & Allison; Matilda, Robinson, P. E. Island, 10 days, produce; Queen Victoria, Babin, Quebec, 12 days, flour and pork, to Saltus & Wainwright, left schr. Albion, to sail in 2 days.

Wednesday, 20th—Schr. Courier, Nancy, Gentleman & Angeliq, Sydney, coal; Mary, Gerroir, P. E. Island, 5 days—produce; Mary, Cann, Sydney, 2 days—coal; Stranger, Crawford, Lunenburg, 6 hours—sailed in company with brig William for the West Indies.

Thursday, 21.—Schr. William Henry, Barrington, herrings; Esperance, LeBuffe, Montreal, 12 days—flour and leather to S. Binney; Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B., 3 days—tea and 400 bbls. alewives to W. J. Starr.

CLEARED.

June 14th, schr. Meridian, Crowell, St. John, N. B.—assorted cargo, by S. Binney and others; Mary Jané, Spence, do.—do. by W. M. Allan and others; Stranger, Farrel, fishing voyage; Am. schr. Charlot, Lee, Pictou; brig Roxana, Jones, Sydney; Packet brig. Acadian, Lane, Boston—wood, etc. by J. Clark; 15th, brig Isabella, Riddell, Richibucto—ballast; schr. Abeona, Eoinan, Charlotte Town; P. E. I. assorted cargo, by N. Vass and others; 16th, Marie Dolphine, Hamel, Quebec—do. by W. J. Starr and Charman & Co.; Allison, Moore, P. E. Island; brig Breeze, Hurst, St. John, N. B.—molasses and sugar by J. & M. Tobin. 18th, schr. Trial, Williams, B. W. Indies, fish, staves, etc. by J. U. Ross; Rifleman, Hancock, do. do. master; Margaret, Furlong, Placentia Bay, lumber, &c. do; Emily, Le Blanc, Miramichi; brig Kate, Hore, B. W. Indies, lumber, flour, &c. by W. Roche; Packet ship Halifax, Cleary, Liverpool, G. B. plank, &c. by Halifax Packet Company; brig Heron, Smith, Porto Rico, ballast, Frith, Smith & Co. 19th, Sarah, Doane, B. W. Indies, fish and lumber, by J. Leishman & Co., Transit, Darrell, do. do. by J. M. Tobin; brig Mary and Dorothy, Teser, Quebec, ballast; brig Herald, Frith, St. John, N. F. boxes, &c. by Frith, Smith & Co.; schr. Sarah, Reynolds, B. W. Indies, fish, &c. by J. Fairbanks; Neptune, Stevens, do do by J. A. Moren; Esperance, Garnion, Montreal, rum &c. by S. Binney; Mariner, Gerrard, Newfoundland and Labrador, merchandize, by H. Fay, J. & M. Tobin and others; Cutter, Judge Thompson, Oderin, ballast by W. B. Hamilton. 20th, schr. Forrest, Swaine, Newfoundland, flour, etc. by Fairbanks & Allison; brig James Hunter, Young, Nassau, lumber, shingles, &c. by J. Fairbanks; ship Susan and Sarah, Oliver, Liverpool, G. B. timber, deals, &c. by S. Cunard & Co.

MEMORANDA.

At Miramichi, 7th inst. barque Sir Francis Bond Head, Hull; brig Themis, Portsmouth; 11th—brig Margaret, London; barque Carleton, Liverpool.
At Richibucto, 25th ult.—schr. Victory, Banks, hence; 31st—brig Eliza, Glasgow; 2nd inst.—schr. Dolphin, Newfoundland; barque Brothers, Liverpool, via Charlotte Town; 4th—brig Seraph, London; 8th—Jubilee, Bordeaux.
Arrived at Charlotte Town, schr. Annandale, Success, Jane Amanda, Betsey, Hugh, and Sovereign, all hence.
Cleared, at Georgetown, P. E. Island, schr. Venus, Belong, Halifax, At Pictou, May 30th,—schr. Gracious, hence; Eliza, Magdalen Islands. 6th inst—Elizabeth, hence; Margaret, Magdalen Island. 7th—schr. Robust and Bee, Halifax; ship Prince Lee Boo, Newcastle; Zephyr, Bristol; 8th—schr. Two Brothers, Halifax. Two Brothers, and Robnst, hence; 8th, Casco and Napoleon, Portland; LeGronge, Boston; 9th, Attention, Miramichi; 13th, Sarah and Phoebe, N. York; Pandora, Havre.
At Yarmouth, 9th inst,—schr. George and Sarah, Antigua; brig Sapphire, Barbadoes; Victoria, do; 11th—Emerald, St. Vincent.
At St. John, N. B., June 3rd,—schr. Nile, Vaughan, hence; brig John, M'Collum, London; Napoleon, Philadelphia; La Plata, Savannah—La Mar, (Jam); Harmony, Portafery, (Ireland); schr. Mary Elizabeth, New York. 4th—ship John George, do; brig Roseway, St. Kitts; schr. Lazy, Quebec; 6th—schr. Isabella Anna, Africa; 7th, ship Woodman, Liverpool; schr. Tigress, Philadelphia. 8th—ship Eagle, London. 9th—Henry Bliss, Liverpool; 10th Shannon, do. 13th—Beverley, Newry. St. Johns N. F. June, 9 sailed, brig. Improvement, Belle and Jane, brig Bermuda, and schr. Thomas Leon, for the West Indies.
At Arichat 17th inst., schr. Dove, Marmand, Quebec.
Yarmouth 14th inst. Reported schr. Caroline, Crouse, hence for St. Andrews. The Emerald left at St. Vincent 26th ult. schr. Eagle, Wilson, to sail in 6 days for Halifax; brig. Adeline to sail in 7 days for Yarmouth.
Brigt. Falcon, Dixon, hence, arrived at Havana, the 18th ult. in 15 days and sailed 29th ult. for Hamburg.
The Steamer Mede 23 days from Portsmouth, touched at Sydney a few days since and sailed for Quebec.

Liverpool G. B. May 14th.—Loading, Amelia, Halifax.
At Pictou 12th inst. schr. Henry Davenport, Johnston, hence, "The Placid left at Trinidad, brig Nancy, to sail in a week for Porto Rico, Brig Humming Bird; sailed a day previous for the coast.
The President left brig. Pictou, Clark, to sail in 4 days for Halifax At Sydney, 10th, inst. H. M. Ship Crocodile, hence.
At Labrador about 13th, inst. schr. Mahone Bay Packet, Edward and Margaret, Reform, and True Sisters, all hence; brig. Shelburne, Liverpool N. S.

Schr. Three Brothers, Burke, from Sydney for Halifax with coals, was lost in a gale about 6th, inst. near Whitehead—vessel and cargo lost, crew saved.
Savannah, 25th ult.—Cld. brig Mary Ann, Cockerel, Halifax. At Philadelphia, June 2—Brig Echo, Stevens, hence.
At New-York, June 5—Brig Lerwich, Yarmouth.
At Hamburg, 6th May, Pleiades.
At Wilmington, June 1—Brig Standard, Blay, Jamaica. Cld. schr. Oceanus, Yarmouth.

The Triton fell in with and boarded 8th inst. lat. 44, lon 56, brig Morning Star, of Belfast, waterlogged, starboard bustay in, long boat gone, trysail and maintop-gullant sail gone, no person on board, appeared to have been run down.

Boston, June 6th, Arrived schr. Eclipse, Amherst; 7th, brig Bee, Windsor, Helen Mar, do; 11th, Mail Packet brig Velocity, Healy, hence.
Cleared 4th—Royal Victoria, Yarmouth; 5th, Hope, do; 6th, Emily, St. Andrews; Retrine, and Comet, Windsor; Zealous, Digby; 7th, Albion, Windsor; Albion, Digby; 8th, Polly and Ben, Pictou; 9th, Mary, Hope, Windsor; Orange, St. John, N. B.; 11th, Lark, Windsor.
At Saint Andrews, N. B. June 24th—Schr. Oracle, Antigua; 8th, Favourite, Crowell, hence; 11th, brig Siermont, Demerara; ship Princess Victoria, Liverpool; 15th, schr. Dallahan, St. Lucia.

Cleared, 9th,—schr. Minette, Letony, Halifax.
Montreal, June 6th, cleared—schr. Esperance, LeBuffe, Halifax.
Arrived at Quebec, May 24th, schr. Babil, Richards, Halifax; 25th, Albion, Belfountain, do; Esperance, Gnyaboro; Bachelor, Day Chaleur; 26th, barque Royal Tar, schrs. Reliance and Hesione, Halifax; 27th, schr. Dove, do; 28th, schr. Queen Victoria, do; 31st, schr. Will Watch, St. John N. B.; June 2nd—brig Emerald, Cuba and Halifax; 3d, ship Consbrook, Liverpool, brig Naparina, Dublin; barque Eweretta, Hull; Arab, Cork; 5th, barque Usk, Newfoundland; brig Dover, Brest; Congress, Liverpool; 6th, H. M. S. Andromache, Captain R. L. Bains, C. B., Plymouth, with troops; ships Favourite, Liverpool; brig Lively, London; 7th, ships Lang, London; Brunswijk, John Bentley, Wm. Ritchie, and barque Calcutta, Liverpool; barque Airey, Hamburg; brig Branken Moore, London; Niger, Bordeaux; Magnet, Limerick; 8th, ships Aberfoell and Europe, Liverpool; 9th, barque Maria (Transport) Cork, with a troop of the 1st Dragon Guards; Andromeda, Newcastle; brig George Lockwood, London; Stamford, Hamburg.

Cleared, May 28th—Schr. Nancy and Judgo Thompson, St. John N. B.; 4th inst. Brig Horatio, do; schr. Dove, Marmand, Arichat; 7th, schr. Reliance, Bell, Miramichi and Halifax; 9th, Babil, Richards, St. John N. B. SHIPS OF WAR.—Her Majesty's Ship Andromache, 28 guns, arrived on Tuesday evening, from Plymouth, whence she sailed on the 9th May; she anchored opposite the town at half-past 9, P. M., and was reported on the following morning. The Andromache brings 110 men of the 24th Regiment, who proceed to-night at 12 o'clock, in the Steamer St. George, to join the head quarters in Upper Canada.

Her Majesty's Ship Hercules, 74, arrived yesterday morning off the Brandy Pots, as reported by telegraph, and one of the vessels that have come up. She has not, however, yet made her appearance here. By this arrival the number of ships in the Port of Quebec which are registered in the Navy List will be increased to six, making the whole number that have arrived here since the opening of the navigation, ten, including transports.

Half-past 3, P. M.—The telegraph announces a slip of the line at anchor off Margaret Island; this is, probably, the Hercules.
We subjoin a list of the Officers of the Hercules and Andromache, copied from the official Navy List.

OFFICERS OF H. M. S. HERCULES, 74.—Captain, J. Toup, Nicolas, R. N.; Commander, Colson, Festing; Lieutenants, Robert G. Waich, George EA. Leary, James C. Johnston, Edward H. Henry, Hon. Charles S. Clair, Capt. Marines, J. G. Richardson; 1st Lieut. Marines, Henry G. Morfiah; Master, Thomas Innes; Chaplain, J. H. Malet; Surgeon, O. A. Browning; M. D., Purser, John Taylor; Assistant-Surgeons, William Houghton, James H. Spence.
OFFICERS OF H. M. S. ANDROMACHE, 28.—Captain, Robert L. Baynes; Lieut. Alexander T. Goldie; Richard Studdart; 1st Lieut. Marines, Edward S. Browne; Master, George Pencock; Surgeon, Frederick Crellan; Purser, James Giles; Assist. Surgeon, David Booth.
The ship Lang, Captain Atkinson, which had been duly expected for a fortnight, arrived this day from London with Government Stores, &c. The principal reason of the Lang being anxiously looked for is that she has on board a number of the wives and children of the Grenadier Guards and Royal Sappers and Miners; the latter troops are coming in H. M. Steamer Key. The number of women and children on board the Lang is sixty.—*Quebec Mercury, June 7.*

MARKETS.—At Trinidad, 23rd. ult. fish retailing at \$6.

PRICES CURRENT.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1838.	
COFFEE, Jamaica good, 1s. 3d.	STAVES, W O Am. 250s.
Cuba, - - - - - 10d.	Canadian, - - - - - 250s.
SUGAR, Muset, bright, 40s.	American, R. O. 150s.
Ordinary a fair, 40s.	Canada, - - - - - 150s.
MOLASSES, fair quality, 2s. 6d.	Nova Scotia - - - - - 70s.
RUM, Leeward Islands, 4s. 6d.	ASH, Canada, - - - - - 150s.
proof 25 } 4s. 6d.	Nova Scotia, - - - - - 50s.
Demerara, 24 4s. 9d.	SHINGLES, long cedar, 15s.
Jamaica, 21 5s. 6d.	Pine, - - - - - 12s.
FISH, COD, mer. prime, 20s.	Laying do, - - - - - 12s. 6d.
Madeira, - - - - - 17s.	OILS, Olive, - - - - - 6s.
HERRINGS, No. 1, 25s. bbl.	Sperm, best, - - - - - 6s. 6d.
" 2, 15s.	Whale, - - - - - 3s.
Bay Chaleur, 15s.	Seal, Pale, - - - - - 4s. 6d.
Digby, - - - - - 5s.	Cod, - - - - - 2s. 6d.
MACKAREL, No. 1, - - - - -	Dog Fish, - - - - - 2s. 3d.
" 2, none.	BEEF, Nova Scotia,
" 3, 22s. 6d.	Canada prime, 60s.
ALEWIVES, " - - - - -	PORK, do do 100s.
SALMON, " 1, - - - - -	Nova Scotia, 90s.
" 2, - - - - -	HAMS, - - - - - 1s. per lb.
WHEAT, Canada white	LARD, - - - - - 9d.
German, - - - - - 7s. 6d.	BUTTER, Salt, 10d. a lb.
Barley, - - - - - 3s. 6d.	COALS, Sydney, chald. 30s.
INDIAN CORN, - - - - - 5s. 3d.	Pictou, - - - - - 28s.
OATS, - - - - - 2s.	Lingun, - - - - - 30s.
PEAS, - - - - - 6s. 6d.	WOOD, - - - - - 17s.
FLOUR, U. S. sup. 60s.	GYPSUM, per ton, 10s.
do old, 45s.	EXCHANGES,
Canada Superfine, 52s. 6d.	On London, - - - - -
do fine, 50s.	60 days, private, 13 per ct.
do middlings, 45s.	" 90 " government, 14
Hamburg superfine, 42s. 6d.	On New York, - - - - -
Rye, - - - - - 31s. 3d.	30 days, Sight, - - - - - par.
CORN MEAL, - - - - - 25s.	Sovereigns, - - - - - 25s.
BISCUIT, Pilot, scarce, 45s.	Dubbloons, Mexican, \$16.
Ship, - - - - - 25s.	Dollars, - - - - - 5s. 3.
RYE Grain, (nushel) 5s.	
BOARDS, W. P. 60s. M.	
Spruce, - - - - - 50s.	

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

She laughs and runs, a cherub thing;
And proud is the dotting sire
To see her pluck the buds of spring,
Or play by the winter fire.
Her golden hair falls thick and fair,
In many a wavy curl;
And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek
Of the infant English girl.

The years steal on, and, day by day,
Her native charms expand;
Till her round face beams in the summer ray,
Like the rose of her own blest land.
There's music in her laughing tone,
A darker shade on the curl,
And Beauty makes her chosen throne
On the brow of the English girl.

She is standing now, a happy bride,
At the holy altar rail,
While the sacred blush of maiden pride
Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.
Her eye of light is the diamond bright,
Her innocence the pearl;
And these are ever the bridal gems
That are worn by the English girl.

A SWISS INUNDATION.

For a long time previous to the bursting of the glacier, it was observed that the waters of the Dranse, which runs close to Martigny, had almost disappeared. Unfortunately, it was not thought necessary to ascertain the cause, until about two months before, when a few individuals ascended for this purpose; having some suspicions that all was not right. About ten leagues distant from Martigny, and sixty from Bagnes, near the glacier of Getroz, they found immense masses of ice had fallen into a narrow ravine, stopping up the course of the river by a solid wall above six hundred feet in length, four hundred feet high, and having a base, or breadth, nearly five times this capacity. Behind its almost impervious embankment the river had formed a vast lake, more than three thousand yards long and one hundred and fifty broad; having an average depth of seventy yards, or thereabouts. The contents have been variously estimated; probably, on a rough guess, above seven hundred and fifty millions of cubic feet, rapidly increasing, and every moment threatening to burst its barrier. An eminent engineer, M. Venetz, was immediately applied to, who undertook, with the help and self-devotion of other inhabitants, to drive a tunnel through this enormous mass, about twenty yards above the level of the lake behind. It was calculated the water would not rise higher before the work would be completed. On the 10th of May, the undertaking was begun; both sides of the wall being perforated, with the intention of meeting half-way. Two gangs of fifty men each were employed night and day. It was truly gratifying to witness the heroic conduct of these individuals, devoting themselves to the safety of their country. Sometimes large masses fell from the glacier causing a sudden swell, which threatened to burst through and overwhelm them. Its rise was very irregular; about two feet per day on the average; at times considerably more. In about three weeks they had cleared an opening of more than five hundred feet. Unfortunately, however, when the terminations were to have met, one of them was found considerably too low. Whilst remedying this mistake, the lake rose into the aperture, which began to discharge its waters. The perforation was completed in spite of these dangers, but, unhappily, was found too small; and the water accumulated above the tunnel. Nevertheless, the force and rush of the torrent soon widened its outlet, and on the 13th of June, the water was reduced to two hundred and fifty millions of cubic feet, leaving above five hundred millions yet to be drained off. About ten yards were already lowered, and the violent motion of the torrent, as was expected, cut itself a channel continually deeper. Under ordinary circumstances, it was supposed a few days would have discharged the whole, and brought the channel to its accustomed level; but the continual fall of water more than a hundred yards in height, had washed away and undermined the lower part of the barrier.

Gradually its projecting base grew less, and the terrified workmen expected every instant a total disruption. Signal-posts were erected, and watchmen stationed on the heights; watch-fires and cannons, to give immediate notice when the breach should give way; and to these precautions may be attributed the comparatively small amount of human life that fell a sacrifice in this awful catastrophe. On the 16th of June, at half-past four o'clock, p. m. a tremendous explosion was heard: the ice had given way, and, in half an hour, the whole accumulated waters were discharged. At its commencement the torrent was about one hundred feet in depth, rushing on with a fearful momentum. Charged with immense masses of ice, rocks, trees, houses, cattle, etc. this devastating flood, accompanied by a thick black smoke, arrived at Bagnes, about eight or nine miles, in forty minutes; at Martigny, twelve miles farther, in fifty minutes more; to St. Maurice, nine miles, it travelled in sixty-six minutes; arriving at the lake of

Geneva, fifteen miles farther, in three hours and fifty-four minutes; having run fifty-four miles in six hours and a half. [Worthy Mr. Roby does not seem to have been aware that this was hardly nine miles an hour, including stoppages—slow-coach rate.] The whole once fertile valley of Bagnes was now converted into a sterile waste. Nearly every bridge in its course, and four hundred dwellings, were destroyed. Thirty-four individuals lost their lives, either through fear or inadvertence. A great part of the harvest was totally lost, and about eighteen houses in and near Martigny swept away. The total estimated damage was about 80,000*l.*—an irreparable loss in this country.

It is said that the roar of the torrent was absolutely deafening; and the terror of the inhabitants was such, they left their all at the mercy of the devouring element, and could hardly be persuaded to return.—*Roby's Continental Tour.*

ESCAPE FROM A TIGRESS.

SIR,—I send you an extract from a letter I have received from my brother, Lieut. George Grenville Malet, 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry. If you think it worth while to insert it in your valuable Journal, by doing so you will oblige your obedient servant,

C. S. MALET, Capt. 8th Regt.

Balmeer, Jan. 1837.

(Copy)

"On the 26th inst. Mortimer, (her Majesty's 40th,) Reeves, and myself, (3rd Light Cavalry,) separated from the rest of our party to go to the Ghud Nullah, having been informed by our Shicarries that they had tracked a tiger in the morning; we were afterwards joined by Ravenscroft and Forbes, both of my regiment, and only armed with spears, expecting swine. We soon reached the Nullah, the banks of which, high and steep, intersected by smaller branches, were covered with grass and brushwood; to this we applied fire where the track entered, and then took our stations on foot; Mortimer on the right bank, nearest the fire, Reeves on the left bank, myself also on the left, with a broad deep branch and two or three gullies between us. There was not much wind, and the grass being green the fire did not come down rapidly; however, after waiting some time, a shot, answered by a loud roar, announced "the presence." This was from Mortimer: as she passed Reeves she got the contents of two barrels, and came on roaring furiously, evidently hard hit, and turned into the deep branch between Reeves and me. My station commanded the entrance to this, between thirty and forty yards' distance, and, as she came out after a short time and stood, I let fly right and left, and back she went. I reloaded as quickly as possible: on receiving another shot she came towards my position, and as she passed under me I fired the other barrel into her. I then supposed she would get into a deep little gully immediately on my right, so I went to the rear, mounted my horse—drew near, all ready. Low growls or rather moans were all that was now to be heard, and after some time all was silent. Ravenscroft shot into some brushwood near where I had last seen her, but there was no growl of defiance in answer thereto, and he narrowly escaped a serious accident: he had fired from off his horse, and in reloading cast the butt of his gun over on his left foot, he was on the point of putting in the powder when the other barrel went off, two balls passing his face without injury.

"We now tried to light the grass both above and below where she was supposed to be, but it would not burn well; there were some dry thorns near the top of the gully which cracked famously, and this was not more than twenty yards long—still nothing was heard or seen of the enemy, and we all began to be impatient, and of one opinion that she was dead.

"Seeing a native with a drawn sword going towards this gully, I got off, and accompanied him, wishing to look into it, if possible, and expecting to see her dead at the bottom. It was some twelve or fifteen feet deep, and the banks, nearly perpendicular, had long grass and brushwood growing thickly up them. By bending this on either side with the muzzle of my gun, I was enabled to see into it tolerably well, and was on the point of giving it up, when my eye caught sight of a patch of her yellow hide. It was no use firing, as I could not tell whether it was her head or her tail: but before I could make out a mortal spot to aim at, she was up and sealing the bank, roaring furiously. The native made off. As she pushed on, I fired into her—but still on she came; and as she gained the top, I aimed at her breast. You may conceive my feelings when she dashed my gun aside with her paw as I pulled the trigger; the contents flew harmless. She seized my Joe Manton—which, fortunately, is not injured, through it will always bear her mark—just above the locks. I now turned to run for it; and then Reeves proved himself the friend in need; he was standing on the opposite bank of the deep branch before-mentioned, full thirty yards from me: ere I had gained five paces she sprang upon me. Until I had turned, my body was between Reeves and her: and in the short space thus allowed him, he fired both barrels, both taking effect—one striking her in the spine caused instantaneous death. I, of course, was underneath her; she was very heavy; and as I struggled, it came across me to lie still (as poor Woodhouse, of my regiment, did when similarly situated with a lion), but finding I rather freed myself, I worked on, and gained my legs, just as Ravenscroft came running to my rescue, who, by way of a settler, put

a ball into her head—and there she lay, a fine four or five-year-old tigress, with my hunting cap in her mouth. Only one of her teeth reached my head, and that but very slightly at the back; in fact, I may say that I escaped unhurt, having only one rather deep claw on my left fore-arm, and merely the skin raised by her claws on the back of my left shoulder.—*United Service Journal for April, 1838.*

CUPID IN INDIA.—Many years ago a gentleman of property in Bengal wrote to a friend in London, deploring the state of beauty in that scorching climate, and requesting him to prevail on some young lady, well born and educated, with a tolerable share of personal charms, to make a voyage to India, giving his honor to make her immediately his wife, or forfeit all he was worth. The gentleman who received the commission was induced to send his daughter, who, to a disengaged heart, added beauty, music, and every accomplishment. The fair one bade adieu to the black shores of England, and glowing with triumphant hopes, found herself in a few months on those of the Ganges. But, alas! the expected lover did not appear to greet her arrival: business had carried him some hundred leagues up the country; but foreseeing the arrival of the English fleet during his absence, he had provided for the accommodation of the lady in the house of a factor. Two months elapsed before his return; then, panting with expectation, he flew to his friend's, to throw himself before the future arbitress of his fate. Whether his impassioned fancy had drawn the lady in colors beyond those of nature, or whether the style of her beauty differed from the picture he had formed, it is certain he beheld her with a coldness almost bordering on aversion. The capricious god for once was uniform; the lady found herself as little captivated as the youth, and several succeeding interviews served but to confirm their mutual dislike. The gentleman finding there was no danger of the lady's breaking her heart for his perfidy, offered a compensation of sixteen thousand pounds to be released from his engagement, which was gladly accepted. The friend, who had been laying by for the event, now boldly stood forward as her lover, professing the most ardent passion; the lady was pleased, and the nuptials were celebrated. No sooner had the rejected beauty become a wife, and totally out of the reach of her first lover, than his eyes were opened—he was astonished that he had before been blind to her perfections, was seized with despair, took to his bed, and for some time was pronounced to be in a state incapable of recovery. If a vertical sun sublimates the body and mind to such extravagances as these, let us be thankful that we may have his beams as a glance, and be content with humbler feelings.—*London paper.*

PRO IRON has its name from a fancied resemblance to a sow and pig, which is given to the metal on running it into the sand. There is no doubt but the form was selected for its convenience. A Turkish ironmaster in Romelia from the same motive has adopted one which his brethren in this country of facilities would be long in seeing the propriety of: "At one league and a half to the east of Egri-Palanka in Romelia, we visited some very picturesque *cavages* established for procuring the octahedral iron-ore which is disseminated in almost imperceptible crystals in a decomposed state. A stream of water is made to fall upon the rocks to enable the workmen to separate the iron. The smelting of it is not less curious. The kiln is opened every sixteen hours and an immense quantity of charcoal is consumed. The iron is cast in the form of a saddle, that it may the more easily be transported on asses. These mines afford a great quantity of iron, which would be of good quality if it were properly treated.—*Bois's Geology of Turkey.*

SLANDER.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none that are actively engaged in the struggle of business life. Have a bad fellow in your employment and discharge him, he goes round and slanders you. Let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another, he goes round and slanders you. In fine, as we said before, we would not give a cent for a person that is not slandered. It shows that he is either a milk-sop or a fool. No, no. Earn a bad name from a bad fellow—and you can easily do so by correct conduct—it is the only way to prove that you are entitled to a good one.

A CLINCHER.—R. was saying at his club a few evenings ago, that during his travels in the East he saw a juggler place a ladder, in open ground, upon one end, and mount it by passing through the rounds, and stand upon the top erect. H., who was present, immediately exclaimed, 'Poo! poo! I saw another do the same thing with additions. When he arrived at the top he pulled the ladder up after him.'

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