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ON ENQUIRY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HALIFAX LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY, ON FEBRUARY 24, 1840.

By Rev. Richard B. O'Brien.

I fear that I shall have to claim a considerable share of your indulgence, from the very uninviting way in which I am obliged to furnish the intellectual repast of the evening. The subject which I have chosen is so comprehensive, and the relations, in which I had intended to place it, are so interesting, that I could well desire a state of preparedness more commensurate with its importance; but as my professional duties make such a thing exceedingly difficult, if not entirely impossible,—I thought it more wise to contribute a little, towards the impetus which public spirit has already given to research, than to refuse all co-operation, because I could not be as efficient as I would desire. In deciding thus, Gentlemen, I have calculated considerably upon your kindness; and, in acting upon the decision, I assure you, that I anticipate much more from the direction, which my observations may, haply, give to your own strong intellects, than from any information which I may add to the knowledge you have already acquired. In presenting you with a few precious stones, whose value you can well appreciate, I shall leave the setting to yourselves; and am certain, moreover, that the same light which teaches you to estimate their worth, will lead you to those bright chambers whence ENQUIRY has derived them for us. This is a consummation worth wishing for, and for which, I would willingly submit to some sacrifice. Yours is a society possessing many of the resources for such a task, and replete with the power of applying them. Could you be induced to enter into the edifice of investigation, I am certain that you would not confine yourselves, as I have been obliged to do,

"To the mind's first chamber,
Round which its young fancies wander,
Like weak insects in a cave,"

but you would search the unexplored dwelling places of loftier thought—investigate those relations of ours, with the world moral and physical, whose multiplicity, mystery, and variety, fill up the mind with one vast idea of the Power that established them; and, in the words of the unhappy, though gifted, being whom I have just quoted, you would from mines of magic stone draw words that are weapons."

It is a goodly sight to see the rapid advances that enquiry is making in our days. It speaks volumes for the diffusion of a profound spirit of examination, that, though few governments have contributed much, and the greater number nothing, to remove the obstacles with which the sciences had to contend; still, have we advanced more, in the last half century, than the most visionary hope of progressive excellence could have anticipated. During this time we have endeavoured to decipher the sacred records of the Hindoo, and to unravel the mysticism of the Mandarin;—we have pored over the ancient philosophy of Persia, and followed, for information, the wanderings of the Arab; we have sat down with the Tartar chief in his tent, and communed with the Egyptian at the base of his pyramid; we have put a tongue into the womb of the earth, and compelled her to make known her history, and we have summoned from her bosom the dead of ages, to bear testimony to the truth of those conclusions, which enquiry had before established. This is a glorious view of things. It makes us a connecting link between antiquity and futurity—a bridge across the chasm of ages, by the agency of which we claim communion, once more, with the generations which have gone before us.

Various as have been the pursuits of the learned, both before and since the Revolution of France, they have not been more various than the motives which influenced their research. The maxim of the Roman poet, "Money honestly if you can, but money at any rate," seems to have acted upon some; much a greater number seem to have been impelled by an unaccountable yearning for some species of celebrity, and the desire of depreciating every thing, however sacred, because now become familiar; a large majority, however, to the honour of the age be it spoken, seems to have toiled in the ways of obscure investigation, for the purpose of raising an edifice sacred to true philosophy, of extending the resources of the human mind, and consequently increasing the aggregate of human happiness. It is a consoling reflection, that, while a Volney and a Voltaire endeavoured to uproot the foundation of Christian hope, a Young, a Burton, and a Wilkinson, were found ready to go forth and conquer the daring aggressors; and that, while a Bailly was arraying the powers of a majestic mind against the God that gave them, there were found a La Place, a Jones, and a Wilfert, to disprove his assumptions, unravel his sophisms, and fling a new halo around revelation, which glowed with a brighter loveliness, from the ordeal to which she had been subjected.

Among the means adopted by infidelity to accomplish the end of

its vocation, was an appeal to those sources, ancient and modern, to which it was well known the ordinary vulgar could not have access. There is, in the human mind, something that makes it reverence a tome that locks up the knowledge of past ages. The imagination can spread its wing in the region of possibility to which such a volume seems to point; and the mind is generally of a character sufficiently visionary, to admit a half proved claim to antiquity, rather than deny itself the pleasure of speculating upon the consequences of the admission. It was a sublime and boundless sphere for contemplation, should the Hindostanic terms of its thousands and millions of years be established—what room for conjecture, on the revolutions to which men and things had been subjected, during that awful period? It was grand to view the philosophy of the Celestial Empire completed ages before the world was thought of, and to pore over the tables of a practical and finished Astronomy, long before the days of such modern personages as Moses and the Prophets. It was even sentimental and philosophic to view the mystic scroll by which the dead of the olden time told us the tale of their splendour, or their ambition, or their power. As no Daniel existed to interpret the symbolic phrase,—with so much the more security could we sit in the shade of the obelisk, or the pyramid, or gaze upon the Porch of the Temple; and, while with something like a pity for the spirit of the past, that in mystic hand essayed to speak unto us things, which we could not understand, we gazed upon the ruin, it was easy to imagine more than that that spirit had ever intended to convey. It was by appeals to the romantic sympathies of the young, and by supposing what was false, to mislead the ignorance of the old, that the illuminee of the last century endeavoured to overthrow the religion of Christians. The unfortunate Rousseau was one of the former class—Voltaire and Bailly of the latter. To a man reading over some of the works of Voltaire, nothing at all appears so strange as the repeated use he makes of, "it is admitted by all," in cases where no man ever dreamt of admitting; and, in some thousands of instances, through ignorance or through malice, he quotes from authors whom he misrepresents and mistranslates, to such an extent, that neither sentiments nor words can be said to belong to them. How he acquired the name of a learned man, or the influence of a good one, is now a problem. A French author, whose name I cannot remember, but whose work I recollect to have read, has written a commentary upon Voltaire. One half the page is given to the works of that infidel, and the other to a running commentary upon their contents; and, in my existence, I never dreamt that man could betray such an excess of ignorance, such a malice of disposition, and such an arrogance of mind, as Voltaire does, without exciting the reprobation of the world. Bailly was quite as superficial as Voltaire, whose parasite he was, and whose dominion he brooked, with as much slavish homage, as if he were a demi-god. This man abused scientific enquiry to the most extravagant extent. It is hard to believe him sincere in his professions, in fact, no man can be indulgent enough to do so. De Lambert was the first to expose his nonsensical treatise upon Hindostanic Astronomy, and his master, Voltaire, went well nigh impeaching his pupil of loss of reason. However the variety of our species—the number and difference of our languages—the phenomenon just then discovering in the earth—the history and chronology—monuments—archæology and philosophy of the eastern and early nations, were successively put in requisition to furnish matter for arraigning the Christian belief. It is easy to cover with the dust of learned folios, an absurdity which is itself pretty much concealed. A spice of philosophic parlance, and a little magisterial dictation, has a wonderful influence upon the uneducated and superficially learned of mankind; and such was the mode of lecture adopted by these men. It was his knowledge of human nature, rather than confidence in the cause which he espoused, that produced the impious boast of the arch infidel—"that the world was converted by twelve —, and that he would reconvert it himself alone."

While threats were being held forth, against the reign of true religion upon the earth, by those who knew not God—while the millions of Indian years were paraded before the world, and Christianity deduced from the Lamaism of the Ganges—while the hieroglyphic symbols were pointed out as the hand writing upon the wall, that declared Christianity weighed in the balance and found wanting—while the dynasties of Egypt were multiplied, and its early civilization exaggerated, until nothing was heard but the boasts of the revilers and the complaints of the timid—while languages, species, monuments, philosophy and all, were brought to bear upon the truth of "THE WORD,"—two classes of persons, I might say three, were giving more assistance to infidelity, than it could ever have acquired by the influence of its reasonings, or the patronage of its abettors. These were the extremely timid, who

refused to enter at all into scientific examination,—the greatly presumptuous, who anathematized the sciences, as the forbidden field of merely human wisdom,—and the partially ignorant who essayed to refute things of which they knew little. Nothing can be conceived of a tendency more injurious, than the refusal of legitimate discussion, or the pronouncing of a thing absurd and dangerous, merely because its first appearance may not be favourable to settled conviction. The latter, when coming from a source to which we are accustomed to look with respect may, for a while, interpose (to some partial extent) between the conclusions of science and their reception by the world; but it has been well compared to a dam, just high enough to stop the progress of a stream:—it serves for no other purpose than to produce an accumulation, and, by and by, will give double energy to the waters, that, bursting over their barrier, will sweep along their course resistless and majestic, rendered a thousand times more mighty, by the very power that opposed them. It is ridiculous to rise up and extinguish the light of established proof by a sweeping declaration that it cannot be. If Religion, or Philosophy, or Political Economy, be supposed fixed, unalterable, and inevitably true, yet deemed opposed to that which discovery has demonstrated,—the conclusions, that the plan is for reconciling them is not yet discovered, rather than that one or the other is false. But to clip the pinions of the mind—to fling a funeral pall of dogmatism over the light of the intellect, because your eye is not strong enough to view it—to sunder the communion of the soul with that bright world "where deathless minds do leave, where'er they pass, a path of light,"—is injurious to philanthropy, opposed to sound philosophy, and supposes God's truth to require an interdiction of the faculties, with which he himself has been pleased to dignify his creatures. It should never be heard of. The advancement in knowledge is one of the duties of our state; for if He has given faculties, he looks for their development. From every ordeal he will bring forth his Religion triumphant, "for truth is great and must prevail."

"The fault's not in our fate, but in ourselves," says Cassius, and the same may be said of the discrepancies, which sometimes appear between new discoveries and revelations; we are not able to grasp at once the various bearings of the objects of research. Examining one now, and another by and by, we behold only the distinct colours, from whose combination a beautiful whole is to proceed; and in the infancy of science, to crush its further progress, because we cannot comprehend how its first results do harmonize with our own conviction, would be just as wise as it would be for him who knows nought of the painter's skill, to refuse credence to the possibility of the portrait, when he beholds the half-finished design of the artist. Every experience we have had of the sciences, is a further proof of this position; and I am certain that the future progress of the arts and themselves will give it additional strength. At a period comparatively recent, the growing interest in eastern studies was looked upon with terror, by many well intentioned and pure minded persons, in every sect and persuasion. They imagined that evil minds would abuse such studies, and weak minds be turned by surmise. They feared and exclaimed. Thank God, they were unheeded. Enquiry has "rolled back the flood of never-ebbing time," stood alongside the Ptolomies and the Pharaohs; gone down into the catacombs and interrogated the departed; snatched a lamp from the table of industry to fling a wizard beam upon language that had been darkened for ages; evoked the spirit of intelligence from every century, and sea, and shore; and woven a garland, rare and beautiful, for the brow of revelation, from the flowers of every field of information.

I regret that, after every effort at reasonable condensation, I am obliged to abandon the most interesting portion of my examples. I had intended to take a view of the physiology, history, and language of the human race, and to shew how the discoveries in these, as well as in Geology, and Phrenology itself, tended to shew forth the proportions of revealed religion. But I find that I must abandon that task to some mind more able and more ample than my own; and select the best I can from the philosophy of the ancients—their historical monuments, and other remains. Whether these tend to explain an obscurity—reconcile an apparent contradiction, or answer a formally proposed objection, different in its nature from either, I shall account each and every one as converging to the great purpose for which they are intended.

Many of you, doubtless, are aware of the efforts which the learned world have been making to produce a hieroglyphic alphabet. The whole world waited with an intense interest upon the time when these written monuments of a once mighty people would explain to the earth the mystery of their origin. As I remarked before, it was a favourite resort for the appeals of Infidelity, and I may mention, as an instance of the exaggerated notion to which I

have referred above, that Volney gave the considerably old age of 23,300 years to the second period of Egyptian history,—up to the establishment of the Sacred College. The building of the temple of Eina, and the third period, he admitted, extended only to the modern period of 4,600 years before Christ. "Oh for a Daniel!" to read those mystic pages, was the cry of Voltaire. Well, as a great modern writer says, a Daniel has appeared, in persevering and intelligent industry,—but it is to read the Condemnation of the Illuminés.

I am not going to trace the various steps, by which the learned world succeeded. It would occupy too much of your time, and tends little to my object. To the honour of our country, he it said, that Dr. Young, an Englishman, Burton, who I believe was a Scotchman, and a gentleman named Wilkinson, have contributed much, towards the accomplishment of this most desirable of events. Translations of the hieroglyphic inscriptions are now made and being made, and as far as they have gone, Egypt is replete with its confirmation of the Sacred penmen.

It would be unjust, and might be well charged as an unpardonable prejudice, if I would neglect to say, that our neighbours the French have done more in this way than ourselves. Perhaps it is the utilitarian spirit, for which John Bull is celebrated, that influenced his economy: but certain it is, that, while the French and Tuscan Governments will always claim the respect of men of science, for their liberality to Rossellini and Champillon, and the pecuniary sacrifices which they made to forward the development of hieroglyphic science. John can claim no more, than having produced the private genius, that would have accomplished it but could not.

Not long after Champillon had succeeded, he wrote to Europe a most interesting letter on the developments, which were gradually taking place. He was anxious to remove an impression which had gone abroad, that his researches were unfavourable to Mosaic chronology. You will not be displeased with me for saying, that the letter was to the Pope, with whose blessing and encouragement he had departed for his Mission. He died shortly after, and Rossellini completed the work, which himself and Champillon had commenced.

The first matter which struck these antiquaries, and struck hundreds since their time, was the explanation of the Scriptural phrase Pharaoh, which every monument presented. Attached to the name of each King was invariably found the word "PHRE," the Sun; and thus they were encouraged, at the very outset, to enter with spirit, into the harvest from which they were promised so much abundance.

It was found, as they proceeded, that the names given by the S. S. to the Kings of Egypt, were being constantly discovered—and also found reigning, at the intervals which the Bible had noted for their sway. One remarkable reign there is, which explains an obscure passage in Genesis. I must claim your attention to it for a few moments. You will all recollect, no doubt, the advice of Joseph to his family, to declare themselves shepherds: and you did not fail to be startled at the reason which he assigned for this mode of conduct: that the Egyptians detested shepherds and persons of such a calling; (a strange reason for declaring themselves shepherds you would say.) The monuments explain it. It appears that this reign brings us exactly to the time of the "Hyk Shos," or Shepherd Kings. These, it appears, had seized upon the throne and expelled the native dynasty. As their profession was that of shepherds, it is easy enough, to see how the declaration of Joseph's family, that they were of a like profession, would endear them to the sovereign, and procure for them the favours which Joseph promised. But it does more. It explains the wisdom of Joseph's policy in bringing the whole kingdom into dependence upon Pharaoh; and we cease to be surprised at the subsequent detestation in which the Israelites were held. In addition to this, it appears that the Hyk Shos, on their accession, destroyed every monument, in those parts of the country, which were subject to them. Hence the region occupied by them affords not one specimen of ancient building. They were driven, however, from Egypt by Amosis, a native prince, who endeavoured to repair the havoc which had been committed by the usurpers; and accordingly we find the monuments of this dynasty upon the ruins of the older ones. How many generations the shepherd kings wielded the Egyptian sceptre before they were expelled by Amosis, I need not explain; but the reputation of those monuments which the "Hyk Shos," the last reigning monarchs, had destroyed, tell the tale of Hebrew oppression, and remind us of the merciful interposition of the Almighty in their regard. Here we at once recognize the king who "knew not Joseph,"—and that cause of wonder, that the benefits he had conferred upon Egypt should be so soon forgotten, is at once removed. We behold, clearly, that nothing is more natural, than the task imposed upon the Hebrews, of rebuilding the edifices, which their friends the "Hyk Shos" had destroyed; and we have before us the grounds of that regal apprehension, that the descendants of the house of Jacob would join with the enemies of the country. It was difficult to understand the language of Diodorus Syculus, who mentions it as an Egyptian boast, that no native hand had contributed to raise their majestic piles. This passage is no longer obscure. The old objection, too, that the books of the Jews could not be correct records of Hebrew history, from the omission of the expedition of Sesostri, who overran their kingdom, and laid waste their cities, is at once removed. The departure of the Israelites was at the end of the

reign of Ramses, to whom Sesostri succeeded, and they were, consequently, in the desert at the time of the expedition alluded to. So far have the monuments done their duty to religion and enquiry, given language to their symbols.

Let me now call your attention to Ezekiel. You will recollect how the Prophet declares, that the Lord had given up the Pharos to Nebuchodon, and how a king should not reign, any more, in Egypt. Herodotus was at one time triumphantly opposed to this passage of holy writ; for the historian mentions both Amasis and Diodorus, as reigning about this period. To a man of reason, who had measured the depth and solidity of the foundation, on which the authority of that dread word was based, the remark of a historian would appear of little weight, against the declaration of the Prophet. But men of proud hearts, and who had too much reason to be rational, were not so easily satisfied. Well, a hoary witness of nearly three thousand years has opened his dumb mouth to vindicate the ways of the Almighty. The monuments of this Amasis have been found, and in no one of them does he receive the title of king. "Melek" is the title by which he is designated; and this means nothing more, than one who governs as the vicegerent of another. That such is the fact,—that the meaning of Melek, in the language of the monuments, means no more, is quite evident,—first because, under Darius—where there can be no doubt on the matter, the son of Amasis bears the same title,—though it is quite evident, that he is only a Lieutenant; and, secondly—Rossellini found a monument, in the time of Persian domination, recording a person as "Melek of Upper and Lower Egypt," who of course, could be nothing more than a Persian Governor. From these two circumstances it is quite obvious that the threat of the Prophet, and the Word of the Most High are vindicated; for no king hath reigned in Egypt.

Supposing that I have said quite sufficient to convince you, that our progress in decyphering the hieroglyphic characters has been of vast service to the cause of revelation, I would not mention the following monuments, but for the varieties of scientific knowledge, which contributed their quota to vindicate that which we all hold so sacred. The French, as you all know, were accompanied during the late war, by men who lost no opportunity of pointing out to their commanders whatever was worthy of appreciation—and to do the commanders justice, they were not slow in profiting by the suggestions of the connoisseurs, whether they were slow or not, in regarding the claims of honourable dealing. Among other things which they picked up in Egypt, were two magnificent porches,—one at Esnah, if I mistake not, and a smaller one at a place, the name of which I believe is Dendera. To the first our Parisian Philosophers gave the modest age of 7000 years, and I suppose, for an exhibition of most especial moderation, they allowed the latter only something more than half such an antiquity. Bankes, a countryman of ours, begged of them to remember, that the most ancient columns at Thebes were bells upon fluted shafts, while these had all the magnificence of a more recent time. Letronne pointed out that the style and colouring of the pronaon brought them no farther back than the time of Tiberius. Hygot, a man of some celebrity in decyphering Greek inscriptions, said, that a legend over the Pronaon declared the painting to have been executed in the tenth year of Antonius, (for I should have said that two zodiacs were painted upon the porch.) Another found a Greek inscription declaring the temple to be dedicated to the safety of Tiberius. But no one succeeded in crushing the hopes of an infatuated few, who wished to give Astronomy and Architecture to Egypt, before God gave the world to man. Champillon, however, was all this time employed in perfecting his alphabet. He brought the light of hieroglyphic evidence to bear upon it; when lo! upon the Pronaon in deep and undeniable characters, stood forth, "Tiberius," and in another place, the motto of which he was so fond—the "Autos Krater" of the medals.

Thus, gentlemen, you may behold of what vast importance the progress of this recondite study has been to revealed truth. Filled with these stupendous monuments, the remnants of an age that was forgotten, and the evidences of resources which create wonder, Egypt wrote a history which she imagined such monuments might accredit. The pride of the human heart will endeavour to take advantage of any accident, by which it may administer to the prejudices, so interwoven with national character. Here were piles whose "date overawed tradition"—at whose base History folded up her page, as if in awe of their sublime antiquity—and whose brow told the story of by-gone times, in a tongue so old, that Time could not remember when he heard it. Why would not Egypt number her cycles of years, and fabricate the dynasties for which she could easily bring forward such hosts of probable testimony? Accordingly she had her periods of thousands of years. She had numbered the times in which the north star had made many revolutions. She had lived the six and twentieth thousand year again. The names of her kings were inscribed upon her records; and the tongues that lisped the giant powers of their day, were crying out in language of mystery from her temples, and obelisks, and caves. Infidelity took her by the hand, and welcomed Egypt as its ally. Absurd she might be in her notions of religion—barbarous she might be in her notions of policy—and pitiable for her degrading homage to the passions of our nature; but still she must be credible on this occasion, because she impugns the foundations of a creed which impugns the principles by which we direct our moral being. But the Providence which knows out of evil to bring good was looking on.

Enquiry was roused by the impeachment of all that was sacred to Christians. The cloud that darkened with gloomy grandeur the page of Egyptian history, vanished before the light of intelligence, and the Prophet that had been sent forth to curse the children of the promise, opened his mouth in a blessing upon them.

I fear, Gentlemen, that I am becoming tiresome. However, if you look upon these details, in the same important light that I do, you will not deem the exercise of patience, which I am exacting, in the present instance, misapplied. I would wish now to direct your attention to illustrations which the holy Scriptures have received, from an increased knowledge of the philosophy and fragments of the ancients. It will be interesting to us to behold how circumstances, which appear inexplicable, become quite natural by the accession of information—it will influence us to encourage enquiry,—and finally to bow with submission, in those cases beyond our comprehension, from the liability to error, which we discover in those things, that fall within it. One of the great faults of modern philosophy was, in supposing that every other historical record was more credible than Scripture; and instead of paying any attention to the positive proofs, which existed in favour of the Divine Word, and concluding from such proofs that discrepancies, though not reconciled, were reconcilable—they took the opposite mode, and because they could not reconcile the discrepancies, they asserted that the proofs of Holy Writ were unfounded. This was a most absurd mode of action: for you may perceive that a little want of information on their part, a little unacquaintance with the circumstances of the times, and the nature of the fact recorded,—a misapplication or misapprehension, might embody a discrepancy of this kind; and thus, for a fault intrinsic to themselves, they might condemn all the evidence in favour of the Word of God. It would not be much wiser than the conduct of an unlearned person, who, seeing some apparent contradiction, in the Newtonian system of philosophy, would say all must be false, because that he could not see how such a thing could be true.

Many of you will recollect, if I mistake not, the 39th chapter of Isaia, where Merodach Balladin, the son of the king of Babylon, is said to have come to Ezechiah, the king of Judea, whose vanity on that occasion is punished by the prophecy of the Babylonish captivity. Now we have positive evidence, that Babylon was at this time in subjection to the Assyrian monarch; for in the second Book of Kings, Salamanazer is said, about nine years before this time, to have distributed all the people of Babylon into other parts, and not many years after, Manasses is carried to Babylon by the king of Assyria. How then could Babylon have a king at this time? This was the impious interrogatory of the Infidel. In vain were the proofs of the veracity of sacred penmen laid before them—in vain were all kinds of probable hypothesis submitted to them—in vain was the common sense of mankind appealed to, as to the frivolity of such an objection: the answer was, How could Babylon have a king? Enquiry has answered them. In far Armenia a copy of the chronicles of Eusebius has been discovered; and this copy contains a fragment of the ancient historian Berossus. From this we learn, that at the very period of the embassy alluded to, Merodach was king of Babylon. A murderer of the governor Acius or Acus, he reigned six months, at the end of which time he was himself murdered by Ebibus, whom three years after Senacherib conquered and took prisoner. Now, that Merodach would endeavour to strengthen his influence by entering into league with the monarch of Israel, is quite feasible, and not only feasible, but very likely, because he well knew that Ezechiah was the enemy of Assyria, and one whose strength in a conflict with his own Sovereign, was a thing of immense importance. Here then, by the accidental discovery of a fragment of history, a part of the Sacred Volume, which before was wrapped in obscurity, becomes at once clear and satisfactory.

But by far the most interesting thing that it has been my lot to see for a long time, was an extract from a Syriac Book, much esteemed—in fact, the sacred volume of a sect of Christians near the Bassora. I had often felt surprised, and not a little puzzled, at the curious appearance presented by the proem to St. John's Gospel. You all must have remarked the extraordinary pains taken by the Evangelist to impress upon the reader, that Christ was "the light," and "the life," and that he made all things,—and the apparent vehemence with which he insisted upon three things relative to the Baptist: 1st, that he was inferior to Christ,—2ndly, that he was not "the light,"—and 3dly, that he was only a man. Now, this would appear, to one of the uninitiated, as a matter quite uncalled for. It would appear that the blessed St. John was insisting upon matters, again and again, which no one ever thought of denying. This Syriac volume, and the Gnostics who make it their rule, explain the enigma,—for you will be astonished to find them calling John the LIGHT and the LIFE, and the superior of the Messiah. Furthermore you will be surprised to behold them saying, that the world was produced by an evil principle; and complaining that many of its people have gone astray, following the Baptism of the Messiah, for what they call the Baptism of the light and the life, which is that of John the Baptist. This at once shews how St. John should insist upon the three things above, and illustrates most beautifully a thing, which to my mind was really obscure.

While upon this part of my subject I may mention, "en passant," that until I became acquainted with the fact, that in the parlance of Persian philosophy, to become a member of a celebrated sect was said to be "born over again,"—and until I knew

that the Pharisees were exceedingly imbued with this philosophy I never could understand the severe tone of our Saviour to Nicodemus, "Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not this thing." To a cursory reader it would not appear at all extraordinary that Nicodemus should not understand the words of the Lord, "unless a man be born again," &c. but so soon as he finds that the expression, as well that of "flesh," "spirit," &c. were all common at the period, the text is at once understood.

Before I close my remarks upon the philosophy of the eastern nations, and make a few upon Archaeology, with which my present lecture shall close, I am anxious to mention a curious coincidence between the notions of antiquity, as derived from the masters of the olden day, and the faith which we all profess at present. If in doing so I tread upon forbidden ground, the President of this Society will be kind enough to give me intimation of the intrusion, and I shall instantly retire. The Philosophies of nations, as has been well remarked by the writer to whom I am indebted for the greater part of this lecture,† are as much the representation of their mode of thought, as the features are of their natural dispositions. Their philosophy will be practical or speculative, clear or mystical, according to the circumstances which may have an ascendant influence at each particular period of their history. Hence, when we see a great variety of peoples, marked by a mighty dissimilarity of notions, and a great difference of education, commencing from principles either widely differing, or diametrically opposed—yet by a method right or wrong, consecutive or illusory, coming to the same conclusion,—we become struck with the innate influence—for what else can it be—which from elements so conflicting or so various, form a whole so harmonized and so unique.

The learned are very well aware, that Plato, in many places through his writings, but most especially in his epistle to Dionysius, makes mention of a triune God. Plilo, Proclus, Sallustius, and others, are equally clear; but it was not until lately that a compilation from the Vedas, the sacred books of Lamaism, that we could trace this as a constantly inculcated doctrine in the East. The antiquity of those books is a matter beyond question,—their alteration by Christian influence or by Christian art, is quite impossible; yet, strange to say, that in a book called "*Ouknehat*," the remarkable sentence occurs—"God is 'traboat,'" that is, three in one.

The indefatigable Abel-Remurat, whose name I find mentioned in almost every department of Eastern research, furnishes us with another singular instance in the Chinese work of Lartsen. This Philosopher made a journey into the West, at the same time that Pythagoras made a similar one into the East. I am not prepared to say, whether he is indebted to this journey, for the important dogma, to which I have just alluded; but I know that one of the most remarkable phonetical and doctrinal coincidences on record, is contained in the following sentence: "What you look for and see not," says he, "is I,—what you listen to and hear not is Hi, (the letter H)—what your hand seeks and feels not is Wec, (the letter V). You perceive that the three letters make up the ineffable name of Jehovah, with little variation, even in the sound, for it makes Jehewec.

Now, in conformity with my promise, I shall proceed rapidly through the few remaining examples, from our progress in archaeology. Few things offer a more convincing proof of the persuasion prevalent at the period to which they refer, than the medals, coins, and other things, which are chosen to hand down to posterity, the memory of a hero's deeds or a people's convictions. They are like the names of the hills and rivers over which generations may have passed, and whose brinks or summits may have witnessed the fading of a thousand dynasties, yet never change. Hence they have been looked upon, at all times, as the most dectorial proofs of any matter, that comes within the sphere of their probative influence; and I am happy to add, that in illustrating and proving the sacred records, they have been most unsuccessful. Who would think, that the picking up of a little Phonician coin, would be a means of reconciling an apparent contradiction in the sacred text? yet such is the fact. In the 33d chapter of Genesis, we find, that Jacob buys a piece of land for one hundred lambs. In the 7th chapter of the Acts it is said, that he bought them for as many pieces of silver. Now, by the commentators it was for a long time supposed, that it might be for 100 pieces of money, which bore the impress each of a lamb, and which might have been called a lamb, as we call a "sovereign," or an "angel," or so forth. This, however, was not proved, until the present occasion, when this little coin, of undoubted antiquity, shews that such was the current coin of those days.

You are all aware, of the mention made, by all the ancients, of the deluge, as well as of the two traditions that we have concerning this event. You know that Lucian and Plutarch give almost the very same idea, of it which we have in the Scriptures, even to the indication on the part of the dove, that the deluge had subsided. I need not remind you, too, that all cities are in the habit of adopting for their motto, such event, traditional or historical, as they deem most remarkable in their regard,—for example, Magnesia in Ionia has the Greek characters for "*Argo*" upon its ancient medals, to commemorate the Argonautic expeditions; and Therme, in Sicily, has Hercules, because he is supposed to have reposed there. Now the name of Apamea in Phrygia was antiently *Kibotos*, or an ark; and the Sybiline books, which, at all events, are sufficient to prove a popular tradition, tell us that the ark stopped there.

All this is crowned by an archaeological discovery. Echil and Venati have found, or rather seen, many of their medals. One of them is in the cabinet Albani in Rome. They are bronze, and bear severally, the heads Severus, Philip the Elder, and others; but on the reverse are two persons in an ark, seemingly on the waters, and approaching them is a dove, on the wing, with an olive branch in its beak. Two letters are also found under the ark: they are in Greek character N. O. Perhaps I may as well mention here, that Munster copied from an Egyptian statue, the words, "Artemidoros Ptolemaiou Basilikos." Little as this is, it explains the words—A certain ruler, in the Scripture. We see at once what he was—a governor or a courtier. Before that, we had many differences of opinion as to the meaning of the word "Basilikos," but in connection with "Ptolemaiou" the difficulty ceases.

I shall conclude by one more from the land of the Pharaohs, so often the scourge of the Jew, and at one time the glory of the Gentile. It is one of those by which revelation, like Sampson of old, has been able to shake the pillars of her enemies' temple, and crush them with the work of their own hands. On an ancient monument of kingly power and heroic deeds, is a monarch of the Egyptian line. Like to many other representations of a similar character, in the collections of that country, this one presents to the beholder the numerous persons who were slain by the monarch. He holds the whole of them, at one and the same time, by the hair of their heads, as if at one blow he would finish their earthly career. At a little distance, however, is a group driven forward by the God Ammon Ra. Their fortunes are not so desperate, as those of the persons whom I have been describing. These latter are only captives. This was of course paraded, as one of those monuments that fling back, to a time before all time, the land of Egypt. She was possessed of arts and arms and conquest, as appeared by that representation, to which no history reached, long before the name of Adam was spoken of among men. Alas! for human counsel! The hieroglyphic characters of the monument have told the tale of its nativity. The king's name is found to be Shirhak in S. S. the contemporary of Rehoboam, and the mighty have fallen with their monument. But the first Book of Kings mentions, that this Shirhak carried Rehoboam captive to Egypt, and the second of Chronicles testifies the same. Is there nothing of him in this monument? Yes, there is a face peculiarly Jewish, so much so that no one could mistake it for an Egyptian: the full eye, the aquiline nose, the elongated chin, are to be seen; and on his breast he bears, in hieroglyphic characters, "Joud' ha Melek"—King of Judea. Thus the Scripture narration is confirmed to the letter, and a key given to the chronology of monuments of the same period. In all and every one—RELIGION HAS CONQUERED.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have done. I fear I have wearied, without improving; and, by my unmannered style of handling a dignified subject, given you too humble an idea of its importance. There are other departments of this subject, that would have been more interesting to you, as well as to myself, because they are more popular. It would have been gratifying to you, to trace the operations of Infidelity, scattered in various parts of the world; one collecting data against the unity, another against the dispersion of the human race; and both, upon comparison of this data, found proving the one and the other. It would have been gratifying to you, to trace, the steps by which we ascend, to the incontrovertible conclusion, that the language of man is not sufficiently different to have been at all times multifarious, and yet so different, that it could not have been so changed by a succession of years; and hence must have been sudden in its revolution. You would have been pleased to trace the probable influence of external circumstances, upon your species, and to view the gradual deterioration by which the lower orders of our race have been degraded to what they are. You would have been delighted to trace the beautiful conformity between the discoveries in Geology and the Cosmogony of Moses; and to have beheld the strength, which Religion gives to observation, as well as observation to Religion. However, now we must be satisfied to have seen that, as far as Enquiry has gone, she has been the firm supporter of revelation, and we may conclude, without indiscretion, that she will always continue to assert her. Whether, then, we possess great minds and great knowledge—or whether we be less favoured by Providence—whether commercial or professional—ignorant or erudite—whether yet possessed of the energies of youth—or enjoying a more experienced, though less active age—we should all inscribe upon our banner, Enquiry.

As for the humble Irish Priest, its zealous though inefficient advocate, he shall always feel honoured whenever he can contribute to its interests. Within the short period of his own life, it has removed much acerbity of feeling—allayed much rancour of disposition—and hallowed the communion of human affection. He has seen its happiest effects, in the limited sphere in which he moved at home—and he believes that he can now contemplate a picture of its advantages abroad. If it has pleased Providence, to spare him until he can see collected before him, every variety of creed and every shade of opinion, twining together their sympathies, and concentrating their energies for the advancement of science—he believes that it is attributable to Enquiry. If the charity of the Gospel has taken the place of the rancour of the passions—if community of object has taken the place of factious opposition—if the dream of the poet, and the earliest fancy of the lecturer—have been painted before his mind in a blessed and happy vision, and that he has seen his friends and brothers,

Like the rainbow's light
Their various tints unite,
And form 'in Heaven's sight
One Arch of Peace.

He is sure it is attributable to Enquiry—the enquiry, that removes the alienation of confidence arising from a misconception of principle, and produces the interchange of feeling that is consequent upon Christian love.

* The following passages are those referred to above:

1st ch.—There was a MAN sent from God whose name was John. This MAN came for a witness. He was NOT the LIGHT, but was to bear witness of the light. John beareth witness, and cryeth out, saying—He that shall come after me is prepared before me, &c.

† Whoever has read Dr. Wiseman's Lectures on these subjects will recognise the justice of this acknowledgment. "Nil quod tedit non ornavit," may be said of this able Professor, to whom Christianity in general, and his own faith in particular, is so much indebted. He is principal of the English College at Rome.

* These words in Persian, as well as in Christian philosophy, mean moral regeneration. There is this difference, however, that we mean much more by moral regeneration, than the Persian or the Pharisee. Our Lord does not chide Nicodemus for his ignorance of the extent of the meaning of the term—for of this Nicodemus might be sufficiently ignorant; but he chides him for his ignorance of the term itself, which was then a common one.

To the Publisher of the Pearl.

SIR—I was one of an audience on a recent occasion to whom the Rev. Mr. O'Brien delivered a lecture on *Enquiry*, and—in common with all who attended, judging from appearance—I was greatly pleased. My object in penning this notice is, to make an observation on one point which struck me at the time as liable to misapprehension. That was, that the remark of our Lord to Nicodemus, about being *born again*, might be understood by the latter in reference to the term being applied to those who became members of a celebrated sect. I do not suppose that the lecturer meant that the Scriptural doctrine of "Regeneration" had no higher meaning, but some might take up that supposition. Is it not evident that Nicodemus did not so understand it? Is it not evident that our Lord did not rest in that signification, for he explains its *mystery* by a reference to the viewless winds? Have not holy men of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Communions (I refer to their writings) attached something far beyond a junction with a sect to the words? The lecturer, no doubt, would himself agree with what I suppose the orthodox view of the case;—I only wish to signify that a matter touched briefly in a popular lecture may be liable to misapprehension; and may sometimes demand a few words of explanation. If by the term to "become a member of a sect" be meant, to become an adept in its doctrines, an espouser of its principles,—to become imbued with all the striking peculiarities of the sect,—the reference to the Persian saying, might be sufficient, but even then, to persons like myself, some farther explanation, which I thus presume to suggest, would be desirable. I felt much pleased at understanding that the Reverend lecturer is to continue his subject before the Mechanics' Institute,—he has set a good example, and deserves the public thanks.

ENQUIRER.

There used formerly to be as many dogs as men at the kirk of Twodsmuir, Peebleshire, on account of the difficulty which the farmers and shepherds of that pastoral district had in preventing canine attendants from following them. The dogs in general behaved pretty well, and lay below the seats: still noisy quarrels among them sometimes took place, and on these occasions the minister had to order the beadle to turn out the disturbers of the peace; with these exceptions, they kept in tolerably good order till the congregation were going to disperse. From long attendance at church they knew when this breaking up was to take place. The signal for uproar was the rising of the minister in the pulpit to pronounce the blessing; as soon as he did so, they used to rush pellmell to the door, barking and screeching for joy to be let loose, and therefore not a word could be heard. At length the minister, honest man, bethought himself of a plan to get quit of these disturbances. He told the members of the congregation that it would be better for them all to keep their seats till the parting benediction was over, and then they would rise and walk leisurely out. This was tried, and succeeded remarkably well. However, it happened one day that the minister of the parish was absent, and a stranger was in the pulpit, who, when he rose to pronounce the blessing after the last psalm, was surprised to see the congregation sitting, which is against all rule and custom. At last an old grey-haired shepherd called out to him, "Oh, just go on, Sir, go on; we are only sitting a wee bit, to cheat the dogs, but when ye have done, we'll all rise and go out quietly."

When George the Third was repairing his palace at Kew, one of the workmen was particularly noticed by his Majesty. One Monday morning the King went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing the man in his usual place, he enquired the reason of his absence. He was at first answered evasively by the workmen; at last, however, they acknowledged, that not having been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the Sunday morning, which this man refusing to do, he had been dismissed from the employment. "Send for him back immediately," said the King; "the man who refuses to do his ordinary work on the Lord's day, is the man for me."

From the Lady's Book.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE RED SEA.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

At last have I found thee, thou dark rolling sea!
I gaze on thy face, and I listen to thee,
With a spirit o'erawed by the sight and the sound,
While mountain and desert frown gloomy around.

And thee, mighty deep, from afar I behold,
Which God swept apart for his people of old,
That Egypt's proud army, unstained by their blood,
Received on thy bed to entomb in thy flood.

I cast my eye out, where the cohorts went down,
A throng of pale spectres no waters can drown,
With banners and blades seem surmounting the waves,
As Pharaoh's bold hosts sunk in arms to their graves.

But quick from the light of the skies they withdraw,
At silent Omnipotence shrinking with awe;
And each sinks away in his billowy shroud,
From Him who walked here, clothed in fire and a cloud.

I stand by the pass the freed Hebrews then trod,
Sustain'd by the hand of Jehovah, dry shod,
And think how the song of salvation they sang,
While praise to his name, through the wilderness rang.

Our Father, who then didst thine Israel guide,
Rebuke, and console, in their wanderings wide,
From those gloomy waters, through this desert drear,
O, still in life's maze to thy pilgrim be near.

Whilst thou, day by day, will thy manna bestow,
And make, for my thirst, the rock mountain to flow;
Refreshed by the way, will I speed to the clime
Of rest to the weary, beyond earth and time.

From the Knickerbocker for February.

NOTES ON THE NETHERLANDS.

BY CALEB CUSHING.

The Hague: Voorburg: The Rhyland.

No city in Europe is more celebrated for the general magnificence of its buildings, or the beauty of its promenades and streets, than the Hague. Having been the ancient residence of the old courts of Holland, afterward of the States General of the United Provinces, during the long period of their prosperity and power, and more recently the seat of the new government alternately with Brussels, it has at all times continued to receive those decorations proper to the residence of a court, and the place of resort of the most elevated and select society. While the purposes of the government itself have rendered a large number of public buildings necessary, other cities of Holland, and indeed several foreign nations, have contributed to beautify it by the construction of hotels for the residence of their representatives at a court, where the great interests of Europe so frequently centered. Of course a general spirit of cultivation and refinement, as well in manners as in all other respects, is a distinguishing trait of the Hague. The style of building, the dress and appearance of the inhabitants, the various decorations of the city, are more European than elsewhere in Holland; that is, have more of those peculiarities of taste, which, being characteristic of the upper classes, are substantially the same all over Europe. At the same time, in its canals, in its gardens and walks, and in the people who supply the daily market, you see enough of what is purely Dutch, to satisfy you in what country you are travelling.

What the Dutch particularly prize and admire, at the Hague, is the beauty of its public walks and its *places*, or squares, as for want of a better name, they are called in English, and its noble groves and avenues of trees. Indeed, on whatever side you enter the city, you are partly prepared for this feature of it, by the broad and regular avenues of majestic trees by which it is approached: but the reality far exceeds the expectations which you will have formed; for nothing can exceed the rich verdure of the Vyverberg and the Voorhout. The Vyverberg is an extensive oblong square, planted with noble trees, and having a beautiful promenade which overlooks a large sheet of water, faced with stone, and having a wooded island in its centre, and beyond it, a pile of buildings connected with the old palace. The Voorhout is a magnificent street, bordered by rich buildings, with its rows of trees, conducting to the Wood, as it is called, of which I shall speak hereafter. The parade, and the park, with its herd of deer peacefully feeding under the trees, follow in the same direction. The Boschkant also deserves to be mentioned in connexion with the rest, it being a broad street, bordering on the Wood, as its name imports, and presenting similar features of blended rural beauty and city magnificence. Indeed, all this part of the Hague has the appearance of a vast garden.

Of the great edifices of the Hague the Old Palace is the most ancient, and in other respects the most remarkable. It is a huge pile of buildings, of different ages and styles, put together without

much system, yet not displeasing in its effect. Part of it was the court of the counts of Holland, in the days of their glory. It is a sort of fortress, surrounded by water, to which you enter by three bridges and as many gates. In the central building is a large and lofty apartment, of great height, reminding one of Westminster Hall, in its general character, although not in its details. It was used, when I saw it, for drawing the prizes of the public lottery, and for the bills of the deferred national debt, which were placed in a colossal wheel, of a bold and striking construction. The other buildings contain extensive apartments, of various kinds. Some were occupied by the old States General; others by the Stadtholder; others, more recently built, by the National Assembly and by Louis Napoleon.

The new palace is the residence of the present king of the Netherlands. It was formerly used as the abode of several princes of the house of Orange, but has been greatly altered and improved, to adapt it to its present destination. It consists of a central building of brick, with two wings projecting in front, and with a superb garden in the rear; and although not preeminently beautiful as a royal palace, is yet convenient, and not open to particular exception. The king's family being at Brussels, I was enabled to see all the apartments, under the guidance of the house-keeper, who spoke good English. It seems, at first blush, somewhat singular that the private dwelling of a prince should be thrown open to every curious gazer; but a moment's reflection reconciles one to the usage; because the arrangements of the palace are all designed for ostentation, and while the exhibition of it occasions no inconvenience to the occupant, it serves to raise the ideas entertained of him by his subjects and by strangers. To describe minutely the interior of the palace, would be to give details of the colour of hangings, and the materials of which the furniture was composed, partaking too much of the style of an upholsterer's inventory of goods and chattels. A few general remarks on the subject will suffice.

I was most agreeably impressed, in the first place, with the good taste which appeared to have presided over all the decorations and furnishing of this royal residence. Every thing in it united elegance with commodiousness, in a remarkable degree, all the comforts of refined life being collected, and it was throughout worthy of a monarch, yet without running into the senseless luxury and prodigality of expense displayed at Versailles by Louis XIV. Chairs and couches of figured satin, carpets of the best Brussels fabrics, hangings of silk, velvet, or gobelin tapestry, mantel ornaments, and clocks in the exquisite style of Parisian workmanship, portraits and other pictures, as usual, such were the contents of the various apartments. Pictures of the royal family abound, *comme de raison*, and busts of the family and those with whom they are now connected by marriage. Among the rest were fine portraits of two of her children, said to have been painted by the queen herself, and if so, highly creditable to her taste and education. Some few superior paintings, of a miscellaneous kind, are shown here, but they are not numerous, nor does the palace possess many of those master-pieces of art which distinguish several of the royal residences in Europe. Some of the most beautiful objects in the palace were presents from other sovereigns, and among them a superb font of polished jasper, presented by the Emperor Nicholas, particularly attracted my attention. Some other edifices deserve a passing notice.

The palaces of the present Prince of Orange and of Prince Frederic, situated in another part of the city, are simple and unpretending, but suited to their rank. The Stadhuis contains, according to the custom of the country, a number of portraits of persons distinguished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and a considerable library. Several of the churches are worthy of notice, especially the principal one, which contains the mausoleum of Admiral De Wassenaar, beside the tombs of many noble families. It is also decorated with the insignia of a number of knights of the order of the Golden Fleece, a chapter having been held in the time of Philip the Good. Another, called the New Church, is highly esteemed for its architecture, especially the vaulted roof, which is sustained without the aid of pillars. Every friend of liberty will view with interest the spot in one of the public places, where the wise and virtuous De Witt perished with his brother, the victims of an infuriated faction. Of the great establishments of a miscellaneous kind, the cannon foundry is the most curious, and ranked among the best in Europe.

One of the circumstances which distinguishes the Hague, is the value of its collections in literature, science, natural history, antiquities, and the arts. It contains a public library, planned in humble imitation of the Bibliotheque du Roi at Paris, and respectably furnished with books, manuscripts, and medals. Several private associations also possess collections of various kinds. But the most important of all, are the cabinet and museum preserved in the palace called Mauritshuis, so denominated from having been originally the hotel of Prince Maurice, the Dutch governor of Brazil. The museum consists of a fine collection of the Dutch and Flemish masters, with some few specimens of the schools of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy.

The Cabinet of Curiosities fully deserves the name; for it contains an extraordinary collection of antiquities and other curiosities, of the greatest rarity and value, having relation to the manners and customs of different nations and ages. To attempt any satisfactory enumeration and description of its contents would require a volume;

and I shall only particularize some few of the most curious articles. There is a large series of articles from China, representing every thing curious in the arts, the agriculture, the trade, the domestic life, and the religion of that singular people; and a similar series, illustrative of the national peculiarities of Japan, forming a collection unrivalled by any thing of the kind to be seen in Europe. Apparel of every description; armour and instruments of warfare; a great variety of services for the table; figures in the costume of religious ceremonies; every article used in the toilet; an extraordinary quantity of specimens of all the delicate workmanship of the Chinese in ivory, shell, pearl, sandal-wood and rice, and other valuable materials; models in coloured wax of all the peculiar fruits of the country; paintings representing the mode of cultivating rice and tea; large cases containing groups of figures in various occupations, for the purpose of exhibiting the manners of the Japanese to the very life; large models of factories and towers, precisely as they exist; in short, every thing which the singular ingenuity and industry of the Chinese could make, in illustration of the actual state of China and Japan. Many individual articles are also found here, having reference to the people of Hindostan, of the Cape of Good Hope, of the slave coast, of America, and of other parts of the globe, which the commerce of the Dutch enabled them to collect; but not to be compared in variety or value with those things which are of Chinese origin. Among single things of the same nature, the most curious is a large case of tortoise shell manufactured at Amsterdam, by order of the Czar Peter, at a cost of thirty thousand florins, representing the whole interior of a rich merchant's house, as they were in Holland at the close of the seventeenth century. Another class of interesting curiosities consists of memorials of the great men of Holland. Thus you see the cuirass of the admired Hein, the large heavy musquetoon of Van Tromp, and the entire military equipments of De Ruyter, consisting of his coat-armour, sabre, chain, gold medal, and baton of command. Interesting as these are, they yield in attraction to the habiliments of William I. at the time he was assassinated by Gerards. While they are invaluable as a memorial of the great man to whom they belonged, they are also curious as specimens of the coarse garb which a prince of that day wore, as compared with the splendid cloth and rich decorations of the present time. In short, this cabinet is emphatically a collection of the most original kind, rich and instructive as it is original, and in its Asiatic articles especially, it bears honourably testimony to the laudable curiosity of the Hollanders.

There is much also in the environs of the Hague to gratify the stranger. What first attracts him is the beautiful Wood, which commences at the city itself, and is a remnant of the vast forest which anciently extended along the coast of Holland. It contains many trees of great age, and is embellished with winding alleys and meandering streams, which render it a most delightful promenade in the summer months. It is traversed by an excellent road, which leads directly to the Palace in the Wood, a country house built by Amelia de Solms, widow of the stadtholder Frederik Henry. She caused the saloon to be decorated with splendid paintings, representing the principal actions in the life of her husband. A set of apartments is furnished magnificently with hangings and furniture, all of Chinese workmanship, of the richest materials and fabric. Here is the favourite promenade of the inhabitants of the Hague, who regard, with commendable pride, the fine old oaks, clad in all their native luxuriance, which adorn this noble wood.

Another excursion, which affords equal gratification, but of a different sort, is to Zorgvliet, to the fishing town of Scheveningen, or Schevening, and the sea-shore, about ten miles from the Hague. A beautiful road, so straight that the steeple of Schevening is visible at the very entrance, and bordered by four rows of elms, oaks, and lime trees, forms an agreeable walk thither from the Hague. On the left are the celebrated gardens and orangery of Zorgvliet, where the poet and statesman, Jacob Cats, retired from his political labours, and still admired for the beauty of the grounds. Along the magnificent avenue you meet the fishermen and their wives, going to or returning from the market at the Hague, with their costume so different from that of the city, and their little carts drawn by panting dogs. It was late in the afternoon when I returned from Schevening, and what especially amused me, was to see the fisherwomen trudging along with huge baskets balanced on their heads, and filled with articles for domestic use or food, which they had bought with the proceeds of their fish; while in many cases the husband rode home in genteel indifference, dragged by his dogs in the little cart, and leaving his wife to go on foot, and to carry the burthen beside. It is the singularity of the dress, appearance, and manners of these people, which renders Schevening an object of interest. The village is sufficiently wretched in appearance, being on the edge of the sandy waste washed by the sea. Children rolling about in the sand, only half covered by miserable rags; old men parading their decrepitude in the dirt, to excite compassion and gather a pittance of alms from the stranger; humble dwellings hardly blessed with the neatness characteristic of the country; such is the spectacle displayed in the streets of Schevening. A neat pavilion for the use of the queen, and a public inn and bathing-house, have recently been constructed near the water. Numerous fleets of small boats are constantly seen moored off the town, engaged in fishing; and larger vessels occasionally appear on the coast, from which there is an extensive view of the ocean. It was in sight of Schevening that De Ruyter beat the combined

fleets of England and France, in 1673, gaining one of those great but hard-earned victories which have immortalized his name.

I left the Hague much pleased with the city and its environs, taking trekschuyt for Leyden, where I arrived in about three hours. The canal affords charming views, in consequence of the cultivated state of the country; but that part of it which passes through Voorburg, being the direct road from Delft to Leyden, is more delightful still. Along the side of the canal is the post-road with its avenue of trees, and country is bright and gay, consisting of meadows and pastures, and sprinkled over with farm houses and country seats. Voorburg itself, which is supposed to be the ancient Forum Adriani, is a beautiful village, seemingly made up of country seats, and surrounded by verdant fields. The general style of these dwellings were much alike. A barn of neat construction, often fanciful, sometimes elegant, stood back among the trees, with its appropriate out-buildings. The grounds were curiously laid out, but always with verdant hedges, sometimes trained up to the height of ten feet, at others, clipped down to two or three, sometimes shaved perpendicularly to resemble a thin fence, and occasionally cut off on the summit, and made thick and heavy like a wall. In the gardens and across the fields, were walks laid out in various tastes, generally gravelled, and having small seats or benches here and there under the shade. Ostentive beautiful villas rose among princely groves and gardens, with long avenues of trees and shrubs opening a magnificent vista to the canal. In almost every case, a summer house stood on the very edge of the canal, showing the strong attachment of the Dutch to the water, which leads to their construction upon the sedgy border of their canals, instead of in the recesses of a grove or a shrubbery. These little summer houses are fanciful in form, frequently an octagon, with a Chinese roof, and generally having the name of the estate painted upon them in conspicuous letters, such as 'Mei Vleit,' 'Buyten Rust,' 'Velden Vaart,' 'Zomer Lust,' and other names in the same taste of prettiness, near akin to affectation.

The weather being mild and delightful, with a bright sun and element sky, on many of the estates were seen persons amusing themselves in their tranquil way. Little parties sat in the open summer houses; or under the trees, eating, drinking coffee, or smoking, or strolling in the smooth and shady avenues. Ladies were sometimes angling in the canal with their long fishing rods, sometimes reading or sewing at the windows of a fantastic little pagoda. Meanwhile the canal itself was busy with life and industry. Here the neat trekschuyt, with its animated freight, glided quickly along, greeted continually with salutations from the shore, and occasionally stopping for an instant to take in or land a passenger. Little boats now and then shot across the canal from a farm-house to bring home the master, not seldom rowed by the thrifty vrouw herself. Nay, repeatedly did I meet a humble pakschuyt, slowly dragged along, not by a weary horse, but by the *shipper*, by his vrouw, and more than once by a small girl and boy, one before the other, tugging at the boat rope by means of a leather strap passed over the shoulder and around the waist: while the canal was quite as lively with boats as it had been from Rotterdam to Delft, the shores were much more tasteful and picturesque, owing to the number and variety of the villas, and the shrubs and trees which adorned them, in this the heart of Holland.

In fact, I had now arrived in that district of the country which is called Rhyndland, being so highly famed for its fertility as to be considered the garden of Holland. It forms an extensive district, of which Leyden is the centre, being intersected by the old or genuine Rhine, which passes through the midst of the city itself, but is here a small secondary stream. It presents on all sides the most agreeable views, the richest cultivation, the finest farms, in short, the perfection of agricultural industry. It is here that you find the best bread, and above all, the sweetest milk and butter, the largest and most productive cows. Having been the original seat of the ancient Catti and Batavi, and afterward one of the great stations of the Romans, who founded the Lugdunum Batavorum on or near the spot where Leyden now stands, it abounds in antiquities, at the same time that it exhibits all the fruits of early and long-continued cultivation, in the state of the soil and the quality of its productions. A large portion of this territory was reduced to the state of a sunken morass in the ninth century, in consequence of a tremendous tempest, which heaped up the sand on the coast, and completely dammed up the bed of the Rhine. Thus it remained for many centuries, until the persevering Hollander, who had warred against the sea so successfully on other occasions, and redeemed from its ravages the richest of their provinces, at length undertook to drain this unfortunate region. To construct a canal from the Rhine to the sea, which should effectually drain the inundated territory, would be easy; but as the canal would be considerably below the level of the sea at high tide, and subject to violent shocks in bad weather, it required great ingenuity, and more boldness, to effect the junction of this canal with the ocean. It was finally accomplished by means of a triple set of flood-gates constructed at the village of Katwyk-op-Zee, and of such solid materials and workmanship, as to bid effectual defiance to the waves. At ebb tide the gates are opened, and suffer the water to pass off; and at flood, they are closed, and protect the canal from the inroads of the sea, ranking among the most important works of the kind in Holland.

Amid the dead level of the surrounding country, the verdant

ramparts of Leyden, the groves of trees around and within it, and especially the dark mass of buildings overtopped by the tower of St. Peters, and the ruins of the castle of Altenburg, all conspire to give to the city a distinguished and striking aspect, as you gradually approach it, and at length reach the head of the canal just without its gates. It contrasts the more strongly with the level meadows you are passing through, from being itself slightly elevated in some parts, so as to give its buildings a greater relief; for except the dykes raised by human industry, and the small sand-hills on the sea-shore, the whole district seems as flat as the surface of a lake. And here the canals have for so many ages flowed tranquilly in their level bed, that the banks are grown up with shrubs, thick grass and sedge, as if Nature herself, unaided by man, had created the verdant channel. Frequently, also, the water is nearly covered with a small floating pond weed, making a deep green surface in those small canals where there is no boating, and by the sides of the larger ones, which are constantly traversed. Indeed, there is more or less of this floating weed on all the canals, although it is closer in proportion as the water is more completely deprived of movement. Intermixed with this, are the larger water plants, including the pond-lily, with its full white flower, in appearance resembling ours, but destitute of its exquisite fragrance. Such are the general features of the famous district of Rhyndland, and particularly of the immediate vicinity of Leyden.

From the Mobile Literary Gazette.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN TURNPIKE HOUSE.

BY S. B. BECKETT.

We had been wandering all day among the wild and magnificent crags of the Kiasarge mountain, and at night, weary and hungry, were spurring our jaded steeds towards the mountain inn; when a tempest overtook us. The chilly wind, accompanied with a pelting rain, rushed in sudden gusts through the gorges of the hills, and soon we were drenched with rain and shivering with cold, although it was then midsummer; and right glad we were when we came in sight of the turnpike house. The old toll gatherer, who dwells here with his wife and about a score of children,—rosy girls and rugged urchins, almost a fortune in these wild districts,—offered us a hearty welcome; and the good dame bustled about to make us comfortable, and sent her sons for more fuel, although the immense fire place was almost filled with huge logs and flaming brands. No sooner had we got snugly seated by the fire, than our cortege received an accession in the person of an antiquated pedlar, whose merry look and roguish eye, and the ease with which he esconced himself into the good wife's arm chair, to the exclusion of its lawful tenant, marked him as one from whom we might derive amusement. The genial warmth of the fire, and a repast of coarse bread, jerked bear's meat, berries and milk, soon made us comfortable, and a merry time we had of it, while without all was tumult and commotion. The black, conglomerated clouds were spread from hill to hill like a pall; the wind roared among the scraggy spectre-pines, and the earth trembled to the sound of the thousand torrents that, swollen by the sudden rains, were working themselves to wrath and foam along their rocky channels. Often were we startled by the thunder of some rock that the storm had undermined, or the crash of some huge tree that had been uprooted and hurled far down the hills by the frantic winds; and the wreck of many a noble oak and pine floated on the turbulent bosom of the Saco, that rushed by in one broad sheet of foam. Our little tenement rocked to its foundation; but it was closely and compactly built, and had for years withstood the wild storms of the hills, so that we had no fear. Snugly ensconced around the fire, we whiled away the evening, by telling anecdotes, and, among others, our grey-headed pedlar related the following, which he dignified by the title of

THE STORY OF THE BLACK FIDDLER.

I am an old man, said the pedlar, as you may see by my grey hairs, and by the crow's feet on my forehead. I have lived in and about these parts for the matter of sixty years. When I first came to this section of the country, I settled in the town of Greenfield. The town was then but thinly populated—never a mill stood beside its fair streams, and only here and there was the density of the woods broken by the clearing of some hardy farmer. But the whole region was infested with wolves—long-limbed, gaunt, bleary-eyed, savage devils—nothing could withstand their rapacity. Their dismal howlings were heard through the long, dreary winter nights, sweeping from the black pine forests, and often have I seen them, when night had scarcely in, stealing along the edge of the woods, or galloping in single file across the snowy open fields. Many was the tale that reached us of horses and oxen, and sometimes even men have been torn to pieces and devoured by them.

But frolic and pastime were followed in those days as they now are. We had to work hard—but then we had our huskings, our skating frolics, and our quiltings, our apple-bees; and I do believe that people were happier then than in these enlightened times! On the long winter evenings, when the moon was hanging aloft in the clear cold sky, without a cloud to intercept her light—when the roughness of the country was concealed by a clear, broken mantle of white, and myriads of glittering icicles depended from the dark forest pines and broad-armed leafless oaks, did the lads, and sometimes the elder folks, seek the frozen streams and lakes for a bout at skating, and of times were the farm houses vacated by old

and young, lad and lass, for some far-off merry making. Ah! these were happy times, continued the old man, would that it were now winter, and that these stiff limbs had the flexibility to skim over the frozen stream, amidst the lone and silent scenes of the days of my youth.

There was a negro, who, odd as it may seem, generally took the lead in all our diversions. However, we did not think so much of colour as we do now. Congo was the most noted character in the settlement, he knew the art of dancing to perfection—could play on the violin, and had a powerful voice for singing. A merry fellow was Congo, with a phiz as black as the wing of a raven—with hazle eyes—and a nose that took so conspicuous a stand in his frontispiece, as to completely crowd out of countenance those usually important appendages to the human face divine, denominated cheeks, and with a mouth that, when distended to let out one of his broad laughs, showed ivory almost from ear to ear. But then every body loved him for his good nature, and no merry meeting was deemed complete without him. I have been thus particular in describing him, as he is the principal subject of my story.

But to go on; one night, about the first of December, one of our neighbours, who lived about five miles distant, was to have a husking. All the neighbours were invited, and, as usual, Congo and his two stringed fiddle were engaged. He appeared in due time, acquitted himself manfully in husking the corn and eating the supper, after which he took his station in the huge, yawning chimney place, with a few flourishes on his stringed instrument, announced to the youngsters that he was ready for the dance. Here let me observe, that a Yankee husking frolic in those days was much after the fashion of those described in these times. First, the corn had to be divested of its natural clothing—all the red ears being the perquisites of the girls, to be redeemed by kisses from the lusty farmers' sons. Then came the supper, when the boards groaned under the load of edibles they had to sustain—baked beans and Indian puddings, fowls, and meats, roasted broiled or boiled—pandowdies, pumpkin pies, and mince and apple; and for drinks, there was sometimes coffee, and always switchell and sling; bounce and cider. After which came the dancing—double and single shuffles, reels in every sense of the word, and jigs; and sometimes an ambitious Orlando aspired to a hornpipe. This brought the frolic generally to a late hour, and it was time to separate. Well, at the husking of which I have been speaking, Congo, having run through the whole of the above items, and received in payment for the glee some discourse of his viol, a leg of veal—for provisions and produce were the lawful tender in those times—began to adjust his skates to depart for home by way of the river. It was in vain that the host urged him to stay until morning, and spoke of the danger of the wolves being lured by the scent of the meat, Congo was not afraid of the wolves! Taking his fiddle in one hand and the veal in the other, he swung away on the blue ice, and was soon lost to view far on the surface of the river.

On he sped. It was a lonely tract—the ice glaced and the snow sparkled to the round moon—the dwarf birches on the banks bent under their accumulated burdens of snow, and the tall pines in the distance grew up grim and shadowy, but there was never a house nor building of any kind in sight; and but for the sound of his skates, scouring the ice, an ominous silence kept watch over every object around.

A long, low howl, far in the forest, suddenly woke the echoes of solitude! Another and another followed. Congo felt the perspiration starting from every pore in his body, and he quickened his speed. The yells grew nearer and more distinct, until a long-legged monster, with a tremendous bound, broke from the thicket that skirted the river's banks, scarcely a furlong's distance from the negro. Others followed, until scores of the monsters were on the ice in pursuit of him; and their yells almost froze the blood in his veins. Now was the time for him to try his skill. He almost flew along, and the ice being very glazy, the wolves could scarcely do more than hold their way with him.

At length he came in sight of a building—he knew the place well—and aimed for it. It was a dark and desolate fabric, and had once been occupied as a schoolhouse, but being at a distance from the main settlement, it had been vacated. The chimney had been taken down, but a ladder was left, reaching to the square hole in the roof, from which it protruded. Thitherward Congo sped. He reached the bank of the river, a few leaps in the snow brought him to the door, and seeing the ladder, he mounted to the roof, and pushed it down after him. On came the wolves at full speed, yelling like fiends, and sprung into the door pell mell, just as the negro had snugly seated on the roof. There was many a crack and crevice in the old building, through which the wind found free access, and no sooner had the wolves entered than a sudden gust slammed to the door; the latch caught, and the monsters were thus completely entrapped. Congo looked down through the hole, and rubbed his hands with much satisfaction. He could see their dim forms moving about like spectres in the dark, and ever as they looked up towards him, their eyes gleamed like balls of fire. But he soon began to feel that his situation was not so comfortable after all. It was a stinging cold night, and the sudden transition from the heat and perspiration which his strenuous exertions had created, to inactivity, caused him to feel the rigour more forcibly—and then how was he to be relieved from his thralldom?

At length he thought of his fiddle—a happy thought! He touched the strings, and launched away into his quaint old reels with

more vigour than had ever characterized his performances. The mellifluous strains kindled a fire in his heart, the exercise warmed his freezing limbs, and he soon began to feel quite reconciled to his situation.

It was thus that he was discovered, applying himself to the viol most strenuously, by some of the last of the husking party, as they were returning home on the sledge. At first they thought the negro had gone clean mad—they hailed him to know whether their surmises were correct.

"Hah! hah!" replied the black; "I tink I do go mad! I hab got new set here. Dey force me to play, and won't pay de fiddle. But take care ob de door. Ha, ha, ha! If you open de door you tink de debil an' all his his imp come out!"

Congo did not leave them long to conjecture, but related how the wolves had got trepanned. Glowing in the prospect of sport, they departed post haste for their guns. In the meantime the black applied himself again to the catgut, and with redoubled vigour; and it was not long ere the returning party came within hearing of the merry strains.

Like tried soldiers, they reconnoitred the enemy, to discover the best mode of attack; and at length, to avoid accidents, they all stationed themselves on one side of the building. Each selected a chink or knot hole, through which to insert his gun, and directly the work of destruction commenced. The guns roared, and the smoke in a continuous volume poured up through the hole in the roof—the wolves yelled and howled, gnashed their teeth, fought and tore each other—while Congo whooped, screamed, chuckled, and sawed the catgut stronger than ever—occasionally interlarding his bursts of exulting with such remarks as these—

"Dat's de time you coteh him—chase poor nigger, hey? Bite and scrash you, you hab'nt got nigger Congo dere. Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!—he, he, he!—Dat's de time you miss him!"

The cold, grey streaks of morning now began to show themselves above the snowy hills. As the light advanced, the assailants, who in the dark had fired at random, taking better aim, soon despatched the remainder of the wolves, and released Congo from his exaltation. More than forty wolves were the trophies of that night's sport. I was on the spot, continued the old man, as they dragged the monsters from the school house, and deposited them on the snow. Some of them still elung to life, and their fierce glaring eyes spake the vengeance they would have taken on their victorious enemy, could they have risen. A large sledge was procured, and they were hauled into the village, not a little to the amazement of all who were not in the secret.

The old school house was suffered to remain in its lonely position a long time, as a memento of that memorable night's havoc among the wolves, and it was ever after known by the name of the 'Wolf's Dancing Hall.'

Mobile, December 20, 1839.

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued from page 62.)

Dr. Johnson, from whom an opinion on the superiority of water to wine, as a beverage, has already been given, remarks, in his *Tropical Hygiene*, that 'it might appear very reasonable that in a climate where ennui reigns triumphant, and an unaccountable languor pervades both mind and body, we should cheer our drooping spirits with the mirth-stirring bowl; a precept which Hafiz has repeatedly enjoined. But Hafiz, though an excellent poet, and, like his predecessor Homer, a votary of Bacchus, was not much of a physician; and without doubt his 'liquid ruby,' as he calls it, is one of the worst of all prescriptions for a 'pensive heart.' I remember a gentleman at Prince of Wales' Island, (Mr. S.) some years ago, who was remarkable for a convivial talent and flow of spirits. The first time I happened to be in a large company with him, I attributed his animation and hilarity to the wine, and expected to see them flag, as is usual, when the first effects of the bottle had past off: but I was surprised to find them maintain a uniform level, after many younger heroes had bowed to the rosy god. I now contrived to get near him and enter into a conversation, when he disclosed the secret, by assuring me he had drunk nothing but water for many years in India; that in consequence his health was excellent—his spirits free—his mental faculties unclouded, although far advanced on time's list; in short, that he could conscientiously recommend the 'antediluvian' beverage, as he termed it, to every one that sojourned in a tropical climate.'

Facts and opinions, corresponding with the foregoing, from physicians and others, might be cited to a much greater extent, but it is deemed unnecessary. Not only in the present day, but in times gone by, and even far back up to the remote periods of regular medicine, eminent physicians have commended water as the best, or as the only proper and healthful beverage for man. Among them may be mentioned Parr, Cheyne, Arbuthnot, Sydenham, Haller, Stahl, Van Swieten, Berhavi, Hoffman, and even Celsus, Galen, and Hippocrates. These were like so many meteors shooting here and there amid the darkness which for ages hung over men's minds; but upon this darkness a broad light has at length broken, which it is believed is a sure presage of 'perfect day.' The experiment has been made on a large scale, and many thousands of witnesses in our country may now be referred to for an opinion furnished by their own personal experience, on the effects of water as an habitual and

only drink. Multitudes of farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, seafaring, and professional men, give their voice in its favour.

As a vehicle for medicinal agents, alcohol has held a distinguished place. An extensive list of tinctures, or spirituous infusions of vegetable articles, and of alcoholic solutions of mineral substances, is still found in our dispensatories. In a highly scientific work of this kind, lately published in this country, there are given the methods of preparing about one hundred and fifty tinctures.

The tonic barks, and roots, and woods, impart more or less their medicinal properties to distilled spirit; and thus imparted, these properties are preserved for a considerable length of time. Of these preparations, however, it may be observed, that the spirit often modifies the impression so made upon the stomach, brain, or blood vessels, as to prevent their being given in doses sufficient for the objects intended. This is the case in certain forms of the gastric and intestinal irritation, accompanied with an unnatural irritability, not only of the ganglionic nerves, but of those belonging to the cerebro spinal system. Cases not unfrequently occur where the decoction or watery infusion of the Peruvian bark is altogether preferable to the tincture; and perhaps there is never a case in which some preparation of quinia, as the sulphate for example, is not decidedly better for the patient than any alcoholic infusion of the bark.

The spirituous preparations of opium, are in many, if not in all cases, inferior to the black drop. The stomach has been known, in a state of great irritability after excessive vomiting, to retain the black drop, or one of the salts of morphia, when the tincture of opium was perseveringly rejected.

In those cases of excessive irritability of the stomach, accompanied with spasms of its muscular coat, and also that of the intestines, in which external anodyne applications are indicated, the warm black drop upon the abdomen, or the (dry) acetate of morphia applied to a blistered surface, is altogether more efficient than the tincture of opium. I have repeatedly witnessed a much happier effect from the simple acetous solution of opium locally applied, than from the spirituous solutions, in relieving the agonizing pain of phlegmasia dolens.

The medicinal qualities of the tonic and narcotic vegetables may be preserved without decay in the form of the elegant preparations, which owe their existence to the perfection in chemical processes invented in our own times; and these preparations may be employed without alcoholic or any other admixtures which would serve to modify or impair their effects. The *materia medica* then would sustain no loss if alcohol were wholly given up as a vehicle for these classes of medicines. The same is true of its combination with the active principle of the Spanish fly. This article yields to water and to vinegar its active properties. A strong vinegar of flies is a better vesicant than the alcoholic infusion; and the chemical extract named canthanidin unites readily with oil as a vehicle, and in this form may be most conveniently employed for the purpose of making a blister.

The essential oils, the balsams, and the resins, may unite with, or become diffused in water by the aid of sugar and gum arabic, or by the admixture of ammonia, where this can be done without too far modifying their medicinal effects.

(To be continued.)

WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth lives as a poet should. Imagine the southern continuation of the Vale of Keswick for a dozen miles; its sides coming almost together in places, and here and there spreading out again to make room for a lake, with its tiny islands and its velvet margin of lawns, lying just at the base of the shaggy-maned mountains, that lift their proud heads over them all round—the sublime with the lovely at its feet, like the lion and the lamb reposing together. One of these lakes, Grasmere, is above Wordsworth's place, and Rydal is below it. High up the side of one of these, on the eastern side of the lakes, Wordsworth's cottage, one-story, stone, is perched at a point from which he can look down on both the lakes. The whole mountain is sprinkled thick with foliage, and the house itself is nestled so snugly into its little niche of a hollow, and protected so well by its shrubbery and trees, that I think it is nowhere to be seen from the coach road below, which winds up and down through the valley along the edge of the lakes. The view is not complete even through the windows. The poet very kindly took me over the surrounding grounds, to show me here and there at the end of dusky walks, whose construction and care have given his own hands some morning pastime, the eyrie peeps at the landscape below him which he has thus skillfully managed to gain. It is evident he takes great pleasure in them. The glorious and beautiful nature which is spread before him is no neglected bounty. It is a continual feast to him. He pointed out to me what he enjoyed in the various views as we passed on through the winding alleys, he leading the way with his grey frock and his old Quaker-rimmed white hat on, and talking, as he walked, of lawns and lakes, and hills and dells, and cottages and curling smokes; it was really like another 'excursion.' Much of the verdure, he said, now clothing the mountain sides, continues vivid during the winter. We were crossing a small spot of his own, which he keeps merely to look at its soft silky cheerful greenness, and he asked me if I did not notice the loveliness of the English lawns. He thought there was no such thing elsewhere, and said there was even a moral beauty in them, and that they were civilising and soothing to the soul. He then explained why the English had the monopoly of them, alluding to

the island moisture, &c. He shears his own little green once a fortnight, but says it should be once a week. Next below his own premises on the hill side, he now showed me a snugger which is the home of his clerk. Here again he discovered both his Englishism, and his poetry, and his heart. He admired the rural taste and the contented spirit of his clerk. Small means were his, but see how he made the most of them while he still lived within them. The little yard of rocky mountain side, which he had given him of his own, was covered with every variety of beautiful English plants. The rocks themselves bloomed with lichens and mosses; and the fences and the little swinging wicket had their share; and the doorway and windows of the small snug cottage in the corner, under the trees, which finished the feast of the picture, were wreathed over with matted masses of vines. Wasn't that Paradise, he asked. And wasn't it English? He had just been five months on the continent, and he did not know where to find such rural science and taste in a sphere so humble; and such comfort, and contentment, and intelligence withal; for this same clerk of his seems to be something of a scholar too. He gardens and reads Greek at intervals, and ponders the green leaves and the dry ones in his lawn and his library, just as he feels the vein. I had a glimpse of him, with a hat on like his master's, scratching his green over to keep it as clean as a carpet. I asked my kind guide how long he had been with him, this rakish philosopher. It was twenty-four years.

When I first entered the poet's dwelling, I found him with his wife and daughter (he has two sons also) and two English country guests, in his small library room. The rest of the coterie were busy at work over a table, while he sat in a corner, with a green blind over his eyes. This he did not remove. It seems he suffers much in this way. He told me his wife did most of his writing for him, and he had scarcely written his own poems for years. It is partly owing to his eyes that Mr. Wordsworth has the look of a man of seventy-five years old, when he is in fact but sixty-six. His thinness, and his large sharp features, enhance the impression, as well as his grey hair strewed over a finely formed head, which is half bald. He asked me how much of the continent I had seen, and when I said that I thought Great Britain the first country for me to see next to my own, he seemed to take it in good part, and added that certainly there was no country on earth which contained so much for an American to know as England. This was an English sentiment, but I liked its patriotism, and it is a just one too. On the whole, Wordsworth's conversation is a great treat in its way. It is richly original and bold, and yet judicious; a rare mixture of the poet and philosopher, and without the affectation of either.—*The American in England.*

A TRYING SITUATION.

In the South Floridan of the 11th inst. we find the following account, furnished that print by the mate of the light ship at Carrysford Reef, who was driven out to sea in a small open boat from Indian Key, by a heavy squall, while endeavouring to reach a fishing smack going into the harbour. The poor fellow's sufferings, for a whole week, tossed about the Gulf stream, without either provisions, water or oars, must have been too intense for description.

On Friday the 27th December, a little after sunset, left Indian Key (where I had been spending the day,) for the purpose of getting on board of a fishing smack which lay out in the stream. The wind was then blowing very fresh, which carried me to leeward of the smack and out towards the Gulf. I now redoubled my exertions that I might reach the smack before it became too dark, when one of my oars broke. My only hopes were now, that I might be seen by some of the boats which had put off from several of the vessels in search of me, but as the wind carried me very fast to leeward, and night had fully set in, they could not find me, and returned to the vessel with the idea that I had met with a watery grave. I was now passing through the reef into the Gulf, with a high sea running and the wind blowing very fresh. My situation was any thing but an enviable one, with no prospect of assistance—my situation every moment becoming more and more perilous, and finding it was necessary to do something to save the boat, which was now my only and best friend; I therefore lay down in the bottom of the boat, with my hand on the tiller, and kept her before the wind, resigning myself into the hands of Providence, and hoping that I might be seen by some vessel and picked up. Out all that night and next day; Saturday night saw two ships; was immediately under the bows of one of them, and spoke her; she hove to, lowered her boat, which was in search of me at least an hour; I tried to make them hear me by hallooing to them, but my efforts proved ineffectual; I watched the ship until she made sail again and bore away. Sunday morning about two o'clock I struck into white water, must have been the Banks on the Great Bahama Channel, when it became more smooth; continued in white water all the day and night, with the wind blowing fresh from the northwest; I slept some during the night.

On Monday morning I found I was still among the Banks, wind blowing high from the northwest; 12 o'clock the wind sprung up from the eastward, which carried me out again into blue water, the wind continued to increase, which obliged me to keep before it; which direction I kept all that day and night, and all day Tuesday. On Tuesday night experienced a tremendous thunder storm for the space of four hours, which raised the sea greatly, when I was obliged, to keep the boat from swamping, to tear off a piece of batting

from the bottom of the boat, place it in the gunnel, take my shirt off, and set it for a sail, which kept the boat before the waves as they came on and broke over me. I continued in this situation until about four o'clock on Wednesday morning, when the wind died away and it became more calm. About noon, going in the same direction, struck into white water, again, in which I continued all that day and night. In the early part of the evening I spoke a schooner to the leeward of me, when the captain hove to, but from some cause best known to himself, in a short time he made sail and bore off from me! My condition was now truly deplorable; I had been beating about the Gulf for the last five days, without a morsel to eat, and nothing to drink, except the little water I had caught during the shower; my spirits had become greatly depressed, and, occasionally, I felt delirious, with a strong inclination to throw myself overboard. Slept at intervals during the night; about daylight on Thursday morning saw a schooner to anchor about four miles to windward; saw also three ships to leeward and made for them; one of the ships appeared to have seen me, for she was now standing directly towards me. Oh! it is impossible to describe my feelings at that moment! I had long since given up all hopes of being saved, and had become resigned to my fate: the prospect before me, therefore, of a speedy deliverance from an untimely grave, so sudden and unexpected, produced a shock which my frail nature could scarcely sustain. In an hour or so, the ship came alongside, when I was taken on board and treated with the utmost kindness by the captain, through whose attention I was completely restored to the enjoyment of good health. The ship proved to be the Robert Isaacs, Captain Trueman, from New York, bound to Mobile, which put me ashore at Sand Key Light on Sunday the 5th inst.; on the 6th I was brought to Key West, to enjoy once more the comforts of life, and the happy countenances of my friends.

NEWS MAKING.

Can any thing, dead or alive, more pitifully unhappy be conceived, than a jaded scribbler for the public press, sitting down to his task at the last moment, with an aching head and an empty stomach, or *vice versa*, which is exactly the same in effect? Imagine the forlorn drudge's sensation, as he doggedly lifts the quill stump and moves it instinctively towards the fountain of good and evil, the ink pot, surcharged, with both the gall of bitterness and the honey of adulation. He is destitute of a topic, his over-wrought brain has exhausted its stock of images, and he can fancy nothing but the ghost of an idea already hacknied through all the changes of the alphabet; no subject that has not been hacknied to death by the hungry scissors of borrowers and imitators. Yet must he continue to feed the iron jaws of the press! There is no release from the undertaking; he is in for it, and, sterile or fertile, feasting or starving, his imagination must be wrung daily, yea hourly, for the wherewithal to meet the merciless demands of this demon at his elbow. Other men may eat, drink, and sleep; may live, move, and have a being like decent creatures; the merchant may relax in time of sickness; or retire at seasons of enjoyment; the mechanic may forego a job when he breaks a limb, or chooses to go a fishing; the farmer may work or let it alone; and the mariner has frequent intermissions against the toils and the storms of his career, and the world wags on without confusion, nevertheless; they only comparatively feel the consequences. Not so with the slave of types. For him there is no holiday. No repose, no retreat await his tired powers. When he skulks, the world comes to an end, and chaos riots! Nor is it merely indispensable that he should labour at brief and stated intervals; the most irksome sort of employment for its very constancy and regularity, and unceasing recurrence; he must also put forth his efforts at something new. The reading public has become a spoiled child, with a depraved appetite, perpetually hankering after novelties, monstrosities and impossibilities. In the fabrication of these crudites for quidnuncs, a renewal of intellect once a year, at least, should be provided for. There is an end even to "the spider's attenuated thread;" and what maker of long yarns can be required, in reason, not only to spin out, like a spider, the substances of his body, but that of his brain also? Truly this is a cruel world, and the man that meddles with paragraphs is a miserable piece of carneson machinery.—*Buckingham.*

A WARRIOR'S ESTIMATE OF WAR.—Prince Eugene, who was one of the very ablest amongst the renowned Generals of his day, and who had gained honour in many a well fought battle, made the following remarks in relation to war: "The thirst of renown sometimes insinuates itself into our council, under the hypocritical garb of national honour. It dwells on imaginary insults, it suggests harsh and abusive language, and people go on from one thing to another, till they put an end to the lives of half a million of men. The call for war proceeds generally from those who have no active share in its toils, as ministers, women, and the lounging politicians of a large town. I said one day in Vienna, 1713, in a company which was very clamorous for a war, I wish that each one of the great men and great ladies present, was ordered by the emperor to contribute at the rate of four thousand ducats a head to the war charges, and that the other fine gentlemen among us were made to take the field forthwith in person. A military man becomes so sick of bloody scenes in war, that at peace he is averse to recommence them. I wish that the first minister who is called on to decide on peace or war, had only seen actual service. What pains would he

not take to seek in mediation and compromise the means of avoiding the effusion of so much blood! It is ignorance, and levity, which is always cruel, makes cabinets lean to the side of war.

PRIDE OF BIRTH.—Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of James the Second by the Countess of Dorchester, was so proud of her birth that she would never go to Versailles, because they would not give her the rank of princess of the blood. At Rome, whither she went two or three times to see her brother, she had a box at the opera distinguished like those of crowned heads. She not only regulated the ceremony of her own burial, and dressed up the waxen figure of herself for Westminster Abbey, but had shown the same insensible pride on the death of her only son, dressing his figure, and sending messages to her friends that if they had a mind to see him lie in state, she would carry them in conveniently by the back door. She sent to the old Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the Duke's body. Sarah, as mad and as proud as herself, sent her word that "it had carried my Lord Marlborough, and should never be profaned by any other corpse." The Duchess of Buckingham, to mortify her, sent her word that 'she had spoken to her undertaker, and he agreed to make a finer for twenty pounds.' When very ill, she sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled all the ceremonial of her funeral; and fearing she should die before all the pomp was sent home, said, "Why, won't they send the canopy for me to see? let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished." And she made her attendants vow that, if she should be senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1840.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers, in to-day's number, a lecture delivered by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, before the Literary and Scientific Society, on the evening of February 24.

Much interest was evinced to hear the lecture, and, subsequently, much for an opportunity of reading it. We were anxious to obtain it for publication in the Pearl, and made request accordingly. The Rev. Lecturer, after some hesitation, kindly consented, and thus we are enabled to enrich our pages with the article.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—George R. Young, Esq. delivered a lecture last Wednesday evening on Agriculture. Rev. Mr. O'Brien will lecture next Wednesday evening on Enquiry.

Persons are requested to bring their tickets for exhibition, as particular care will be taken not to admit any who have not a right to be in the room. This has been found necessary, on account of the crowding, frequently to the exclusion of members, which has occurred on former evenings, when particular lecturers, or lectures, attracted larger audiences than usual.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The subject of discussion on last Monday evening was the justifiableness of the British Government in granting twenty millions for the abolition of West Indian Slavery. Decided in the affirmative. Next Monday evening is set apart for recitation.

An interesting meeting of the Temperance society, we understand, took place last Monday evening. The cause is making progress, we are happy to perceive, nearly all over the world. The U. States, Great Britain, China, Turkey, Russia, and British America, exhibit apostles of the virtue, who must, in the nature of things, succeed, if they are true to themselves.—On this subject it may be said, as on another, "that the times of ignorance were winked at,—but now men are called, every where, to repent" and reform.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—European dates to Jan. 8, have been received. A gale raged for several days in January, in the English Channel, and is supposed to have detained the January packets.—The Dublin people were expecting a visit from her Majesty during the ensuing summer.—Lord John Russell had formed a Colonial Land and Emigration Board, from which much good is expected.—The vast new steamship, President, had been towed to Liverpool, to take her machinery on board.—It was expected that the Great Western would sail on the 20th of February. The expenses of passage have been reduced to £31 5s.

A succession of very severe gales had been experienced at the Western Islands. Damage was estimated at £100,000.—The Ministerial party in France were proceeding successfully.—Half the silk looms of Lyons were idle.—The Turkish government had exerted its influence to prevent the cultivation of opium, and to encourage the growth of corn instead. (What a contrast between the two articles,—what a homily on, man does the fact include, that such influence should be necessary,—how praiseworthy to the government, considering other examples, that it is exercised.)—Difficulties continue with the Chinese, and appearances of war are detailed by last accounts.

The St. Louis Exchange (a hotel at New Orleans) was destroyed by fire on the 11th of Feb. It was a splendid edifice, it cost about £150,000, exclusive of most costly furniture. It was calculated to accommodate 2000 persons.

LEGISLATURE.—The House of Assembly is winding up the work of the session; the Revenue laws have passed, and routine business is making rather rapid progress. Another discussion on Temperance occurred during the week, on an attempt to allow the sale of spirituous liquors with other articles. The advocates of the good cause triumphed.

MARRIED.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Willis, Mr. Thomas Greaves, of Chester, to Miss Catherine Byrnes, of Halifax
At LaHave, on the 23d Jan. by the Rev. M. Parker, Mr. Benjamin W. C. Manning, to Miss W. eldest daughter of Mr. William Newcomb, of that place.

DIED.

On Saturday morning, John, son of Mr. Patrick Kelly, painter, aged 3 months.
Suddenly at St. Mary's, on the 25th January, Mr. Samuel Mc Keen, in the 27th year of his age. The decease of this excellent young man is an almost irreparable loss to his affectionate mother, and as deeply lamented by all his relations and acquaintances.
On Sunday morning, William James, eldest son of Capt. James Morrison, of the brig Hypolite of this port, aged 8 years and 8 months.
At Annapolis, Dec. 4th 1839, aged 83 years, Capt. Abner Morse, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place. He has left a widow and a large circle of friends and relatives to lament his loss. He was the progenitor of 16 children, 107 grand-children, and 85 great-grand-children—total 208.

NOTICE.

WE, the Undersigned, residents in Halifax, earnestly impressed with the importance of forming a Company, without any loss of time, for the beneficial purpose of supplying the Inhabitants with fresh water, (as well as its importance in times of the calamity of fire,) and also to light the Town with Gas, on account of its security and cheapness, and agreeing to become Subscribers for Stock there in; do hereby request a meeting of all persons favourable to the above objects, at the Exchange Coffee House on Monday, the 16th day of March next, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose of forming a

"GAS LIGHT, AND WATER COMPANY."

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| JOSEPH STARR, | WM. A. BLACK, |
| ANDREW RICHARDSON, | ALEX. MCKENZIE, |
| JOHN DUFFUS, | WM. M. ALAN, |
| J. LEANDER STARR, | WM. CALDWELL, |
| E. CUNARD, JUNR. | BENJ. SMITHERS, |
| ROBERT ROMANS, | HENRY SPIKE, |
| EDWARD KENNY, | FRED. STURMEY, SENR. |
| WM. CRAWFORD, | J. B. UNIACKE, |
| STEPHEN BINNEY, | H. BELL, |
| J. EDWARD STARR, | T. FORBES, |
| M. TOBIN, SENR. | G. C. WHIDDEN, |
| T. S. TOBIN, | W. LAWSON, JUNR. |
| JOSEPH HOWE, | M. B. ALMON, |
| E. CUNARD, | |
| Halifax, March 12. | |

FESTIVAL OF ST. PATRICK.

THE Sons of the Emerald Isle, and members of the Charitable Irish Society and their friends, will celebrate the Anniversary of their Tutelar Saint, on the 17th of March, by dining at Mason's Hall, at 6 o'clock.

Tickets to be obtained at the Store of Messrs. T. & E. Kenny; those intending to dine will please apply for tickets before the 14th instant.

J. B. UNIACKE, Esq. President.

JAMES FITZGERALD, Secretary.

March 7.

NEW BOOK STORE.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE Subscriber has just received, and offers for Sale as above, cheap for Cash or approved credit:

- Dilworth's, Fenning's, Carpenter's, and other Spelling Books,
- Murray's and Lennie's Grammar,
- Pot, Foolscap, Demy, and Post Papers,
- Red, Black, and Blue Writing Inks,
- Printing Ink in cannisters of 8 and 16 lbs.
- Coloured and Demy Printing Paper,
- Scott's Poems,
- Keith on the Use of the Globes,
- Bibles and Prayer Books, handsomely bound in Morocco,
- Very cheap School Books, with plates—and Testaments,
- Murray's Introduction and Sequel,
- Campbell's Rhetoric—Blair's Lectures,
- Johnston's and Walker's Dictionaries,
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,
- Do. with notes,
- A large collection of handsomely bound Miscellaneous Works,
- Steel slip Pens,
- Indian Rubber and patent regulating Spring Pens,
- Toy Books—a great variety,
- Pope's Homer, and Cowper's Poems,
- Paints and Paint Boxes,
- Camel Hair Pencils,
- Lead Pencils, and Indian Rubber,
- Sealing Wax and Wafers, and Wafer Stamps,
- Wafer Seals, with mottos and names,
- Copy Books, Memorandum Books, Ledgers, Blotters, &c.
- Slates and Slate Pencils.

Orders from the country thankfully received and punctually attended to. A liberal reduction made from the retail prices to persons sending orders to the extent of £5; and also a discount all Cash purchases.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

February 22.

For the Pearl.

TO ———, ———.

Hours there were when I believed
Thy heart was faithful, true to me;
I fondly hoped to me it cleaved
With love as pure as mine for thee.
These hours are gone—that hope is dead,
It never can return to me:
But still the heart whence it hath fled
As warmly beats as then for thee.

That heart was thine when it was warm,
With all the dreams of youth's gay years,
Ere it had known affliction's storm,
Or thought of disappointment's tears.
These dreams, their light, their joy, are gone,
They never can return to me:
My heart is cold to all beside,
But still it warmly beats for thee.

I've seen that friendship pass away,
Which once I thought could never change;
I've seen the face that smiled on me
In other years, grow cold and strange.
Life's dearest hours with me are o'er
My fondest hopes are gone from thee:
But still the heart they'll cheer no more
As ever fondly beats for thee.

February, 1840.

GERTRUDE.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The youthful maid—the gentle bride—
The happy wife, her husband's pride,
Who meekly kneel, at morning ray,
The incense of their vows to pay,
Or pour, amid their household train,
From love's full heart, the vesper-strain,
What know they of her anguish'd cry,
Who lonely lifts the tearful eye?
No sympathizing glance, to view
Her alter'd cheek's unearthly hue—
No soothing tone, to quell the power
Of grief that bursts at midnight hour;
Oh, God! her heart is pierc'd and bare—
Have mercy on the Widow's prayer!

Not like that mother's heavenward sigh,
Who sees her fond protector nigh,
Is hers, who, rest of earthly trust,
Hath laid her bosom's lord in dust.
Sleeps her young babe? but who shall share
Its waking charms—its holy care?—
Who shield the daughter's opening bloom,
Whose father moulders in the tomb?
Her son the treacherous world beguiles,
What voice shall warn him of its wiles?
What strong hand break the deadly snare?
Oh, answer, Heaven! the Widow's prayer!

For not the breath of prosperous days,
Tho' warm with joy, or wing'd with praise,
E'er kindled such a living coal
Of deep devotion in the soul,
As that wild blast which bore away
Its idol, to returnless clay;
And for the wreath that crown'd the brow,
Left bitter herbs, and hyssop bough—
A lonely couch—a sever'd tie—
A tear that time can never dry—
Unutter'd woe—unpitied care—
Oh, God! regard the Widow's prayer!

Hartford, Dec. 1839.

CHARACTER OF GOETHE.

The following extract will give the true secret of Goethe's peculiar character:—

"Recollecting that this passive and unmoved spectator was no stupid idler, incapable of comprehending or sympathising with the great movements of the world, we are naturally surprised at his extraordinary apathy; and it is therefore not idly or unintentionally that we have made these reflections. It is in fact this very idiosyncrasy of Goethe which furnishes us, we think, with the true key to his character and genius. The most apparent feature of Goethe's literary character, is egotism, a vast and unparalleled intellectual egotism. The great characteristic of his genius is its universality; or rather, we would express our idea of Goethe thus: He was a great naturalist. His whole life was spent in an ardent and systematic study of nature; and as he was unwilling to attach himself to any particular science, we find that his genius and time were devoted to the universal investigation of all. Every subject, there-

fore, in the whole universe, attracted and engaged his attention. He pursued with eagerness all the real and palpable sciences: anatomy, geology, chemistry, astronomy, botany, the fine arts; all the subjects in which truth is to be learned, and in which the student is placed in immediate contact with his great teacher, nature. The collection which he formed during his life, in the various branches of natural history, particularly in geology and botany, to say nothing of his extensive cabinets of medals, antiques, and the other subjects of archæology, continue to be objects of exhibition since his death, and would furnish in themselves, even had he not been the author of a whole library, of a whole literature, as his works may truly be entitled, a satisfactory result, even for a life as long as his. Habituated to these studies, and having, both from nature and education, a propensity to examine and investigate every thing that met his eye, as a fragment of universal science, containing, however apparently insignificant, a truth or at least a problem; it was natural that he should regard, with equal interest and equal composure, things vastly differing in importance in the estimate of the world. A bubble or a solar system were to him perfect specimens of nature's workmanship, and he recognised that the one as well as the other, contained within itself a whole world of scientific truth, which the intellect of man was unable wholly to master. Perceiving more accurately than any man the circumference of the human intelligence, and possessed with the desire and determination to occupy the whole contents of the circle, rather than to strive beyond the barrier which hems us in, he devoted himself to the study of nature in all her revelations. His universalism, therefore, led him to observe all things, but to estimate them as it were equally. The development of a national revolution was observed by him with the same calm and unimpassioned attention, as the development of a passion flower in his garden. Both were interesting to him as natural phenomena, both claimed his attention as a naturalist, and both were to him equally interesting, equally important. Immersed in the most profound egotism then, he studied Arabic, while the French were demolishing Prussia; with the roar of Jena's artillery in his very ear, he was engaged at Weimar, in a chromatic theory. When the court fled before the bayonets of the advancing conqueror, he packed up his papers and fled too; when they got to their resting place, he resumed his labours and finished his theory."

MORNING.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest bird; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herd, tree, fruit, and flowers.

That is a fine passage in Josephus in which he informs us that the people of Jerusalem issued out of the eastern gate of the city to salute the sun on his first rising; and there is nothing more beautiful in the celebrated Song of Solomon than those passages in which the admiring Naturalist exhorts his "fair one" to "rise up and come away"—at day break, and while the shadows of night are retiring to "await the Sun with healing in his beams." There is something in the opening of the dawn at this season that enlivens the spirit with a sort of cheerful seriousness, and fills one with a certain calm rapture in the consciousness of existence. "For my own part, at least," said an amiable moralist, "the rising of the Sun has the same effect on me as it is said to have had on the celebrated statue of Memnon; and I never see that glorious luminary breaking out upon me, that I do not find myself harmonized for the whole day." The wise man, too, found that early hours were auxiliary to both business and pleasure, and he accordingly corroborated his health and kindled his fancy by the air and scenery of the morning.

If there is any one time more than another auspicious to enjoyment, it is when the voice of Song is heard, warbling "under the opening eyelids of the Morn," filling Nature's great temple with the matin hymn of praise. It is the time for thoughts of love and hope: the creatures that delight in darkness have retired; the air is calm as an infant's breathing; and every herb and flower of the field is arrayed with its dewy jewelry to welcome and do honour to the hour—the hour which comes like the return of youth to age, and of re-awakened life to all. The heart of the town-prisoned man, contracted with the constricting cares of life, expands, rejoices, and takes in all; his dulled spirits dance, and his whole system, well nigh hardened into brick and lime, is juvenilized, amidst the rural influences of the first fresh hours of a June morning.

Nothing in the language of description can be more admirable than Milton's descriptions of the vernal glories of Paradise, and the transports of our first parents when first they looked upon that "delightful land." How touchingly does Adam exhort his consort to awake to the enjoyments of her shrubs and flowers:

Awake! the morning shines and the fresh field
Calls us! we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tender plants; how blows the citron grove;
What drops the myrrh; and what the balmy reed;
How nature paints her colours; how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

Even the austerity of metaphysical morals has allowed that castle building is no vicious employment, and the aerial architects of this species of structure will discover in their morning walks capital materials for those "houses not built with hands." The mind

is then docile to the lessons of Reason, and alive to the impressions of Fancy: and the man of business, as well as the idler and the poet, will find an early ramble most propitious to their respective avocations. To this, seriously and reverently, must be added that duty, pious gratitude, the gravity and stillness of the hour, as though a general orison was offering, and nature were on her knees, will all conspire to make our better thoughts rise to Him who "sheweth faithfulness every night, and loving kindness in the morning;" who "sendeth forth light, and it goeth," and who calls it again, and it obeyeth with fear.

DREAMS.

BY LORD BYRON.

Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves, as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sybils of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by
The dread of vanished shadows. * * * *
* * * * The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
* * * * A thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

EARLY REPUTATION.

It is an old proverb that he who aims at the sun, to be sure he will never reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aims at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high, and though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aim at some inferior excellence. Young men are not in general conscious of what they are capable of doing. They do not task their faculties nor improve their powers, nor attempt, as they ought, to rise to superior excellence; they have no high commanding object at which to aim; but often seem to be passing away life without object or without end. The consequence is, their efforts are feeble; they are not waked up to anything great or distinguished, and therefore fail to acquire a character of decided worth.

Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful. We are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence, our temper and habits are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate. In this view, nothing is of more importance to young men than the choice of their companions. If they select for their associates the intelligent, the virtuous and enterprising, great and mostly happy will be the effect on their own character and habits. With these living patterns of excellence before them, they can hardly fail to distrust everything that is low and unworthy. Young men are in general but little aware how much their reputation is affected in the view of the public by the company they keep, the character of their associates is soon regarded as their own. If they seek the society of the worthy, it elevates them in the public estimation, as it is evidence that they respect others. On the contrary, intimacy with persons of bad character always sinks a young man in the eye of the public.—*Western Pres. Herald.*

The Acheron steamer, on her last voyage from Gibraltar, ran from the Rock to Malta in four days and eight hours, thus going at the rate of upwards of 200 miles per day.

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