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THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1897.

No. 3.

THE PIRATE VESSEL.

During the 17th and 18th of May, a distant sail had been seen upon our starboard quarter, standing the same course with ourselves; and from the circumstance of her position being always the same, we could only conclude that she was steering by us, for she continued to preserve, both in light and fresh breezes, the same distance, as a mere speck upon the horizon, so that it was impossible to make her out. The suspicions of the captain were awakened by her continuing to hover thus perseveringly about our wake; the magazine was overhauled, and the ship's cutlasses and muskets were passed once more through the armourer's hands; however, it was not thought necessary to remount the guns, which had been stowed away only the previous day.

In the evening, I was writing in my cabin, when Tom, the little cabin-boy came, running in. 'Sir, sir, there's a great ship coming down to us, to fight us; there's the captain and officers and all the passengers upon the poop, with their glasses, and they all think she is a pirate ship.'

I took my telescope, and ran on deck, and there, as the boy had said, were all the people anxiously reconnoitring the stranger, who was bearing directly down upon us. It was getting dark, and the vessel was at too great a distance for any but a sailor's eye to determine what she was.

'What do you make of her, Mr. Harcourt?' asked the captain of the chief mate.

'She's a schooner, sir, and a rakish little craft she is too; in my mind no better than she should be.'

'Faith, and there may be some truth in that,' replied the skipper. 'Let's have the guns on deck smartly, Mr. Harcourt, and tell Macanley and the steward to stand by the magazine. Carpenter, knock out the ports!'

Considerable excitement now prevailed on board; every hand was actively engaged in preparation. It was evident that the captain anticipated a bit of a skirmish; for except while superintending the work on deck, his eye was anxiously fixed upon the movements of the stranger. She was nearing us rapidly, and every spar and every rope quickly became visible in relief against the clear sky.

'Now, boys,' said the captain, 'if we are obliged to grapple that little devil, there will be no child's-play for us; you all know what hands such as she are manned by. I don't want to preach to you, my lads; I put too much confidence in every man of you to think that you require to be talked into your duty—it is enough that you are British seamen. Boatswain, pipe all hands to splice the main brace!'

The little craft was now within hail; not a soul was to be seen on board, except the man at the wheel. She really appeared to manoeuvre as if by magic, as she came sweeping down upon us, now luffing to the wind, now again lying off a point or two, as if to show her superiority of sailing. Now, like a little water-witch, the most perfect model of symmetry and grace, she came skimming over the water but a stone's throw to windward of us. Our captain hailed her, but she made us no reply; again, but with a little effect: once more, but she still persisted in her obstinate silence. He now threatened to fire into her if she did not reply, and up started a figure, trumpet in hand, who answered our hail by a loud incomprehensible sort of a grunt, and again she steered wide of us. As she fell off from us, she wore round upon the wind, as if with the intention of bringing her broadside to rake our decks from the stern forwards: our skipper, however, was a little too wide awake for her, and wore ship also, before the manoeuvre had time to take effect, so that we were again standing the same course; but we were now upon the

windward side, an advantage which the schooner had hitherto enjoyed. Finding herself foiled, she now went off at a tangent before the wind, and was quickly lost sight of in the increasing gloom.

'She's not gone yet,' said the captain; 'lay the ship her course again, Mr. Harcourt; she'll be down upon us again directly. But, eh! how's this? why the ladies are all in the cuddy; they had better go below. See to that, Mr. Harcourt: I'll keep an eye on deck.'

Now let us take a peep fore and aft the decks. All the more combative among the passengers were assembled upon the poop, armed to the teeth, with fowling-pieces, regimental swords, ship's muskets, boarding-pikes, and cutlasses. I had taken my station upon the larboard bumpkin boom, with my double-barrelled Joe, having been commissioned by the captain to reserve my fire in order to pick off the stranger's helmsman, if an opportunity should occur. The quarterdeck, waist, and fore-castle, were crowded with the able hands on board. The capstern was surrounded with ammunition and small arms, and all the shot-lockers were well furnished. The sailors appointed to man the guns stood by them, anxiously awaiting an opportunity of displaying their skill; the musketeers occupied the intervals between the guns, and at the gangway stood, with his shirt sleeves tucked above his elbows, our gigantic immolating priest, Tom Kitts, the butcher, brandishing a red-hot poker, wherewith to fire the guns: not a port-fire was to be found on board.

It will be understood that the schooner having gone off before the wind, and we now lying our course with the wind upon our larboard quarter, the two vessels were supposed to be sailing in directions diverging from one another. It was to our utter astonishment, therefore, that the watch upon the fore-castle descried the little witch coming down directly across our course, and not a hundred yards a-head of us; it could be no other? no! there she was, the same little gull-like craft, sweeping along under a press of canvass, and impudently running under our very bows.

'Port your helm!' roared the captain to the man at the wheel; 'why that lubber is determined to make us run her down: but, by the mighty Jove, I'll not lay a point off my course for her again. Steady!'

'Steady she is, sir,' replied the helmsman.

The schooner again tried the same manoeuvre as before, but our captain was too keen to be out-witted, and as she brought her broadside upon our quarter, we again wore round, so as to keep her on our beam. Finding that she had gained nothing, she did not attempt any renewal of this manoeuvre; but filling again her towering canvass, she passed a-head, and once more crossed our bows, so close, indeed, that our flying jib-boom was reported to have carried away her peak halliards: for our skipper kept his word, declaring that he would run her down rather than break off his course again. We entreated him to fire into her for her insolence; but he declared he dared not do it.

'I would,' said he, 'if I dared, but such a thing would subject me to the loss of my command; besides remember how many petticoats I have under my charge: if we were to get the worst of the fray, a very pretty pickle I should bring these young girls into: the most fortunate of them would have their throats cut, and the rest, the fattest of course, would be led in captivity to the harem of the Dey of Algiers. Do you think, Miss Virginia Letitia Swallow would ever survive the honour of being made a sultana? No, my dear fellows; if he hits me, I'll fight; but I dare not strike the first blow.'

'Once more, she hauled her wind, and sailed clean round us, still refusing to answer our repeated hail: well might she have been proud of her superior sailing; but she did not venture to compete with us in force. I fancy she was too well satisfied with her scrutiny, for as she ran to leeward of us, she put herself before the wind, and once more took her departure.

'Ah, ah!' cried the captain, 'that is the last of her,' as the rising moon displayed to us her rigging, decks, and bulwarks literally swarming with human beings. 'She's off!' repeated the captain, 'or she would never have shown her bee-hive. Why, they mustered full 200 hands, I'll be sworn. I'm very glad she has walked off; let us go down and crush the hopes of the aspiring sultanas.'

'Well Adams,' said I to an old man-of-war's man 'what do you think of her? I hardly fancied that she would display such a craven crest. Do you think we should have been a match for her?'

'No saying exactly, sir; she's a proper tight little craft as a sailor might love to look upon, and carries a nation lot of hands; regular fire-eaters too, every man jack of em, I'll be sworn; but then they never show fight unless it's a dead thing; she see'd too many hands aboard of us, and didn't quite like our skipper's cool way of working; besides, she didn't twig no quakers among our bull dogs, and may be, it's the better for both of us that she didn't, your honor.'

'But a couple of broadsides would have cut her up fore and aft, and a third would have sunk her.'

'Don't know that, sir; them 'ere sort of craft ain't quite so easy done up; you might riddle her hull through and through like an old cullender before she'd die of the dropsy.'—Bacon's *Hindustan*.

A GERMAN GHOST STORY.

The following strange and wonderful story is related by Sir William Whraxall, in the first part of his "Historical Memoirs." The reader will bear in mind that the incident occurred in Germany; and being only that it is not located in the Hartz Mountains, we should pronounce it to be one of the most veritable ghost stories on record, not even excepting Sir Josiah Barrington's wonderful, marvellous ghost music.

In the autumn of 1778, I visited Dresden for the second time; a court which was rendered peculiarly agreeable to the English at that period, by the hospitality and polished manners of his majesty's minister to Saxony, Sir John Stepney; one of the best gentlemen who had been employed on foreign missions, during the course of the present reign. Dresden was then a place where the Illumines had made a deep and general impression on the public mind; Schrepfer having chosen it, only a few years earlier, for the scene of his famous exhibition of the apparition of the chevalier de Saxe. Having given, in a former work, some account of the extraordinary imposition, I shall not resume the subject here; but I cannot help relating another somewhat similar story, which was told me during my residence in Dresden, by the count de Felkesheim. He was a Livonian gentleman, settled in Saxony, of a very improved understanding, equally superior to credulity, as to superstition. Being together in the month of October, 1778, and our discourse accidentally turning on the character and performances of Schrepfer, "I have conversed," said he to me, "with several of the individuals who were present at the scene of the spectre or phantom, presented by him in the place of the duke Courland. They all agree in their recount of the leading particulars. Though I do not pretend to explain by what process or machinery the spectre

conducted. I have always considered him an artful oster, and his audience as dupes. Yet I am not so idly sceptical on the possibility of supernatural appearances, as to treat them with ridicule, because they may be unphilosophical. I received my education in University of Königsberg, where I had the advantage of attending lectures in ethics and moral philosophy, delivered by a professor who to me seemed a very superior man in those branches of science. He had nevertheless, though ecclesiastic, the reputation of being tinctured with indolence on various points connected with revealed religion. When, therefore it became necessary for him, in the course of his lectures to treat on the nature of spirit, detached from matter, to discuss the immortality of the soul and to enter on the doctrine of a future state, I listened with more than ordinary attention to his opinions. In making of all these mysterious subjects there appeared to me to be so sensible an embarrassment both in his language and his expression that I felt the strongest curiosity to question him further respecting them. Finding myself alone with him soon afterwards, I ventured to state to him my remarks on his deportment, and I entreated him to tell me if they were well founded or only imaginary suggestions."

"The hesitation which you noticed," answered he, "resulted from the conflict that takes place within me, when I am attempting to convey my ideas on a subject where my understanding is at variance with the testimony of my senses. I am equally, from reason and reflection, disposed to counter with incredulity and contempt, the existence of apparitions. But an appearance which I have witnessed with my own eyes, as far as they or any of the perceptions can be confided in, and which has even received a sort of subsequent confirmation, from other circumstances with respect to the original fact, leaves me in that state of scepticism and suspense which pervaded my discourse. I will communicate to you its cause. Having been brought up to the profession of the church, I was presented by Frederick William the first, late king of Prussia to a small benefice situated in the country, at a considerable distance south of Königsberg. I repaired thither, in order to take possession of my living, and found a very neat parsonage house where I passed the night in the bed chamber which had been occupied by my predecessor.

It was the longest day in summer, and on the following morning which was Sunday, while lying awake, the curtains of the bed being undrawn, and it being broad daylight, I beheld the figure of a man, habited in a sort of loose gown, standing at a reading desk, on which lay a large book, the leaves of which he appeared to turn over at intervals. On each side of him stood a little boy, in whose face he looked earnestly from time to time, and as he looked he seemed always to heave a deep sigh. His countenance pale and disconsolate, indicated severe distress of mind. I had the most perfect view of these objects; but, being impressed with too much fear and apprehension to rise, or to address myself to the appearance before me, I remained for some minutes a silent and breathless spectator, without uttering a word, or altering my position. At length the man closed the book, and then taking the two children, one in each hand he led them slowly across the room; my eyes eagerly following him till the three figures gradually disappeared, or were lost behind an iron stove, which stood at the farthest corner of the apartment.

However deeply and awfully I was affected by the sight which I had witnessed, and however incapable I was of explaining it to my own satisfaction, yet I recovered sufficiently the possession of my mind to get up, and having hastily dressed myself, I left the house. The sun was long risen, and directing my steps to the church, I found that it was open; but the sexton had quitted it, and on entering the chancel, my mind and imagination were so strongly impressed by the scene which had recently passed, that I endeavored to dissipate the recollection, by considering the objects around me. In almost all the Lutheran churches of the Prussian dominions, it is an established usage to hang up against the walls of some

part of the building the portraits of the successive pastors or clergyman who held the living. A number of these paintings rudely performed, were suspended in one of the aisles. But I had no sooner fixed my eyes on the range, where was the portrait of my predecessor, than they became riveted to the object; and I instantly recognized the same face which I beheld in my bed chamber though not clouded by the same expression of distress.

The sexton entered, as I was still contemplating this interesting look and I immediately began a conversation with him, on the subject of the persons who had preceded me in the living. He remembered several incumbents, concerning whom respectively, I made various enquiries, till I concluded by the last; relative to this history I was particularly inquisitive. "We considered him," said the sexton, "as one of the most learned among us. His charities and benevolence endeared him to all his parishioners, who will long lament his loss. But he was carried off in the middle of his days by lingering illness, the course of which has given rise to many unpleasant reports among us and which still form a matter of conjecture. It is however commonly believed that he died of a broken heart." My curiosity being still more warmly excited by the mention of this circumstance, I eagerly pressed him to disclose to me what he knew or heard on the subject. "Nothing respecting it," he answered "is absolutely known, but scandal had propagated a story of his having formed a criminal connection with a young woman of the neighbourhood, by whom it is even asserted that he had two sons.

As a confirmation of the report, I know that there certainly were two children who have been seen at the parsonage; boys about four or five years old. But they suddenly disappeared, some time before the decease of their supposed father; though to what place they are sent, or what has become of them, we are wholly ignorant. It is equally certain that the surmises and unfavourable opinions formed respecting this mysterious business, which must necessarily have reached him, precipitated, if they did not produce the disorder of which our late pastor died; but he is gone to his account, and we are bound to think charitably of the departed."

"It is unnecessary to say with what emotions I listened to this relation, which recalled to my imagination and seemed to give proof of the existence of all that I had seen. Yet, unwilling to suffer my mind to become enslaved by phantoms which might have been the effect of error or deception, I never communicated to the sexton, the circumstance which I had just witnessed, nor even permitted myself to quit the chamber where it had taken place. I continued to lodge there, without ever again witnessing any similar appearance; and the recollection itself insensibly began to wear away, as the autumn advanced.

When the approach of winter rendered it necessary to light fires through the house, I ordered the iron stove that stood in the room, and behind which the figure which I beheld, together with the two boys, seemed to disappear, to be heated for the purpose of warming the apartment. Some difficulty was experienced in making the attempt, the stove not only smoking intolerably, but emitting a most offensive smell. Having, therefore, sent for a blacksmith to inspect and repair it, he discovered in the inside, at the farthest extremity, the bones of two small human bodies, corresponding perfectly in size, as well as in other respects, with the description given me by the sexton of the two boys who had been seen at the parsonage. This circumstance completed my astonishment, and appeared to confer a sort of reality on the appearance, which might otherwise have been considered as a delusion of the senses. I resigned the living, quitting the place and returned to Königsberg; but it has produced upon my mind the deepest impression and fear and has, given rise to that uncertainty and contradiction of sentiment which you remarked in my late discourse." Such was Count Felkenheim's story, which from its singularity appeared to me deserving of commemoration, in whatever contempt we may justly hold similar anecdotes.

Cease then, nor order imperfections name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

"The resurrection and the life; these are thy magnificent titles, Captain of our salvation! And therefore we commit to thee body and soul; for thou hast redeemed both, and thou wilt advance both to the noblest and most splendid of portions. Who quails and shrinks, scared by the despotism of death? Who amongst you fears the dashing of those cold black waters which roll between us and the glorious promised land? Men and brethren Christ Jesus the Lord has 'abolished death;' will ye, by your fearfulness, throw strength into the skeleton, and give back empire to the dethroned and the destroyed? Yes, 'the resurrection and the life,' 'abolished death.' Ye must indeed die, and so far death remains undestroyed. But if the terrible be destroyed when it can no longer terrify, and if the injurious be destroyed when it can no longer injure; if the enemy be abolished when it does the work of a friend, and if the tyrant be abolished when performing the offices of a servant; if the repulsive be destroyed when we can welcome it, and if the odious be destroyed when we can embrace it; if the quick-sand be abolished when we can walk on it and sink not, if the fire be abolished when we can walk through it and be scorched not, if the poison be abolished when we can drink it and be hurt not; then is death destroyed, then is death abolished to all who believe on the 'resurrection and the life; and the noble prophecy is fulfilled (bear witness, ye groups of the ransomed, bending down from your high citadel of triumph) 'O Death, I will be thy plagues; O Grave, I will be thy destruction.'

"I heard a voice from heaven"—oh for the angel's tongue, that words so beautiful might have all their melodiousness—'saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' It is yet but a little while, and we shall be delivered from the burden and the conflict, and with all those who have preceded us in the righteous struggle, enjoy the deep raptures of a Mediator's presence. Then, re-united to the friends with whom we took sweet counsel upon earth, we shall recount our toil only to heighten our ecstasy, and call to mind the tag and the dip of the war, only that, with a more bounding throb, and a richer song, we may feel and celebrate the wonders of redemption. And when the morning of the resurrection break upon this long-disordered and groaning creation, then shall our text be understood in all its majesty, and in all its marvel: and then shall the words, whose syllables mingled so often with the funeral knell, that we are disposed to carve them on the cypress-tree rather than on the palm 'I am the resurrection and the life,' form the chorus of that noble anthem, which those for whom Christ 'died, and rose, and revived,' shall chaunt as they march from judgment to glory."—Rev. H. Melville, A. M.

WITNESSES TO THE REDEEMER'S GLORY.

The Heavens gave witness; a new star passed through the sky at his incarnation; and for three hours, at his crucifixion, the sun was extinguished.

The Winds and Seas gave witness; when, at his word the furious tempest was hushed, and the rough billows smoothed into a great calm; at the same word, the inhabitants of the waters crowded round the ship, and filled the net of the astonished and worshipping disciples.

The Earth gave witness. At his death and at his resurrection, it trembled to its centre.

Diseases gave witness. Fevers were rebuked; issues of blood were staunch'd; the blind saw their deliverance; the deaf heard his voice; the dumb published his glory; the sick of the palsy was made whole; and the lepers were cleansed at his bidding.

The Grave gave witness, when Lazarus came forth from the garb of its dominion, and when many bodies of saints which slept arose.

The Invisible World gave witness. Devils acknowledged his divinity, and flew from his presence to the abode of misery. Angels ministered to him in the desert.

garden, and the tomb. Yea, a multitude filled the heavens with their melody in the air, in the hearing of the shepherds; and as our risen Lord ascended up to glory, they accompanied him with the sound of trumpets, and the shouts of triumph.

Anon.

THE SEASONS.

A proof of the Divine Faithfulness.

Whatever view we take of the works and ways of the Most High, we see that he is faithful to his word, that he is a covenant-keeping God. He has declared, that "whilst the earth remaineth, seed-time, and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease;" and they have not. We are living witnesses, that they have not. This morning's sun, shining with more than usual lustre, and writing with his every beam on creation, his Maker's praise; these reviving gales; the newborn leaves and flowers; the lark yonder rising to the gate of heaven, all seem to re-echo the sentiment, and to say, truly they have not. "God is not a man that he should lie." If we look back for a few months, we must recollect the driving snows, the showers of hail, the piercing blasts, the withered herbage, the shivering cattle, the stripped trees, and the barren fields; and why do we not still witness scenes like these? Who has driven away bleak Winter, with his army of winds and frosts, and snows, and hail? Who is it that has again made our fields smile with flowers? Who has caused life to break forth in a thousand interesting forms, and has filled creation with verdure, fragrance, beauty and harmony? Who has bid the valleys stand thick with rising corn? And who makes the little hills rejoice on every side? What voice is that which is heard from the heavens and the earth, from every field, and every tree? It says, "Arise, and come away; for, lo! the winter disappears on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." It is his voice, who, at first spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast;" it is the voice of the infinitely faithful God;—

"One spirit.—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Revels universal nature; not a flower,
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrival'd pencil!"

B. H. Draper.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Two men were travelling to the far West. One was a sceptic and the other a christian. The former was on every occasion ready to denounce religion as an imposture, and its professors as hypocrites. According to his own account of the matter, he always suspected those who made pretensions to piety, felt particularly exposed in the company of christians, and took particular care of his horse and his pockets when the saints were around him.

They had travelled late one evening, and were in the wilderness. They at last drew near to a solitary hut, and rejoiced at the prospect of a shelter however humble. They asked admission, and obtained it. But it was almost as dreary and comfortless within as without, and there was nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the inhabitants. These were an elderly man, his wife and two sons—sun-burnt, hardy and rough. They were apparently hospitable, and welcomed the travellers to such homely fare as the forest afforded; but this air of kindness might be assumed to deceive them, and the travellers became seriously apprehensive that evil was intended. It was a lonely place, suited to deeds of robbery and blood. No help was at hand. The two friends communicated to each other their apprehensions, and resolved that on retiring to their part of the hut—for there were two apartments in it—they would secure it as well as they could against the entrance of their host—would have their weapons of defence at hand, and would take turns through the night in watching, so that one of them should be constantly on guard while his comrade slept.

Having hastily made their arrangements, they joined the family, partook of their homely fare, and spoke of retiring to rest. The old man said it had been his practice in bet-

ter times, and he continued it still, before his family went to rest at night, to commend them to God, and if the strangers had no objection he would do so now. The christian rejoiced to find a brother in the wilderness, and even the sceptic could not conceal his satisfaction at the proposition. The old man arose, took down a well-worn family bible, on which no dust was gathered, though age had marked it, and read with reverence a portion of the sacred scriptures. He then supplicated the divine protection, acknowledged the divine goodness, and prayed for pardon, guidance, grace, and salvation. He prayed, too, for the strangers—that they might be prospered on their journey, and at the close of their earthly journey have a home in Heaven. He was evidently a man of prayer, and that humble cottage was a place where prayer was wont to be made.

The travellers retired to their apartments. According to their previous arrangements, the sceptic was to have the first watch of the night; but, instead of priming his pistols and bracing his nerves for an attack, he was for wrapping himself as quietly in a blanket as if he never thought of danger. His friend reminded him of their arrangements, and asked him how he had lost his apprehension of danger. The sceptic felt the force of the question and of all it implied, and had the frankness to acknowledge that he could not but feel himself as safe as at a New-England fireside in any house or in any forest where the bible was read as the old man read it, and where prayer was offered as the old man prayed.

NAPOLEON'S HEARSE.—As we were passing by a long shed, in one corner of the parade, the officer who conducted us, called our attention to a plain four-wheeled carriage, without body or top, which was stowed away among heaps of other rubbish. Two or three boards were laid upon the axles, like the bottom of a common lumber-wagon, and this was roughly cleated with narrow strips, so as just to admit a coffin and keep it in its place. "This," said the officer, "is the identical carriage which Bonaparte took with him, when he was taken to St. Helena, and this is the hearse upon which he was carried to his grave. When it was sent home, it had a canvass top, the whole of which has been cut off and carried away by successive visitors. When the cloth was gone they began to cut away the wood itself, so that we have been obliged to put it out of their reach, within this railing, as you see."

"Is it possible!" I was ready instinctively to exclaim—"Is this the end of human greatness? The hero of Lodi, of Jena, of Wagram, of Austerlitz—the idol of a great and chivalrous nation—the conqueror of powerful kingdoms—the arbiter of dynasties—the terror of the world!" How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken the nations! Is it a dream? Is it the mockery of a stranger's credulity? Or was it thus, that one of the proudest conquerors that the earth ever saw, was borne to his long home? Is this a royal hearse? This, which so much resembles a mere market cart, or farmer's truck, hastily fitted up as if to convey a pauper to his lonely grave? Is it thus that the flaming orb of military glory goes down "behind the darkened west?" What a lesson! What a commentary upon one of the most remarkable chapters in the whole history of human ambition and greatness! What a winding up of that gorgeous and terrible drama, which for a quarter of a century held mankind in breathless suspense! Sceptres—crowns—thrones—palaces—triumphal processions and arches—the adoration of the proudest millions of warriors that ever bore the car of idols through rivers of blood—the quaking of continents beneath his chariot wheels—here, here we see them all under an open shed, cleated down upon rough boards, six feet long and two wide!—*Dr. Humphrey.*

ANECDOTE.—Sir J. Thornbull was the man who painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's London. After having finished one of the compartments, he stepped back gradually to see how it would look at a distance. He receded so far (still keeping his eyes intently on the painting) that he was gone almost to the edge of the scaf-

fold without perceiving it. Had he continued to retreat, half a minute more would have completed his destruction, and he must have fallen to the pavement underneath. A person present who saw the great danger the artist was in, had the happy presence of mind suddenly to snatch up one of the brushes and spoil the painting by rubbing it over. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save the remainder of the piece. But his rage soon turned into thanks when the person told him, "Sir, by spoiling the painting I have saved the life of the painter. You were advancing to the extremity of the scaffold without knowing it. Had I called out to you to apprise you of your danger, you would naturally have turned to look behind you; and the surprise of finding yourself in such a dreadful situation would have made you fall indeed. I had therefore no other method of retrieving you but by acting as I did." Similar, if I may so speak, is the method of God's dealing with his people. We are all naturally fond of our own performances. We admire them to our own ruin, unless the Holy Spirit retrieves us from our folly.—This he does by showing us the insufficiency of our works to justify us before God, and that "by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified."—*N. Y. Ch. Intel.*

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—The annals of the North are filled with accounts of the most perilous and fatal conflicts with the Polar bear. The first, and one of the most tragical, was sustained by Barentz and Heemskerke, in 1596, during their voyage for the discovery of the North-east passage. Having anchored at an island near the Strait of Waygat, two of the sailors landed, and were walking on shore, when one of them felt himself closely hugged from behind. Thinking this a frolic of one of his companions, he called out in a corresponding tone, "Who's there? Pray stand off." His comrade looked and screamed out, "A bear, a bear!" then, running to the ship, alarmed the crew with loud cries. The sailors ran to the spot, armed with pikes and muskets. On their approach the bear very coolly quitted the mangled corpse, sprang upon another sailor, carried him off, and, plunging his teeth into his body, began drinking his blood at long draughts. Hereupon the whole of that stout crew, struck with terror, turned their backs and fled precipitately to the ship. On arriving there they began to look at each other, unable to feel much satisfaction at their own prowess. Three then stood forth, undertaking to avenge the fate of their countrymen, and to secure for them the rites of burial. They advanced and fired at first from so respectful a distance that all missed. The pursuer then courageously proceeded in front of his companions, and, taking a close aim, pierced the monster's skull immediately below the eye. The bear, however, merely lifted his head and advanced upon them, holding still in his mouth the victim whom he was devouring; but, seeing him soon stagger, the three rushed on him with sabre and bayonet, and soon despatched him. They collected and bestowed decent sepulture on the mangled limbs of their comrades, while the skin of the animal, thirteen feet long, became the prize of the sailor who had fired the successful shot.

SWEDISH CHURCH.—On the principal fountain, opposite to one of the rich churches at Gottenburgh, is the following, in gilded letters:—

*När dig lecamlig forst
Till jordiskt watten drifver,
Lut sjalen njuta det
Som lifsens kalla gifver;
De en har du hur,
Sok templet under vist
Hur du det andra far.*

Which may be thus translated:—

"When your bodily thirst drives you to seek for earthly water, let at the same time, your soul drink of that happiness which the spring of life gives. The first you have here, and after you have partaken of it, seek the temple which you see before you, and there you may learn how to obtain the second."

Rae Wilson's Travels in Norway, Sweden, &c.

THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE.

"Give me thy Heart."

What shall we offer thee, thou God of love!
Thou who didst build the heavens and mould the earth;
Thou, who didst hang the sparkling stars above,
And call'dst from darkness light and beauty forth!
From all the treasures of the earth and sea?
What shall we offer thee?

Shall we present thee gold and glittering gems,
Such as might wreath the brows of royalty;
Shall we pluck roses from their slender stems,
Such as in summer's graceful bowers may be;
And shall we lay them at thy holy feet,
An offering fair and meet?

Or shall we deck thy temple with the spoil
Of mighty cities and rich palaces;
Strew flowers—fing on the altar wine and oil,
And pour around thee mingling melodies
Of lutes and voices in soft harmony,
Breathing up praise to thee?

Or shall we bring the treasures of the field,
When the rich autumn fills her flowing horn;
The russet fruits the loaded branches yield—
The clustering grapes, the golden waving corn—
The flowers of summer—the sweet buds of spring—
Oh! which, which shall we bring?

There is a voice which saith: "Oh, dearer far
Than all the earthly treasures ye can give,
The pure aspirings of the spirit are,
When in the light of truth it loves to live:"
Such be our offering at thy holy shrine—
Our hearts, our hearts be thine!

Liverpool, England. Mary Anne Browne.

From the Knickerbocker

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

Poetry can adapt herself to all ages. She can weave a simple ballad for childhood, or a fervent song for the youth ripening into manhood: she has her pictures of fire-side happiness, and domestic comfort, for the parent, and her voice has a tone for the ear of the aged. She can adapt herself to all conditions; she has her simple and affecting narratives, for the poor and the humble; she has a trumpet-voice for the soldier, and the statesman, and a most refined speech for the scholar. She will be our companion at all times, and in all seasons; she will give an additional zest to prosperity; and when the season of adversity shall arrive, she will comfort the wounded spirit, and bind up the broken heart.

Miriam and Moses, the first authors, were poets: and their song of thanksgiving, on passing the Red Sea, has been styled 'at once the most ancient monument, and a master-piece of poetic composition;' and before the invention of letters, the religion, the laws, and the history of the different nations were handed down to posterity through the medium of poetry. Sculpture and painting are the fruits of long experience and unwearied care; and they have been gradually improved from the rudest imitations of nature to their present state; but poetry dates her mortal existence with the birth of mankind; and although the poet may employ his gift for unworthy purposes, it is still an emanation from the Deity:

'As sunshine broken by the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.'

And the most groundless and anomalous objections urged against poetry, are those which proceed from religious men. One great objection, on the part of such men, is the perversion of poetry to improper uses; as well might they tell the patriot not to draw the sword in behalf of his country, because it is the weapon of the oppressor; as well might they cast away the Book of Life, because its meaning is distorted by fools and fanatics. Poetry is most grand, when connected with religious subjects: and in

her purest and most sublime personification, she does not, like Ajax, defy the lightning and the God who made it, but like the ethereal beings around the throne of heaven, she veils her burning eyes with her resplendent wings, when in the solemn presence of the Almighty. He who has no love for poetry, may lay to heart the precepts of the Bible; but there is a light upon the pages of that book which he sees not; there is a harmony in its language which he hears not; for there is a vein of poetry, pure, simple, and sublime, running through the whole sacred volume.

No christian will pretend to doubt, that the language of the Bible is the very language best calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended; neither will any christian deny, that it is intended for the perusal of man, in all ages, countries, and conditions; and if the language of this book is poetry, it naturally follows that the most useful instructions and sublime truths should really exert the greatest influence on mankind, when communicated to the world through this fascinating medium. We meet with poetry on the very threshold of the Bible. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light, and there was light.' How simple and how significant!—how appropriate, yet how poetical! How well is the language adapted to describe the operations of a supreme being! No perplexing reflections, no obstacles: 'He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.' He said, 'Let there be light, and there was light!'

Are tenderness, or sublimity, or simplicity of expression, elements of poetry? They are all in the Bible. Does poetry imply the invention of fictions? Look at the parables. Must it embrace comparisons and figures? Behold them in the Book of books. Take any of its attempted definitions, and they will all correspond with portions of the sacred volume.

In the New-Testament, we not only find poetry in its instructions, its descriptions, its parables, and its prophecies, but there is a majesty, a beauty, and an intellectuality in the action, embodying some of the finest elements of poetry. In the old dispensation, we read more of the frailties and the vices of men, but in the gospel we become acquainted with the perfect character and sublime conduct of Christ. A mediator is sent to reform, to save, the world. Had he appeared in all the paraphernalia of earthly pomp and regal splendor—had he descended as a conqueror, with his marshalled host, and glittering array—the passing vanities of earth might have seemed invested with a more sacred character.

But he came not thus. He was born in a manger, and died on the cross. He took advantage of no elevated situation in life; but poor, persecuted, and oppressed, he exhibited in stronger relief the grandeur of the soul, and the uses of adversity. Apart even from his divine character, the history of his life makes a deep impression upon the poetic mind; an impression so deep, that it wrung from the infidel Rousseau, the celebrated expression, when, alluding to the moral sublimity attending the last hours of Christ, he exclaims: 'SOCRATES died like a philosopher, but JESUS CHRIST like a God!' Take from us the belief in a future existence, and Poetry is shorn of her beams; but let her discuss those subjects connected with our immortal destiny, and she assumes an appearance of inexpressible glory; she strips us for a time of our earthly garments, that we may follow her to the pure river of life, and like the repentant tear which the Peri conveyed to the angel, removes the crystal bar which binds the gates of paradise.

Poetry is the appropriate handmaid of Religion; and says Wolfe: 'The homage of Voltaire to the muse's piety remains a bright memorial of her allegiance to Christianity.'

When the powers of hell seemed for a time to prevail, and his principles had given a shock to the faith of Europe, the daring blasphemer ventured to approach the dramatic muse; but no inspiration would she vouchsafe to dignify the sentiments of impiety and atheism. He found that no im-

sioned emotion could be roused—no tragic interest excited—no generous and lofty feeling called into action where those dark and chilling feelings pervade. He complied with the only terms upon which the muse would impart her favors; and the tragedies of Voltaire displayed the loveliness of Christianity, below indeed what a Christian would feel, but almost beyond what unbelieving Genius could conceive. Such was the victory of Poetry, when she arrested the Apostate, while marching onward to the desolation of mankind; when the champion of modern philosophy fell down before the altar she had raised, and breathed forth the incense of an infidel's adoration! When he came, like the disobedient prophet, that he might curse the people of God, and behold, he blessed them altogether.

We are well assured that poetry, although sometimes seen in connection with error, even as the sons of God held companionship with the daughters of men, is one of the choicest blessings bequeathed to this imperfect world. She is not the offspring of human invention; for unlike those arts and sciences which were given to man in an elementary state, she sprang, Minerva-like, into existence, perfect in her proportions, mature in her strength, and gorgeous in her panoply. The Christian can trace her divine origin with the utmost certainty, and behold with an unclouded vision, that she is born of God, and baptized with inspiration. She invests all things with an extrinsic glory; she diffuses a new light upon the face of nature; she weans us from the rule of our passions, and the dominion of our lusts, and reveals the golden ladder that leads from earth to heaven.

A CELESTIAL TETE-A-TETE.

As I was walking alone one beautiful starlight night, to gaze as I am in the habit of doing, upon the glories of the firmament, and to drink in the 'music of the spheres,' I thought there seemed to be more melody than usual among the celestial orbs, and on listening closely I overheard the following conversation, some part of which was distant enough, and some part, I confess, I had to interpret from the intelligent sparkles of the stars—a language which more nearly resembles that of the eyes than any other that I know of.

'Good evening,' said the bright-eyed Mars to his next door neighbor, the Earth, that floated only about fifty millions of miles off, which is but a short distance for planets that think nothing of travelling a thousand miles a minute. 'Good evening, madam. We have long been rolling in the same neighborhood without getting acquainted with each other. For my part, I am tired of solitude, and of this chilling distance which separates us. I have long thought that the orbs in our system were very unsocial and selfish, and ought to be better acquainted.'—'I think so too,' replied the Earth, in a hoarse manner. 'We have scarcely said a word to each other for these six thousand years. I have been thinking for a thousand years or so of trying to break the ice, and forming a more intimate acquaintance; and right glad I am that you have led the way.'

'Jupiter,' returned Mars, 'floats a great way off, and then he is so majestic and lofty that I scarcely dare speak to him. As for those pretty little creatures, the asteroids, they are so insignificant that I never cared much about their acquaintance—though I suppose they are well enough in their way. But you and I are very nearly equal; and, being next neighbors, we certainly ought to be friends.'

'Good!' said the Earth, who to the eye of Mars was only a star in the brow of the firmament, as Mars was to her. 'I am agreed. And now I will tell you the thing that has troubled me much. We profess to obey the same laws of gravitation, and to be moving in kindred circles about the same great central luminary that diffuses light and influence over the whole solar system; and yet here we are, rolled up into little distinct separate orbs, that move each in his own circle, millions and millions of miles from each other—some of us entirely out of sight of the rest, and seldom coming near enough even to wink at one another. How much better would it be, Mars, if we could only come together and move on in one united and magnificent orb, of the same rate, and the same distance from the

Lord of Day! What a glorious figure should we make in the system! How the rest of the planets would gaze at us, and admire us as we swept by them, many of whom would undoubtedly be drawn to us by our united attraction, and so we should go on, increasing and increasing for ever.'

'You are right,' said Mars. 'I have often thought of this. Let's see, there are nearly thirty of us in the zodiac, to say nothing of some five hundred more whom we hardly call members of the family, but who still pay allegiance to our great luminary, though they are exceedingly strange and eccentric in their deportment, and sometimes set us all in a shiver when they come blazing down upon us, and then suddenly whisk off to some distant part of the universe, and are not seen again for an hundred years. Setting, then, those unaccountable creatures, the comets, out of the account, there are about thirty of us, steady, uniform, well behaved planets, who sweep about in our circles with great regularity, yet entirely dissociated from one another, as though we were mortal enemies. Now there are some malicious planets in the firmament—fiery, malignant orbs, who do not acknowledge allegiance to our great luminary, and who often say to us, 'If you are really so harmonious as you pretend—governed by the same laws and subject to the same influence, and moving in the same direction, and making such wonderful music as poets sing of, why are you broken up into so many separate bodies, each with its separate interest, each setting up to be a world of itself, and looking askance at each other, and often running across each other's orbit, and pulling at one another as you do?' 'And really,' added Mars, 'I think there is some truth in it, and it is a great scandal, it is indeed madam, that such things should be said of us, whether true or not. We have a character to support, and we should pay a regard to our dignity. But, if we were once rolled up together into one magnificent world, what a sublime spectacle! and how much more becoming than to be running helter-skelter all over the sky!'

'I feel just as you do,' returned the Earth; 'and I propose that you and I set the example of union, and henceforth move on together through the firmament.' Mars appeared highly delighted with this proposal, and twinkled more brightly than ever. So he put himself in order and set out on a journey down to the Earth. But before he had got half way—for the Earth was only about two thirds as far from the Sun as he was—he found he was getting all out of order. His climate was entirely changed, and the blaze of the Sun became intolerable. The Sun's attraction, too, began to act with amazing power, being more than twice as great as before. The tides accordingly rose immensely higher, and rolled and dashed over their old boundaries, and he was really afraid he should not hold himself together, or keep a spark of life in existence till he could reach this terrible orb. He finished his journey at last, breathless, panting, and almost frightened out of his wits. But when he got here the matter was still worse. He found the Earth flying at an intolerably rapid rate, moving just about twice as fast as he had been accustomed to do himself. He could hardly keep his breath, so swift did the Earth drag him pell-mell through the void. Every tree and shrub and living creature on the surface was thrown prostrate, as if the besom of desolation had swept over him in an instant. On the other hand, the Earth tugged and groaned under her load. She had never before relaxed her equal flight for an instant, since she first started on her course. But she now had the world accustomed to a motion that scarcely half equalled her own to drag on. Her own velocity was arrested, and every thing loose upon her began to fly off from the surface. Confusion and consternation reigned every where. Moreover, as her velocity was arrested, her centrifugal force greatly diminished and, there being nothing left to counteract the Sun's attraction, nothing evidently remained for our two luckless orbs but to be drawn with constantly increasing momentum into the Sun's blaze, and their burn up as the price of their folly.

The cold sweat stood upon my brow as I saw the dreadful catastrophe approaching, that would blot out two of the brightest orbs of the skies, with all their millions of inhabi-

tants. But another glance into the firmament showed me that this was all a phantom of my own imagination. There was Mars, a little speck, fifty millions of miles off, rolling securely in his own sphere, and shedding his beautiful light all over the heavens. The Moon was walking in her brightness, and the Earth was pursuing her peaceful career through the center of the zodiac, each apparently well satisfied that the station it occupied was that in which it could best subserve the high purposes of its creation.

I thought of Christian denominations, and I asked myself whether these could not as well declare the glory of God, though in separate bodies like the orbs of Heaven, and moving harmoniously, some with a swifter, some with a slower motion, yet each in its own sphere, and according to the same laws and all circling around the same great Source of light and centre of heavenly influence, and, like the heavenly bodies, making sweet music as they roll, in the ear of the universe, and like them.—

For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

The Eglantine.

FEMALE BEAUTY IN FRANCE.

Although female beauty is not common in France, when it is found, it is usually of a very high order. The sweet, cherub-like, guileless expression that belongs to the English female face, and through it to the American, is hardly ever, perhaps never, met with here. The French countenance seldom conveys the idea of extreme, infantile innocence. Even in the children there is a manner which, while it does not absolutely convey an impression of an absence of the virtues, I think leaves less conviction of its belonging to the soul of the being than the peculiar look I mean. One always sees woman modest, amiable, spiritual feminine, and attractive, if you will, in a French girl; while one sometimes sees a young angel in a young English or American face. I have no allusion now to religious education, or to religious feeling which are quite as general in the sex, particularly the young of good families, under the characteristic distinctions, here, as any where else. In this particular the great difference is that, in America it is religion, and in France it is infidelity, that is metaphysical.

There is a coquettish prettiness that is quite common in France, in which air and manner are mingled with a certain sauciness of expression that it is not easily described, but which, while it blends well enough with the style of the face, is rather pleasing than captivating. It marks the peculiar beauty of the grisette who, with her little cap, hand stuck in the pockets of her apron, mincing walk, coquettish eye, and well balanced head, is a creature perfectly sui generis. Such a girl is more like an actress imitating the character than one is apt to imagine the character itself. I have met with imitators of these roguish beauties in a higher station, such as the wives and daughters of the industrious classes, as it is the fashion to call them here, and even among the banking community; but never among women of condition, whose deportment in France, whatever may be their moral, is usually marked by gentility of air and a perfectly good manner, always excepting that small taint of roucism to which I have already alluded, and which certainly must have come from the camp and emigration.

The highest style of the French beauty is the classical. I cannot recal a more lovely picture, a finer union of the grand and feminine than the Dutchess de—in full dress, at a carnival ball, where she shone peerless among hundreds of the elite of Europe. I see her now, with her small, well-seated head: her large, dark brilliant eye riveted on the mazes of a Pologneise dance in character; her hair, black as the raven's wing, clustering over a brow of ivory; her graceful form slightly inclining forward in delighted and graceful attention; her features just Grecian enough to be a model of delicate beauty, just Roman enough to be noble; her color heightened to that of youth by the heat of the room and her costume, in which all the art of Paris was blended with a critical knowledge of the just and the becoming. And yet this woman was a grandmother!

—Cooper's Gleanings.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? I asked the deist—the man who has creatures without a Creator, and a scale of being without a God at its head—who can watch the rolling sun, the changing sky, and revolving seasons—listen to the tones of the ocean and voices of the winds without seeing or hearing any thing of the Almighty—who reads, on Nature's ample page, of every thing but Jehovah—I asked him, "What is Life?" He passed me by and answered not.

I asked the infidel—the man who, while he believes in a God, denies the divine authenticity of Christianity, spurning it contemptuously, and trampling it in the dust—to whom the promises are nothing, hell a phantom, and heaven an idle dream; I asked him, "What is Life?" In silence he moved on and made no reply.

I asked the boasting philosopher—the man who had spent all his days in the quiet cell without the enjoyments of society or the companionship of friends—who had offered up his health, happiness, and usefulness as a free gift to the source of wisdom; I asked him, "What is Life?" but he heard me not.

And can it be possible, asked I, that these individuals know not "what is life?" Have they found other pearls of knowledge and never discovered this? So far as respects this, have all their investigations been in vain?

I sat down in despair. I asked myself, "What is life?" but obtained no reply. Was there no other source to which I might make successful application? I gave vent to the feelings of my heart. I mourned and wept that there was none among the learned of earth to solve for me this mystery—this enigma.

A form approached me. Lovely was her appearance, light her step, and sweet her voice. She was not gaudy, but plain in her dress—not ostentatious, but simple and free in her manners. I examined her features, but could detect no resemblance to the daughters of earth. Her voice was not theirs.

"Fairest one," said I, "where is thy home?"

She smiled, and pointed to the skies. "There," replied, she, "there it is. From it I have just come; to it I shall soon go."

"Hail, angelic visitant! Welcome is thy visit to earth. Peace and happiness shall follow thy footsteps. Beneath thy smile the desert shall gladden. 'Thorns and briers' sown by the fall shalt thou eradicate, and on every side roses shall bloom."

"Thou hast asked, 'What is life?' I can tell thee. With me dwells wisdom. Wilt thou hear?"

"Gladly."

"Life is the gift of God. It is a state of moral discipline—a condition of trial in which the soul is fitted for a higher and nobler sphere. 'Tis the morning of a day that shall never terminate. Death may obscure its light for a time; but it will shine out with renewed lustre. Thou art born for eternity. Immortality is thy birthright—thy richest portion. Life! Begun in time—perpetuated forever."

"I am to exist forever! My life is never to be annihilated. I am beyond the power of destruction! Oh, pleasing news! Oh, delightful intelligence!"

"It is so, it is so. Thy body, which is *thine*, but not, thyself, will decay; but that which constitutes thy identity; which makes *thee*, will never, never die."

"Away, my fears."

"Be no more anxious. Thou assuredly shalt never know the power of annihilation."

The form vanished. The lute-like tones died away upon my ear, but left their influence upon my heart. There it still lives, and will continue to live. I now feel the value of life. I see its importance. I have been instructed in its worth. Henceforth, it shall be my main concern to improve it to the glory of the author.

Camilla.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I'm only like the prodigal son. I shall reform by-and-by." "And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go unto my father," and accordingly off she went.

THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

The following, from various sources, are curious calculations, and worthy of deep reflection. It is always good to consider how "fearfully and wonderfully" we are made, and to contemplate the chances which under our continuance in the world almost every moment a miracle.

In the human system are four hundred and forty-five bones, each having forty distinct intentions or functions to fulfil; two hundred and forty-six muscles, and each of them having ten different intentions. Besides the tendons, ligaments, nerves, veins, and glands of the body, there are not less than one thousand five hundred million membranous cells connected with the lungs; more than two hundred million pores in the skin, through which perspiration is constantly flowing, and above one hundred thousand million scales which compose the cuticle or skin of the body. There are also the compound organs of life—the brain, the heart, the liver, the spleen, the kidneys, the intestines, the organs of sense, with their varied connexion: the blood, the bile, the lymph, the saliva, the chyle, etc.

The astonishing ramification of the nerves and veins through the system, may be gathered from the fact, that the least puncture, though made by the smallest possible instrument, (the sting of a gnat, for instance,) will both draw blood and produce pain—a proof that both a nerve and vein have been struck.

Very few, even mechanics, think or know how much machinery there is in their own bodies. Not only are there joints and hinges in the bones, but there are valves in the veins, a forcing pump in the heart, and various other curiosities. One of the muscles of the eye forms a real pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form which has been calculated by mathematicians to be strongest for pillars and support columns, that of hollow cylinders. This form combines the greatest lightness with the greatest strength. Of this form are the quills in birds wings, where these requisites are necessary.

An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the pulsations he has strength enough to perform. Thus allowing seventy years for the common age of man, and sixty pulses a minute for the common measure of pulses in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life will amount to 2,207,520,000; but if by intemperance he force his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give seventy-five pulses in a minute, the same pulses would be completed in fifty-six years; consequently the life would be reduced fourteen years.

There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a plough-share weighing twenty-four pounds. A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch or more, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages. Total abstinence above seven days is fatal to man, but there are instances of his surviving after a longer period. A religious fanatic, in 1789, determined to fast forty days, and died on the sixteenth.

The aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe, is estimated at seven hundred and ninety five millions, three hundred thousand souls. If we reckon with the ancients, that the generation lasts thirty years, then in that space of time, seven hundred and ninety-five millions three hundred thousand human beings will be born and die; consequently eighty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty must be dropping off into eternity every day, three thousand four hundred and seven every hour, and about fifty-six every minute.

For those individuals who have a morbid desire not to have their remains defaced by death and worms, some comfort is offered in the discovery which is said to have been recently made, "that if the bodies of men or animals be plunged for some time in corrosive sublimate, and afterwards dried, they assume the consistency of wood, and the air produces no effect upon them; and if the bodies be injected before they are plunged in the liquor, they will retain the color and appearance of life, and consequently form mummies far more perfect than the Egyptians."

WATCH STATISTICS.

Mr. Dent, (Arnold and Dent,) in his illustrations of a lecture on the construction of watches and chronometers, given by him at the Royal Institution on the 7th ult., laid before the meeting the dissection of a detached lever watch (compensation-balance,) every part was separated and displayed, but grouped in one of six larger divisions to which it belonged.

Each part had been previously examined, and its distinct constituent pieces counted by the lecturer; the surprising result of this enumeration was exhibited in a table, of which we lay a copy before our readers. In addition, will be found the number of kinds of artificers concerned in the operations necessary for the construction of a good

to those are added the amount of previous operations which the materials constituting each piece must undergo before it comes into the hand of the watch-artificer, a glimpse may be obtained of the extensive and numerous

changes of form and value which "raw material" receives in its progress, from the mine to so refined a manufacture as a finished watch.

No. of Parts.	No of Pieces.	Trades employed.
1. Pillars	4	1
2. Frame	4	1
3. Cock and Potence	2	1
4. Barrel and Arbor	5	1
5. Going-Fuzee	14	2
6. Wheels	4	1
7. Pinions	4	2
8. Stop-Stud	1	1
9. Stop and Spring	3	1
10. Click and Ratchet	3	1
11. Motion	16	2
12. Jewels (5 holes)	28	2
13. Cap	3	2
14. Dial	5	3
15. Index	1	1
16. Escapement	13	3
17. Compensation-Balance	9	1
18. Case	3	1
19. Pendant	2	1
20. Case-Joint	6	1
21. Case-Spring, &c.	4	2
22. Main-Spring	1	2
23. Chain	826	3
24. Hands	3	1
25. Glass	1	1
Total of Pieces	992	
Engine-Turner		1
Engraver		1
Gilder		1
Examiner		1

Total of kinds of Artificers employed - 43
—Magazine of Popular Science.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I love the English language—its energy, its copiousness, its versatility. For variety of expression, strength united with ease, and general, united with the definitive powers, it has, perhaps, no equal. There is no subject, the most vast or minute, the most refined or rude, that it cannot appropriately reach. It conveys the subtle distinctions of the metaphysician, and the coarse sentiments of the street wag. It embodies the lightning of the poet, and the cold calculations of the mathematician. It thunders forth the passions of the orator, and whispers the mild accents of subdued affection. It furnishes a becoming vehicle for the most gigantic conception, and an appropriate conveyance for the sylph-like thought, whose carriage should be "airy nothing." It reflects the glittering hues of unclouded hope, and the deep shadows of blank despair.

It conveys the fervid blessing of passionate love, and the chilling curses of unqualified hatred. The rhapsodies of heaven may kindle along its numbers, and the wailings of hell howl through its broken sentences. And it is as much at home in the natural as the moral world. It can represent the most trifling and the most magnificent of nature's works. It exhibits the dew-drop trembling from the leaf of the violet, and the avalanche, crushing, with wide ruin, in its way to the earth. It gives us the sweet notes of the laughing rill, and the sullen roar of the fierce cataract. It mirrors the sparkling surface of the sunny fountain and the terrible aspect of the ocean, when she frowns at the gathering tempest. It spreads the sweet bow of promise when it has heaved around us the wrecks of the storm.—*Rev. Walter Cotton.*

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.—The physical history of our globe, in which some have seen only waste, disorder, and confusion, teems with endless examples of economy, and order, and design; and the result of all our researches is to fix more steadily our assurance of the existence of one supreme Creator of all things, to exalt more highly our conviction of the immensity of his perfections, and majesty, his wisdom and goodness, and all-sustaining providence; and to penetrate our understanding with a profound and sensible perception of the "high veneration man's intellect owes to God." The earth from her deep foundations, unites with the celestial orbs that roll through boundless space, to declare the glory, and shew forth the praise of their common Author and Preserver; and the voice of natural religion accords harmoniously with the testimonies of revelation, in ascribing the origin of the universe to the will of one eternal and dominant Intelligence, the almighty Lord and supreme First Cause of all things that subsist—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"—"before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, God from everlasting, and will continue world without end."—*Dr. Buckland.*

EFFECT OF THE SUN IN DISCOLORING PLATE GLASS.—It was long since observed that by exposing glass to the solar rays it is made to acquire a violet or pur-

ple tinge, and this so rapidly that the alteration is clearly discernible at the end of one or two years. Some plates, originally colorless, which had thus become tinged, having been brought under the notice of a gentleman, he was induced to make an experiment upon the subject. For this purpose he procured three different pieces of plate-glass, which were tinged so slightly as to appear altogether colorless, unless when viewed through their edges. Each of these were broken into two portions, one of which was wrapped in paper and set aside in a dark place, while the portion from which it had been separated was exposed to the air and light of the sun. The exposure was commenced in the month of January, and in the following September a comparative examination was made. The piece from which the light had been excluded exhibited no sign of change, while those which had been exposed had, in this short space of eight months, acquired so considerable a degree of color as would under other circumstances, have created a doubt with regard to their original identity.

LEGAL PLEASANTRIES.—They originate more than half the current wit of the day, in the Great West. There is a racy freshness, moreover, about the pleasantries of that region, that is quite delightful. From late Missouri journal we have clipped the following anecdote of an eminent legal gentleman of that state. If it be as new to the reader as to us, we will guarantee his favorable suffrages: "Being once opposed to Mr. S—, late member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the jury, upon a point of disagreement between them: 'Here my brother S— and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light; and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither can see earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother's S—'s head (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent) is a *squash!* on the other hand, would maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference—undoubtedly an honest difference—of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied to place of one, and stood where a head ought to be.' All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1837.

TO OUR PATRONS.—This week, reader, we shall not scare you with our thundering lucubrations—we shall leave the waves to roll on in their majesty, and the stars to fight in their courses, whilst we commence our attack on the good-will and benevolent intentions of all our readers. In issuing the third number of our periodical, we feel strongly impelled to the performance of our pleasing and bounden duty, that of returning our sincere and hearty thanks to our numerous patrons and subscribers. We say numerous, for when we consider that we have been in existence but three weeks, that we have no names of celebrity to recommend us—and the wing of no religious or political party to protect and uphold us, we cannot but feel proud of our respectable and encouraging list. That we are anti-sectarian is our boast and glory—not compelled to advocate the principles and interests of any particular denomination, our field is the world, and our chart the world of immutable truth. Untrammelled by the laws or edicts of any single branch of the church of Christ, our pages are thrown open to the insertion of those broad and glorious principles which are admitted by all, who make the Bible the foundation of their hopes, and the standard of their faith. On this wide and general basis we have commenced our career, and we shall continue our course, the friends of all, the enemies of none.

While we embrace the present opportunity to thank our subscribers for the support they have so promptly rendered us, we earnestly solicit the patronage of others, to assist us in our responsible undertaking. At present the limits of our sheet are so contracted that we cannot follow our plan to that extent which may be desirable; but with the addition of a goodly number of names to our list

subscribers, we shall shortly emerge from our littleness, and assume a brighter as well as a nobler aspect. This is our intention and we hope our friends will put it in our power to fulfil it. We wish to send a rill of pure and refreshing water into the family circle of hundreds—to give to home new attractions by our weekly appearance—to point the young to those avenues which lead to the temple of bliss—and to exhibit the religion of heaven as the loveliest of all lovely objects. If we can secure this desirable end, and save ourselves from loss, although we may not receive a farthing for our toil, we shall consider ourselves richly compensated for all our labour and trouble. The conclusion of the whole matter then is this—we want subscribers, and those persons who may regard us as not unworthy of their support, we hope, will please themselves and gratify us, by handing in their names. In order that we may ascertain the wishes of our friends, we shall omit the publication of the 4th number of the Pearl on Saturday next—but will recommence the week following.—We are sorry to learn that the printers had neglected some of our subscribers last week in the delivery of his papers, but we hope that no such omission will occur in future.

Next Saturday, being St. John's day, the Masonic Lodges in Halifax, precisely at 12 o'clock are to walk in procession, and at half past one o'clock P. M. a sermon is to be preached in St. Andrew's Church by the Rev. James McIntosh.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.—His Majesty's Brig Harpy, Hon. C. Clements, arrived at Grenada on the 16th May, accompanied by a Slaver, captured off Martinique:—The captured schooner's crew consisted of 22 Portuguese, including the master, and six slaves whom they had converted into seamen—in all 28. The Slaves, who were young and healthy, amount to upwards of 280, and of this number 60 to 70 are young women and girls. The vessel appeared to be well found in provisions, which the slaves attacked without mercy when they found themselves at liberty on deck: several were in irons, from which they were speedily extricated by those that were free, while the whole evinced every possible demonstration of gratitude to their captors for being freed from the horrors of slavery.

The master of the slaver, whose name is Alexander Balbino Praunea, states that he left the coast of Lagos with 315 slaves, intending to have carried away 330, but that the last canoe-full, consisting of 15, were drowned, by upsetting—that he was 44 days from the coast when he was taken—that he lost about 30 slaves from sickness—that he was chased two days previously to his being taken by a brigantine, (the Griffin) and that since leaving Lagos he has been chased at different times by seven men of war, and escaped them to fall a prize to the Harpy.—*Novascotian.*

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—A report has reached us that the State of Maine is again interfering with the jurisdiction of this Province on the North Eastern Boundary line. An American who declares himself to be an accredited Agent of that State, has been for some time actually employed in distributing money among the inhabitants of that quarter, for the purpose of inducing them to acknowledge allegiance to the Government of the United States, and disavowing the authority of His Majesty's Government. Steps were taken to have him arrested, but the Sheriff refusing to take him, representation was made to Sir John Harvey, who immediately consulted the Crown Officers on the subject, and measures were forthwith adopted to have him arrested, and the Sheriff's Officers are now in pursuit. We trust that this promptness and decision on the part of the Executive of this Province, will at once check so gross and palpable aggression of our American neighbours.—*St. John's Chronicle.*

ANTIGUA is suffering severely from the long continued drought. The want of water is represented as being extreme, so much so that the Legislature granted £500 for the purchase of this indispensable article; but such was the state of their Island Treasury that their good intentions would have been unavailing, had not a benevolent individual, Mr. Shand, a member of the Assembly, undertaken to advance the sum on the pledge of the House that it should be repaid. Remembering the readiness which our fellow colonists of Antigua have always evinced to aid us in our distresses, we trust that their wants will not be overlooked, but that some effort will be made to assist in alleviating their sufferings.—*West Indian, April 24.*

We learn by the schooner Emily, arrived Thursday from St. John's, that the Seal Fishery this Season has not proved very successful; the vessels had nearly all returned.

SHIPWRECKS.—By Lloyd's Shipping List, it appears that from 1793 to 1828, (being a period of thirty-six years,) the average number of ships wrecked was 557 annually! In the latter year they exceeded 800, and they are believed to have increased since that time! More than 2200 seamen annually perish thus in the mighty deep!

A Decree has been given by the Vice Chancellor, against Messrs. Rundell and Bridges, lessees of certain Mines in Nova Scotia, in favor of the Creditors of the Duke of York.

The Bank of Canada, under the advice of his Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor of that Province, resolved not to suspend cash payments while they have any specie in their vaults. His Excellency has informed the Upper Canada Banks, that on any of them informing him that they have paid out all the specie under their control, and on the banking community adopting certain restrictions, he will take the responsibility of enabling them to continue without redeeming in specie, till within a month after the meeting of the Legislature.—*Acad. Tel.*

Some months since, Mr. Farish of Yarmouth N. S. obtained a Prize competed for by the Students of the London Hospital.

Dr. Charles Cogswell of Halifax N. S. obtained a Prize offered at the University of Edinburgh, for the best experimental Inquiry into the physiological properties of Zodiacs and its compounds.—*ib.*

MARRIED.

At Bermuda, by the Rev. Archibald O. Greig, A. M. Archibald Washington, Esq. Editor and Proprietor of "The Bermudian," to Miss Mary L. S. Hutchings, youngest daughter of Mr. Sol. J. Hutchings.

On Saturday evening last, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Samuel Porter, of Bristol, Eng. to Miss Bridget Byrnes.

Sunday morning, at St. George's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Unacke, Mr. J. M. Taylor, to Charlotte, second daughter of Mr. E. Brown.

At Pictou, on the 8th inst. James Primrose, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of Thomas J. Brown, Esq. of Port Belcher.

DIED.

On Sunday, at half past three o'clock, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Thomas R. Grassie, in the 26th year of her age.

On Wednesday at half past one o'clock, after a distressing illness, which he bore with christian patience to the Divine Will, Mr. James Barnes aged 54 years, deeply lamented by a large circle of relatives and friends. Funeral, from his late residence; near the Dock yard gate, on Sunday next, at half past one o'clock, when the acquaintances of the family are invited to attend.

At Bridgetown, on the 8th inst. of scarlet fever, James Robertson Troup, son of Alex. H. Troup, Merchant, of that place, aged four years and eleven months.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, 10th, Schrs. Gerroir, Quebec, 14 days; Snipe, Wilson, Gaspe; Mary, Tracadie, C. B.

Sunday, Brig. Tory, Kelly, London, 35 days; schr. Mary, Arichat; Eliza Ann, Henrick, Placentia Bay, N. F. 3 days; Ann, Balcomb, Labrador; 3 days; schrs. Mahone Bay Packet, Edward and Margaret, and Dove hence, were at Labrador, 7th June.

Monday, Schr. Emily, Crowell, St. John's, N. I. 5 days; brig. Coquette, Wingate, Bermuda, 8 days; Sophia, Allen, Falmouth, Jan. 39 days; brig. Tamer, Hatchard, Trinidad, 13 days—left schr. Elizabeth, Lyle, to sail same day; schr. Sarah, Doane, hence; brig. Leader, Falkner, Alexandria, 16 days.

Tuesday, Barque Britannia, Crowder, Liverpool, G. B. 45 days; brig. William, Rudolf, Kingston, Jam. via Liverpool, N. S. 42 days; brig. Matilda, Hannam, Berbice, 26 days—left brig. Corasir, hence; Thomas, Denis, hence—schr. Union, Shaw, Grenada, 28 days—left brig. Henrietta, Flint, for Yarmouth in 3 days; Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, St. John. N. B. 6 days.

Wednesday, schr. Perseverance, Williams, St. Thomas, 17 days; Felicity, Crowell, St. Thomas, 17 days; brig. Meline, Morsell, Barbadoes, 19 days, In lat 17, long. 60, spoke brig. Redbreast, from hence for Grenada.

Friday, Schrs. Malony, Sydney; Richard Smith, Bay Chaleur; St. Lawrence, Bay Chaleur Victory, Arichat, Arichat, Quebec.

CLEARED.

Britannia, Covill, St. Andrews; Victory, Banks; Industry, Long, Boston; schr. Waterloo, Eisan, P.E. Island; brig. Hypolite, Farrer, B. W. India; barque Acadian, Auld; Charleston. 13th, Catherine, Roehner, B. W. India; Transit, Milgrove, do.; Louise, Abell, do, Rein Deer, Morrison, do., Reform, Pride Labrador. Alicia, Curry. 14th, Mary Anne, Newfoundland.

C. H. BELCHER.

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING,
HALIFAX.

HAS received by the Acadian from Greenock, Part of his Importations for the Season—the remainder expected by the Lotus from London.

BOOK-BINDING in all its branches executed in the neatest manner.

BLANK BOOKS of all kinds constantly on hand, or made and ruled to patterns.

PAPER, HANGINGS and BORDERINGS, a neat assortment, handsome patterns and low priced. ** A further Supply of these Articles, of rich and elegant patterns, expected from London.

PRINTING INK, in Kegs.
June 17, 1837.

Sale at Auction.

BY R. D. CLARKE,

At his Rooms, on Monday next, at 12 o'clock.

A variety of

**PLATED WARE, JEWELLERY,
DRY GOODS & SMALL WARES;**

All positively without Reserve: Bargains may be expected.
June 17th.

HUGH CAMPBELL,

No. 18, Granville St.

RESPECTFULLY acquaints the Public, that he has received by the late arrivals from Great Britain, a Supply of the following articles, which he sells at his usual low terms.

CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hock; Sauterne, Vin-de-Grave, Blackburn's and others sup. Madeira, Fine old Brown, and pale Sherries, fine old Port, Marsala, Teneriffe, Bucellas, Muscatel and Malaga. **WINES.**

Fine old Cognac pale and colored, **BRANDIES,** Do. Hollands, fine old Highland Whiskey, Do. Irish Whiskey, fine old Jamaica Rum, direct from the Home Bonded Warehouse.

Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy, Curacao and Mareschino.

Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown-Stout, Edinburgh and Alloa **ALES**—Hodgson's pale do. Fine light Table do., and Ginger Beer.

Nova Scotia superior flavored Hams; Cheshire and Wiltshire Cheese, double and single refined London and Scotch Loaf Sugar, muscatel and bloom Raisins, Almonds, assorted preserved Fruits, a general assortment of Pickles and Sauces, Olive Oil, for lamps, Robinson's patent Barley and Groats, Cocoa, and West India Coffee.

Soda and wine Biscuit with a general assortment of Groceries usual in his line.
Halifax, June 17.

ALEXANDER McLEOD,

No. 3, George-Street.

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

CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hock, Sauterne, Vin-de-Grave, Pale and Red Constantia, Blackburn's and others sup. Madeira, Fine old Brown, and pale Sherries, Fine old Port, Marsala, Teneriffe, Bucellas, Muscatel and Malaga. **WINES.**

Fine old Cognac, pale and Colored **BRANDIES,** Do. Hollands, fine old Highland Whiskey, Do. Irish Whiskey, fine old Jamaica Rum, direct from the Home Bonded Warehouse.

Booth's celebrated Cordial Gin, or cream of the valley Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy, Curacao and Mareschino,

Guinness's celebrated Dublin **P O R T E R,** unequalled for the richness of its quality and fine flavour,

Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout, Edinburgh and Alloa **ALES**—Hodgson's pale Ale, Fine light Table do., superior bottled **C I D E R,** and Ginger Beer.

Double Soda, Seidlitz, and Seteze, **WATERS.**

Westphalia and Nova-Scotia superior flavored Hams; Cheshire, Wiltshire, double and single Gloucester, and Annapolis Cheese, double and single refined London and Scotch Loaf Sugar, Turkey figs, imperial French Plums, muscatel and bloom Raisins, Almonds, assorted preserved Fruits, preserved Fresh Meats, and Milk; a general assortment of Pickles and Sauces, Olive Oil, do for lamps, Robinson's patent Barley and Groats, Fry's approved Cake and Paste Chocolates, Cocoa and Broma, Mocha, and West India Coffee, superior Spanish Cigars, an assortment of elegant **C U T G L A S S,** latest patterns, consisting of—rich cut glass Decanters and Wines, Claret Jugs, &c. Soda and Wine Biscuit, with a very general assortment of **G R O C E R I E S.**

A few boxes Oranges and Lemons just received.
Halifax, June 3, 1837.

IMPROVED AROMATIC COFFEE.

THE attention of the Public is called to the above article. By the new and improved process of roasting which, the whole of the fine aromatic flavor of the berry is retained. Prepared and sold by

LOWES & CREIGHTON,
Grocers, &c.
Corner of Granville and Buckingham Streets,
June 3, 1837.

FUNERAL HYMN.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

Pastor! thou from us art taken
 In the glory of thy years,
 As the oak by tempest shaken,
 Falls, ere time its verdure sears.

Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us
 Of the Lamb who died to save,
 Where thy guardian care hath brought us
 To the pure baptismal wave.

Pale and cold we see thee lying
 In God's temple, once so dear,
 And the mourner's bitter sighing
 Falls unheeded on thine ear.

All thy love and zeal to lead us
 Where immortal fountains shine,
 And on living bread to feed us,
 In our sorrowing hearts we shrine.

May the conquering faith that cheer'd thee
 When thy foot on Jordan prest,
 Guide our spirits while we leave thee
 In the tomb that Jesus blest.

Hartford, April, 1837.

Maine Monthly Mag.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A TERRIFIC SKETCH.

By George Croly. L. L. D.

At the exact close of the prophetic period, in 1793, a power, new to all eyes, suddenly started up among nations: an Infidel Democracy! France, rending away her ancient robes of loyalty and laws, stood before mankind a spectacle of naked crime. And, as if to strike the season of ruin deeper into the mind of all; on the very eve of this overthrow, the French monarchy had been the most flourishing of continental Europe; the acknowledged leader in manners, arts, and arms; unrivalled in the brilliant frivolities which fill so large a space in the hearts of mankind; its language universal, its influence boundless, its polity the centre round which the European sovereignties perpetually revolved, its literature the fount from which all nations 'in their golden urns drew light.' Instantly, as by a single blow of the divine wrath, the land was covered with civil slaughter. Every star of her glittering firmament was shaken from its sphere; her throne was crushed into dust; her Church of forty thousand Clergy was scattered, exiled, ruined; all the bonds and appliances which once compacted her with the general European commonwealth were burst asunder, and cast aside for a conspiracy against mankind. Still there was to be a deeper celebration of the mystery of evil. The spirit that had filled and tortured every limb of France with rebellion to man, now put forth a fiercer malice, and blasphemed. Hostility was declared against all that bore the name of religion. By an act, of which history, in all its depths and recesses of national guilt, had never found an example, a crime too blind for the blindest ages of barbarism, and too atrocious for the hottest corruptions of the pagan world, France, the leader of civilized Europe, publicly pronounced that there was no God! The decree was rapidly followed by every measure which could make the blasphemy practical and national. The municipality of Paris, the virtual government, proclaimed, that as they had defied earthly monarchy, 'they would now dethrone the monarchy of Heaven.' On the 7th of November, 1793, Gobet, the Bishop of Paris, attended by his Vicars-General, entered the hall of the Legislature, tore off his ecclesiastical robes, and abjured christianity; declaring that 'the only religion thenceforth should be the religion of liberty, equality, and morality.' His language was echoed with acclamation. A still more consummate blasphemy was to follow. Within a few days after, the municipality

high altar, and worshipped by the public authorities and the people. The name of the cathedral was thenceforth the Temple of Reason. Atheism was enthroned. Treason to the majesty of God had reached its height. No more gigantic insult could be hurled against Heaven.

"But persecution had still its work. All the churches of the republic were closed. All the rites of religion were forbidden. Baptism and the communion were to be administered no more. The seventh day was to be no longer sacred; but a tenth was substituted; and on that day a public orator was appointed to read a discourse on the wisdom of Atheism. The reign of the demon was now resistless. While Voltaire and Marat (infidelity and massacre personified) were raised to the honours of idolatry, the tombs of the kings, warriors, and statesmen of France were torn open, and the reliques of men whose names were a national glory tossed about in the licentious sport of the populace. Immortality was publicly pronounced a dream; and on the gates of the cemeteries was written, 'Death is an eternal sleep.' In this general outburst of frenzy, all the forms and feelings of religion, true and false, were alike trodden under the feet of the multitude. The Scriptures, the lamps of the holy place, had fallen in the general fall of the temple. But they were not without their peculiar indignity: copies of the Bible were publicly insulted; they were contemptuously burned in the havoc of the religious libraries; in Lyons, the capital of the south, where Protestantism had once erected her especial church, and where still a remnant worshipped in its ruins, an ass was actually made to drink the wine out of the communion cup, and was afterwards led in public procession through the streets, dragging the Bible at its heels! The example of those horrors stimulated the daring of infidelity in every part of the Continent. France, always modelling the mind of Europe, now still more powerfully impressed her image, while every nation was beginning to glow with fires like her own. Recklessness, licentiousness, and blasphemy, were the characters and credentials by which the leaders of overthrow, in every land, ostentatiously proceeded to make good their claims to French regeneration.

"Why do I thus dwell on topics whose very touch makes the blood run cold? Why thus, with shuddering hand, lift up the gory folds of the shroud that wraps the dread rebellion? Why thus call on you to follow me from depth to depth of history, until we seem to have reached the borders of the kingdoms of darkness, and exchanged the language of man for the sounds and maledictions of the undone? Certainly not in any desire to re-imprint the stamp of reprobation on that ill-omened people. Certainly not to harass your minds by gratuitous remembrances of human crime. But if we may unpresumptuously penetrate the will of Providence, it was then its will to show to all mankind the necessity of religion, even for the common purposes of society; the infinite value of that divine Spirit, which, like His rain shed upon the just and the unjust, the God of all power and mercy sheds even upon the partial and worldly economy of nations. Now, for the first time, man was to make the dreadful experiment of trusting altogether to his own nature. Despotisms had been subtle, ambitious, and revengeful; republics stern and cruel; democracies wild, capricious, and sanguinary. But there was still a saving principle: religion was not altogether abjured; and, deeply as the true God was lost to human view, in the incense offered to the passions and imaginations of man, that Holy Spirit which strove with the generations before the flood, still hovered above the darkness of the earth, and infused peace into its reluctant bosom. But, now all religion was abjured; and, as the act was utterly without example, so were the horror, that instantly followed. Vice itself assumed a blacker hue. 'A hundred thousand heads must fall!' was the unequivocal principle of the leaders of the state. The fact outran the calculation, and the massacre amounted to millions. The scaffold groaned from morning till night. The leaders themselves were successively swept away in the cataract of blood which they had let loose. Atheism, the last fury of the mind, had brought in Anarchy, the last torturer of nations."

NED OF THE TODDEN.

An affecting story of an idiot.

From the interesting letters of Espriella, just published by Dearborn, we make this extract:—

"A long time ago there was in these parts a poor idiot, who, being quite harmless, was permitted to wander whither he would and receive charity at every house in his regular rounds. His name was Ned of the Todden, and I have just heard a tale which has thrilled every nerve in me, from head to foot. He lived with his mother, and there was no other family: it is remarked that idiots are always particularly loved by their mothers, doubtless because they always continue in a state as helpless and dependant as infancy. This poor fellow in return was equally fond of his mother; love towards her was the only feeling which he was capable of, and that feeling was proportionately strong. The mother fell sick and died: of death he knew nothing, and it was in vain to hope to make him comprehend it. He would not suffer them to bury her, and they were obliged to put her in the coffin unknown to him, and carry her to the grave, when, as they imagined, he had been decoyed away at a distance. Ned of the Todden, however, suspected that something was designed, watched them secretly, and as soon as it was dark, opened the grave, took out the body, and carried it home. Some of the neighbors compassionately went into the cottage to look after him: they found the dead body seated in her old place in the chimney corner, a large fire blazing, which he had made to warm her, and the idiot son with a large dish of pap offering to feed her. "Eat, mother!" he was saying, "you used to like it." Presently, wondering at her silence, he looked at the face of the corpse, took the dead hand to feel of it, and said, "Why d'ye look so pale, mother, mother? Why be you so cold?"

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Has just received, from London & Glasgow, a large assortment of

STATIONARY, BOOKS, &c. &c.—

LECTERS & JOURNALS, various sizes, Day, Cad Land Registrar Books, Writing Papers, various sizes and qualities, Quills, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Sealine Wax, Wafers, Penknives, Ink and Ink Powders, Bible Testaments, Prayer, Psalm and Hymn Books, English French and Latin School Books. A large variety of children's Books, Pocket Books, Gunter Scales, Dividers, CHARTS, Wax Taper and Stands, Writing Desks, Travelling Dressing Cases, &c. &c. all of which will be sold at low prices.

Blank Books made to order.

June 10. 6w.

J. MUNRO.

HENRY G. HILL,

Builder and Draughtsman.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has discontinued the Cabinet business, and intends to devote his time exclusively to

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.

He begs to offer his grateful acknowledgments to those who have hitherto patronized him, and now offers his services as an Architect, Draughtsman and Builder, and will be prepared to furnish accurate working plans, specifications and specifications for buildings of every description, and trusts by strict attention to business to insure a share of public patronage.

Residence, nearly opposite Major McColla's.
 Carpenter's shop—Argyle-street. June 10

HERRING.

200 BLS. No. 1 Newfoundland Herring,
 250 No. 2 do do.
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