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NUMBER THREE

From the "Christian Keepsake."

TO THE QUEEN.

Far climes of Earth, Islands that gem the Sea,
In torrid, temperate, and arctic zone,
Shores 'mid the polar icebergs dim and lone,
Spice-bearing lands, whose tribes once bowed the knee
In giant caves of dark idolatry,
New world, not to the "Tuscan artist" known,
Isles which the sea laves with pacific tone,
The classic haunts of old mythology,
With Britain's soil, yield homage to thy crown,
Pearls from the wave, gold, gems from the dark mine,
"Kings from the East" an offering prepare!
From realms, on which the sun goes never down,
Thrice daughter of a Royal Line!
In thousand tongues, for thee ascends one prayer.

F. R. C.

THE VICTIM OF EXCITEMENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

Author of "The Blind Girl's Story."

Intemperance is a vice which is generally considered of the masculine sex. In the pictured scenes of the ravages it has wrought, woman is seldom introduced but as the patient victim of brutality, or as the admonishing angel of transgressing man. There are instances on record, however, of a sad reverse. Not alone in the lower classes of life, amid the dregs of society, but in higher walks, where intelligence, wit, beauty and wealth, virgin worth, wedded love, and Christian grace, are all cast as unvalued offerings at the beastly shrine of intemperance. One of these fatal examples, (of which to the honor of our sex, be it said, there are so few,) once came under the observation of the writer. Her character and history form the subject of the following sketch.

Mr. Manly first met Anne Weston in a ball room. It was on the eve of the fourth of July, and the fairest ladies of the country were assembled to celebrate the national jubilee. He was a lawyer, and had been the orator of the day; an eloquent one, and therefore, entitled to distinguished attention. He came from an adjoining town, of which he had recently become an inhabitant, and now found himself in a scene which scarcely presented one familiar countenance. He was a very proud man, and had the air of one who felt himself too superior to the multitude to mingle in the general amusement. He stood with folded arms, as remote as possible from the dancers, desising those who were engaged in that exercise on such a sultry night. In vain the obsequious master of ceremonies begged to introduce him, to this and that fair lady. He declined the honour with a cold bow, declaring his utter disinclination to dancing. He was told that his disinclination would cease as soon as Miss Weston arrived. She was the belle of the place, the daughter of the richest gentleman in town—had received the most finished education, and refused the most splendid offers. In short, she was irresistible, and it was predicted that he would find her so. It cannot be denied, that the fame of this all conquering lady had previously reached his ears, but unfortunately he had a detestation of belles, and predetermined to close his eyes, and shut his ears, and steel his heart against her vaunted attractions. He had never yet sacrificed his independence to women. He had placed his standard of female excellence very high. He had seen no one that reached its altitude. "No," said he to himself, "let me live on in singleness of heart and loneliness of purpose, all the days of my life, rather than unite myself with one of those vain, flimsy, garrulous, and superficial beings who win the smiles, and fix the attention of the many. I despise a weak woman, I hate a masculine one, and a pedantic one I abhor. I turn with fear from the glittering belle, whose home is the crowded hall, whose incense the homage of fools, whose altar the shrine of fashion. Can she sit down contented in the privacy of domestic love who has lived on the adulation of the world, or be satisfied with the affection of one true heart, who has claimed as her due, the vows of all? No, better the fool, the pedant, than the belle. Who can find that woman, whose price is above rubies? Ah! 'tis certain I shall never marry." He was aroused from these reflections, by a movement in the hall, and he felt a conviction that the vaunted lady was arrived. In spite of his boasted indifference, he could not repress a slight sensation of curiosity to see one who was represented as so transcendaut. But he moved not, he did not even turn his eyes towards the spot where so many were clustering. "The late hour of her arrival," said he, "shows equal vanity and affectation. She evidently wishes to be conspicuous—studies every thing for effect." The lady moved towards that part of the

hall, where he was stationed. She held the arm of one gentleman, and was followed by some half dozen others. He was compelled to gaze upon her, for they passed so near, the folds of her white muslin dress fluttered against him. He was pleased to see that she was much less beautiful than he had expected. He scarcely thought her handsome. Her complexion was pale, even sallow, and her face wanted that soft, flowing outline, which is necessary to the perfection of beauty. He could not but acknowledge, however, that her figure was very fine, her motions graceful, and her air spirited and intellectual. "I am glad she is not beautiful," said he, "for I might have been tempted to have admired her, against my sober judgment." Oppressed by the heat of the apartment, he left the hall and sauntered for a long time in the piazza, till a certain feeling of curiosity, to know, whether a lady whose bearing expressed so much pride of soul, could be foolish enough to dance, led him to return. The first object he beheld, was the figure of Miss Weston, moving in most harmonious time, to an exhilarating air, her countenance lighted up with an animation, a fire, that had as magical an effect upon her features, as the morning sunbeams on the face of nature. The deepest colour was glowing on her cheek,—her very soul shining forth from her darkening eyes. She danced with infinite spirit, but equal grace. He had never witnessed any thing to compare with it, not even on the stage. "She dances entirely too well," thought he; "she cannot have much intellect, yet she carries on a constant conversation with her partner through all the mazes of the dance. It must be admirable nonsense from the broad smiles it elicits. I am half resolved to be introduced and invite her to dance—from mere curiosity, and to prove the correctness of my opinion." He sought the introduction, became her partner in the dance, and certainly forgot, while he listened to her "admirable nonsense," that she was that object of his detestation—a belle. Her conversation was sprightly, unstudied and original. She seemed more eager to listen than to talk, more willing to admire than to be admired. She did not tell him that she admired his oration, but she spoke warmly on the subject of eloquence, and quoted in the happiest manner, a passage of his own speech, one, which he himself judged superb. It proved her to have listened with deep attention. He had never received so delicate or gratifying a compliment. His vanity was touched, and his pride slumbered. He called forth those powers of pleasing, with which he was eminently endowed, and he began to feel a dawning ambition, to make the conquest of a heart, which so many had found indomitable. He admired the simplicity of her dress, its fitness and elegance. A lady's dress is always indicative of her character. Then her voice was singularly persuasive in its tones, it breathed of feminine gentleness and sensibility with just enough spirit and independence for a woman. Mr. Manly came to these wise conclusions before the end of the first dance—at the termination of the second, he admired the depth, as well as the brilliancy of her mind, and when he bade her adieu for the night, he was equally convinced of the purity of her feelings and the goodness of her heart. Such is the strength of man's wisdom, the stability of his opinions, the steadiness of his purpose, when placed in competition with the fascinations of a woman, who has made the determination to please. In after years Mr. Manly told a friend of a dream, which that night haunted his pillow. He was not superstitious, or disposed to attach the slightest importance to dreams. But this was a vivid picture, and succeeding events caused him to recall it, as one, having the power of prophecy. He lived over again the events of the evening. The winning accents of Miss Weston mingled in his ear, with the gay notes of the violin. Still, ever and anon, discordant sounds marred the sweet harmony. The malicious whisper, the stilled, deriding laugh, and the open scoff came from every corner. Sometimes he saw through the crowded hall, the slow finger of scorn pointing at him. As he turned, with a fierce glance of defiance, Miss Weston seemed to meet him still, holding a goblet in her hand, which she pressed him to drain. Her cheeks and lips burned with a scarlet radiance, and her eyes sparkled with unnatural brightness. "Taste it not" whispered a soft voice in his ear, "it is poison." "It is the cup of immortality," exclaimed the syren, and she drained the goblet to its last drop. In a few moments, her countenance changed—her face became bloated, her features disfigured, and her eyes heavy and sunken. He turned with disgust from the former enchantress, but she pursued him, she wound her arms around him. In the vain struggle of liberating himself from her embrace, he awoke. It was long before he could overcome the sensation of loathing and horror, excited by the unhallowed vision, and even, when overcome by heaviness and exhaus-

tion, he again slept, the same bloated phantom presented her intoxicating draught. The morning found him feverish and unrefreshed. He could not shake off the impression of his dream, and the image of Miss Weston seemed deprived of the witchery that had enthralled his imagination the preceding evening. He was beginning to despise himself, for having yielded up so soon his prejudices and pride, when an invitation to dine at Mr. Weston's interrupted the severe tenor of his thoughts. Politeness obliged him to accept, and in the society of Miss Weston, graceful, animated and intellectual, presiding with unaffected dignity and ease at her father's board, he forgot the hideous metamorphose of his dream.

From that day his fate was sealed. It was the first time his heart had ever been seriously interested, and he loved with all the strength and ardour of his proud and ardent character. The triumph too, of winning one, whom so many had sought in vain, threw a kind of glory over his conquest, and exalted his estimation of his own attributes. The wedding day was appointed. The evening previous to his nuptials, Anne Weston sat in her own chamber, with one of the chosen friends of her girlhood, Emily Spencer. Anne had no sisters, and from childhood, Emily had stood to her almost in that dear relation. She was to accompany her to her new home, for Anne refused to be separated from her, and had playfully told Mr. Manly, "that if he married her, he must take Emily too, for she could not and would not be parted from her."

The thought of the future occupied the minds of the two friends. Anne sat in silence. The lamp that partially illumined the apartment, gave additional paleness to her pale spiritual countenance. Her thoughts appeared to have rolled within herself, and from the gloom of her eye, did not appear to be such, as usually rest in the bosom of one, about to be wedded to the object of her affection and her trust.

"I fear," said she at length, as if forgetting the presence of her friend, "that I have been too hasty. The very qualities that won my admiration, and determined me to fix my regard, now cause me to tremble. I have been too much accustomed to self indulgence, to bear restraint, and should it ever be imposed by a master's hand, my rebellious spirit would break the bonds of duty, and assail its independence. I fear I am not formed to be a happy wife, or to constitute the happiness of a husband. I live too much upon excitement, and when the deep monotony of domestic life steals on, what will become of me?"

"How can there be monotony?" answered Emily, warmly, "with such a companion as Manly? Oh, trust him, Anne, love him as he merits to be loved, as you yourself are loved, and your lot may be envied among women."

"He has awakened all the capabilities my heart has of loving," cried Anne, "but I wish I could shake off this dull weight from my spirits." She rose as she spoke, approached a side table, and turning out a glass of rich cordial, drank it, as if conscious from experience, of its renovating influence. Emily's anxious gaze followed her movements. A deep sigh escaped her lips. When her friend resumed her seat, she drew nearer to her, she took her hand in her's, and while her color heightened, and her breath shortened, she said—

"Anne Weston, I should not deserve the name of friend, if in this hour, the last, perhaps, of unrestrained confidence between us, I did not dare—"

"Dare what?" interrupted Anne, shame and resentment, kindling in her eye.

"To tell you, that the habit you indulge in, of resorting to artificial means, to exhilarate your spirits, though now attended with no obvious danger, may exercise most fatal influence on your future peace. I have long struggled for resolution, to utter this startling truth, and I gather boldness as I speak. By all our friendship and sincerity, by the past splendour of your reputation, by the bright hopes of the future, by the trusting vows of a lover, and the grey hairs of a father, I pray you to relinquish a habit, whose growing strength is now only known to me." Emily paused, strong emotions impeded her utterance. "What is it you fear," asked Anne, in a low, stern voice, "speak, for you see that I am calm." "You know what I dread," continued Emily. "I see a speak on the bright character of my friend. It may spread and dim all its lustre. We all know the fearful strength of habit, we cannot shake off the serpent, when once its coils are around us. Oh, Anne, gifted by nature with such brilliancy of intellect and gaiety of heart, why have you ever had recourse to the exciting draught, as if art could exalt the original buoyancy of

your spirits, or care had laid his blighting hand upon you?" "Forbear," cried Anne, impetuously, "and hear me, before you blast me with your contempt. It was not till bitter disappointment pressed, crushed me, that I knew art could renovate the languor of nature. Yes, I, the courted and admired of all, was doomed to love one, whose affections I could not win. You knew him well, but you never knew how my ineffectual efforts to attach him maddened my pride, or how the triumph of my beautiful rival gounded my feelings. The world guessed not my secret, for still I laughed and glittered with mocking splendour, but with such a cold void within! I could not bear it. My unnatural spirits failed me. I must still shine on, or the secret of my humiliation be discovered. I began in despair, but I have accomplished my purpose. And now," added she "I have done. The necessity of shining and deceiving is over. I thank you for the warmth of friendship that suggested your admonition. But, indeed, Emily, your apprehensions are exaggerated. I have a restraining power within me that must always save me from degradation. Habit alone, makes slaves of the weak; it becomes the slave of the strong in mind. I know what's due to Manly. He never shall blush for his choice in a wife."

She began with vehemence and ended with deliberations. There was something in the cold composure of her manner that forbid a renewal of the subject. Emily felt that she had fulfilled her duty as a friend, and delicacy commanded her to forbear a renewal of her admonitions. Force of feeling had betrayed her into a warmth of expression she now regretted. She loved Anne, but she looked with many misgivings to being the sharer of her wedded home. She had deeply studied the character of Manly, and trembled to think of the re-acton that might one day take place in his mind, should he ever discover the dark spot on the disk of his sun—of his destiny. Though she had told Anne that the secret of her growing love for the exciting draught, was known only to herself, it was whispered among the servants, suspected by a few discreet individuals, and had been several times hinted in a private circle of friends. It had never yet reached the ears of Manly, for there was something in his demeanour that repelled the most distant approach to familiarity. He married with the most romantic and enthusiastic ideas of domestic felicity. Where those bright visions of bliss realised? Time, the great disenchanter alone could answer.

It was about five years after the scenes we have recorded, that Mr. and Mrs. Manly took up their residence in the town of G—. Usually, when strangers are about to become inhabitants of a new place, there is some announcement of their arrival, but they came, without any previous intimation being given, for the speculation of the curious, or bringing any letters of introduction for the satisfaction of the friend. They hired an elegant house, furnished it rich and fashionably, and evidently prepared for the socialities of life, as enjoyed in the highest circles. The appearance of wealth always commands the respect of the many, and this respect was heightened by their personal claims to admiration. Five years, however, had wrought a change in both, not from the fading touch of time, for they were not of an age when the green leaf begins to grow sere, but other causes were operating with a power as silent and unpausing. The fine, intelligent face of Mrs. Manly had lost much of its delicacy of outline, and her cheek, that formerly was pale or roseate as sensibility or enthusiasm riled the hour, now wore a stationary glow, deeper than the blush of feminine modesty, less bright than the carnation of health. The unrivalled beauty of her figure, had given place to grosser lineaments, over which, however, grace and dignity still lingered, as if unwilling to leave a shrine so worshipped. Mr. Manly's majestic person was invested with an air of deeper haughtiness, and his dark brow was contracted into an expression of prevailing gloom and austerity. Two lovely children, one almost an infant, who were carried abroad every fair day, by their nurse, shared the attention their parents excited; and many appealed to her for information respecting the strangers. She was unable to satisfy their curiosity, as she had been a member of their household but a short time, her services having been hired while journeying to the place. The other servants were hired after their arrival. Thus, one of the most fruitful sources from which the inquisitive derive their aliment, was denied to the inhabitants of G—. It was not long before the house of Mr. and Mrs. Manly was frequented by those whose society she wished most to cultivate. The suavity of her manners, the vivacity of her conversation, her politeness and disinterestedness captivated the hearts of all. Mr. Manly too received his guests with a cordiality, that surprised, while it gratified. Awed by the external dignity of his department, they expected to be repulsed, rather than welcomed, but it was universally acknowledged, that no man could be more delightful than Mr. Manly, when he chose to unbend. As a lawyer, his fame soon rose. His integrity and eloquence became the theme of every tongue. Amidst all the admiration they excited there were some dark surmises. The malicious, the censorious, the evil disposed, are found in every circle, and in every land. It was noticed that Mr. Manly watched his wife with painful scrutiny, that she seemed uneasy whenever his glance met hers, that her manner was at times hurried and disturbed, as if some secret cause of sorrow preyed upon her mind. It was settled in the opinion of many, that Mr. Manly was a domestic tyrant, and that his wife was the meek victim of this despotism. Some suggested that he had been convicted of crime, and had fled from the pursuit of justice, while his devoted wife refused to separate her destiny from his. They gave a large and elegant party. The entertainment was superior to any thing witnessed before in the precincts of G—. The graceful hostess, dressed in unwonted splendour, moved through her drawing rooms, with the step of one accustomed to the homage of crowds, yet her smiles sought out the most undistinguished of her guests, and the most diffident gathered confidence from her condescending regards. Still the eye of Mr. Manly followed her with that anxious, mysterious glance, and her hurried movements often betrayed inexplicable perturbation. In the course of the evening, a gentleman refused wine, on the plea of belonging to the Temperance Society. Many voices were lifted in condemnation against him, for excluding one of the gladders of existence, what the Scriptures themselves recommended, and the Saviour of men had consecrated by a miracle. The subject grew interesting, the circle narrowed round the advocate of Temperance, and many were pressing eagerly forward to listen to the debate. The opinion of Mrs. Manly was demanded. She drew back at first, as if unwilling to take the lead of her guests. At length she seemed

warmed by the subject, and painted the evils of intemperance in the strongest and most appalling colours. She painted woman as its victim, till every heart recoiled at the image she drew. So forcible was her language, so impressive her gestures, so unaffected her emotions, every eye was riveted, and every ear bent on the eloquent mourner of her sex's degradation. She paused, oppressed by the notice she attracted, and moved from the circle, that widened for her as she passed, and gazed after her, with as much respect as if she were an Empress. During this spontaneous burst of oratory, Mr. Manly remained aloof, but those who had unmarked him in their minds, as the harsh, domestic tyrant, were now confirmed in their belief. Instead of admiring the wonderful talents of his wife, or sympathising in the applause she excited, a gloom thick as night lowered upon his brow, his face actually grew of a livid paleness, till at last, as if unable to control his temper, he left the drawing room.

"Poor Mrs. Manly," said one, "how much is her destiny to be lamented. To be united to a man who is incapable of appreciating her genius, and even seems guilty of the meanness of annoying her."

Thus the world judges; and had the tortured heart of Manly known the sentence that was passing upon him, he would have rejoiced that the shaft was directed to his bosom, rather than her's, which he would fain shield from the proud man's contumely, though it might never more be the resting-place of love and confidence. Is it necessary to go back and relate the history of those years which had elapsed since Anne Weston was presented to the reader as a triumphant belle, and plighted bride? Is it not already seen that the dark speck had enlarged, throwing into gradual, but deepening shade, the soul's original brightness, obscuring the sunshine of domestic joy, converting the home of love into a dark prison house of shame, and blighting, chilling, palsy-ing the loftiest energies and noblest purposes? The warning accents of Emily Spencer were breathed in vain. That fatal habit—had already become a passion—a passion which, like the rising tide, grows deeper and higher, rolling onward and onward, till the landmarks of reason and honor, and principle, are swept over by its waves—a tide that ebbs not but with ebbing life. She had unfortunately looked "upon the wine when it was red, when it gave its colour to the cup," till she found, by fatal experience, that it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. It were vain to attempt a description of the feelings of Manly when he first discovered the idol of his imagination under an influence that, in his opinion, brutalized a man. But a woman!—and that woman—his wife! In the agony, the madness of the moment, he could have lifted the hand of suicide, but Emily Spencer hovered near and held him back from the brink to which he was rushing. She pleaded the cause of her unhappy friend, she prayed him not to cast her off. She dwelt on the bright and sparkling mind, the warm, impulsive heart that might yet be saved from utter degradation by his exerted influence. She pledged herself to labour for him, and with him, and faithfully did she redeem her pledge. After the first terrible shock, Manly's passionate emotion settled down into a misanthropic gloom. Sometimes when he witnessed the remorse which followed such self-abandonment, the grace and beauty with which she would emerge from the disfiguring cloud, and the strong efforts she would make to reinstate herself in his estimation, a ray of brightness would shine in on his mind, and he would try to think of the past as a frightful dream. Then his prophetic dream would return to him, and he shuddered at its confirmation—once it seemed as if the demon had withdrawn its unhallowed presence, unable to exist in the holy atmosphere that surrounds a mother's bosom.

For a long time the burning essence was not permitted to mingle with the fountain of maternal tenderness. Even Manly's blasted spirit revived, and Emily hoped all, and believed all. But Anne had once passed the Rubicon, and though she often paused and looked back with yearnings that could not be uttered, upon the fair bounds she had left, the very poignancy of her shame, goaded her on, though every step she took, evidenced the shame that was separating her from the attentions of a husband whom she loved and respected, and who had once idolized her. It has been said that when woman once becomes a transgressor, her rapid progress in sin mocks the speed of man. As the glacier that has long shone in dazzling purity, when loosened from its mountain stay, rushes down with a velocity, accelerated by its impetuosity, and coldness, when any shameful passion has melted the virgin snow of a woman's character, a moral avalanche ensues, destroying "whatsoever is venerable and lovely, and of good report."

Manly occasionally sought to conceal from the world the fatal propensities of his wife. She had occupied too conspicuous a station in society—she had been too highly exalted—to humble herself with impunity. Her father—whose lavish indulgence probably paved the way to her ruin—was unable to bear himself up under the weight of mortification and grief thus unexpectedly brought upon him. His constitution had long been feeble; and now the bowl was, indeed, broken at the fountain. The filial hand which he once hoped would have scattered roses on his dying pillow, struck the death-blow. Physicians talked of a chronic disease; of the gradual decay of nature; but Anne's conscience told her she had winged the dart. The agony of her remorse seemed a forest of the quenchless fire, and the undying worm. She made the most solemn promises of reformation—vowed never again to taste the poisonous liquor. She threw herself on the forgiveness of her husband, and prayed him to remove her where her name was never breathed; that she might begin life anew, and establish for their children an unblemished reputation. On the faith of these ardent resolutions, Manly broke his connection with every former friend—sold all his possessions, and sought a new home in a place far removed from the scene of their present unhappiness. Circumstances in her own family prevented Emily Spencer from accompanying them, but she was to follow them the earliest opportunity, hoping miracles from the change.

Mrs. Manly, from the death of her father, came into the possession of a large and independent fortune. She was not sordid enough to deem money an equivalent for a wounded reputation; but it was soothing to her pride, to be able to fill her husband's coffers so richly, and to fit up their new establishment in a style so magnificent. Manly allowed her to exercise her own taste in every thing. He knew the effect of external pomp, and thought it was well to dazzle the judgment of the world. He was determined to seek society; to open every source of gratification and rational excitement to his wife, to save her from monotony and

solitude. His whole aim seemed to be, "that she might not be led into temptation." If with all these cares for her safety, he could have blended the tenderness that once softened his proud manners, could he have banished from his once beaming eye the look of vigilance and distrust; could she have felt herself once more enthroned in his heart, gratitude might, perhaps, have completed the regeneration begun by remorse. But Anne felt that she was an object of constant suspicion and fear; she felt that she had not faith in her good resolutions. She was no longer the sharer of his counsels—the inspirer of his hopes—or the companion in whom his soul delighted. His ruling passion supported him in society; but in those hours when they were necessarily thrown upon each other's resources, he was accustomed to sit in gloomy abstraction, brooding over his own melancholy thoughts. Anne was only too conscious of the subject of these reveries, and it kept alive a painful sense of her humiliation. She had, hitherto, kept her promise sacred, through struggles known only to herself, and she began to feel impatient and indignant that the reward for which she looked was still withheld. Had she been more deeply skilled in the mysteries of the human heart, she might have addressed the Genius of the household shrine, in the language of the avenging Moor, who first apostrophises the torch that flares on his deed of darkness:

"If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore—
Should I repent me—but once put out thine,
I know not where is the Promethean heat
That can thy light relume!"

Mr. Manly was called away by professional business, which would probably detain him many weeks from home. He regretted this necessity; particularly before the arrival of Emily, whose coming was daily expected. He urged his wife to invite some friends to remain as her guests during his absence, to enliven her solitude. His request, so earnestly repeated, might have been gratifying to her feelings, if she had not known the distrust of her faith and strength of resolution it implied. The last words he said to her, at parting, were "Remember, Anne, every thing depends on yourself." She experienced a sensation of unspeakable relief in his absence. The eagle glance was withdrawn from her soul, and it expanded and exulted in its newly acquired freedom. She had a constant succession of visitors, who, remarking the elasticity of her spirits, failed not to cast additional obloquy on Mr. Manly, for the tyranny he evidently exercised over his wife. Emily did not arrive, and Mrs. Manly could not regret the delay. Her presence reminded her of all she wished to forget; for her days of triumph were returned, and the desire of shining, rekindled from the ashes of scorn, that had for a while smothered the flame.

It wanted about a week of Mr. Manly's return.—She felt a strong inclination to renew the splendors of her party. She had received so many compliments on the subject—"Mrs. Manly's delightful party!" "Her conversational powers!" "Such a literary banquet!" etc. Invitations were given and accepted. The morning of the day, which was somewhat warm and oppressive, she was summoned by the kitchen council, where the business of preparation was going on. Suddenly, however, they came to a stand. There was no brandy to give flavour to the cake; and the cook declared it was impossible to make it without, or to use any thing as a substitute.

Mrs. Manly's cheeks flushed high with shame. Her husband had retained the key of the closet that contained the forbidden article. He was afraid to trust it in her keeping. The mildest cordials were alone left at her disposal, for the entertainment of her guests. What would her husband think if she purchased, in his absence, what he had himself secreted from her? What would the servants believe if she refused to provide them with what was deemed indispensable? The fear of her secret's being detected, combined with resentment at her husband's unyielding distrust, decided her conduct. She bought—she tasted. The cook asserted there was something peculiar in its flavour, and asked her to judge for herself. Would it not excite suspicion, if she refused? She broke her solemn vow—she tasted—and was undone. The burning thirst once kindled, in those who have been victims to this fatal passion, it rages with the strength of madness. In the secrecy of the closet where she hid the poison, she yielded to the tempter, who whispered, that, as she had been compelled to taste, her promise had been innocently broken: there could be no harm in a little more—the last that should ever pass her lips. In the delirium of the moment, she yielded, till, incapable of self-control, she continued the inebriating draught. Judgment—reason—at length, perception, vanished. The approach of evening found her still prostrate on her bed, a melancholy instance of the futility of the best human resolutions, unsupported by the divine principle of religion. The servants were at first struck with consternation. They thought some sudden disease had overtaken her. But the marks of intemperance, that, like the brand on the brow of Cain, single out its votaries from the rest of mankind, those revolting traces, were but too visible. They knew not what to do.—Uncertain what guests were invited, they could not send apologies, nor ask them to defer their visit. The shades of evening were beginning to fall; the children were crying, deprived of the usual cares of their nurse; and in the general bustle, clung to their mother, whose ear was deaf to the appeal of nature. The little one, weary of shedding so many unavailing tears, at last crawled up on the bed, and fell asleep by her side, though there was scarcely room for her to stretch her little limbs, where she had found the means of climbing. As her slumbers deepened, her limbs relaxed from the rigid posture they had assumed: her arms drooped unconsciously over the bed, and she fell. In her fall she was thrown against one of the posts, and a sharp corner cutting her head, inflicted a deep wound. The screams of the little sufferer roused the household, and pierced even the leaden slumbers of intemperance. It was long, however, before Mrs. Manly came to a clear perception of what was passing around her. The sight of the streaming blood, however, acted like a shock of electricity.—She sprang up, and endeavoured to staunch the bleeding wound. The effusion was soon stopped; the child sunk into a peaceful sleep, and the alarm subsided.

Children are liable to so many falls, and bruises, and wounds, it is not strange that Mrs. Manly, in the confused state of her mind, should soon forget the accident, and try to prepare herself for the reception of her guests, who were already assembling in the drawing-room. Every time the bell rung, she started, with a thrill of horror, conscious how unfit she was to sustain the enviable

reputation she had acquired. Her head ached almost to bursting—her hands trembled, and a deadly sickness oppressed her. The visions of an upbraiding husband, a scoffing world, rose before her—and dim, but awful, in the dark perspective, she seemed to behold the shadow of a sin-avenging Deity. Another ring—the guests were thronging. Unhappy woman! What was to be done? She would have pleaded sudden indisposition—the accident of her child—but the fear that the servants would reveal the truth—the hope of being able to rally her spirits—determined her to descend into the drawing-room. As she cast a last hurried glance into the mirror, and saw the wild, haggard countenance it reflected, she recoiled at her own image. The jewels with which she had profusely adorned herself, served but to mock the ravages the destroying scourge had made upon her beauty. No cosmetic art could restore the purity of her complexion; nor the costliest perfumes conceal the odour of the fiery liquor. She called for a glass of cordial—kindled up a smile of welcome, and descended to perform the honors of her household. She made a thousand apologies for her delay; related, in glowing colours, the accident that happened to her child, and flew from one subject to another, as if she feared to trust herself with a pause. There was something so unnatural in her countenance, so overstrained in her manner, and so extravagant in her conversation, it was impossible for the company not to be aware of her situation. Silent glances were exchanged, low whispers passed round; but they had no inclination to lose the entertainment they anticipated. They remembered the luxuries of her table, and hoped, at least, if not a “feast of reason,” a feast of the good things of earth.

It was at this crisis Emily Spencer arrived. Her travelling dress, and the fatigue of a journey, were sufficient excuses for her declining to appear in the drawing-room; but the moment she saw Mrs. Manly, her eye, too well experienced, perceived the backsliding of Anne, and hope died within her bosom. Sick at heart, wounded and indignant, she sat down in the chamber where the children slept—those innocent beings, doomed to an orphanage more sad than death even makes. Anne's conscious spirit quailed before the deep reproach of Emily's silent glances. She stammered out an explanation of the bloody bandage that was bound around the infant's head, assured her there was no cause of alarm, and hurried down to the friends who had passed the period of her absence in covert sarcasm, and open animadversion on her conduct.

Emily sat down on the side of the bed, and leaned over the sleeping infant. Though Mrs. Manly had assured her there was no cause of alarm, she felt there was no reliance on her judgment; and the excessive paleness and languor of its countenance, excited an anxiety its peaceful slumbers could not entirely relieve. “It is all over,” thought she, “a relapse in sin is always a thousand times more dangerous than the first yielding. She is at this moment blazoning her disgrace, and there will be no restraining influence left. O! unfortunate Manly! was it for this you sacrificed home, friends, and splendid prospects, and came a stranger to a strange land.” Absorbed in the contemplation of Manly's unhappy destiny, she remained till the company dispersed, and Mrs. Manly dragged her weary footsteps to her chamber. Completely exhausted by her efforts to command her bewildered faculties, she threw herself on the bed, and sunk into a lethargy; the natural consequence of inebriation. The infant disturbed by the sudden motion, awakened with a languid cry, expressive of feebleness and pain. Emily raised it in her arms, endeavoured to soothe its complaining; but it continued restless and wailing, till the blood gushed afresh through the bandage. Greatly alarmed, she shook Mrs. Manly's arm, and called upon her to awake. It was in vain—she could not rouse her from her torpor. Instantly ringing the bell, she summoned the nurse, who was revelling, with the other servants over the relics of the feast, and told her to send immediately for a physician. Fortunately there was one in the neighbourhood, and he came speedily. He shook his head mournfully when he examined the condition of the child, and pronounced its case beyond the reach of human skill. The injury produced by the fall had reached the brain. The very depth of its slumbers was a fatal symptom of approaching dissolution. The tears of Emily fell fast and thick on the pallid face of the innocent victim. She looked upon its mother—thought upon its father, and pressed the child in agony to her bosom. The kind physician was summoned to another chamber of sickness. He had done all he could to mitigate, where he could not heal. Emily felt that this dispensation was sent in mercy. She could not pray for the child's life, but she prayed that it might die in the arms of its father; and it seemed that her prayer was heard. It was a singular providence that brought him that very night—a week sooner than he anticipated—urged on by a restless presentiment of evil; a dread that all was not well. Imagination, however, had not pictured the scene that awaited him. His wife, clothed in her richest raiments, and glittering with jewels, lying in the torpor of inebriation. Emily, seated by the side of the bed, bathed in tears, holding in her lap the dying infant, her dress stained with the blood with which the fair locks of the child were matted. What a spectacle! He stood for a moment on the threshold of the apartment, as if a bolt had transfixed him. Emily was not roused from her grief by the sound of his footsteps, but she saw the shadow that darkened the wall; and at once recognised his lineaments. The startling cry she uttered brought him to her side, where, kneeling down over his expiring infant, he gazed on its altering features and quivering frame with a countenance so pale and stern, Emily's blood ran cold. Silently and fixedly he knelt, while the deepening shades of dissolution gathered over the beautiful waxen features, and the dark film grew over the eyes, so lately bright with that heavenly blue, which is alone seen in the eyes of infancy. He inhaled its last, cold, struggling breath; saw it stretched in the awful immobility of death, then, slowly rising, he turned towards the gaudy figure that lay as if in mockery of the desolation it had created. Then Manly's imprisoned spirit burst its bonds. He grasped his wife's arm, with a strength that might have been felt, even were her limbs of steel, and calling forth her name in a voice deep and thrilling as the trumpet's blast, he commanded her to rise. With a faint foretaste of the feeling with which the guilty soul shall meet the awakening summons of the archangel, the wretched woman raised herself on her elbow, and gazed around her with a wild and glassy stare. “Woman,” cried he, still retaining his desperate grasp, and pointing to the dead child, extended on the lap of the weeping Emily, “woman! is this your work? Is this the welcome you have prepared for my return? Oh! most

perjured wife and most abandoned mother! You have filled, to overflowing, the vials of indignation; on your own head shall they be poured, blasting and destroying. You have broken the last tie that bound me—it withers like flax in the flame. Was it not enough to bring down the grey hairs of your father to the grave? to steep your own soul in perjury and shame, but that fair innocent must be a sacrifice to your drunken revels? One other victim remains. Your husband—who lives to curse the hour he ever yielded to a siren, who lured him to the brink of hell!”

He paused suddenly—relaxed his iron hold, and fell back perfectly insensible. It is an awful thing to see man fall down in his strength, struck, too, by the lightning of passion. Anne sprang upon her feet. The benumbing spell was broken. His last words had reached her naked soul. She believed him dead, and that he had indeed died her victim. Every other thought and feeling was swallowed up in this belief, she threw herself by his side, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and rending her sable tresses, in the impotence of despair. “Poor Emily! it was for her a night of horror; but her fortitude and presence of mind seemed to increase with the strength of the occasion. She turned her cares from the dead to the living.—She bathed with restorative waters the pale brow of Manly; she chafed his cold hands, till their icy chill began to melt in the warmth of returning animation. All the while his wretched wife continued her useless and appalling ravings.

The morning dawned upon a scene of desolation. In one darkened room lay the snowy corpse, drest in the white garments of the grave; in another, the almost unconscious Manly, in the first stages of a burning fever; Anne, crouched in a dark corner, her face buried in her hands; and Emily, pale and wan, but energetic and untiring, still the ministering and healing spirit of this house of grief. Yes! darkness and mourning was in that house; but the visitation of God had not come upon it: Pestilence had not walked in the darkness, nor Destruction, at the noon-day hour. Had Anne resisted the voice of the tempter, her child might have smiled in his cherub beauty; her husband might have still presided at his board, and she, herself, at his side; if not in the sunshine of love, in the light of increasing confidence. Her frame was worn by the long, silent struggles of contending passions, hopes and fears. This last blow prostrated her in the dust. Had Anne resisted the voice of the tempter all might yet have been well; but having once again steeped her lips in the pollution, the very consciousness of her degradation plunged her deeper in sin. She fled from the writhing of remorse to the oblivious draught. She gave herself up, body and soul, irredeemably. She was hurrying on, with fearful strides, to that brink from which so many immortal beings have plunged into the fathomless gulf of perdition.

Manly rose from the couch of sickness an altered man: his proud spirit was humbled—chastened—purified. Brought to the confines of the unseen world, he was made to feel the vanity—the nothingness of this—and while his soul seemed floating on the shoreless ocean of eternity, the billows of human passion sunk before the immensity, the awfulness of the scene. The holy resolutions, formed on what he believed his death-bed, did not vanish with returning health. He saw the bitter cup prepared for him to drink, and though he prayed that it might be permitted to pass from him, he could say, in the resignation of his heart, “not my will, oh father! but thine be done.” He looked upon his degraded wife rather with pity, than indignation. He no longer reproached her, or used the language of denunciation. But sometimes, in her lucid intervals, when she witnessed the subdued expression of his once haughty countenance—his deep paleness—the mildness of his deportment to all around him; the watchful guard he held over his own spirit; and all this accompanied by an energy in action—a devotedness in duty—such as she had never seen before—Anne trembled, and felt that he had been near unto his Maker, while she was holding closer and closer companionship with the powers of darkness. The wall of separation she had been building up between them, was it to become high as the heavens—deep as the regions of irremediable love?

Emily was no longer their guest. While Manly lingered between life and death, she watched over him with all a sister's tenderness. Insensible to fatigue—forgetful of sleep—and regardless of food, she was sustained by the intensity of her anxiety; but as soon as his renovated glance could answer her attentions with speechless gratitude, and he became conscious of the cares, that had done more than the physician's skill, in bringing him back to life, she gradually yielded to others, the place she had occupied as nurse—that place, which she who should have claimed it as her right, was incapacitated to fill. When Manly was restored to health, Emily felt that she could no longer remain. There was no more fellowship with Anne; and the sympathy that bound her to her husband she could not, with propriety, indulge. Manly, himself, did not oppose her departure; he felt it was best she should go. She took with her the little Anne, with the grateful consent of her father. The opposition of the mother was not allowed to triumph over what Manly knew was for the blessing of his child. “Let her go,” said he, mildly, but determinately; “she will not feel the want of a mother's care.”

It was a dark and tempestuous night.—The winds of autumn, swept against the windows, with the mournful rustle of the withered leaves, fluttering in the blast: the sky was moonless and starless. Every thing abroad presented an aspect of gloom and desolation. Even those who were gathered in the halls of pleasure, felt saddened by the melancholy sighing of the gust; and a cold, whispered mortality breathed into the hearts of the thoughtless and gay. It was on this night that Manly sat by the dying couch of Anne. Every one is familiar with the rapid progress of disease, when it attacks the votary of intemperance. The burning blood soon withers up the veins; the fountain, itself, becomes dry. Fearfully rapid, in this instance, had been the steps of the destroyer. Here she lay, her frame tortured with the agonies of approaching dissolution, and her spirit strong and clear from the mists that had so long, and so fatally obscured it. She saw herself in that mirror which the hand of truth holds up to the eye of the dying. Memory, which acquires, at that awful moment, such supernatural power, brought before her all the past—the wasted past—the irretrievable past. Her innocent childhood—her bright and glowing youth; her blasted womanhood, seemed embodied to her eyes. Her father rose from his grave, and standing by her bedside, waving his mournful locks,

warned her of her broken oath. Her little infant, with his fair hair dabbled with blood came gliding in its shroud, and accused her of being its murderer. Her husband! As her frenzied spirit called up this last image, she turned her dim eye to him, who was hanging over her couch with a countenance of such grief and compassion, the dry agony of her despair softened into a gush of remorseful tenderness: “Oh! no—no!” cried she, in difficult accents, “you do not curse me; you live to pardon the wretch who has undone herself and you. Oh! could I live over the past; could I carry back to our bridal the experience of this awful hour, what long years of happiness might be ours?”

The recollection of what she had been—of what she might have been—contrasted with what she still might be, was too terrible. Her agonies became wordless. Manly knelt by her side: he sought to soothe her departing spirit by assurances of his own pardon; and to lead her, by penitence and prayer, to the feet of Him, “in whose sight the heavens are not clean.” He poured into her soul the experience of his, when he had travelled to the boundaries of the dark valley: his despair—his penitence, and his hopes. He spoke of the mercy that is boundless—the grace that is infinite—till the phantoms, accusing conscience called up, seemed to change their maledictions into prayers for her behalf. Her ravings gradually died away, and she sunk into a troubled sleep.

As Manly gazed upon her features, on which death was already fixing its dim, mysterious impress,—those features whose original beauty was so fearfully marred by the ravages of intemperance,—the waters of time rolled back, and revealed that green, enchanted spot in life's waste, where he was first gilded by her presence. Was that the form whose graceful movements then fascinated his senses; or those the eyes, whose kindling glances had flashed like a glory over his soul? The love, then so idolatrous and impassioned—so long crushed and buried—rose up from the ruins to hallow the vigils of that solemn night.

The morning dawned, but the slumbers of Anne were never to be broken, till the resurrection morn. In the bloom of life—the midst of affluence—with talents created to exalt society, and graces to adorn it; a heart full of warm and generous impulses; a husband as much the object of her pride as of her affections; children lovely in their innocence, she fell a sacrifice to one brutalising passion. Seldom, indeed, is it that woman, in the higher walks of life, presents such a melancholy example; but were there but one, and that one Anne Weston, let her name be revealed, as a beacon, whose warning light should be seen by the daughters of the land.

Another year glided by. The approach of another autumn, found Manly girded for enterprise. He had marked out a new path, and was about to become a dweller of a young and powerful city, borne on one of the mighty rivers of the West. His child could there grow up, unwithered by the associations of her mother's disgrace. Amidst the hopes and anticipations gathering around a new home, in a new land, his own spirit might shake off the memories that oppressed its energies. He was still young. The future might offer something of brightness, to indemnify for the darkness of the past.

He once more sought the native place of his unhappy wife; for his child was there, under the cherishing care of Emily Spencer. He passed that ball-room, in whose illuminated walls his destiny was sealed. The chamber selected for the traveller's resting-place was the one where the prophetic dream had haunted his pillow. His brow was saddened by the gloom of remembrance, when he entered the dwelling-place of his child; but when he saw the bright, beautiful little creature, who sprang into his arms, with spontaneous rapture, and witnessed the emotion that Emily strove vainly to conquer, he felt he was not alone in the world; and the future triumphed over the past. He unfolded all his views, and described the new scenes in which he was soon to become an actor, with reviving eloquence.

“Are you going to carry me there, too, father,” said the little girl, whose earnest blue eyes were riveted on his face.

“Are you not willing to go with me, my child? or must I leave you behind?”

“I should like to go, if you will take Emily, but I cannot leave her behind,” cried the affectionate child, clinging to that beloved friend, who had devoted herself to her with all a mother's tenderness.

“We will not leave her,” exclaimed Manly, a warm glow spreading over his melancholy features, “if she will go with us, and bless our western home.”

Emily turned pale, but she did not speak—she could not, if her existence had depended upon it. She was no sickly sentimentalist, but she had ardent affections, though always under the government of upright principles. Her mind was well balanced, and though passion might enter, it was never suffered to gain the ascendancy. From her earliest acquaintance with Manly, she had admired his talents, and respected his character; but the idea of loving the husband of her friend, never entered her pure imagination. It was not till she saw him borne down by domestic sorrow, on the bed of sickness, thrown by the neglect of his wife on her tenderness and care, that she felt the danger and depth of her sympathy. The moment she became aware of her involuntary departure from integrity of feeling she fled, and in the tranquillity of her own home, devoted to his child the love she shuddered to think began to flow in an illegitimate channel. That Manly ever cherished any sentiments towards her, warmer than those of esteem and gratitude, she did not believe, but now he came before her, freed by heaven from the shackles that bound him, and duty no longer opposed its barrier to her affections, her heart told her she would follow him to the ends of the earth, and deem its coldest, darkest region, a Paradise, if warmed and illumined by his love. The simplicity of childhood had unveiled the hearts of each to the other. It was not with the romance of his earlier passion, that Manly now wooed Emily Spencer to be his wife. It was love, approved by reason, and sanctified by religion. It was the Christian, seeking a fellow labourer in the work of duty; the father, yearning for a mother to watch over an orphan child—the man awakened to the loftiest, holiest purposes of his being.

In a beautiful mansion, looking down on one of the most magnificent landscapes unfolded in the rich valley of the West, Manly and Emily now reside. All the happiness capable of being enjoyed around the household shrine is theirs, and the only shade that ever dims their brows, is caused by the remembrance of the highly gifted—but ill-fated Anne.

From the Christian Keepsake.

THE PASSAGE OF THE JORDAN.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I.

The hosts of God, by Joshua led,
Approach the Jordan's eddying tide,
And priests, with veiled and bended head,
Bear to its grassy side
The Ark, beneath whose cherub wings
Are kept the pure and precious things;—
Behold, the morn its radiance flings
On bannered lance, and buckler bright,
And brazen trump, whose music rings
To hail the dawning light.

II.

The flood before them boils and leaps
Along its deep and rocky bed,
But still the moving column keeps
Onward its fearless tread,
As though no foamy current flowed
Between it and the blest abode
To which, by many a thorny road
And desert plain its steps had passed,
And which in morning's glory glowed
Green, beautiful and vast.

III.

And now, the Levites' sandalled feet
Are moistened by the river's edge,
Which curls and breaks, with murmur sweet,
Amid the bending sedge;—
Yet pause they not;—with heart of prayer
And faith-supported strength, they bear
That which the torrent shall not dare
Submerge or mar with angry tide;
They know not now, but know that there
God will a way provide.

IV.

Their faith hath triumphed;—with the sound
Of rushing thunder backward fly
The affrighted billows, and the ground
They moistened now is dry:—
Cleft in the midst, the waters stand
Obedient to their God's command,
Towering aloft on either hand
A glassy and resplendent heap,
Where scenes that bless the promised land
In mirrored beauty sleep.

V.

And fearless down the dark defile
The countless hosts of Israel go.
And loud from trump and harp the while
The strains of gladness flow:—
The depths, that voices never gave
But those of warring wind and wave,
Send from their dark and oozy grave
The echoing tread of joyous throngs,
And praise to Him whose hand can save,
In loud triumphant songs.

VI.

And now the further shore they gain,
And kneeling kiss the promised spot
Which, through long years of toil and pain
Their anxious steps had sought;
Whilst with a wild and maddening roar
The tides, disjoined from shore to shore,
Their long suspended waters pour
To fill the yawning gulf between;
Closed is the bright, mysterious door,
By which they entered in.

VII.

Christian! behold the typic shade
Of that dim path prepared for thee,—
Behold in Jordan's tide displayed
Death's ever-flowing sea:—
Thou treadest still Life's desert plain
In toil and sorrow, care and pain,—
Trials, and doubts, and fears maintain
With thee a fierce and bitter strife,
And but for heavenly aid would gain
The conquest o'er thy life.

VIII.

Yet soon that toilsome war shall cease;
And thou beside the flood shalt stand
Beyond whose waves are realms of peace—
A pure and holy land:—
But if thou still has kept the ark
Of God before thee as a mark,—
Fear not the troubled waters dark
How'er they rage, and chaic, and roar,—
On that mysterious voyage embark,—
And God will guide thee o'er.

IX.

Press boldly on in faith and prayer,
And waves of doubt and floods of fear
Shall part, and leave a passage there
To changeless glories near;
The dim obscurity shall fail
In Death's dark pass and shadowy vale,
And thou with gladdened eyes, shalt hail
Bright glimpses of the glorious things
Which lie beyond, and render pale
The angels' flashing wings.

X.

And when thou'st gained that blessed shore
For ever freed from sin and pain,
Death's cheated waves shall hiss and roar
Mingling their streams again,—

Thence, ever closed, that shadowy door
Shall entrance give to Earth no more;
And thou shalt reach the golden floor,
By Jesus lit and angels trod,
Ever and ever to adore
Thy SAVIOUR and thy God!

Dorchester, (Mass.)

For the Pearl.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROPHECY.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

No. 2.

"It is only in ascending the ruins of the Tower of Babel that the traveller finds he is walking on a vast heap of bricks—the total circumference is 2,286 feet, which gives to the ruins a greater extent of base than to the original edifice,—the surplus is very great, when we consider the quantity that must have been removed by the Macedonian soldiers, and how much also must have been removed by workmen digging for bricks. On the top is the appearance of the Castle in the distance; it is a solid mass of kiln burnt bricks, 37 feet high 28 broad—the bricks are excellent—laid in with fine cement. The summit of the mass is much broken so as to leave evidence by the shape of the fractures that violence has been used to reduce it to this shape. Distinct from the pile of bricks thus described and lower down on the north face of the large mound is another mass exactly similar—pieces of marble, broken bricks, and stones lie scattered over the ruin. The most curious of the fragments are several misshapen masses of brickwork quite black except in a few places, where regular layers of kiln burnt bricks are perceptible;—these have certainly been subjected to some fierce heat, as they are completely molten—a strong presumption that fire has been used in the destruction of the tower,—which in part resembles what the Prophet Jeremiah says it would become, a "burnt mountain" lxi: 25. Travellers who have visited this spot have been struck with the curious appearance of these fragments—and having only seen the black surface have rejected the idea of their being bricks. In the prophecies against Babylon, fire has been particularly mentioned as an agent—to this Isaiah evidently alludes when he says it shall be as when "God destroyed Sodom and Gomorah," and Jeremiah also says her high gates shall be burned with fire. Mr. Rich thought he could trace four stages to this building, and our party were of a like opinion. Wild beasts were very numerous here. Mr. Lamb gave up his examination from seeing an animal crouched in one of the square apertures;—I saw another in a like attitude, and the large foot prints of a lion was so fresh that the beast must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a distinct view of the vast heaps that constitute the ruins of ancient Babylon. A more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined—the eye wandered over a barren desert. It was impossible to behold this scene and not be reminded how exactly the predictions of the Prophets had been fulfilled even in the appearance that Babylon was doomed to present—"that she should become heaps—that her city should be a desolation, a dry land and a wilderness." In Rich's memoir on Babylon is an account of some earthen vessels containing human bones similar to those seen by us;—with a view to compare them we went up the river this day—our boat was of a peculiar construction. It was in shape like a large circular basket—the sides were of willow covered with a coat of bitumen. The bottom was laid with reeds—it had two men with paddles, one of whom pulled towards him; the other pushed from him: this boat is common on the Tigris and Euphrates, and is best adapted to the strong currents common to these rivers. May not these boats be of the same kind as the vessels of bulrushes alluded to by the Prophet Isaiah, xviii: 2. We continued our trip up the river about a mile, but the current was so strong against us, that we declined going to the place proposed. Our excursion however proved most satisfactory, though we did not see the vessels mentioned by Rich; for on returning to Hillah we found a number of the same description we had seen, and containing human bones,—thus fully confirming the statements of Mr. Rich. These vessels were on the west bank of the river—the place appeared an ancient burying ground encroached on by the Euphrates. As this mode of burying appears at variance with the customs of the Babylonians and ancient Persians, it appears probable that the tombs may contain the bodies of some of the Greeks who accompanied Alexander on his eastern expedition. In marching through a country where the scarcity of wood first suggested the idea of the hanging gardens, the substitution of the famous clay for coffins appears natural and obvious. The Asiatic collections contain an account of some vessels of earthen-ware having in them human bones, which were found near Bushire—near which place Alexander must have met his fleet under Nearchus, after his return from India.

March 28th. "We left Hillah this morning to resume our examination, and took with us a party of workmen to dig for us. The ruins on the west bank of the river commence two miles north of the town, including the Muzillebah—they extend 3 miles N. and S. and upwards of two miles E. and W. The first heap of ruins, though of considerable extent, has a very indeterminate form,

and presents only the general appearance observable throughout—mounds channelled by the weather, and strewn with fragments of buildings. I shall therefore pass them without further mention, and proceed to describe those which I consider to be the site of the hanging gardens and of the Palace. Diodorus says the Palace was near the bridge. Strabo and Quintus Curtius state the gardens to have been near the Euphrates, whence they were supplied with water by means of engines. All authors are agreed as to their being situate within the walls of the Palace. The entire mound comprises a square of 2800 feet. In addition to the usual vestiges are found several alabaster vessels; we remarked also great quantities of varnished tiles, the colors of which were remarkably fine. According to Diodorus the walls and towers of the Palace were covered with tiles of different colors, representing a grand hunting piece, more than four cubits in size—in this were described a great variety of wild beasts—here was to be seen Queen Semiramis on horseback brandishing a spear, and near her Ninus in the act of killing a Lion—the colors were laid on before the bricks were baked.—Diodorus, Volume i: p. 121. We have a singular confirmation of this account of Diodorus in the Prophet Ezekiel, who speaking of the defection of Judah in the character of Abolibah, says "She saw men portrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians, of Chaldæ." This mode of decoration is still common throughout the East—numerous specimens came within my own observation, in the course of this journey, particularly in the cities of Bassorah, Bagdad and Teheran. Captain Hart brought me the portion of a highly varnished blue vase, to which were sticking some fragments of human bones, that had undergone the action of fire. I attempted to separate them from the vessel, but they pulverised on being touched. The bricks are finer here than in any other part of the ruins—numbers were digging for them—the ruins were so perforated in consequence that the original design is entirely lost:—all that could favour any conjecture of gardens built on terraces, are two subterranean passages which we saw at some distance from each other. The people digging for bricks say that they are of great extent, and very high in many places. We made our workmen dig at each entrance, hoping to trace a communication, but we were unsuccessful as they were only closed up with bricks and rubbish and our men were afraid to continue their work—many persons having been accidentally buried in the ruins. To judge from what we saw there can be no doubt that both passages are of vast extent; they are lined with bricks laid in with bitumen, and covered over with large masses of stone—this is nearly the only place where stone is observable. While we were exploring the cave, an enormous wild bear of a reddish color started up from amongst the ruins—our party gave chase, but he eluded us. In the eagerness of the pursuit I snatched a gun from the servant and fired: luckily I missed the animal, as the shot was too small to kill him, and his revenge might have made me pay dearly for my temerity. The Prophecy of Isaiah, that Babylon should be inhabited by wild beasts, was fulfilled after the extinction of the Seleucideæ, for their successors the Parthians turned the city into a park and stocked it with wild beasts for the purpose of hunting. Amongst these the wild bear is mentioned by St. Jerome. It has been supposed that many curious trees are to be found on the site of the hanging gardens; this is not the case—there is one only, and that in the most elevated spot—it is a kind of cedar; possibly one of those mentioned by Diodorus—one half the trunk is standing five feet in circumference. Though the body is decayed, the branches are still green and healthy, and droop like those of the willow. Except one at Bassorah, there is not five like it in Irak Arabi. Our guides told us that this tree was left in the hanging gardens for the purpose of enabling Ali to tie his horse to it after the battle of Hillah. Not far from this tree we saw indications of a statue which had been imperfectly seen by Beauchamp and Rich. We set our men to work, and in two hours found a colossal piece of sculpture in black marble, representing a Lion standing over a man. When Rich was here the figure was entire, but when we saw it the head was gone—the length of the pedestal, the height of the shoulders, and the length of the statue measured in each of their respective parts nine feet. I would venture to suggest that this statue might have reference to Daniel in the Lion's den, and that it formerly stood over one of the gates either of the Palace or of the hanging gardens. It is natural to suppose that this signal miracle would have been celebrated by the Babylonians, particularly as Daniel was afterwards Governor of their city. The Prophet was also Governor of Shusa the Shushan of the scriptures, where he frequently went in discharge of his official duties and where he died also. A short time ago Shusa was visited by some French officers in the service of the prince of Kermansbah in Persia: amongst other antiquities they found a block of white marble covered with Babylonian characters, having sculptured on it the figures of two men and two Lions—this may also allude to the same event. The finest specimen of Babylonian structure is a large building called by the workmen the "Kasa or Palace"—its form is quadrangular and it faces the cardinal points—it is composed entirely of kiln burnt bricks of the finest quality, which are laid in with a

ement of the utmost tenacity. The workmen have long left this untouched from the impossibility of detaching the bricks from the cement. As the palace is in the midst of other elevated ruins the precise height cannot be ascertained—though it is possible the elevation may be on a level with the plain. The walls are eight feet thick—they are rent throughout—but evidently not by the hand of man, as nothing but some violent convulsion of nature could produce the vast chasms, observable in this ruin. The freshness of the brickwork is such, that we should have had difficulty in identifying it with the ruins of Babylon, had we not found it situated in the midst of other buildings, instead of being detached from them. The solid appearance of the original structure impressed the mind the more strongly with the image of devastation which it now presents.

Your Obedient Servant.

H. H.

The following exquisite little poem is from the pen of Mr. O. W. Holmes, whose tributes to the muses, have, from time to time, for several years, enriched the columns of the Boston papers. There is an essence of pathos in some stanzas, which cannot be excelled by any writer of the day. Its benevolent philosophy is also of a taste far superior to that sickening sensibility that has predominated since the Della Cruscan era. The pathos of the fourth stanza, and the philosophy of the last, deserve the meed of immortality for their author.

LINES ON AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door—
And again,
The pavement stones resound
As he loiters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And looks at all he meets,
So forlorn.
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On his tomb!

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff:
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here—
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring!
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough,
Where I cling.

The following account of the superstitions of Ireland is given by Leitch Ritchie, in the Picturesque Annual for 1832.

SUPERSTITIONS OF IRELAND.

There exists still a belief in charms, and the powers of witchcraft; but for the marvellous effects of its power, we are commonly referred to a distant period. The received opinion of witches is, that they are old, wrinkled hags, who sold themselves to the devil to obtain a part of his occult art, such as taking the milk, or butter, from their neighbours' cows, or riding through the air on a broomstick. A belief still prevails, of the existence of fairies; and their non-appearance, at present, is alleged to arise from the general circulation of the Scriptures. Fairies are described as little spirits, who were always clad in green, and inhabited the green mounds called forths. Numerous stories are told of their being seen at those places, "dancing on the circling wind," to the music of the common bagpipe. The large hawthorns growing singly in the fields, are deemed sacred to fairies, and are hence called gentle thorns. Some fields east of Carrickfergus, were formerly called "The Fairy Fields." Brownies, now alleged to be extinct, were another class of the same family; they are described as large rough, hairy spirits, who lay about the fires after the people went to bed. A warning-spirit, in the likeness of an old woman, called *Ouna*, or the *Danshee*, is said to have been anciently heard, wailing shortly before the death of any person belonging to certain families. At present, this spirit is almost forgotten. Wraiths are still talked of as being seen. These are described as the shadowy likeness of a person, a short time before the decease of the real person. Other warnings, and appearances are also believed to be death-warnings, such as strange noises, the shadowy likeness of a waving napkin, etc. It is believed that the luck of a cow, or any other animal, may be taken away by a look, or glance of the eye, of certain people, some of whom are said to be unconscious of their eye having this effect. It is called the blink of an evil eye; and the charm is believed to extend, in some instances, to children. When this is alleged to occur, the persons are said to be overlooked, or overseen; and it is supposed that the person will not recover, unless some charm is used to counteract its effects. There is an opinion that certain people are able to take milk from a cow without touching her, or the butter from the milk, letting the milk remain. When churning, or making cheese, fire is never suffered to be taken out of the house during the operation. The first time that a cow is milked after calving, it is common to put a piece of silver in the bottom of the pail, and to milk upon it. Salt is in daily use with some in a similar way, to prevent witchcraft. Horse-shoes are nailed on the bottom of the churn for a like pur-

pose, and old nails from horse-shoes are sometimes driven in the churn-staff. Certain days are deemed unlucky; few persons will remove to or from a house, or service, on Saturday, or the day of the week on which Christmas is held that year. On New-year's Day and May-day, fire is rarely permitted to be taken out of houses, lest they lose their luck. Persons going on a journey have often an old man's shoes thrown after them, that they may come speed in the object of their pursuit. Crickets coming to a house are held to bode some change to the family, but are commonly deemed a good omen. A stray dog, or cat, coming and remaining in a house, is deemed a token of good fortune.

The people who follow the fishing business retain a different class of superstitions, but are not communicative to others on this head. The following have been observed. Meeting certain persons in the morning, especially women, when barefooted, is deemed an omen of ill-fortune for that day. To name a dog, cat, rat, or pig, while baiting their hook, is surmised to forebode ill-luck on that day's fishing. They always spit on the first and last hook, they bait, and in the mouth of the first fish taken off the hook, or line.

Although the people are generally Protestants yet, if a person is suddenly deranged, or a child overseen, the lower orders rarely apply to their own minister for relief but to some Roman Catholic priest and receive from him what is called a priest's-book. This book, or paper, is sewed to the clothes of the afflicted person, or worn in an amulet, about the neck; if lost, a second book is never given to the same person. It has also been observed, that if a Protestant of any denomination, male or female, is married to a Roman Catholic, the Protestant, three times out of four, becomes a Roman Catholic, and generally a zealous one: the Roman Catholic seldom becomes a Protestant.

On the death of a person, the nearest neighbour ceases working till the body is interred. Within the house where the deceased is, the dishes, and all other kitchen utensils, are removed from shelves, dressers; looking glasses covered, or taken down; clocks are stopped and their dial-plates covered. Except in cases deemed very infectious, the corpse is always kept one night, and sometimes two. This sitting with the corpse is called the wake, from *Likewake*, (Scottish,) the meeting of the friends before the funeral. These meetings are generally conducted with great decorum; portions of the Scriptures are read, and frequently prayer is pronounced and a psalm given out, fitting for the solemn occasion. Pipes and tobacco are always laid on a table, and spirits and other refreshments are distributed during the night. If a dog, or cat, passes over the dead body, it is immediately killed, as it is believed that the first person it would pass over afterward, would take the falling sickness. A plate with salt is frequently set on the breast of the corpse, which is said to keep the same from swelling.

LONDON CRIES.

A story was told me the other day, concerning one of those old clothes' merchants, which very forcibly illustrates the saving of labour principle, and the truth of the proverb that every one understands his own business best.

Those who are familiar with London cries, know that the cry of a Jew who wishes to buy, sell, or exchange dilapidated garments, is a sort of indescribable sound, which may, perhaps, be nearest expressed by the letters, "Klo! klo! O klo!" G—, who was new to London, and of a shy, diffident, but curious and fidgety temperament, was sadly puzzled to know what this cry could possibly mean; and, laudably desirous of adding to his stock of knowledge, made several earnest inquiries upon the subject, the fruits of which were laughter and ridicule. This G— did not at all relish; and he, therefore, smothered his curiosity, and asked no more questions—but still the everlasting cry haunted him. What could it mean? He pined in thought—his appetite fell off—he became feverish and irritable. At night his slumbers were broken by visions of many old men, who carried bags upon their backs, and unceasingly ejaculated, "Klo! klo! O klo!" and when he started, in a morning, from his restless pillow, and hurried forth to cool himself, in every street or square he encountered one of those long-bearded, inscrutable beings—and they glared strangely at him, and their lips moved, and out of their mouths came the everlasting "Klo! klo! O klo!"

"This is not to be borne," muttered G— to himself; "my life is rendered miserable!"

"Klo! klo! O klo!" resounded from the opposite side of the street.

G— lost all command of himself. "My good lad," said he addressing a pot-boy, "can you tell me what that man means by 'Klo! klo! O klo!'"

The pot-boy requested to know "who the gemman was pricking fun out off," grinned in his face, shook his pots, and went off whistling "Jump Jim Crow."

The ice once broken, G— went on, and addressing, in his blindest manner, a pretty nursery-maid, who was taking the air with seven children and two lap-dogs, requested an explanation of the mysterious cry of "Klo! klo! O klo!"

The nursery-maid, fully convinced that G— was asking the road he knew, and suspecting him of Giovanni-ish propensities, exclaimed in a tone of conscious rectitude—"I aint what you take me for!" after which she whisked off in a fit of virtuous indignation.

"I will know—I will be satisfied!" exclaimed G— in a determined voice, and with his whole manner marked by the power of irresistible will, as he darted into the middle of the street toward a hackney-coachman, in order to reiterate his inquiries.

The hackney-coachman put his horses in motion as he saw him approach, in the pleasing anticipation of "a fare;" but, when he heard the question submitted to him for solution, his countenance assumed a very wrathful expression, and he desired G—, in substance, to go to the infernal regions, only, not being a classical scholar, he availed himself of a short but energetic monosyllable, signifying precisely the same thing.

"I will write to the secretary of the Home Department about it," quoth G—; "I will not be baffled!"

Just as he had formed this determination, a hollow voice at his elbow pronounced the fatal sounds—"Klo! klo! O klo!"

G— could stand it no longer; but, turning suddenly round, resolutely confronted the mysterious one!

"Friend," said he, endeavouring to repress his agitation, "in heaven's name, what do you mean by 'Klo! klo! O klo!'"

"Mean!" replied the mystery; "why, I means 'Clothes! old clothes!'—what else should I mean?"

G— drew a long breath, took off his hat, wiped the perspiration from his throbbing temple, looked at the man "more in sorrow than in anger," and then, shaking his head impressively, and pausing between every word, so as to give greater force to his rebuke, he exclaimed—

"Then—why—the—deuce—don't you say old clothes?"

"Sir," replied the man very civilly, "if you had to cry that cry as I have, may be twenty thousand times in a day, it wouldn't be long before you'd find out the difference of trouble between saying 'O klo!' and 'Old clothes!'"

It was unanswerable. G— attempted no reply. He put on his hat and strode away.

There is an excellent moral in this anecdote—if the reader can find it out.

William Cox.

WEEPING.

Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress, as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for anything or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence, and weep when you are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or a tea-party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a scamp; and they will weep because they cannot have every thing their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he repents and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning, quite subdued with tears and a curtain lecture! Women weep to get at their husbands' secrets, and they also weep when their own secrets have been revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortune, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbours how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband, that she may get another. The "Widow of Ephesus" bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other. Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of repentance this moment, and sin the next. It is no uncommon thing to hear them cursing the effects of intemperance, while they are poisoning the cup of indulgence, and gasping to gulp down its contents. The beggar and the tragedian weep for a livelihood; they can coin their tears and make them pass for the current money of the realm. The one weeps you into a charitable humour, and the other makes you pay for being forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us relieve the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve the beggar when he prefers his claim, and we pay the tragedian beforehand. The one weeps whether he will or not, but the other weeps only when he is well paid for it. Poets are a weeping tribe. They are social in their tears; they would have the whole world to weep along with them. Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imaginations so fantastical, that they make even the material world to sympathize with their sorrows. The dew on the cheek of the lily is compared to tears on the disconsolate maiden; when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of the evening; and when the sun rises and exhales the dew-drops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day and a weeping night. We have weeping rocks, weeping waterfalls, weeping willows, weeping grottoes, weeping skies, weeping climates; and, if any signal calamity has befallen a great man, we have, to finish the climax, a weeping world.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE ON THE HUMAN EYE,

By Thomas Taylor.

CHAPTER II.

"He that formed the eye shall he not see?"

In the convenient situation in which the eyes are placed, the student of nature will not fail to observe the wisdom and goodness of our Creator. To the astronomer it is of importance that his observatory be erected on an elevated site of ground—while to obtain an extensive view of the country around, the General, will if possible, fix his tent and post his sentinels on a lofty hill. And that the eye might have the greater extent of view, it was necessary that it should occupy a commanding situation—intended to communicate with the brain through the medium of the optic nerve it was desirable that it should be placed near to that great source of sensation—whilst for defence and security it was requisite that it should be sunk considerably in the skull. For these reasons the eye is commodiously placed in an elevated position where it commands the most enlarged prospects. No less is it conveniently fixed in reference to its proximity to the brain, so that the intercourse between the eye and brain is scarcely liable to interruption. And instead of the entire ball of the eye protruding from the face, thereby endangering its existence every moment, the greater portion of it is safely lodged in receptacles finely adapted for its comfort and preservation. In no other part of the body could it have been located with equal advantage. Too low in the foot, it would have been of little benefit to man—and although in the hand it might have been employed more easily, yet its distance from the brain and the uses to which the hand is applied, would have exposed it to innumerable dangers. Reflecting with gratitude on the fact that, "we find the precious organ, the eye, placed not as if by accident, somewhere near the centre of the person, but aloft on the proud eminence, where it becomes the glorious watch-tower of the soul," we shall be prepared, somewhat minutely, to notice all its beautiful, and wisely arranged appendages.

The appendages of the human eye, it need not be remarked, are almost as important to vision, as the eye itself. An instrument at once so tender and valuable, required to be guarded and fortified with peculiar care; and the extraordinary contrivances adopted for its use and preservation, are among the first things belonging to this organ, to engage the attention of every diligent observer of the works of God. The socket in which the eye rolls, and generally termed its orbit, is composed of seven portions of bone, and in shape bears some resemblance to a pear, with its large end turned outwards. Above, the plate of bone is arched, and on it rests the brain, while under it, the eyeball moves in various directions. The cavity itself is much larger than the globe of the eye, but the interval is filled up with a considerable quantity of fat. This cellular substance contained in the hollow, bony socket, is of manifest utility. It greatly facilitates the motion of the ball, assisting it to revolve in all directions, with perfect freedom, and without undue friction. When a severe blow is inflicted on the ball, the eye is saved from contusion, to which it would inevitably be exposed if allowed to come in contact with the hard bones of the orbit, by taking refuge in this cushion of fat. The warmth derived from this bed of fat, enables the eye also to repel the effects of cold longer than any other portion of the face; and thus, frequently tends to the preservation of human existence. Owing to the loss of a part of this cellular substance by absorption, occasioned by the efforts of nature to sustain the system, we observe in most persons, after a tedious sickness, a sinking of the eye. Thus, for the safekeeping of so precious a jewel as the organ of vision, our heavenly Father has provided a casket, and lined it with a substance softer than wool, the best adapted to its repose and motion. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!

The eyelids are two beautifully soft but substantial curtains, hung on a most slender, cartilaginous rod. Composed of skin, cellular matter, and a gristly substance, they are of considerable strength and firmness. A number of minute glands, smaller than the head of a pin, which pour out an oily secretion to prevent the lids adhering together, may be distinctly observed along their edges. When a number of these tiny glands close, an inflammation takes place, which causes the common disease, generally called, *the sty*. An increase of the secretions from these glands, appears to occur during the night, as we frequently see children and adults who have weak eyes, with their lids almost glued together in the morning. The swift action of the eyelids is accomplished by two appropriate muscles, while to accelerate their movements and fit them for a course of unwearyed exertions, on the inside of the upper lid are several ducts which take their rise in the great lachrymal gland, and which send forth their never-failing little streams of limpid fluid, to varnish and lubricate the ball. Without the incessant working of the lid, the eye would become dry and shrivelled, a fact easily tested, by observing the eye of a sheep or bullock, when separated from the skull, or kept uncovered by the lid. For the purposes of vision, therefore, it

is requisite that the moisture of the lids from the perpetual flow of tears, should frequently glaze the exterior surface of the cornea, in order to preserve its beautiful transparency. When any offensive particles of matter are introduced to the eye, the celerity with which the lids move, is of the greatest importance to the preservation of the eye. No sooner does the injurious substance light upon the globe than the miniature torrents begin to flow, and the lids to play, till the little intruder by the impetuosity of the current is swept to the inner corner of the eye. The curious provision made by our merciful Creator for the security of the eye in this respect, and noticed first, by that eminent anatomist and physiologist, Sir Charles Bell, ought to induce our most fervent gratitude. The little rills which pour forth their diminutive floods as if in haste to overwhelm the bold interloper, form the least part of this remarkable provision—they merely float the substance downwards and would lodge it under the lower lid, from whence it might be difficult to extract it, but for a wise arrangement which helps to direct these torrents to the most convenient part of the eye for the removal of the hurtful particles. The curious provision referred to, is this:—upon the falling of the upper eyelid, the lower lid is moved towards the nose. Thus if the edges of the eyelids be marked with black spots, it will be seen that when the eyelids are opened and closed, the spot on the upper lid will descend and rise perpendicularly, while the spot on the lower lid, will play horizontally like a shuttle. Well has the distinguished individual just mentioned, remarked that "we do not reflect sufficiently on those actions of our frame which are most admirable in themselves, which minister continually to our necessities, and perfect the exercise of our organs, until we be deprived of them: like unnatural children, unconscious or unmindful of indulgence, we feel only the loss of benefits." Millions of times we have exercised the muscles of the eyelids, without duly reflecting on their great utility, and without presenting our most fervent thanks to the wonderful form of our bodies. "With much compassion as well as astonishment, at the goodness of our loving Creator," says Dr. Niewentyt, "have I considered the sad case of a certain gentleman, who, as to the rest was in perfect good health, but only wanted the use of these two little muscles that serve to lift up the eyelid, and so had almost lost the use of sight, being forced as long as this defect lasted, to shove up his eyelids every moment with his own hands."—How strangely inconvenient it would be for us, every time we might wish to behold an object, to be compelled to use our hand in raising the lid, and yet to this extremity we should be reduced, but for the goodness of God, in having provided us with a proper apparatus for its motion.

Perfection is everywhere observed in animal mechanics. The solution of the question, How are the tears disposed of? will furnish another striking proof of the admirable skill of the great Architect of the human frame. We have before observed that vision would be rendered imperfect without the secretion of tears to keep the ball moist and bright; but if so acrid a fluid were allowed to collect and remain between the ball and the lids, it would materially injure the sight. To obviate this danger, an apparatus is expressly provided for the removal of the tears; an apparatus "by which they are not only disposed of but rendered a second time useful in the animal economy." When closed, the eyelids meet only on the outer edge of the tarsal cartilage, so that a kind of groove or gutter is made by their inner edges remaining apart, and along this artificial canal the tears flow to the inner angle of the eye. Nearly at the termination of the eyelids next the nose there are two minute tubes, of diameter not more than sufficient to admit a thin bristle. By means of a common looking glass, any person may distinguish these pin-like orifices. To keep these tear-tubes open, they are surrounded by a rigid substance like a hoop. At their further extremities these tubes open into a little bag, placed at the very angle of the eye next the nose, the lower part of which bag, communicates with the nostrils. Observe then, this manifest provision, for it is another beautiful illustration of superhuman contrivance. First, there is the great lachrymal gland situated just under the edge of the orbit, above the eyeball, which is continually pouring out its contents by the pressure and the rolling of the eye. Then, there is the groove formed by the outer margin only, of the lids embracing and which extends from the outer to the inner corner of the eye, allowing the tears to flow to the inner angle. Next, at the termination of this canal are two gaping tubes which are kept open by a hoop set in the mouth of each; these absorb the liquid by capillary attraction. Once more, through these tear-tubes the secretion is conveyed into a kind of sac, and thence the tears pass into the nose which they moisten, and thus subserve the purpose of assisting the secretion of the nostrils to counteract the drying effect of the air, constantly passing through them in the act of respiration. Fishes are unprovided with the secretion of tears, as the watery element in which they exist is sufficient to keep the cornea bright and transparent.

SOUND travels at the rate of one thousand one hundred and forty three feet in a second, or thirteen miles in a minute.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, JANUARY 20, 1838.

"A DESCRIPTIVE AND PLAINTIVE ELEGY on the death of the late Rev. John Wesley, A. M. By Thomas Olivers." A work of the above title re-printed at Lunenburg, N. S. has been placed in our hands. In an introductory notice appended to the pamphlet we are informed "that the Elegy now presented to the public, has been out of print for some length of time; and it is doubtful whether it ever obtained a very wide circulation in this Province. An individual, who is a great admirer of the apostolic Wesley, thought he would do that which would prove acceptable to those who are like-minded with himself in this respect by having it reprinted." While we duly appreciate the goodness of the intention in reprinting this Elegy, we must be allowed to demur to the wisdom of such a course. Almost anything concerning the sainted Wesley will be read with delight by thousands—still we think something should be set before his followers more in consonance with the taste and literature of the age than these most feeble stanzas. That Mr. Olivers was a man of strong native powers of mind is certain—and that he penned some beautiful songs of praise we also know: but who would suppose that the author of the well known and much admired hymn, "Lo! he comes with clouds descending," composed the following lines—

"He often rode, as thro' the land he past,
Fully thirty miles, before he broke his fast!
Then added thirty more, before he stooped to dine!
And ten or twenty more, before his preaching time!

When worn with toil, and age, and sore disease,
He rode an easier way, his friends to please:
But neither friends, nor age, his wonted speed could stay;
For now he often went his hundred miles a day!

Or these

That this is no romance, one instance hear,
And may it rend in twain each sluggard's ear!
His last day's-work, but one, he plann'd and thought to ride
A hundred miles and eight! and preach, and write beside!

Besides the rest, which we assert as facts,
He wrote in all above two hundred tracts!
And yet, in every year, a thousand missives sent,
Through this, and various Isles, and every continent!

All this is truth, however romantic, but it is not poetry, although there is the jingling of rhyme. Altogether, we are sorry that the elegy was not quietly allowed to sleep in oblivion. Its intrinsic merits are not sufficient to justify the expense and labour of its resuscitation. To those of our readers who may wish to peruse a narrative of the life and labours of Rev. John Wesley at once concise and elegant, we refer to 'Watson's Life of Wesley.'

SICK CLERGY.—The following extract is taken from a late number of the Colonial Churchman. In the fervent wish expressed for the restoration to health and usefulness of the pious and indefatigable individual mentioned, the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, we feel certain that our readers of all religious denominations, will cordially join.

"No doubt many excellent men are sacrificed, and their labour lost to the church, by the unreasonable demand for exertion which characterises the present insatiable age. The people forget that their ministers are made in the same mould with themselves, and they look for physical and mental toil such as human nature was not made to endure. We are persuaded now (whatever we once have been,) that it is a duty in ministers not to be too prodigal of their strength; though we trust we shall not be suspected of leaning to indolence or inaction. Three services on Sunday, besides week day lectures, meetings, bible classes, and ordinary parochial duties, will prematurely wear out nine out of ten that try it. Several of our youngest clergy in this province have shown signs of failing health, attributable no doubt to excessive labour.—Among these we regret most sincerely to find the Rev. Fitzgerald Uniacke, the estimable Rector of St. George's, Halifax, where his indefatigable labours, in season and out of season, have been so long and so favourably known to the public, and blessed, we trust, of the Lord, to the good of many. We understand, that having been obliged to discontinue his professional duties for two or three months past, and being still unwell, he has determined on a voyage to England by the desire of his physicians, and has taken passage in the ship Halifax, to sail the latter end of this month.

We most earnestly pray that God, whom he serves in the Gospel of His Son, to restore our beloved brother in renewed health and vigour, to his attached parishioners, and to the Church at large. We are informed that Mrs. Uniacke, (a help-meet for such a brother, and one whom the poor, and the sick, and the friendless, have cause to remember) will accompany her husband."

NEW BRUNSWICK LEGISLATURE.—The following resolutions submitted by the Hon. Mr. Crane, have passed the legislature unanimously; and a bill was about being introduced, authorizing His Excellency to organize, with the least possible delay,

one or more Battalions of Troops, to consist of 1600 men, to receive the same pay and allowance as British Troops, and to be employed in any of the British North American Provinces if required.

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this province are due, and should be presented to Sir. F. Bond Head, and the gallant militia of Upper Canada, for their able, prompt and energetic suppression of the insurrection which lately took place in the neighbourhood of Toronto.

Resolved, unanimously, That the conduct of our fellow subjects of Upper Canada, on this memorable occasion so fully in accordance with their former high spirit and character, affords a glorious example to the Sister Colonies, and cannot fail to quicken the zeal and animate the exertions of every loyal heart in these Colonies, in support and defence of the liberties they enjoy under British Laws and Institutions.

Resolved, unanimously, That our fellow subjects in Upper Canada, may rest assured of the lively sympathy of the inhabitants of this Province in their loyalty and patriotic ardor, and of our most zealous co-operation in maintaining the Royal authority, and inestimable advantages of our connexion with the Mother Country.

Resolved, unanimously, That an humble address, be presented to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, praying that his Excellency will be pleased to transmit these Resolutions to His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada.

Resolved, That the Legislative Council be requested to join in these Resolutions.

From private letters from Quebec, of 2d inst we learn that the last division of the 43d Regiment arrived there the previous day, and that the first division of the 85th Regiment were then crossing the river opposite the city, all in good health and spirits.

Upper Canada papers inform us that the Honorable Judge M'Lean has been despatched by His Excellency Sir F. B. Head, to Washington, to remonstrate against the hostile occupation of Navy Island by a party of citizens of the United States, and generally on the armaments fitting out in the American frontier towns to disturb the peace of Upper Canada.—*Halifax Gazette*.

We understand, that, according to the Instructions received by His Excellency, the Presidency of the Legislative Council will devolve on the Senior Member, with the exception of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop, and Members holding Offices of emolument under the Crown.—We are therefore happy in finding that the Proceedings of the Legislative Council will be conducted by the Hon. S. B. Robie, whose legal knowledge and Parliamentary experience eminently qualify him for the discharge of that important duty. *Gazette*.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Halifax, 16th January, 1838.

It having been deemed expedient that the Executive and Legislative Functions which have heretofore been unitedly exercised by the Council, in Nova Scotia, should be separated, and his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor having received the commands of the Queen, through her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, to establish, provisionally, two distinct Councils in this Province—the one Executive—and the other Legislative:—Letters Patent have this day passed the Great Seal, nominating and appointing, provisionally, to the said respective Councils, the following Gentlemen, namely:—

TO BE MEMBERS OF HER MAJESTY'S, OR THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Thomas N. Jeffery, | James W. Johnston, |
| Simon B. Robie, | James B. Uniacke, |
| Samuel Cunard, | Edmund M. Dodd, |
| Henry H. Cogswell, | Herbert Huntingdon, |
| Joseph Allison, Esquires, | Thomas A. S. Dewolf, |
| Sir Rupert George, Bart. | Michael Tobin, Senior, Esqrs. |

TO BE MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| Rt. Rev the Lord Bishop of N.S. William Rudolf, | Lewis M. Wilkins, |
| Simon B. Robie, | James S. Morse, |
| Peter McNab, | William Ousely, |
| James Tobin, | Robert M. Cutler, |
| Joseph Allison, | Alexander Campbell, |
| Norman Uniacke, | James Ratchford, |
| James W. Johnston, | Joseph Fitz Randolph, |
| William Lawson, | W. B. Almon, M. D., Esquires. |
| George Smith, | |
| Alexander Stewart, | |

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint the Venerable Archdeacon Willis to be Chaplain, and John C. Halliburton, Esqr., to be Clerk, of the Legislative Council.

CANADA.—From the Canadas we have no later dates than those furnished by the Industry.

THE TRAGEDY IN ARKANSAS.—We published on Monday a short paragraph, stating that Mr. Anthony, a member of the Arkansas Legislature, had been killed in the rencontre with Col. Wilson, the Speaker of the Lower House. It appears from the particulars since received, that this murderous outrage was actually committed on the floor of the House, while in session—the Speaker, in consequence of some offensive remark directed against him by the unfortunate member, having come down from his seat, armed with a Bowie knife! The member, it is stated, was also armed with the same weapon, but the rencontre lasted only for a moment, the latter having been left dead on the floor, and the Speaker having had one hand nearly cut off, and the other severely injured. Wilson was forthwith arrested by the civil authorities, and his name stricken from the roll of the House, by nearly a unanimous vote. [*Baltimore American*.]

AMERICAN QUACKERY.—The cost of advertising quack medicines in the United States, annually, is supposed to amount to \$200,000 dollars. A peck of pills a day is considered necessary for Boston, and half a bushel for New York. On an average, only one in twenty-five who take them are actually sick—and the proportion of those who dispense with some necessary of life to purchase nostrums which do them a positive injury, is on the ratio of eighty-seven to every hundred throughout the country.—*Boston Med. Journal*.

LOYALTY.—Public meetings of the inhabitants of Picton, Truro, West River, Lunenburg, Maitland, Annapolis, Wilmot, etc. have been recently held, at which resolutions have been unanimously adopted expressive of loyalty to the Queen, and disapprobation of the conduct of the insurgents of the Canadas.

"THE YANKEE FARMER" is the designation of a paper published at Boston at 2 dollars per annum in advance. It is devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, and the Useful Arts; to miscellaneous reading and general intelligence. In size it is somewhat larger than *The Pearl*, while in editorial articles and the selection of appropriate matter, it is excellent. To those engaged in Husbandry, etc. it will be an invaluable paper. Messrs. Rigby and Jennings of this town, are the Agents for Nova Scotia.

The Committee for receiving contributions for the relief of the Wives and Children of the Soldiers, who have lately marched to Canada; acquaint those Gentlemen who have not yet paid their Subscriptions, that they will be called on by Mr. Craig, the Postman, to whom they will please pay—and those who have not subscribed, but are desirous of doing so, will please send their names to William A. Black, Esquire, Treasurer; as ample employment can be found for all the funds which may be raised. Editors of Papers will please insert the above.

FROM THE TELEGRAPH.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—Nothing later, except rumours of an attack on Navy Island, has arrived from the "seat of war." From Washington, however, we have gratifying information. A Boston paper of Jan. 8, informs us, that the President had sent a Special Message to Congress on Jan. 5. In this the President alluded to the disturbances on the Canadian frontiers, and stated that the law was sufficient to punish but was not to prevent aggression, on the Canadian territories, by citizens of the U. States. The President directed attention to these defects, and claimed authority necessary for the preservation of strict neutrality. Papers respecting the interferences were read. The leading men of various parties joined in denouncing the aggressions, and in deprecating any cause of a rupture with England.

The rumours respecting Navy Island, come in letters from that quarter. In these it is stated that three several attacks had been made by the British on Navy Island, that they had been defeated with loss of boats and many lives, and that the rebels and their assistants had landed at Chippewa and had hoisted the flag of revolution there. Credit is not given to these accounts.

The last division of the 43rd, and first division of the 85th Regts. had arrived at Quebec in good health, on Jan. 2.

On the evening of Jan. 12, a fire occurred in a house occupied by a Mr. Inches, St. Andrew's street, St. John. The house was destroyed. A young man was so injured by the falling of a chimney on the occasion, that he died next morning.

A correspondent of the *Courier*, St John N. B. states, under date of Dec. 31, Buffalo,—that Chippewa, opposite Navy Island, was occupied by 2500 troops, and that Militia and Cannon were also arriving. The frontier is well guarded to Fort Erie. Several Indians are with the Loyalist force. Many lives were expected to be lost in the attack on Navy Island. The Island is 2 miles above Niagara Falls.

ROBBERY.—We have the unpleasant task of announcing an occurrence unusual in Halifax. On Wednesday night the store of Hugh Bell, Esq. was entered, and some boxes of Candles and money stolen therefrom.

COUNTERFEIT DOLLARS.—Attempts have been made to pass base money during the week. Shopkeepers should beware.

Thomas Lane, one of the Ferry men of the Halifax and Dartmouth Steam Boat Company, was found drowned at the Steam Boat Wharf on Wednesday.

MARRIED

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. John Laughlin, Mr. John Hennessy, to the amiable Miss Mary Butler, of Lisimore, Ireland.
At Onslow, Nov. 30th, by the Rev. John Baxter, Mr. Stephen Baker, to Miss Mary Herring, both of that place.
At Truro, Dec. 7, by the same, Mr. John Saunderson, to Catherine Wilson, both of Truro.
On Wednesday evening last, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Philip Augustus Knaut, Esq. of this town, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Joseph Allison, Esq. of Kentville.
On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Mr. Philip Pilliard, to Miss Elizabeth Lindsay of this town.
At Granville, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. James Robertson, Mr. Israel James Longley, to Henrietta Maria, only daughter of the late Robert Bath.
At Madras, in July last, John George Turnbull, Esq., Accountant-General, to Caroline, second daughter of his Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of that Presidency.

DIED

At Barrington Park, near the Mines, Sydney, on the 29th November, Mrs. E. Barrington, in the 54th year of her age.
At Newport, on Tuesday, the 9th inst. Henry Irish, third son of Mr. Wm. Allison, of that place, aged 8 years and 8 months.
On Monday evening of Measles, Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. John Power, aged 5 years and 19 days.
At Aylesford on the 5th inst. Mr. James Patterson, aged 61, leaving a large family and a numerous circle of friends, to lament their loss.
At Lunenburg on Friday last, of the small pox, Capt. William Dunn, late of the Schr. Victoria of this port. There is something peculiarly affecting in this case of mortality. In our paper of December 14, we mentioned his return to his family after encountering all but death at the time of the loss of the vessel. But short and uncertain is the duration of earthly joys. He had brought home with him the seeds of the most loathsome and terrible disease that can afflict the human frame, which it appears he contracted from a passage on board the brig Acadian from Boston, and he was soon laid upon a bed of misery and suffering, from which death alone opened the door of escape—a door, by which we trust, he has entered a scene where "sickness and sin are alike unknown." He has left behind him an afflicted widow and two young children, and his loss is likewise mourned by aged parents (his father being 83 years of age) and numerous friends at Little Harbour, County of Shelburne.—[Colonial Churchman.] Jan. 11.
At New York, on the 15th May, Mr. William Dechmont, for many years a resident in Halifax.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Sunday—Brig. President, Crum, New York, 8 days—flour, bread, apples, &c. to M. Richardson & Son—3 passengers.
Monday—Schr. Speculator, Frederick, Lunenburg.
Tuesday—Schr. Mary, Anderson, Liverpool—flour; Amaranth Coffin, Berlice, 34 days—rum and molasses, to Fairbanks & Allison.
Thursday—Schr. Brothers, Gerhart, Grenada, 21 days—rum, bound to Lunenburg.
Friday—Cindrella, McNeil, Cape Ray, 10 days, dry fish, to W. & J. McNab.

CLEARED.

January 16th—Brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, by J. Clark and others; 18th Hypolite, Fearen, B. W. Indies, dry fish, beef &c. &c. by C. West & Son.
Sailed, Jan. 3d. Britannia, Crowder Liverpool, G. B. timber, deals, planks, &c. by Fairbanks and McNab. 11th Schr. Wellington, McKenzie, Berlice, dry & pickled fish and lumber, by J. R. Dewolf.

PASSENGERS.—In the Adelaide for London, Messrs. T Grassie, W. Pryor, junr. McKenzie, Cook, Gohagen, and Shearman.
In the Packet Alert, for Falmouth—Messrs. J. Cunard, W. Murdoch, J. Donaldson, J. Duffas, E. Lydiard, G. Morton, P. Furlong, C. Roche, J. Muddell, W. Lawson, junr. Lady and Miss Lawson, and Mrs. Shannon.
—In the Acadian, for Boston—Messrs. A. B. Jennings, J. L. Shannon, Stone, and A. D. Rust.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS COMPANY having determined to renew its business in Halifax, has appointed the Subscriber its Agent, by Power of Attorney, duly executed for that purpose.
From the well known liberality and punctuality which the Company has invariably displayed in the settlement and payment of all losses submitted to it, and from the present moderate rate of premium, the Subscriber is induced to hope it will receive that fair share of the business of this Community which it before enjoyed.
By application to the Subscriber, at his office, the rates of premium can be ascertained, and any further information that may be required will cheerfully be given.
CHARLES YOUNG.
Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

COOKING AND FRANKLIN STOVES.

EX. SCHR. NEPTUNE, FROM BOSTON.
THE Subscriber has received by the above Vessel, a consignment of Cooking and Franklin Stoves, which he can confidently recommend as superior to any thing of the kind lately imported.
Wm. M. ALLAN.
He has also on hand—Poncheons, Demerara Rum, bbls. Prime Sugar, Cognac Brandy in qr. casks, Marsala, Wine in do.; chests fine congo and Bôhea Tea, 160 M. prime Havana Cigars.
Black's Wharf. January 6th, 1838.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale 150 M. Pine spruce and Hemlock Lumber; 150 M. Miramichi Shingles; 100 M. Pine Shipping Shingles, and 20 M. Oak Staves.
ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.
Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.—6w.

VARIETY.

THE MOTHER.—Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something which claims kindred with the skies. The waking, watchful eye, which keeps its tireless vigils over her slumbering child—the tender look and the angelic smile, are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can reach, and which poetry fails in attempting to portray. Upon the eulogies of the most eloquent tongue we should find *Tekel* written. It is in the sympathies of the heart alone, where lives the lovely picture, and the eye may look abroad in vain for its counterpart in the works of art.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.—When Petrarch first saw Laura, she was young and beautiful—he loved her—and the feeling ended only with his life. In a few years afterwards, she lost all her beauty. When hardly thirty-five years of age, Petrarch said in one of his works, "If I had loved her person only, I had changed long since." His friends wondered how a beauty so withered should continue to inspire so ardent an attachment. "What matters it," answered Petrarch, "if the bow can no longer wound, since the wound once inflicted continues to bleed?"

RELIGION.—Let this idea dwell in our minds, that our duties to God and our duties to men are not distinct and independent duties, but are involved in each other; that devotion and virtue are not different things, but the same thing; either in different stages or in different stations, in different points of progress or circumstances of situation. What we call devotion, for the sake of distinction, during its initiatory and instrumental exercises, is devotion in its infancy; the virtue which, after a time, it produces, is devotion in its maturity: the contemplation of Deity is devotion at rest; the execution of his commands is devotion in action. Praise is religion in the temple or in the closet; industry, from a sense of duty, is religion in the shop or field; commercial integrity is religion in the mart; the communication of consolation is religion in the chamber of sickness; paternal instruction is religion at the hearth; justice is religion on the bench; patriotism is religion in the public councils.—*Francis.*

MUSIC.—Music, remarks old Burton, is the medicine of the mind; it rouses and revives the languishing soul; affects not only the ears, but the very arteries; awakens the dormant powers of life, raises the animal spirits, and renders the dull, severe, and sorrowful mind erect and nimble. According to Cassiodorus, it will not only expel the severest grief, soften the most violent hatred, mitigate the sharpest spleen, but extenuate fear and fury, appease cruelty, abate heaviness, and bring the mind to quietude and rest.

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—The bedside of the celebrated Dumoulin, a few hours before he breathed his last, was surrounded by the most eminent physicians of Paris, who affected to think that his death would be an irreparable loss to the profession. "Gentlemen," said Dumoulin, "you are in error; I shall leave behind me three distinguished physicians." Being pressed to name them, as each expected to be included in the trio, he answered, "*Water, Exercise, and Diet.*"

ORIGIN OF DISEASE.—I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human frame; it is their gormandizing, and stuffing, and stimulating the digestive organs to excess; thereby producing nervous disorder and irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause—the fidgeting and discontenting yourself about that which cannot be helped; passions of all kind—malignant passions and worldly cares pressing upon the mind—disturb the cerebral action, and do a great deal of harm.—*Abernethy.*

EDUCATION.—Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave;—at home a friend, abroad an introduction; in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It lessens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once grace and government to the genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of brutal passion.

LIFE.—Our state in this vale of tears is a mixed one. Life may be likened to the winds; ever shifting and never alike. Sometimes it appears as calm as summer evenings, and again, storms and tempests checker its even surface, darkening every prospect, and rendering scenes once bright and joyous, gloomy and bleak as the caverns of death. But even over all these scenes there is one star that seems to brighten. In the absence of all that renders life tolerable, in weal or woe, in joy or sorrow, it still beams out alone, unchanged, undimmed, as though it had found its way from the third heavens. It stands out in peerless beauty, dispensing its blessed light at all times and all seasons, flinging its hallowed though not brilliant rays across the path of the wilderness: and even in our sunniest moments, when it is forgotten,

and we steer wide of its heavenly direction, still it seems to twinkle near the blazing orb that burns when prosperity rules at the destiny of an hour. This is the star of Bethlehem.

THE QUEEN'S DINNER.
THE GENERAL BILL OF FARE.

220 Turkeys of Turtle	10 Sirlions, Rumps and Ribs of Beef
200 Bottles of Sherbet	45 Dishes of shell-fish
50 Boiled Turkeys and Oysters	60 Dishes of Mashed and other Potatoes
50 Pullets	50 Salads
50 Dishes of Fowls	140 Jellies
40 Roast Capons	50 Blanc Manges
45 French Pies	40 Dishes of Tarts, creamed
60 Pigeon Pies	30 Dishes of Orange and other Tourtes
45 Hams, ornamented	60 Dishes of Mince Pies
40 Tongues	20 Chantilly Baskets
2 Barons of Beef	
4 Stewed Rumps of Beef	
REMOVES.	
60 Roast Turkeys	40 Dishes of patridges
10 Leverets	20 Dishes of Wild Fowl
80 Pheasants	20 Pea Fowls
DESSERT.	
100 Pineapples, from 2 lbs. to 3 lbs. each	60 Orsamental Savoy Cakes
200 Dishes of Hothouse Grapes	80 Dishes of Dried Fruit
200 Ice Creams	50 Dishes of Preserved Ginger
50 Dishes of Pippins	60 Dishes of Ront Cakes
80 Dishes of Pears	30 Dishes of Brandy Cherry
	20 Dishes of Olives

THE FOUR TABLES IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE ROYAL TABLE.

90 Turkeys of Turtle	4 Stewed Rumps of Beef
20 Pullets	60 Jellies
20 Boiled Turkeys	20 Blanc Manges
16 Roast Capons	20 Dishes of Tarts, creamed
20 Dishes of Fowls	20 Ditto of Orange and other Tourtes
20 French Pies	24 Ditto Mince Pies
20 Pigeon Pies	20 Chantilly Baskets
20 Hams, ornamented	21 Dishes of Potatoes
16 Tongues	20 Salads
20 Dishes of Shell-fish	

REMOVES.

20 Roast Turkeys	16 Dishes of Patridges
32 Pheasants	8 Pea-Fowls
8 Dishes of Wild Fowl	4 Leverets

DESSERT.

36 Pines	28 Dishes of Ront Cakes
86 Ice Creams	32 Ditto of Dried Fruit
86 Dishes of Grapes	12 Dishes of Brandy Cherries
20 Ditto of Apples	24 Ditto of Preserved Ginger
32 Dishes of Pears	12 Ditto of Olives
28 Ornamented Savoy Cakes	

THE FOUR LONG TABLES IN THE BODY OF THE HALL.

72 Turkeys of Turtle	16 Dishes of Shell-fish
16 Pullets	60 Jellies
16 Boiled Turkeys	20 Blanc Manges
16 Roast Capons	20 Dishes of Tarts, creamed
20 Dishes of Fowls	20 Orange and other Tourtes
20 Pigeon Pies	24 Dishes of Mince Pies
16 French Pies	16 Ditto of Potatoes
20 Hams	16 Ditto of Salads
16 Tongues	

REMOVES.

20 Roast Turkeys	4 Leverets
24 Pheasants	8 Dishes of Wild Fowls
8 Pea Fowls	16 Ditto of Patridges

DESSERT.

32 Pines	24 Ornamented Savoy Cakes
80 Ice Creams	28 Dishes of Dried Fruit
80 Dishes of Grapes	20 Ditto of Preserved Ginger
16 Dishes of Apples	12 Ditto Brandy Cherries
28 Ditto of Pears	4 Ditto of Olives

THE SEVEN SIDE TABLES.

24 Turkeys of Turtle	6 Dishes of Shell-fish
8 Pullets	21 Jellies
7 Boiled Turkeys	5 Blanc Manges
6 Roast Capons	9 Tarts, creamed
8 Dishes of Fowls	5 Orange and other Tourtes
6 Pigeon Pies	9 Dishes of Mince Pies
6 French Pies	8 Ditto of Potatoes
6 Hams	8 Ditto of Salads

A SCRUPULOUS WITNESS.—An eminent lawyer was employed in an action against the proprietors of the Rockingham coach. On the part of the defendant the coachman was called.

His examination in chief being ended, he was subject to the leader's cross examination. Having held up the forefinger of his right hand at the witness, and warning him to give a "precise answer" to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, he proceeded thus: "You drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir; I do not." "Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir; I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you—I put it to you upon your oath—do you not drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I drive the horses!"

CHEAP AND ELEGANT PERIODICAL.

THE HALIFAX PEARL is Published every Saturday Morning on superior paper and type, at the very low price of 15s. per annum if paid in advance. Each number contains eight large quarto pages. The first number of the new series of this work, beautifully printed on an enlarged sheet, has just been issued, and may be seen at the different book-stores in town.

The Pearl has been published for the public, not a section of it; and while endeavouring to amuse and improve all readers in turn: it has been very solicitous to give offence to none. It has sought to be entertaining, without violating morality and decorum; grave, without ediousness; and moral, without austerity:—to impart useful knowledge, unencumbered by crabb'd technicalities; to inculcate great principles, irrespective of party bias; and to diffuse the all-important truths of revelation, divested of controverted tenets. It will ever eschew all political warfare and all polemical strife. The Pearl is confidently recommended, as a periodical unequalled in cheapness, respectable in general appearance, and in a literary point of view, not unworthy of an enlarged patronage. Persons who are desirous of subscribing to the Pearl from the commencement of the present year, are respectfully requested to forward their names as early as possible to either of the Halifax Booksellers, or to the Printing Office of Mr. W. Cunnebell, as but a limited number of copies have been struck off.

Postmasters and other Agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names.
Pearl Office,
January 12,

COMMISSION AND AUCTION BUSINESS.

THE subscribers beg to intimate to the Public, that they have commenced Business under the Firm of
RIGBY & JENNINGS,

At their Auction Room & Commission Office, head of Bauer's Wharf, where they will be glad to receive Property for Private or Public Sale. All articles put up at Auction will be sold without restriction, as those which may be limited will be disposed of at private Sale. The Subscribers further beg to state, that proceeds of property committed to their charge will be paid over to the Consigners immediately after the Sale thereof. As they intend to conduct their business solely in the Commission Line, they will adopt the principle of Cash payments, on all transactions.
C H RIGBY,
A B JENNINGS.
January 9, 1838.

SEED, ETC.

THE Subscribers have received from the Boston Agricultural Ware House, Ex Industry, Clover and Timothy Seed, and boxes Garden Seeds. Also, Ploughs sent as a pattern, of a new construction. As Mr. J. intends visiting Boston immediately, persons wishing any description of implements, Trees or Seeds, can depend upon receiving them in good order, and with dispatch, by leaving directions at their Warehouse, head of Bauer's Wharf.
Halifax, January 12, 1838.
RIGBY & JENNINGS.

A SUITABLE NEW YEAR'S-GIFT.

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PRICE 2s: neatly bound in silk. A New Companion to the Altar: on Sacramental Exercises, chiefly in the language of the Holy Scripture: Intended to furnish the Christian Communicant with a profitable spiritual exercise, during the period of the dispensation of the Divine ordinance, by W. F. Teulon. To be had at the respective Book-stores in Town.

"The pious author has well judged that the best recommendation of such works is their conformity to Scripture, and the Liturgy of the Church; and he has here furnished the serious Communicant with considerable portions of the former, well suited to the devout meditations of his soul while waiting at the Altar of Redeeming love" (Colonia! Churchman.)

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Lavender Water,
Transparent, Rose, and Almond Soap,
Military shaving Soap,
A few handsome bird Cages, &c. &c.
LOWES & CREIGHTON.
January 6th, 1838. 4w

WILLIAM M. ALLAN,

BEGS leave to acquaint his friends and the Public generally, that he has removed his Establishment, to the wharf of Wm. F. Black, Esqr. where he has abundant convenience for every description of Goods, he also begs to tender his grateful acknowledgements for the many favours he has received, and solicits a continuance of them at his new place of business.

AT PRIVATE SALE, a variety of Cooking **STOVES.**
January 6th, 1838.

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