

tion, to the peace, the refreshing, and the stability of an inland river, "wherewith shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."—*Miss Jewsbury.*

SEDUCTION.—"If we should see a person employ himself with a sledge hammer to dash the enchanting form of the Venus de Medicis to pieces, break her lovely limbs, and deface her beautiful features, we should not hesitate a moment to pronounce him a savage barbarian, without taste, feeling, or sentiment; though his frenzy was employed only on a senseless piece of stone: what then must we think of the diabolical savage, who exercises the worst of all cruelties (because the most lasting and affecting both to body and mind) on the most beautiful and amiable of all creatures on this side heaven?—made expressly for his happiness, solace, and delight;—by first corrupting and betraying her; and then basely abandoning her to perish with want, wretchedness and misery.—*Thomson on Beauty.*

For the Pearl.

I met with the following little tale a few years ago, containing, as I thought, a very sweet moral; perhaps I have not rendered it more poetical by versifying, but if you think it worthy of a place in the "Pearl" it is at your service.

THE STAR AND THE LITTLE BROOK.

Deep in the bosom of a glen,
Far from the haunts and strife of men
And scorching noon-tide ray,
A gentle, little, murmuring brook,
In many a devious winding, took
Its fertilizing way.

Calmly and sweetly on it sped,
While rising far above its head,
The forest chiefs were seen
Linking each leafy arm in arm,
From vulgar gaze and rude alarm
The little brook to screen.

And feathered songsters here would dip
The tiny bill, and fearless sip—
Then off to topmost spray,
And louder pipe their choral notes,
And open wide their little throats,
And pour a sweeter lay.

Thus did the little stream flow on,
No sycophant to gaze upon,
To flatter and despise;
Yet blessed with an unchanging friend,
Choicest of gifts which heaven can send
Which few know how to prize.

A faithful star would nightly come,
And watch her through her leafy dome,
With mild approving eye;
Then would the happy little stream
Reflect again the radiant beam,
And converse with the sky.

One day a chattering Pie drew near,
And as he sipped the current clear,
His tongue began to run,
As chatters' must,—and "oh," said he,
"I wish your majesty could see
The bright and glorious sun!"

"Immured in this dark, lonely glen,
Which fashionists would call a den,
Unknown, unheard, unseen,
As well your majesty might be
A Nun in some lone Nunnery,
As a half-buried Queen.

"Not far from here a brook is found,
Much like yourself—somewhat more round—
And there the king of day
Deigns to survey his brilliant face,
And shed such glories round the place—
Oh, 'tis a grand display."

"Sun, brilliant, bright," replied the brook,
Thinking his meaning she mistook,
"What! brighter than my star?"
"Star! if ten thousand," said the pie,
"Were strung together in the sky,
He would outshine them far."

The little brook began to feel
A strange sensation o'er her steal
She ne'er had felt before;
And when her friend appeared at night,
She thought his rays not half so bright
As they had been of yore.

And fain she would her leafy guard
Have felled at once,—unjust reward
For years of service done—
That she her beauties might display
Before the brilliant king of day,
The great and glorious Sun.

As if impelled by her command,
The woodman came with axe in hand—
Down fell the guardian trees;
And now without a shade between—
Before her spread—the brilliant scene—
In grand display she sees.

She gazed: "I do believe," thought she,
His Highness means to notice me;
This way he seems to look.
'Twas so indeed,—onward he came,
And with his piercing eye of flame,
Looked down upon the brook.

Affrighted, flattered by the gaze,
Ere long she felt the royal rays
Insufferably bright;
And open, and exposed she lay
To all who chanced to pass that way,
Intruders black, or white.

Her mossy bank was overturned,
Her frightened choristers had flown;
And wasted, wearied, pained—
Scorched by the fervid solar ray,
Which bore her drop by drop away—
Till one alone remained.

As, sadly musing o'er the past,
Fearing an upward glance to cast,
This trembling mourner lay;
A zephyr, youngest born of spring,
Folded her in its airy wing
And gently bore away.

Oh! who would choose the noon-tide blaze
Of Admiration's heartless gaze,
While in its scorching beam
Beauty's best, sweetest charms expire,
As drop by drop, the solar fire
Drinks in the little stream?

Then o'er this destiny of mine,
The star of sacred friendship shine
With gentle, cheering ray;
Nor ever be its rays less bright,
Nor lost its glory in the light
Of everlasting day.

A LADY.

New Brunswick, March, 1833.

RAIL ROADS AND STEAM BOATS.

It might be a curious speculation to inquire into the probable effects of the rail road system on mankind. Certainly no system ever became so popular, and so suddenly and so widely popular. France has begun to fling out those gigantic arms of communication over her noble country. Belgium exults in the commencement of a web of rail roads, in which it expects to catch all the stray dollars and centimes of the Continent. The transit from Ostend to the Rhine will, in the course of a year or two, be an affair of a couple of hours. Germany is shaking off her sleep, her blacksmiths are lighting their Hercynian forges, and from the mountains of the Hartz to the Tyrol, huge men with antediluvian visages and Cyclopean arms, are hammering at iron wedges, rails, and gear for 'fire horses.' Prussia is laying down rail roads from her capital to France, to Poland, and to Austria. The puzzling question of her politicians being, whether she thus invites invasion or promotes defence. But politicians are blockheads on all matters of common sense; and of all blockheads, the German politician is the most profound, headstrong and hopeless. The merchant, the traveller, and the tinker know better things. They could tell them, that the roughest of royal roughriders, was never able to whip and spar either Frenchman, Belgian, Prussian, or Austrian into belligerency, more than fifty years out of every hundred. But, thanks to the growing common-sense of mankind, they never will be able to do even this again, and that the world are beginning to discover that fifty years of victory are not worth one year of peace. In short, the world is evidently become a buying and selling world, a vast spinning and weaving community, a vast aggregate of hands and heads, busy about the main chance, and much more inclined to eat, drink, and be happy, than to burn each other's warehouses, or blow out each other's brains. That war will never cease out of the world, is a theorem founded on the fact that the countless majority of mankind have a strong tendency to be fools; but we may establish another theorem, that the more difficult it is to make war, the less likely it is to be made. The more mechanical dexterity, personal ingenuity, and natural expense, that is required to make war, the more will success be out of the power of brute force, and the more in the power of intellectual superiority. Let war come to a conflict of steam-engines, and all the barbarian rabble of the world, Turks and Tartars, Arabs and Indians, Africans and Chinese, must obviously be out of the question at once. They may massacre each other, but they must fly from the master of the mechanics. All the half barbarians, Russian, Greek, Pole, Swede, and Austrian, must make the attempt only to be shattered, and Field-Marshal Stephenson, with his squadron of fire horses, galloping at the rate of eighty miles an hour, must consume their battalions with the breath of his nostrils. Thus England, instead of feeling alarmed at the sudden passion of foreigners for mechanism, should rejoice to see the passion spreading, should encourage them to throw all their powers into mechanical rivalry, and exult in every rail road that shoots its serpent line among the hills and valleys of the Continent, and hail the smoke of every engine that trails its murky line along its sky, as not merely an emblem, but an instrument of their own superiority.

Mechanism, the great power of art, is as exhaustless as any of the great powers of Nature, for it is only the exhaustless vigor of intellect combining with and commanding the secrets of nature. Tenthousand years might roll on, and every year see a new advance of every kingdom of Europe in invention, and England keeping ahead of them all, and, like one of her own engines, showing her speed by the sparks that lighten the road behind. The steam-engine, in its effective state, is but little more than half a century old, for its invention, in the time of Charles II., left it for upwards of half a century little more than a toy. In half a century more, its present perfection may be looked upon as little else than that of an ingenious plaything. It is scarcely ten years since the steam boat ventured to sea. Thirty years ago, the late Lord Stanhope was laughed at by all London for his attempt to swim the steam boat from London Bridge to Greenwich. It now dashes from the Tower to Constantinople; or shoots down the Red Sea, fights the monsoon on its own ground; sweeps to Bombay, Ceylon, and Bengal, and astonishes the Mogul and the Emperor of China, the same morning, with the month's newspaper from London. The railway in its present power, is not ten years old, yet is already spreading, not merely over Europe, but over the vast savannahs of the New World.—What will all this come to in the next fifty years? What must be the effects of this gigantic strider over the ways of this world! What the mighty influence of that mutual communication which, even in its feeble state, has been in every age the grand instrument of civilization! Throw down the smallest barrier between two nations, and from that hour both become more civilized. Open the close shut coast of China or Japan to mankind, and from that hour the condition of the people will be in progress of improvement. The barbarian and the despot hate the stranger. Yet, for the fullest civilization, freedom, and enjoyment of which earth is capable, the one thing needful is the fullest intercourse of nation with nation, and of man with man. The European passion for the rail road is certainly one of the most singular as it is one of the most cheering characteristics of the age. Like all instruments of national power, it may be made an instrument of national evil. It may give additional strength to the tyrannical, and accumulate force against the weak, pour resistless invasion against the unprepared, and smite the helpless with unexampled rapidity of ruin. But its facilities are made for peace, its tendency is to make nations feel the value of peace; and unless some other magnificent invention shall come to supersede its use, and obliterate the memory of its services, we cannot suffer ourselves to doubt that the whole system which is now in the course of adoption with such ardor throughout Europe, will yet be acknowledged as having given the mightiest propulsion to the general improvement of mankind.—*The World we Live in.*

THE BATTLE OF ELEVEN HUNDRED HORSES.—"Two of the [Spanish] regiments which had been quartered in *Funes* were cavalry, mounted on fine black long-tailed Andalusian horse. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1100 in number—and Romana was not a man who could order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles therefore were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued such as probably never before was witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learnt, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together, then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those which were beaten down, till the shore in the course of a quarter of an hour was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romana, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them; but it was found too dangerous to attempt this; and after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were seen still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction."—*Southey's History of the Peninsular War.*

GOOD POLICY.—The more quietly and peaceably we get on, the better for our ourselves, the better for our neighbour. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if one cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, to quit his company; if he slanders you, so to live as that nobody will believe him; no matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is, generally, just let him alone. There is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.

FEMALE HEROISM.—A lady lately boasted that she had trod on a kitten and crushed it to death without screaming!

Why is a baby in church like the month of March.

Because it is rather squally.