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LOVE BEARETH ALL THINGS.

ST. PAUL.

The lion loves his own.—The desert sands,
High tossed beneath his spurning foot, attest
The rage of his bereavement. With hoarse cries
Vindictive echoing round the rocky shores
The polar bear her slaughtered cub bewails,
While with a softer plaint, where verdant groves
Responsive quiver to the evening breeze,
The mother-bird deplores her ravaged nest.

The Savage loves his own.—His wind-rocked babe,
That, rudely cradled 'mid the fragrant boughs,
Or on its toiling mother's shoulders bound,
Shrinks not from sun or rain; his hoary sire,
And hunting-spear, and forest sports are dear.

The Heathen loves his own.—The faithful friend
Who by his side the stormy battle dares,
The chieftain, at whose nod his life-blood flows,
His native earth, and simple hut are dear.

The Christian loves his own.—But is his God:
Content with this, who full of bounty pours
His sun-ray on the evil and the good,
And like a parent gathereth round his board
The thankless with the just? Shall man, who shares
This unrequited banquet, sternly bar
From his heart's brotherhood a fellow-guest?
Shall he within his bosom sternly hide
Retaliation's poison, when the smile
Of Heaven doth win him to the deeds of love?
Speak! servants of that Blessed One who gave
The glorious precept "love your enemies,"
Is it enough that ye should love your friends,
Even as the heathen do.

Is he who bore
The flight of friendship, the denial vow,
Of coward love—the Pharisaic taunt—
Judea's maddened scourge—the Roman spear—
A world's offences, and the pang of death—
Is he your Master, if ye only walk
As Nature prompts?

If the love-beaming eye
Drink and return reciprocal, the lip
That pours your praise partake your sympathy
When sorrow blanches it, the liberal hand
Win by its gifts your meed of gratitude,
What do ye more than others? But on him
Whose frown of settled hatred mars your rest,
Who to the bosom of your fame doth strike
A serpent-sting, your kindest deeds requite
With treachery, and o'er your motives cast
The mist of prejudice; say, can you look
With the meek smile of patient tenderness,
And from the deep pavilion of your soul
Send up the prayer of blessing?

God of strength!
Be merciful! and when we duly kneel
Beside our pillow of repose, and say
"Forgive us, Father, even as we forgive,"
Grant that the murmured orison seal not
Our condemnation.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

THE REVIEWER.

LIFE OF ADMIRAL HOWE.

BY SIR JOHN BARROW.

We frankly confess that we open such a volume as this with very different feelings from most of our brother journalists. It brings up a train of reflections which sobers and saddens our mind, and disposes us to moralize where others indulge in indiscriminate and wholesale eulogy. We are far from being insensible to the many noble qualities which centered in the character of the hero, nor do we wish to depreciate the value of the service he did his country. But the perusal of such a volume leads us from the individual whose biography it records, to the revolting character of the system which he so vigorously and successfully worked. Nothing is more easy than to dilate in general terms on the gallant bearing and generous intrepidity of our navy,—the old bulwark and pride of England. The glowing picture feeds our national vanity, and leads us to exult in the land of our birth. The heroes who swept the seas of our enemies, and rode off their coasts as the emblems of British supremacy and valour, are regarded as tutelar saints, whom it is impiety to decry, and worse than treason to undervalue. So universal is this feeling that it may be recognized in every grade of society,—may be traced in classes the most dissimilar, and in ages the most remote. The old man tottering be-

neath the burden of years, and the school boy just warming into life,—the senator, the demagogue, the philosopher and the priest,—the irreligious worldling, and the sincere disciple of the gospel of peace, all these and many other subdivisions of society may be seen yielding themselves to the pervading sentiment, and giving utterance, each in his appropriate phraseology, to an impassioned admiration of military renown. The feeling is so omnipotent, that it is almost impossible, calmly to test its propriety, while the utterance of an unfavorable judgment is sure to subject the man sturdy enough to hazard it, to the contempt or indignation of his countrymen. It is a light punishment to have his patriotism suspected,—a thousand to one, but he is charged with a pusillanimous spirit and base desertion of his dearest interests. The stripling despises his cowardice, and the old man points with a look of significant scorn to the long list of British heroes.

And yet the case does not to our mind admit of doubt. It appears to be one of the simplest problems of moral science, a fact on which two judgments cannot be formed by a right-minded and unperverted heart. The profession of arms, we do not hesitate to aver, is in utter hostility to the whole scope and genius of the Christian system. No ingenuity can reconcile it with the spirit of the gospel, or bring it into harmony with that scrupulous conscientiousness which the principles of religion inculcate. The man who willingly adopts it (for of such only be it remembered we are speaking) surrenders himself, for the paltry consideration of pay or fame, to the will and caprice of another. He becomes, deliberately, and with design, part of a complicated machinery, over the movements of which he possesses no control;—a machinery ordinarily worked by irreligious and ambitious men, and in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred rendered subservient to deeds of aggression and blood, the most charitable recital of which stains with infamy the page of history. From the moment a youth enters the army, he is bound by the terms of his engagement to obey implicitly the commands of his superiors. To whatever service he may be appointed, he is the mere machine with which others work the living instrument which ambitious men use for the achievement of their designs. He may be employed against freedom in her purest and noblest struggles; he may be commissioned to desolate the peaceful hearth, to depopulate the busy city, to crush the rising energies of a people strong in the conviction of their right, and yet he dares not hesitate,—the murderous mandate has been issued, and he is pledged to obey. We are not now speaking of wars, strictly defensive. They are of rare occurrence, and are out of the scope of our reasoning. We speak of the profession of arms, of the science of war, of the system so awfully prevalent and popular among us, whereby immense masses of human beings are trained to the work of destruction, so as to be pointed at any moment, with the most deadly effect against such as have wounded the pride, or threatened the interests of their employers. All the advantages of combination and discipline are sought to render them more skilful in the slaughter of their fellow-men, and he is usually regarded as the most successful who can point to the greatest number of battlefields over which his victorious banners has been unfurled. It is no defence of the system to allege that armies are sometimes employed in the defence of unprotected innocence, and in the establishment of national rights,—that the progress of an ambitious conqueror has occasionally been arrested, and the prey snatched from his grasp,—that the fellowship of the human family calls for and enforces an interposition on behalf of a neighbouring nation imploring help against some formidable aggressor;—all this may be allowed, so far as our argument is concerned, and yet the obvious discrepancy of the military profession, with the spirit and requirements of Christianity, be made out. Such cases are the exceptions, few and far between, and not the rule. They are the accidents of the system, and not its ordinary fruits. Our charge against the system is this, and if we make it out, we care not what minor pleas are urged, that it converts the many into the mere tools of the few, the unreflecting, though still in a moral point of view the responsible, agents of their will. No human being is justified in placing himself in such a position. He cannot so far divest himself of the attributes of a moral nature, nor transfer to another the responsibility of actions of which he is agent, and for which God holds him responsible. Human laws may pronounce him guiltless, but before a purer tribunal he will inevitably be condemned. The blood of millions will finally be demanded at the hand of the king, and heroes of our race. Upon them the chief condemnation will fall, but their blind and unscrupulous agents must not expect to escape. We confess that this consideration very seriously modifies our estimate of the character of George the third, whose private worth we cordially admit. The destructive wars of his reign were the passion of the monarch, and we would not have the guilt they in-

involved lying upon our souls, for all the dignity and wealth which his crown conferred.

We have made these remarks in no querulous spirit, nor with the most distant idea of engaging the attention of the statesmen of the day. Our duty is with the religious public, and we are solicitous of inducing them seriously to reflect on the degree in which they are implicated in this national crime. Our conviction is that that degree is anything but trifling, and if this conviction be correct it becomes them instantly to repent of and abandon the sin. The nations of Europe, exhausted by a long struggle, have now enjoyed an unwonted degree of repose. This has been the result of necessity rather than of choice. The 'sins of war' and not the spirit of strife have been wanted, and statesmen have consequently been content to carry on their schemes by other means. But the political atmosphere of Europe is yet charged with inflammable elements, and a thousand accidents may cause them to explode. It therefore becomes the Christian part of our population to bethink themselves during this period of leisure,—to try their principles,—to test their spirit,—to be prepared in a word for the crisis which must come, when our statesmen having gathered up their resources will seek again to plunge the nation into war. Shall they be permitted to do so, and not only be permitted, but as in times past shall they be cheered on and encouraged by the disciples of that religion which proclaims 'peace on earth, good-will towards men.' The religious people of this country are sufficiently numerous and powerful to determine this case, and if they fail in duty, God will not hold them guiltless. But we must pass on to the biography before us.

Richard Earl Howe, the second son of the Right Honourable Scrope, Lord Viscount Howe, was born in 1725, and is supposed to have received his education at Eton. His course of education must have been very brief, as he entered the naval service as midshipman, about the age of fourteen. He rose rapidly in his profession, being made lieutenant of the Comet bomb in 1744, and commander in the following year. He was shortly afterwards advanced to the rank of captain, and was appointed to the Triton on the 20th of April, 1747. His intrepidity and success led to his appointment in June, 1756, to the command of a squadron for the protection of Guernsey and Jersey, then threatened with an invasion from France, and the skill with which he conducted this service, confirmed the favorable judgment previously formed of his character. His subsequent promotion is identified with the naval history of his country, and need not be here particularized. He was chosen by George the Second as the tutor of the Duke of York, the elder brother of George the Third, and the following anecdote of what took place on Howe's introducing his royal pupil to the captains at Portsmouth is strikingly characteristic of the simplicity of seamen.

'In the case of the Duke of York we have a pretty specimen of the economical mode then in practice, of launching forth into the world a young prince, the heir presumptive to the throne. Captain Howe having equipped his young *élève* in the true Portsmouth fashion, the captains of the navy then present attended him in their boats on board, where they were severally introduced to the young midshipman. An anecdote is told, which being highly characteristic of the true simplicity of seamen, is not unlikely to have occurred. A sailor standing with some others on the fore-castle, and observing what was going on, whispered his messmate, 'the young gentleman a'nt over civil as I think: look, if he don't keep his hat on before all the captains?' 'Why, you stupid lubber,' replied the other, 'where should he learn manners, seeing as how he never was at sea before?'—pp. 59, 60.

The coolness, moderation, and firmness of Howe, combined with his private worth, and the high professional character he had established, pointed him out to the ministry of the day as the commander best qualified for the American station, and he consequently proceeded to the Colonies, then in a state of revolt, in the early part of 1776. He had previously met Dr. Franklin, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Howe, and though the negotiations which ensued failed to accomplish their object, they appear to have laid the foundation for a mutual respect not wholly devoid of important consequences. The American royalists, in the true spirit of infuriated partisans, condemned the moderation of the British commander, who instead of laying waste the coast of the revolted colonies, regarded his commission as best fulfilled by combining a spirit of conciliation with the display of his naval superiority. Howe was a tory in politics, of that most respectable class in whom the feeling of ancient loyalty to the crown is the absorbing passion. It was not therefore to be expected that he should sympathize