

EDUCATION.

The poet Wordsworth, in one of his finest moods, with reference to this point, exclaims—

O for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing Knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
Whilst she enacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Those who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself, by statute, to secure
For all her children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage herd among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free!
This sacred right the lisping babe proclaims
To be inherent in him by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy, who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious uses—by process indirect
Declares his due while he makes known his need;
This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents, who, themselves,
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to Heaven,
It mounts to reach the STATE'S parental ear;
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
THE UNQUESTIONABLE GOOD.

It is difficult, in the foregoing passage, which to admire most—the warm and kindly glow of the philanthropy, the soundness of the philosophy, or the majestic poetry. We advise all who approach or interfere with this vast question, to imbue themselves as much as possible with the spirit of zeal, beneficence, and charity which prompted those lines, and all difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of noble and enlarged plan of National Education will speedily vanish.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN MISSOURI.

Fulton, (Mo.), Jan. 30th, 1840.

SNOW STORM ON A MISSOURI PRAIRIE—A WOLF CHASE.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times."—Hast thy blood ever been at zero, and hast thou then enjoyed the indescribable luxury of a hickory fire, blazing, crackling, roaring in a hearth six feet by three, the aforesaid combustible piled to the good stone arch, and mine host of the "Bear and Painter" (Panther)—a stalwart landlord he—entertaining you with stirring anecdotes of flood and field? Hast not! Then art thou an unlucky wight, and cannot enjoy that rare luxury even in thy imagination. Nevertheless, gentle editor, I will essay to tell you a few things that have not fallen to the lot of all your readers to hear and to behold.

It might then have been near mid-day of the 23d of this present writing, that an unlucky wayfarer (he being identified with your humble servant) might have been seen, if any one had been there to see, near the middle of the grand prairie—grand it is to the sight—yea, even terrible in mid-winter to the unhappy traveller—wending his way as best he might through clouds of drifting snow, driven by a nor'-wester, the recollection of which makes him shudder while he writes by the glorious fire of his hearty old Boniface. The scene was cheerless and bleak beyond all description; the wind drove the snow with surpassing fury almost against my front; not a tree nor a shrub could be seen, either to the right hand or to the left—before me or behind. A fire, or even a smoke from some friendly chimney would have been hailed as deliverance; but such things were not of that bleak region, and the only hope was to reach the woodland. Even that hope began to forsake me. My blood, as I thought, had already begun to curdle in my veins—I was becoming chill, torpid, motionless. My poor horse was groaning in his agony, and I began to commune with myself, and calculate the chances of a frozen bier. But hark! what sound is that which breaks through the frozen atmosphere, as of shouting men, and horse, and hounds! It is a chase! The shouts of the hunters, and the clear, deep, sonorous voices of the dogs could now be heard above the whistling of the winds. Nearer and still nearer they approach, and past me, within half a stone's throw, sweeps a large grey wolf, the solitary tenant of that bleak dwelling place. At the sound of the horse's tramp, the shouting of the pursuers, and the thrilling notes of the swift-footed dogs, my half-frozen

horse began to toss his head and snuff the wind, as if he had within him an inkling of the fun. I felt my own blood start and each successive shout warmed a foot at least of my torpid body. Wolf, hounds, and horsemen dashed along, and by the time the laggards had passed me, I felt the half-frozen blood course freely through my stiffened limbs. The prairie was apparently almost boundless, and the chase taking the same course I was myself pursuing, I gently touched the flank of old Crusader with the spur, and true as flint and steel (he had been a fox hunter in the Old Dominion), he brought his stiffened legs to a trot—a hobbling gallop—a gallant run, and as he warmed, to a killing pace. The distance of half a mile took me past the hindmost, and I began seriously to entertain the idea of being in at the death. The wolf had taken the "straight chute," as they say out here, and at the expiration of each ten minutes, I was leaving some one of the party behind. On went the wolf, the hounds, and horsemen, and on I went at a thundering gait, and in half an hour's time I was clearly in the van, and leading the chase, to the no small mortification of those who had a better right to be there. The chase had now lasted some six miles, and as we approached the wood, the wolf began to exhibit symptoms of yielding. He held on, however, and struggled with desperation, but it would not do. The dogs were letting out their last links, and it was apparent the day's work would soon be done. Not so fast, my hearties! The chase has gained a small arm of woodland that thrust itself into the prairie, and into it dashed headlong, driving "through the green brush and over the dry" for half a mile more, when the wolf, no craven spirit his, died game, amid the shouts and cheers of all who were within striking distance, after a little more than a five hours' run. By the time the wolf was captured I had forgotten that I had ever been cold, and following as a guide, a long, bony, serpent-looking fellow, who had been in the chase, we arrived in another two hours' ride at the County town of Randolph County, where I found, to my unspeakable gratification, a fat, jolly landlord, and as good a fire as you could wish to see in a winter's day, with your blood in temperature only a fraction above 0.

BRUMMELIANA.

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said, "Yes, madam; I once ate a pea."

Being met limping in Bond street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg."

Somebody inquired where he was going to dine next day, and was told that he really did not know: "they put me in a coach and take me somewhere."

He pronounced of a fashionable tailor that he made a good coat, an exceedingly good coat, all but the collar, nobody could achieve a good collar but Jenkins.

Having borrowed some money of a city beau, whom he patronised in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?" "No." "Why, do you know, there's that fellow Tompkins, who lent me five hundred pounds; he has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I had called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him."

"You have a cold, Mr. Brummel," observed a sympathising group. "Why, do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel Weston (his valet) put me into a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port? Port?—Oh, port!—Oh, ay; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drunk by the lower orders?"

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody consoled with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why, sir, the truth is, I had a great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? (Here he looked deploring and conclusive.) Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage."

On a reference being made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said, "That with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum."

He told a friend that he was reforming his way of life. "For instance," said he, "I sup early; I take a-a-little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three."

LIGHT OF THE HAREM.—The Odalique is a fair slave of Circassia or Georgia, the purchase and property of her master alone, and frequently the favourite of his heart—"the light of his harem," yet she is bound to yield implicit obedience to the commands of the principal wife, and to treat her with the utmost deference and respect: her subordinate situation is never forgotten—she is scarcely allowed to converse in the company of her mistress—and when their common lord honours the female apartment with his presence, while the chief lady takes her station at the extreme end of the sofa upon which he is seated, the odalique is contented to place herself at his feet in submissive silence. For this reason the Bugek Hanoum, or head of the harem, would rather welcome the intro-

duction of many slaves, to share or engross the affections of her husband, than admit the intrusion of a second wife, her rival in authority, although still her inferior in rank. But the latter infringement upon the happiness of a Turkish wife, seldom occurs in the middling classes of society. A Turk usually marries a woman of his own condition, the remainder of his household, should he desire to increase it, consist of slaves, and the careful distinction of rank, if it destroys the pleasures of social intercourse among its inmates, is productive of concord—it avoids the vain struggle for precedence, and prevents the worst torment of jealousy, that of mortified vanity. The odalique, however she may be the favourite of her master, is a slave—and the wife, though her charms have lost their power, remains the undisputed and legitimate queen of the harem,—yet every lady has her private apartment, to which she may retire when she pleases, to enjoy in solitude a freedom from restraint.—*Emma Reeve, in Character and Costume, in Turkey.*

TEMPERANCE.—We have been favoured with a copy of *The Truth Teller*, giving an account of the progress of the great temperance reformation, at present going on in Ireland under Father Mathew, which we shall attend to on Wednesday; and we have also a detailed account of what recently took place at Waterford, and in its vicinity, in which city alone, at least 100,000 persons took the temperance pledge. While this blessed reformation is going on in Ireland, if we may judge from temperance meetings which are noticed in the various exchange papers that we receive, a revival is taking place through British America and in the United States; and as there is a Resolution lying on the table of the House of Assembly here, for prohibiting the introduction of Intoxicating Liquor into this Province, upon which an expression of public sentiment during the next session is called for; we shall be prepared after being relieved from our legislative labours, to bring a systematic plan of operation under the notice of the pledged friends of the temperance cause for their consideration and approval.—*Fredericton Sentinel.*

THE SAILOR IN A STORM.

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here,
Soft shelter'd, as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The madden'd waves, and know no succour near!
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light,
Then in the dread of death to think of her
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer, and waxes pale!
O God! have mercy on the mariner!

THE USE OF SILK UNDER-CLOTHING.—To every one, in damp, moist conditions of the atmosphere, flannel is a great comfort, but silk is the most useful covering of the body. It is by far the best friend and comforter that can be applied. We know that if a silk handkerchief be perfectly dry, that lightning the most accumulated could not pass through it, so decided a non-conductor is it: hence, if worn next to the skin, the air cannot absorb the electricity of the human body. Silk waistcoats, drawers, and stockings, of the same material, are of the greatest service during the humid state of the winter months of this country. The hypochondriac, the nervous, will derive from them more benefit than from the most active tonic, and they will prove a more invigorating cordial than any spiritous dram; nor are the effects transient, for a buoyancy of spirits, and an agreeable warmth, are thus diffused over the whole frame.—*From an excellent little book by Dr. Sigmond, on Mercury.*

How quick is the succession of human events! The cares of today are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—*Cowper.*

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