

as scornfully and as carelessly as a gentleman-usher: select some friend, having first thrown off your cloak, to walk up and down the room with you; let him be suited, if you can, worse by far than yourself; he will be a foil to you; and this will be a means to publish your clothes better than Paul's, a tennis court, or a play-house: discourse as loud as you can, no matter to what purpose; if you but make a noise, and laugh in fashion, and have a good surface to promise quarrelling, you shall be much observed. If you be a soldier, talk how often you have been in action; as the Portugal voyage, the Cales voyage, the Island voyage; besides some eight or nine employments in Ireland and the Low Countries: then you may discourse how honourably your Grave used you, (observe that you call your Grave Maurice "your Grave;") how often you have drunk with Count such-a-one, and such a Count on your knees to your Grave's health; and let it be your virtue to give place neither to S. Kynock, nor to any Dutchman whatsoever in the seventeen provinces, for that soldier's complement of drinking. And, if you perceive that the untravelled company about you take this down well, ply them with more such stuff, as how you have interpreted between the French king and a great lord of Barbary, when they have been drinking healths together: that will be an excellent occasion to publish your languages, if you have them; if not, get some fragments of French, or small parcels of Italian, to fling about the table; but beware how you speak any Latin there: your ordinary most commonly hath no more to do with Latin than a desperate town of garrison hath."

H. E. B.

MOUNT TABOR, THE SCENE OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.—It stands perfectly isolated, rising alone from the plain in a rounded tapering form, like a truncated cone, to the height of 3,000 feet, covered with trees, grass, and wild flowers, from the base to its summit, and presenting the combination, so rarely found in natural scenery, of the bold and the beautiful. At twelve o'clock we were at the miserable village of Deborah, at the foot of the mountain, supposed to be the place where Deborah the prophetess, who then judged Israel, and Barak, and "ten thousand men after him, descended upon Sisera, and discomfited him and all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron, and all the people that were with him." The men and boys had all gone out to their daily labour, and we tried to persuade a woman to guide us to the top of the mountain, but she turned away with contempt; and having had some practice in climbing, we moved around its sides until we found a regular path, and ascended nearly to the top without dismounting. The path wound around the mountain, and gave us a view from all its different sides, every step presenting something new, and more and more beautiful, until it was completely forgotten and lost in the exceeding loveliness of the view from the summit. Stripped of every association, and considered merely as an elevation commanding a view of unknown valleys and mountains, I never saw a mountain which for the beauty of scene better repaid the toil of ascending it; and I need not say what an interest was given to every feature, when we saw in the valley beneath the large plain of Jezreel, the great battle-ground of nations; on the south, the supposed range of Hermon, with whose dew the Psalmist compares the "pleasantness of brethren dwelling together in unity;" beyond, the ruined village of Endor, where dwelt the witch who raised up the prophet Samuel; and near it the little city of Nain, where our Saviour raised from the dead the widow's son; on the east, the mountains of Gilboa, "where Saul and his armour-bearer, and his three sons, fell upon their swords, to save themselves from falling into the hands of the Philistines;" beyond, the Sea of Galilee, or Lake of Genesareth, the theatre of our Saviour's miracles, where in the fourth watch of the night, he appeared to his terrified disciples, walking on the face of the waters; and to the north, on a lofty eminence, high above the top of Tabor, the city of Japhet, supposed to be the ancient Bethulia, alluded to in the words, "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*

WILBERFORCE.—It was especially his habit to relieve those who in the higher walks of life were reduced to unexpected indigence. Many letters, acknowledging such aid, and tracing to it oftentimes escape from ruin, appear in his correspondence. One such instance has been furnished by his secretary. "Mr. Ashley," he once said to me, "I have an application from an officer of the navy, who is imprisoned for debt. I do not like to send Burgess, (his almoner) 'to him, and I have not time to go myself; would you enquire into the circumstances?' That very day I went, and found an officer in gaol for 80l. He had a family dependent on him, with no prospect of paying his debt; and as a last hope, at the governor's suggestion, had made this application." Mr. Wilberforce was well known among the London prisons, where, with the Rev. John Unwin, he had of old often visited and relieved the debtors. "The officer," continues Mr. Ashley, "had referred him to Sir Sidney Smith, to whom he wrote immediately. I was in the room when Sir Sidney called on the following morning. 'I know the poor man well,' he said; 'we were opposed to one another on the Baltic—he in the Russian, I in the Swedish service; he is a brave fellow, and I

would do any thing I could for him; but you know, Wilberforce, we officers are pinched sometimes, and my charity-purse is not very full.' 'Leave that to me, Sir Sidney,' was his answer. Mr. Wilberforce paid his debt, fitted him out, and got him a command. He met an enemy's ship, captured her, was promoted; and within a year I saw him coming to call in Palace Yard in the uniform of a post-captain."—*Wilberforce's Life*, vol. ii.

MY DARK-EYED ZULETTE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In my long hours of sorrow without thee,
I never found one that could make me forget
The charm that is ever about thee:
On the beautiful maids of my country I gaze,
But they wake but a passing emotion;
Oh! thou hadst the love of my happiest days,
The first fruits of my young heart's devotion.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In the dreams of my slumber united,
I meet thee again, where so often we met,
When my spirit was gay and unblighted;
When beneath the sweet shade of the orange we roved,
And the fountain of Inez shone brightly
In the beams of the moon, that to look on I loved,
As it guided my steps to thee nightly.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
Is thy heart still as faithful as ever
To the joy that we felt when in secret we met,
And the pangs that it cost us to sever?
When I watched thy sweet looks, as I saw thee depart,
When thy last fond adieu had been spoken,
Had I thought 'twas thy last, ah! surely my heart
In the grief of that moment had broken.

For the Pearl.

A SKETCH.

"There is a love, in some fond hearts, that never can expire."

WINTER WREATH.

'Twas a calm evening in summer, and the sun, descending behind a western forest, threw his bright red beams over the world he was leaving. Each trembling breeze fell with folded wing upon the flower's snowy bosom, which had expanded to catch the glowing smile of retiring day. Not a sound was heard, but the dying notes of the feathered songsters as they retired to rest in the distant thicket. The airy curtain of twilight slowly gathered over the surrounding landscape, and Nature seemed preparing the hour for holier meditation.

I sat down upon the bank of a beautiful river to contemplate the magic picture before me. The river's bosom, undisturbed by the sleeping zephyr, and with the sun's parting beams upon it, appeared like a mirror spread over the landscape. While viewing the prospect before me, a low, distant voice broke the stillness of the scene. So sweet, so plaintive, so mournfully it floated over the water, that it seemed like the voice which Fancy mingles with her dying visions. I turned to listen, when a skiff came gently gliding over the surface of the quiet river, bearing a female clad like one of another clime, a light robe thrown about her, who was chanting a dirge-like note so melodiously, that I imagined her the Spirit of Song, who had come to mingle her music with the exquisite beauty of the evening. As she approached I perceived her to be an Indian maid. Her bark passed gracefully down the silvered river, like a fairy bark of eastern song, while her melody floated over the beautiful landscape, and died away in soft and distant echoes. She suddenly passed over to the opposite shore, drew her light bark from the water, and slowly and sadly ascended a craggy steep to a lonely place, where reposed the remains of her lover, the proud chief of her tribe, who had withered before the power of unrelenting Death. She knelt upon his mossy grave, and to the Great Spirit offered a prayer for his departed soul. She sprinkled his grave with tears of her heart's deathless affection, the dew-drops of love flowing from the fount of woman's tenderness; and on it she strewed the leaves of a wild flower, a token of the purity of her love, and an emblem of human hearts.

Night soon closed in upon the landscape, and the beautiful moon rising in the cloudless sky, threw her beams upon it, which gave the scene an enchantment like a fairy night.—And the Indian maid tarried long at her loved retreat to commune with the dead, and for him invoke the goodness of the Great Spirit, with one wish, the only balm for her wounded heart, to join the dead beyond the starry sky, in scenes of wildness more beautiful than any on earth. My spirit awoke to behold the beauty that touched my heart, whose chords vibrated a music which has lived long in my memory; and oft at summer's stilly evening have I dwelt in pensive remembrance on that holy scene.

JOHN K. LASKEY.

Saint John, N. B., April, 1839.

A MAN'S OWN DESIRES NOT ALWAYS TO BE TRUSTED
—J. Mann, in an advertisement in the Bunker Hill Aurora, cautions the public against trusting his wife's Desire.

DISCUSSION ON PEACE.

For the Pearl.

REPLY TO MARMION CONTINUED.

"Alas! Alas!"

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment should
But judge as you do? O think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."—*Shakspeare.*

SIR,—May we hope for your indulgence when soliciting your attention to a third address, on the subject of War as being adverse to christianity. So far, we have laboured to establish two great points: the first, that "States, or bodies politic," we adopt the language of Chancellor Kent, "are to be considered as *moral persons*, having a public will, capable and free to do right and wrong, inasmuch as they are collections of individuals, each of whom carries with him into the service of the community, the same binding law of morality and religion which ought to control his conduct in private life." The second, that the friendly and pacific course commanded by heaven will not prove injurious to our safety and interest. We allow, that in the transition state of society from war to peace, there are difficulties to be encountered similar to those which attend the change from drunkenness to temperance; but these difficulties grow out of the previous habits of intemperance and war, and will vanish away just as fast as christians adopt the pure principles of the gospel. On this subject an eminent divine has well said, "We must act in the case of a community as we should in the case of an individual. Suppose an individual to have lived a dissolute life but to have been brought to a sense of his danger, and to have abandoned his practices, would he then be exempt from all the effects of his former transgressions? No; he would carry with him many painful mementos of his previous character. Still he would find many alleviations, and upon the whole, would have reason to say that his present lot was infinitely preferable to his former condition. I conceive that this is, an analogy to the case of a family, a community, or a nation. On the subject of war, they have been acting for centuries on principles adverse to the best interests of mankind. If enlightened and reclaimed, are they in the nature of things to expect that God will work an astonishing miracle to protect them from the consequences of their previous bad conduct? They ought to be prepared to meet with difficulties, and to bow reverently to the righteous chastisements of God, while they could not doubt that wondrous interpositions of divine providence would be manifested on their behalf."

With these preliminary remarks, we will now give our best attention to the horrible *pirate-case* of Marmion. We begin by earnestly protesting against the introduction of all extreme cases in the solution of moral duties. The great question is, SHALL WE ADOPT THE PRECEPTS OF CHRIST, IN THEIR PLAIN, EVIDENT MEANING—A MEANING WHICH ACCORDS WITH THE PRECEPTS WHICH HE LAID DOWN ON ALL OCCASIONS, AND ON ALL OTHER POINTS; AND A MEANING WHICH IS ENFORCED BY THE PRECEPTS AND EXAMPLE OF THE HOLY APOSTLES AND PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS;—OR SHALL WE ACCOMMODATE THESE PRECEPTS TO OUR NOTIONS OF THE FITNESS OF THINGS, TO OUR VIEWS OF SAFETY AND INTEREST, AND TO OUR OWN TIMES. Now, by depicting a few heart-rending scenes, the defenders of homicide make the question to be, How FEELST thou? and not, How READEST thou? Imagination is racked to invent cases, however improbable, in which a christian would be justified in resorting to deadly weapons, in hopes, if overcome by his feelings he gives up the case, to found an argument on his concession, in favor of war; as anti-temperance men endeavor, from the use of ardent spirits in extreme cases, to defend the grog shop, the wholesale dealer, and the distillery. This is not fair. Why enlist our selfish feelings in the decision of a moral question? Are our passions fit judges to pronounce a verdict of right or wrong? Should not the appeal be to the word of God and to our judgment enlightened by that word? The practice of which we complain, is however, the common resort of all the apologists of error. So the defenders of British slavery endeavoured to uphold their infamous traffic in human flesh and blood. For years they furnished the public with pretty pictures of the consequences of emancipating the slaves. All the resources of pathos were exhausted in portraying conflagrated towns, desolated fields, ruined islands, scenes of butchery and murder, in the expectation of frightening the people, so as to induce them to continue to sanction slavery.* Precisely

* It is not long since that in the midst of slaveholders we endeavoured to point out the sin of depriving human beings of their liberty. Not one of the slaveholders, however, would meet us on the abstract question. Some of them referred us to the Old Testament in justification of slavery, but when driven from that position, they took refuge in fear of the consequences. To liberate their slaves, they told us in most piteous tones, would "ruin their interests, blast their prospects, and bring their wives and children to abject poverty, if not to absolute starvation, etc. etc." We listened to all this unmoved—and we maintained our ground on this position—that duty is ours, consequences are God's—God must be obeyed at all hazards—it is better to starve and die, than to disobey God and sin. Now as we were not frightened by the piteous pictures presented to us by republican slaveholders, into a concession that slavery is sometimes right, the advocates of homicide in self-defence, may rest assured that they will never extort from us in a similar way, a concession that it is proper and *christlike* under peculiar circumstances, to hate your enemy, and to kill your enemy.