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ALL MUST LOVE.

BY MR. MONCRIFF.

The high-crown'd Queen on her canopied throne,
Of love must the anguish bear;
She feels it a sadness to reign alone,
And her kingdom fair would share.

The noble fair in her warded tower
Must, passion's votary prove;
And the jewelled dame, in her courtly bower,
Resigns her gold for love!
Can then a simple heart go free?
No! 'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low, whoe'er they be,
All must love!

The mailed knight, from the armed throng,
Must to love a vassal bow;
The minstrel, most renown'd in song,
Must to beauty pay his vow!
The solemn judge, and the schoolman grave,
Can neither exist alone.

The pedant sage, yields woman's slave;
Love's power they all must own!
Can then a simple heart go free?
No! 'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low, whoe'er they be,
All must love!

THE HEROINES OF BURNS.

It is generally known that the fine impassioned songs of Burns were mostly written with regard to real women—in some instances, of no great beauty in the world's estimation, and in most of very humble rank, but almost always genuine flesh-and-blood women of this world, whom the poet was pleased to admire for the time being. In this respect he was very different from the poets of a former age, with their supposititious Daphnes and Phillises—with Burns, to quote a line of old Maclaurin, Lord Dreghorn,

“—Nelly, not Neera, was her name.”

Plain, downright Annies and Nannies, and Tibbies and Jeanies, they were every one of them. He was a great poet—more particularly a great lyrical poet—perhaps we may say the very greatest that has ever lived; and wherever he had been born, there was it certain that the women, whether in silk or drugget, must have been made immortal. He rose in Kyle, amongst simple peasantry, the female part of which wore short gowns and sometimes no stockings, and were accustomed to wield the muck-fork and the sickle, like the men themselves. But then it was Burns who had alighted amongst them, and the haberdashery of the imagination was ready to deck every one of them as finely as if they had been Sacharissas or Vanessas. It may afford some amusement to the reader to be introduced to such particulars of these persons as have been handed down to us.

We have the poet's own authority, that the first flame in his bosom was kindled in his fifteenth autumn by “a bonnie sweet sossie lass,” who was assigned to him as his partner on the harvest-field. She was unwitting at first of the power she had acquired over him, and he himself did not know, as he tells us, “why he liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from their labours; why the tones of her voice made his heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why his pulse beat such a furious rattan when he looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles.” Love brought poetry to its aid, and he now composed his first verses, beginning “Once I loved a bonnie lass, and aye I love her still”—a very poor set of rhymes truly, but curious as the first tunings of so sweet an instrument. Her name appears to have been Nelly Blair, and, like many of his subsequent flames, she was a house-servant. The daughter of an individual in whose house she at one time served, communicated, through a newspaper, a few years ago, her recollections of Burns's visits on the occasions when “rockings” were held in the house. These were meetings of the rustic youth of both sexes, at which the lasses plied their spinning-wheels (formerly their rocks—hence the name) and the lads knitted stockings, the entertainment consisting of songs, and a light supper of country fare. Often did this lady meet Burns at the head of a little troop, coming from a distance of three or four miles, to attend these meetings, with the spinning-wheel of some lass over his shoulder, and a hundred jokes in his mouth to keep the party in merriment. Often had the lady of the house to find fault with her damsels next day, for their lack of alacrity, the result of Burns's too late sitting at his courtship with Nelly Blair. Another of his very early Dulcineas was a certain Isabella Ste-

ven or Stein, who lived near his father's farm of Lochlee. He was then about seventeen. But, alas, she was an heiress—her father a laird; that is to say, the proprietor of probably twenty acres of moorland, with a cot-house and garden. She therefore looked high, and the consequence was that the poet had occasion to write his song—

“Oh, Tibbie, I have seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy;
For Jack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I carena by.

Yestreen I met you on the muir,
Ye spakna, but gaed by like stour;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But dent a hair care I,” etc.

Thus we find that in the humblest spheres of life, there are nice distinctions of grade; altogether unrecognisable, possibly, to one observing at a little distance, like that between stars of the fifteenth and sixteenth magnitudes, yet with immense gulfs between, for all that. Tibbie, by virtue of her father's two or three fields, passed like stour the tenant's son whose name was ultimately to be great in both hemispheres.

His next serious fit of passion took its rise while he was studying mensuration at Kirkoswald. The fair maid's name was Peggy Thomson, and he celebrates her in his song “Now westlin win's and slaughtering guns;” she became the wife of a person named Neilson, and long lived in Ayr.

About the time when he was two or three and twenty, his attachments came in such thick and rapid succession, that there is no individualising them. Scarcely a lass existed in the happy parish of Tarbolton who had not been a transient object of worship to Robert Burns. There was one whom he celebrates under the name of Montgomery's Peggy. To this girl, who had been reared in rather an elegant way, he made love, merely to show his parts in courtship; he got really in love, and was then refused. “It cost me several heartaches,” he says, “to get rid of the affair.” Another, named Anna Ronald, the daughter of a farmer, is said to have been the “Annie” of his lively song of “the Rigs o' Barley.” The heroine of “My Nannie O,” that most exquisite of songs, was Agnes Fleming, the daughter of a farmer at Caldcothill, near Lochlee, and at one time a servant.

“Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie O;
The opening gown, wad wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie O.”

Was ever rural maid so canonised? He was not only a lover himself, but an abettor of the loves of others. “A country lad,” he says, “seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of Tarbolton parish, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe.” We once conversed with an aged man in Tarbolton, who had served Burns partly in the same capacity; they would go together at night to houses in which lived girls admired by the poet; and these girls it was the duty of John Lees to ask out for his friend, who meanwhile waited near the door. When he had succeeded in bringing out any favourite lass of the poet, he became of course *Monsieur de Trop*, and Burns would then say to him, “Now, Jock, you may gang hame.” The old man seemed greatly to relish his recollections of these adventures.

At about four-and-twenty, while still assisting his father in the small poor farm of Lochlee, he became acquainted with the young woman whom he addresses in several of his published letters as “My dear E—.” From these letters he appears to have at first made sure of obtaining the young woman's hand, but to have been finally rejected. It is probable that this person was the heroine of his song, “From thee, Eliza, I must go,” which seems to have been written when he contemplated leaving her for a distant clime. The letters are in surprisingly pure English, and of a more moderate and rational complexion than the most of his compositions of that class, while the song ranks with his best.

“Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore;
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more.
The latest throbb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throbb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh.”

Eliza long survived the poet, and, if we may judge from the following obituary notice of her, she must have been a person somewhat above the common standard. “At Alva, on the 28th ult., in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Black, relict of the late Mr. James Stewart, vintner there. Though called upon to discharge the uncongenial duties connected with a humble public house, and early deprived of her partner, Mrs. Stewart, in her guarded walk and conversation, during the many years she spent in Alva, threw such a moral halo around her character as secured for her the unceasing esteem and good wishes of her fellow-villagers. * * She was Burns's ELIZA. She was born and brought up in Ayrshire, and in the bloom of youth was possessed of no ordinary share of personal charms. * * She early became acquainted with Burns, and made no small impression on his heart. * * She possessed several love-epistles he had addressed to her. It was when Scotia's bard intended emigrating from his own to a foreign shore that he wrote the stanzas beginning, ‘From thee, Eliza, I must go’—the subject being of course Elizabeth Black.”

This brings us to Highland Mary, the most interesting of all Burns's heroines. He was now the joint tenant with his brother of the little farm of Mossgiel, in the parish of Mauchline. Mary Campbell, for such was her name, was as lowly a lass as any whom he ever admired, being the dairy-woman at Colonel Montgomery's house of Coilsfield. There is a thorn near the house, beneath whose boughs the poet lover often met his simple mistress.

He celebrates her charms, and the happiness he enjoyed from these stolen interviews, in the song of “the Highland Lassie.”

“Nae gentler dames, though e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muso's care,
Their titles a' are empty show,
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.”

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
The world then the love should know,
I bear my Highland lassie, O.”

The design of going in search of fortune to the West Indies was still upon him, and he is found asking this mistress if she will accompany him:—

“Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore,
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?”

At length he resolved to marry her, and endeavour to remain contented at home; and they met on the banks of the Ayr, “to live one day of parting love,” previous to a visit which she was to pay, in anticipation of her marriage, to her relations in Argyleshire. In the song of “Highland Mary,” the history of this precious day is written in immortal light. Mary, as is well known, sickened and died at her father's house in Greenock, leaving to the poet an image which never forsook him in all his after days, whether of joy or sorrow. Six or seven years afterwards, when a married man at Elishland, he observed the anniversary of her death in a way which showed the depth of his feelings respecting her. In the evening, he retired to his stack-yard, in a state of great apparent dejection, and threw himself on a mass of straw, with his face upturned to the sky. There he lay for hours, notwithstanding the kind remonstrances of his wife. When he came into the house, he wrote down, with the facility of one copying from memory, the grandly melancholy hymn beginning,

“Thou lingering star, with lessening ray.”

We have treated Highland Mary shortly, for her story has been often told. We shall afford more space to the lady who next presided over the imagination of the bard—the celebrated Jean Armour. The father of this young woman was a master mason or builder, of some substance, in the village of Mauchline. She was rather above the middle stature, of dark complexion, and irregular features, but of a fine figure, and great gentleness of nature, and a very agreeable singer and dancer. According to her own story, she and Burns first saw each other as she was one day spreading out clothes on the green to be bleached. As he passed by, his dog ran over some of the clothes; she called to the animal in no gracious terms, and requested his master to take him off. The poet made a sportive allusion to the old saying of “Love me, love my dog,” and some badinage was interchanged. Probably neither knew on this occasion who the other was; but their acquaintance was not to stop short here. We are enabled to continue its history by John Blanco, a decent old man now residing in Kilmarnock, who was at this time Burns's plough-boy, and had

fellow. There was a singing-school at Mauchline, which Blane attended. Jean Armour was also a pupil, and he soon became aware of her superior natural gifts as a vocalist. One night there was a "rocking" at Mossiel, where a lad named Ralph Sillar sang a number of songs in what was considered rather good style. When Burns and Blane had retired to their sleeping-place in the stable-loft, the former asked the latter what he thought of Sillar's singing, to which Blane answered, that the lad thought so much of it himself, and had so many airs about it, that there was no occasion for others expressing a favourable opinion—yet, he added, "I would not give Jean Armour for a score of him." "You are always talking of this Jean Armour," said Burns; "I wish you would contrive to bring me to see her." Blane readily consented to do so; and next evening, after the plough was loosed, the two proceeded to Mauchline for that purpose. Burns went into a public-house, and Blane went into the singing-school, which chanced to be kept in the floor above. When the school was dismissing, Blane asked Jean Armour if she would come to see Robert Burns, who was below, and anxious to speak to her. Having heard of his poetical talents, she said she would like much to see him, but was afraid to go without a female companion. This difficulty being overcome by the frankness of a Miss Morton—the Miss Morton of the Six Mauchline Belles—Jean went down to the room where Burns was sitting, and from that time her fate was fixed.

The subsequent history of this pair is well known. Jean ultimately became the poet's wife, and the partner of all of weal or woe which befel him during the Ellisland and Dumfries periods of his life. It is rather remarkable that, excepting two or three passing allusions, Jean was not the subject of any poetry by Burns during the earlier period of their acquaintance, nor till they were seriously and steadfastly married. He then, however, made up for his former silence. It was during the honeymoon, as he himself tells us, and probably while preparing a home for her on the banks of the Nith, that he composed his charming song in her praise—

"O'n' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I loe best;
Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Yet day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
She lovely, fresh and fair,
I hear her in the tuncfu' birds
Wi' music charm the air;
There's no a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

Not long afterwards, he infused his love for her into the still more passionate verses beginning, "Oh, were I on Parnassus Hill!" of which one half stanza conveys a description certainly not surpassed, and we are inclined to think not even approached, in the whole circle of British poetry—the vividness and passion rising in union from line to line, until at the last it reaches a perfect transport, in which the poet involves the reader as well as himself.

"I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sac jump, thy limbs sac clean,
Thy tempting lips and roguish een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!"

Mrs. Burns is likewise celebrated in the song, "This is no my ain lassie," in which the poet describes himself as meeting a face of the fairest kind, probably that of some of the elegant ladies whom he met in genteel society, but yet declaring that it wants "the witching grace" and "kind love" which he found in his "own lassie;" a very delightful song, for it takes a fine moral feeling along with it. Of "Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtles" we are not so sure that Mrs. Burns was the heroine, though if the wives of poetical husbands always had their due, she ought to have been so. Jean survived in decent widowhood for as long a time as that which formed the whole life of the poet, dying so lately as March 1834. She was a modest and respectable woman, and to the last a good singer, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, also a tolerable dancer. She had been indulgent to her gifted though frail partner in his life, and she cherished his memory when he was no more.

Here for the present we must stop: the Ayrshire poet somehow contrived to admire so many ladies, that there is no rumpling them all into the compass of a single paper.

A POSTHUMOUS JOKE.—A Venetian, who died not very long ago, made a provision of torches for his funeral artificially loaded with crackers, anticipating to a confidential friend the hubbub that would result from the explosion, which he had calculated must take place in the most inconvenient spots. It would be an unpardonable omission were I not to state, that this posthumous joke verified the most sanguine expectations of the projector.—*W. S. Rose's Travels in Italy.*

DISCUSSION ON PEACE.

For the Pearl.

REPLY TO MARMION CONTINUED.

"Celsus, the great enemy of christianity, who lived at the close of the second century, brings it as a charge against christians, that they refused in his time, to bear arms for the Roman Emperor, even in cases of necessity, and complains, that, 'if others were of their opinion, the empire would be overrun by barbarians.' This objection—the danger of refusing to fight—better became Celsus the infidel than it does a Christian."—*Burder, Author of Village Sermons, etc.*

"The dread of being destroyed by our enemies if we do not go to war with them, is a plain and unequivocal proof of our disbelief in the superintendance of divine providence."—*The Lawfulness of Defensive War impartially considered: by a Clergyman of the Church of England.*

SIR,—

The idea that the general precepts of the Gospel, are inapplicable to nations, whilst they are binding on individuals, we have endeavoured to prove, has in it more of sophistry than argument. We have ascertained, that individual accountability runs through every relation in which man can be placed;—that a christian cannot lend his influence or his energies to execute the designs of caprice, avarice, ambition, or revenge;—and that when mixed with a hundred thousand of his species, he is no more justified in taking away the life of a man of another country for those ends, than if he acted by himself alone. The man who engages in warfare, retains his private responsibility; and whatever may be the proceedings of his countrymen, whatever the commands of his superiors, he can never dispossess himself of his individual obligation to render to the law of his God a consistent and uniform obedience. We hope we shall not be misunderstood. We mean not to assert that the New Testament embodies, in form, the rules of legislation, or maxims of public policy. Doubtless there may be found in the Scriptures a variety of injunctions relating to the particulars of human conduct, and applicable to men and women only as individuals; but it is one of the excellent characteristics of the moral law of God, that its principles are of universal application to mankind, whatever be the circumstances under which they are placed; whether they act singly as individuals, or collectively as nations.

Now among these fundamental rules—these eternal, unchangeable principles—is that of universal love. The law of God, which is addressed without reservation or exception to all men, plainly says to them: *Love your enemies.* Individuals, nations consisting of individuals, and governments acting on behalf of nations, are all unquestionably bound to obey this law; and whether it is the act of an individual, of a nation, or of a government, *the transgression of the law is sin.* Nations or governments transgress the christian law of love, and commit sin, when they declare or carry on war, precisely as the private duellist transgresses that law, and commits sin, when he sends or accepts a challenge, and deliberately endeavours to destroy his neighbor.

It is not surprising, however, that Marmion should have made the too common and well-known distinction between political and moral right; or in other words, between political expediency and christian duty. As soon as the youth is taught to study and discuss great ethical subjects, he is indoctrinated in the fundamental error. He is constantly told that a nation, though composed of individuals who are bound to obey, even unto death, the settled law of truth and justice as enforced by the precepts of the christian religion, *has no conscience!* and hence forsooth, because the world is bad, force must be opposed to force, evil may be resisted with evil. On this principle, political bargains are often made for convenience, and for convenience are as often broken. On this principle too, Dr. Paley says that "the faith of promises ought to be maintained between individuals, but that it is right for a nation to depart from a public treaty when the terms of the treaty are found to be exceedingly inconvenient—in the transactions of private persons, no advantages can compensate to the public from a breach of the settled laws of justice; but in the concerns of empires, this may safely be doubted,—nay, even that it may be necessary for christians to resign themselves to a common will, though that will is often actuated by criminal motives, and determined to destructive purposes!" That is, if it appears, *on the maxims of expediency,* to the rulers of a nation that war is desirable, all the individuals of that nation are bound by duty to encourage that war, however base the motives which may really have caused it, and disastrous it may prove to the best interests of mankind! If good may come from slaughtering men, women, and children, we may slaughter them! If good may result from stratagem and crime we may practise them! Oh, when shall good men learn and teach the universality of christian obligation! How long shall the philosophy of expediency supplant the plain injunctions of the gospel! How long shall the wisdom of this world be more valued than the oracles of God!

Notwithstanding the clearness and importance of those principles which evince the utter inconsistency of the practice of war with the christian dispensation, it is continually pleaded that wars are often expedient, and sometimes absolutely necessary for the preservation of States. This objection Marmion plies with such force, that an individual might almost be induced to suppose that nearly all modern wars have been urged on the great principle of self-preservation. And yet the impartial student of history would testify that, by far greater part of those wars are so far from having truly borne this character, that they have, in point of fact, even in a political point of view, been much more hurtful than useful to all the parties engaged in them. Where, for instance, has England found an equivalent for the almost infinite profusion of blood and treasure, which she has wasted on her many wars? Must not the impartial page of history decide that almost the whole of her wars, however justified in the view of the world by the pleas of defence and retribution, have, in fact, been waged against imaginary dangers, might have been avoided by a few harmless concessions, and have turned out to be extensively injurious to her in many of their results? The Peace Society of Massachusetts, some years since, appointed a Committee to inquire into this subject. In the Report, "the inquiry is confined to wars, in which civilized nations have been engaged, since they became christians. The report relates to 286 wars of magnitude, in which christian nations have been engaged. These are divided into the eleven following classes," namely:

- 44 Wars of ambition to obtain extent of country.
- 22 Wars for plunder, tribute, etc.
- 24 Wars of retaliation or revenge.
- 8 Wars to settle some question of honor or prerogative.
- 6 Wars arising from disputed claims to some territory.

- 41 Wars arising from disputed titles to crowns.
- 30 Wars commenced under pretence of assisting an ally.
- 23 Wars originating in jealousy of rival greatness.
- 5 Wars which have grown out of commerce.
- 55 Civil wars.
- 28 Wars on account of religion, including the Crusades against the Turks and heretics.

We should naturally infer from the most superficial view of the causes enumerated in this Report, that many of them are very slight. But a more full examination would probably fill us with astonishment. Instead of this scrutiny, however, we may ask in the language of a British legislator, "I should be glad to know what any country ever gained by war, except empty glory and empty pockets. That is the way in which war rewards every nation that embarks in it. After the people have been taught to shout and illuminate, and exhibit all kinds of frightful spectacles at the shedding of each other's blood, when moments of reflection come, they see how much it has cost; and that sometimes reaches their understandings when better principles fail to penetrate them." But the Edinburgh Review for January 1821, has so well described the glorious consequences of English wars, that we cannot refrain from citing a paragraph. Here are the inevitable consequences of being *too fond of glory*:—"Taxes upon every article, which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant we must pay:—The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road:—and the dying Englishman pouring his medicine which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent.—flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid 22 per cent.—makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of an hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more."

But we are told "there is no safety in the doctrines we inculcate"—nay that our own beloved country would soon be destroyed by acting on "the specious principles we promulgate"—or in the strong language of Dr. Wordsworth, "no people ever was, or can be, independent, free or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without martial propensities and an assiduous cultivation of military virtues!" That is, we must be men-killers to the end of the chapter! The butchery of our species must be maintained, or we cannot be great, independent, free or secure! It is absolutely necessary to cherish martial propensities! To such a plea it might be sufficient to answer that nothing is so expedient, nothing so desirable, nothing so necessary, either for individuals or for nations, as a conformity, in point of conduct, with the revealed will of the Supreme Governor of the universe. We may, however, venture to offer a few general remarks on this part of our subject.

When the doctrine of entire abstinence from war both offensive and defensive is asserted and maintained, it is so far in advance both of public sentiment and public practice, that we are at once met with a host of objections. Many good men, who in the main are averse to violent and sanguinary measures, are greatly alarmed at its announcement, on the ground that if it should prevail, there would be no personal or political safety. We admit that it may be said with some degree of plausibility, that the principles of peace are not the principles of protection; and that, if we throw off the aspect and attitude of war, we shall not only be insecure against hostility, but shall invite it. Whether this objection involves a fallacy or not, it is beyond all question, that it is cordially received as an undoubted truth by many persons, who invest themselves with it as with a shield, and avail themselves of its aid to throw back, to a measureless distance, whatever is addressed either to their understandings or their heart on the great subject of universal peace. They take their stand upon this simple proposition alone, that no nation is safe without military preparation. They assert with as much confidence, as if they were pleading the authority of a mathematical axiom, that there is no security, and no peace, except on the condition of bloodshed; that he who will not fight, must make up his mind to become the prey of every species of depredation. Nor can we justly assert it to be altogether without reason, that men so generally take this position, when we remember that the history of the world, with but few exceptions, is the mournful history of international jealousy and strife. The planes of hostility, violence and revenge, pursued by nations, have made this fair world one great Aceldama, one vast and horrid place of execution, a reeking and smoking slaughter-house. And yet we feel in some degree prepared to maintain, (and we hope with the prospect of a successful issue upon the mind of the objector himself,) that, amid all the belligerent elements existing either in individuals or communities, pacific principles are the surest safeguard. No weapons of self-defence will, on the whole, be found so efficacious as christian meekness, kindness and forbearance, the suffering of injuries, the absence of revenge, the return of good for evil, and the ever-operating love of God and man. If men had the faith to receive

*There are some eminent men who think very differently on this subject. Dr. Gurney makes the following observations:—"When we consider the still degraded condition of mankind, we can hardly at present look for the trial of the experiment; but was there a people who would renounce the dangerous guidance of worldly honour, and boldly conform their national conduct to the eternal rules of the law of Christ—was there a people who would lay aside the weapons of a carnal warfare, and proclaim the principles of universal peace; suffer wrong with condescension; abstain from all retaliation; return good for evil, and diligently promote the welfare of all men—I am fully persuaded, that such a people would not only dwell in absolute safety, but would be blessed with eminent prosperity; enriched with unrestricted commerce, loaded with reciprocal benefits, and endowed for every good, and wise, and worthy purpose, with irresistible influence over surrounding nations."

if, they would not fail to find, that the panoply of love is more impenetrable to the attacks of adversaries than that of steel.

We begin with *individuals*. Will private persons by a literal adherence to the precepts of loving our enemies, not resisting evil, and especially returning good for evil, rather invite than lessen their injuries? Will they be trampled upon with impunity by a patient endurance of wrongs? On this point we will reply in the language of no less an authority amongst divines than Dr. CHALMERS. In a course of lectures delivered in the University of Edinburgh in 1838 he speaks in the following terms:—

“Dr. Paley considers that the rules which are laid down in the sermon on the mount on the subject of non-resistance, are to be obeyed in spirit, but not in the letter; I think, however, that too much liberty is taken with the literalities of Scripture. We have just a slight observation to make, on what Paley says as to the effects of the christian character on society; more especially if the precepts of meekness and non-resistance were fully carried into effect. The first imagination is, that if a christian were to practice a literal adherence to the precepts of not resisting evil, and when any man smites him on one cheek of turning to him the other, he would be trodden down by the selfishness of those around. There are, however, many beautiful examples to the contrary; such as the estimation in which the Quakers are held, and the general respect and good liking which are felt towards the Moravians, and the quiet which is enjoyed by an inoffensive man; all proving that if we had the courage to enter on the precepts of the Gospel, its promises, which are for “the life which now is,” as well as “that which is to come,” would never fail us. We have long been persuaded, that an adherence to these maxims would not be hurtful to the interests of the individual, but would rather be advantageous to them. An author, whose name I forget, gives an interesting account of the Quakers* during the Irish rebellion, at the close of the last century, when no neutrality was allowed. They had many hair-breadth escapes, but only one actually suffered, and he deserted his principles, and fell in battle. And that these precepts are binding on individuals, without mitigation or any qualifying clauses, I am strongly inclined to believe; and I am sure, that if we would venture on them, we should find a quiet walk in this world as well as a safe walk to heaven.”

But, separate from the opinions of fallible men, we lay it down as a truth established by the most satisfactory proofs, that a person of a humble, pacific spirit, leads the most quiet life. Is it not seen, that an inoffensive deportment, especially when it is united to uprightness and sanctity, preserves its possessor from many quarrels in which others are involved, and from many injuries which the quarrelsome sustain? “Who,” inquires Dr. Worcester, “are the persons in society that most frequently receive insult and abuse? Are they the meek, the benevolent, and the forbearing? Do these more commonly have reason to complain, than persons of quick resentment, who are ready to fight on the least provocation? There are three sects of professing christians remarkably pacific, and which, as sects, are peculiar in their opinions respecting the lawfulness of war, and the right of repelling injury by violence. Now, we ask, does it appear from experience, that their forbearing spirit brings on them a greater portion of injury and insult than is experienced by people of other sects? Is not the reverse of this true in fact? There may indeed be some instances of such gross depravity, as a person’s taking advantage of their pacific character, to do them injury, with the hope of impunity. But in general, it is believed, their pacific principles and spirit command the esteem even of the vicious, and operate as a shield from insult and abuse.”

“The question may be brought home to every society. How seldom do children of a mild, forbearing temper, experience insult or injury, compared with the waspish, who will sting if touched? The same inquiry may be made in respect to persons of those opposite descriptions of every age, and in every situation of life; and the result will be favourable to the point in question.”

Let the question now be settled by “the law and the testimony.” The apostle Peter in urging upon the primitive christians the duty of rendering good for evil, assures them that by this method the comforts of life will be secured, the favour of God engaged, and the malice of men in a great measure disarmed. He declares that meekness and patience, a virtuous and peaceable life, are the way for christians to be preserved, and to escape numberless evils; for God approves of such as behave in that manner, and mankind in general are disposed to treat them kindly. “Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called that ye should inherit a blessing.”

“For he that will love life, and see good days,
Let him refrain his tongue from evil,
And his lips that they speak no guile:
Let him eschew evil, and do good;
Let him seek peace and ensue it.
For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous,
And his ears are open to their prayers:
But the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.”

“And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But, and if ye suffer for righteousness’ sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled.” And we may boldly ask, Who is he that will harm the man who overcomes evil with good, and who by feeding his enemy when hungry, heaps coals of fire on his head? Of the striking effect of the moral power of a pacific and friendly course towards enemies, we have a beautiful instance in the history of Jacob and Esau. The latter resolved upon a bloody revenge from the time that Jacob stole his blessing, which murderous resolve he kept for twenty years; and on being informed of the approach of his brother on returning from Laban, he collected four hundred men, and went out to meet him with a view to be revenged upon him for fraudulently obtaining his birthright and blessing. Jacob was timely advised of this hostile movement of his brother, but instead of preparing to defend himself and company, he determined to overcome evil with good. He first implored the divine

*The author referred to is Thomas Hancock. Dr. Chalmers might also have spoken as favourably of the safety of the Moravians. “During the rebellion in Ireland in 1793, the rebels it is stated, had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement at Grace-hill, Wexford county. At length, in fulfillment of their threats, a large body of them marched to the town. But the Moravians, true to their principles in this trying emergency, did not meet them in arms; but assembling in their place of worship besought Jehovah to be their shield and protector in the hour of danger. The hostile bands, who had expected an armed resistance, were struck with astonishment at a sight so unexpected and impressive; they heard the prayers and praises of the Moravians; they listened to their supplications in their own behalf; and after lingering in the streets a whole day and night, they with one consent turned and marched away, without having injured an individual.”

protection and favour, and then sent a princely present to his murderous foe, directing his servants also to call Esau, his lord. How completely Jacob heaped coals of fire on his brother’s head, or in other words, subdued his mortal enmity by this course, is well known to every reader of scripture history. “And Jacob lifted up his eyes, and beheld Esau came, and with him four hundred men. And he bowed himself to the ground seven times, until he came near his brother. And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him, and they wept.” Gen. xxxiii. Here was a triumph of love, condescension, and beneficence, over enmity, revenge, and malevolence! In a similar way Abigail, the wife of Nabal, happily succeeded in turning away the fierce anger of David, and his men of war. See 1 Sam. xxv. chap. The history of Saul and David furnishes other examples of the moral power of the pacific and friendly course. On two different occasions, when Saul with his warriors were seeking to destroy David’s life, the latter had opportunities of slaying the Hebrew monarch. He refrained however, from killing Saul, which act of clemency so affected the king, that he uttered the following language, “I have sinned: return my son David: for I will no more do thee harm, because my soul was precious in thine eyes this day.” 1 Sam. xxvi. chap.

And the history of the world presents a multitude of examples in favour of the utility and expediency of perfectly following the precepts and example of Christ, in respect to non-resistance, and overcoming evil with good. From a number of cases before us, we select the following:—“A Moravian missionary, in the desolate regions of the north was attacked by a savage. The Indian pointed a loaded gun at his bosom, and was ready to lay him a corpse at his feet. The missionary with the gentleness of a lamb, and with the moral courage and faith of a christian, looked the Indian full in the face, and said, “you cannot shoot me, unless Jesus Christ permit you.” The countenance of the savage changed, his gun fell, and he turned and went away.” In the early part of the year 1833, an agent of the Bible Society, was travelling in the Mexican province of Texas. His course lay through a piece of woods, where two men waylaid him with murderous intentions; one having a gun, the other a large club. As he approached the place of their concealment, they rushed towards him; but finding that no resistance was offered, they neither struck nor fired. He began to reason with them; and presently they seemed less eager to destroy him in haste. After a short time, he prevailed upon them to sit down with him upon a log, and talk the matter over deliberately; and finally he persuaded them to kneel with him in prayer; after which they parted with him in a friendly manner.” And this is the direct tendency of a pacific and benevolent course; it touches a chord in every human heart; it has influence with the most abandoned; it has power even with the assassin.

Nor is this meant as a mere emphatic declaration which is to be taken with some diminution of its obvious import. We have no doubt, that a traveller would be more secure among uncivilized and barbarous people, where assaults and assassinations are frequent, without arms than with them, provided it were known, that he was unarmed. The whole history of Missionary institutions is a proof of the correctness of this opinion. The missionary takes up his abode among a people of ferocious habits; he has no military arms for his defence, but is in that respect utterly exposed and defenceless. And yet he is entirely secure; far more so, than if he were girt round with the unholy protection of weapons of war. In Ramond’s Travels in the Pyrenees, speaking of the desperate Spanish Smugglers, he says, “These smugglers are as adroit as they are determined, are familiarised at all times with peril, and march in the very face of death; their first movement is a never-failing shot, and certainly would be a subject of dread to most travellers; for where are they to be dreaded more than in deserts, where crime has nothing to witness it, and the feeble no assistance. As for myself, alone and unarmed, I have met them without anxiety, and have accompanied them without fear. We have little to apprehend from men whom we inspire with no distrust or envy, and every thing to expect in those, from whom we claim only what is due from man to man. The assassin has been my guide in the defiles of the boundaries of Italy; and the smuggler of the Pyrenees has received me with a welcome in his secret paths. Armed, I should have been the enemy of both; unarmed they have alike respected me. In such expectation, I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever. Arms may, indeed, be employed against the wild beast, but no one should forget that they are no defence against the traitor; that they irritate the wicked, and intimidate the simple; lastly, that the man of peace, among mankind, has a much more sacred defence—his character.”

We may now turn from individuals and from classes of men to *states and nations*. Now if it is seen, that a friendly, pacific course in an individual, saves him from many quarrels in which others are engaged, why should it not be so with nations too? Like causes produce like effects; and if nations were as exemplary in the virtues of patience, returning good for evil, etc. as individuals are, and as careful to avoid giving offence, and as slow in taking it—the number of their wars, to say the least, would be astonishingly diminished. The unarmed Quakers in America, and Ireland, were preserved amidst scenes of the greatest cruelty and desolation. “Strangers passing by their houses, and seeing them uninjured, with ruins on either hand, would frequently without knowing to whom they belonged, say that they were Quakers’ houses. Now we venture to maintain that no reason whatever can be assigned, why the fate of the Quakers would not be the fate of all who, relying on the protection of the Prince of Peace, should adopt their conduct. No reason can be assigned why, if their number had been multiplied ten-fold or a hundred-fold, they would not have been preserved. If there be such a reason, let us hear it. The American and Irish Quakers were, to the rest of the community, what one nation is to a continent. And we must require the advocate of war to produce (that which has never yet been produced) a reason for believing, that although individuals exposed to destruction were preserved, a nation exposed to destruction would be destroyed.”

A national example of a refusal to bear arms, has only been once exhibited to the world: but that one example has proved, so far as its political circumstances enabled it, all that humanity could desire, and all that scepticism could demand, in favor of our argument. We refer to the government of Pennsylvania under William Penn. Pennsylvania was colonized by men who believed that war was absolutely incompatible with christianity, and who, therefore, resolved not to practise. Having determined not to

fight, they maintained no soldiers, and possessed no arms. They planted themselves in a country that was surrounded by savages, and by savages who knew they were unarmed. If easiness of conquest, or incapability of defence, could subject them to outrage, the Pennsylvanians might have been the very sport of violence. Plunderers might have robbed them without retaliation, and armies might have slaughtered them without resistance. If they did not give a temptation to outrage, no temptation could be given. The English, the Dutch, and indeed all preceding settlers with their fighting principles, had been involved in perpetual hostilities with the natives. But the peaceful settlers of Pennsylvania were the people who possessed their country in security, whilst those around them were trembling for their existence. This was a land of peace, whilst every other was a land of war; affording us, to adopt the language of the Edinburgh Review, “a large though solitary example, of the facility which they, who are really sincere and friendly in their views, may live in harmony with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless.”

The security and quiet of Pennsylvania was not a transient freedom from war, such as might accidentally happen to any nation. She continued to enjoy it for more than seventy years, and subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for her defence, and never during the administration of Penn, or that of his proper successors, was there a quarrel or a war. And during this period the colony continued to flourish, and its increase of population was unexampled.

And when was the security of Pennsylvania molested and its peace destroyed?—When the men who had directed its councils, and who would not engage in war, were outvoted in its legislature:—when they who supposed that there was greater security in the sword than in christianity, became the predominating body. From that hour, the Pennsylvanians transferred their confidence in christian principles, to a confidence in their arms; and from that hour to the present they have been subject to war. Such is the evidence, derived from a national example of the consequences of a pursuit of the christian policy in relation to war. The only national opportunity which the virtue of the christian world has afforded us, of ascertaining the safety of relying upon God for defence, has determined that it is safe. Now, are the European powers worse than the savages of America? For if not, why should it be thought that a nation of christendom acting on the righteous principles of William Penn would be destroyed, and that too by other christian powers? We know, much may be said of the complicated relations of European states as affecting the question: but if the Quaker had never made the experiment of establishing a colony upon peaceable principles, the advocates of War would have deemed it as impracticable and chimerical as for a nation of Europe to act upon those principles? In the interview of Charles II. with William Penn, when the latter was about to sail for America, the following dialogue took place:—

“I am just come to bid thee farewell,” said Penn to the king.

“What! venture yourself among the savages of North America? Why man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?”

“The best security in the world,” replied Penn.

“I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.”

“I want none of thy soldiers,” answered Penn. “I depend on something better than thy soldiers.”

But christians in our day seem to think that soldiers and the apparatus of war, are the best means of protection under heaven! They seem to be slow to believe that “justice is stronger than ramparts; innocence is mightier than armies; forgiveness is fleetier than swift ships.”

In the light of the facts now adduced, we ask Marmion to produce one single instance in the history of man, of a person who had given an unconditional obedience to the will of heaven, and who did not find that his conduct was wise as well as virtuous, that it accorded with his interests as well as his duty? We ask the same question in relation to the peculiar obligations to non-resistance. Again, will Marmion produce one single instance in the history of the world, of a nation who acted upon the principles of William Penn, and yet were crushed and subjugated? We have, it is true, seen nations submitting to an ignominious yoke, impelled by fear or imbecility; but where the principles of action are totally different, we have no right to predict similar results. And yet, without a single fact to support his position, Marmion has the courage to write of the danger of the pacific spirit in a community! For nations to obey Jesus Christ, and love their enemies, returning good for evil, and doing unto others as they would they should do unto them, Marmion fears “would accomplish more mischief than the wildest dogmas of the *sans culottes* factions of republican France.” He would have us believe that the civilized nations of modern times are such bands of plunderers, that to act as William Penn did, and Great Britain would soon lose her islands and colonies? Now, we doubt this, and in the absence of all proof cannot believe it. There is no glory in beating down the weak and defenceless. Nothing but the deepest meanness could induce a nation to attack a defenceless people, whose only preparation for insult was a spirit of forgiveness, whose only return for wrong was a kiss. No laurels would be gathered on such a field as this, and the commander who should be sent to crush to the dust such a people, would shoot himself for shame. With Dr. J. Pye Smith we say, “there are but few warriors, who would not draw back their sword, before any one who would go to them; and say that they could not, from principle, resist, but would rather lose their own lives than take away that of their foe. There was a charm in it which would go far to unnerve the most savage opponent.” The fashion of settling disputes at the point of the sword has been pursued long enough to convince the most prejudiced observer that it is attended with incalculable mischief. Is it not then at least worth while to try whether a contrary method might not be productive of less evil? It cannot possibly succeed worse; but it may have unspeakably happier results. And in the only instance on record, in which such a line of policy has been steadily adopted, it proved completely successful.

Here our space obliges us to conclude for the present. We must beg the patience of Marmion and all our readers for another week, when we hope to conclude our reply. THE EDITOR.

THE GUAHIBI MOTHER.

The following affecting story is told by Humboldt:—Where the Atabapo enters the Rio Teini, but before we reached its confluence, a granitic hammock, that rises on the western bank, near the mouth of the Guasacavi, is called the rock of the Guahibi Woman, or the rock of the Mother Piedra de la Madre. We inquired the cause of so singular a denomination. Father Zea could not satisfy our curiosity, but some weeks after, another missionary, one of the predecessors of this ecclesiastic, whom we found settled at San Fernando, as president of the missions, related to us an event which I recorded in my journal, and which excited in our minds the most painful feelings. If, in these solitary scenes, man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtues of a savage and the barbarism of civilised man.

In the year 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviave, on one of those hostile incursions which are prohibited alike by religion and Spanish laws. They found in an Indian hut a Guahibi mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of cassava: resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the Savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to hunt men, like the whites and the negroes in Africa: the mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river; the monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook of the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her; for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls, and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them in the mission as peitos, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone towards the mission of the Negroe, going up to the Atabapo; slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the sun, that she was removed farther and farther from her hut, and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo; the current carried her to the shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed, and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to shore, and follow the traces of the Guahibi. In the evening she was brought back, stretched upon the rock, (la Piedra de la Madre,) a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with some straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied back with strong stalks of mavaçure, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

She was then thrown into one of the caravanseras, that are called Casa do Roy. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-four leagues distant in a straight line. No other part is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart: but such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again, she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of Christians—of bringing them back to their father, on the banks of the Guaviave. The Guahibi was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcades; she succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; she disappeared during the night, and, at the fourth rising sun, was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering round the hut where her children were confined. "What that woman performed," added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun, during whole days, appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way, the inundation of the river forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods, where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas that form a network around the trunks they entwine? How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo? This unfor-

unate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days. She said, "that exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called Vachaos, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests!" We pressed the missionary to tell us, whether the Guahibi had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children, and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty; but at our return from the Rio Negroe, we learned that the Indian mother was not allowed time to dress her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oronoko, where she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities. Such is the remembrance annexed to the fatal rock, "Piedra de la Madre."

ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.

No. I.

A wrong sensation does not constitute a person insane. He may have "double vision;"—he may see two fingers, when only one is held up; yet he is not on that account insane. Neither if a person sees images,—figures,—spectres, is he insane, if he do not believe their existence is real. Some persons see images of objects which have no existence; and they know that such things do not exist; and therefore they are not insane. They are aware that it is a mere deception. Some see appearances of human beings, brutes, and various animals; but they are perfectly aware that it is entirely the effect of disease. One of the most remarkable instances of this description occurred at Berlin; in the person of a bookseller named Nicolai. He saw, at certain times, an immense number of living objects; but he was aware that it was all the effect of unhealthy excitement. He had gone through considerable mental application; and being aware that this was all a delusion, he was no more insane for seeing them, than a person would be for thinking he saw two fingers, when you held up but one. You know that Brutus and Socrates are said to have seen,—the one the shade of Cæsar, and the other the "familiar spirit," as he called it; but if neither the one nor the other believed this, or if they merely believed it in accordance with the belief of the day, they were not mad; but if they knew better, and yet believed these things, then they were deranged. But in a great number of cases of insanity, you find an absurd belief. Persons may believe something so preposterous, that everybody will consider them mad for so doing. A case is recorded of a butcher, who firmly believed he saw a leg of mutton hanging from his nose. He was certainly mad. Another is told of a baker, who fancied himself butter; and refused to go into the sunshine, lest he should melt. A painter thought he was transformed into putty; and thought that he could not walk without being compressed. Others have fancied themselves glass; and would not sit down lest they should crack. Luther furnished an instance of an absurd opinion of this description; for, though so able a man, he was mad on some points. He fancied himself possessed by the devil,—as did also the Roman Catholics; and that he heard him speak. In Hudibras there is the following couplet in reference to this circumstance:—

"Did not the dev'l appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?"

Luther, in his works, speaks of the devil appearing to him frequently; and says he used to drive him away by scoffing and jeering;—observing that the devil, being a proud spirit, cannot bear to be contemned and scoffed. Some popish writers affirmed that Luther was the offspring of "an incubus,"—a kind of young devil; and at length, when he died, he was strangled by the devil. Dr. Ferriday, of Manchester, had a patient of the same persuasion as Luther. He fancied he had swallowed the devil. Many persons fancy that there are frogs and serpents within them; and one woman fancied that a whole regiment of soldiers was within her. One man fancied that he was too large to go through a doorway; and being pulled through he screamed, and fancied he was being lacerated; and actually died of the fright. A woman fancied she had been dead, and had been sent back to the world without a heart, and was the most miserable of God's creatures. At the Friends' "Retreat," near York, one patient writes,—
"I have no soul. I have neither heart, liver, nor lungs; nor a drop of blood in my veins. My bones are all burnt to a cinder. I have no brain; and my head is sometimes as hard as iron, and sometimes as soft as a pudding." Another patient in the "Retreat" wrote the following verses in reference to this hypochondriac:—

"A miracle, my friends, come view!
A man (admit his own words true)
Who lives without a soul.
Nor liver, lungs, nor heart has he;
Yet sometimes can as cheerful be
As if he had the whole.

His head (take his own words along)
Now hard as iron, yet ere long
As soft as any jelly.
All burnt his sinews and his lungs;
Of his complaints not fifty tongues
Could find enough to tell ye!

Yet he who paints his likeness here,
Has just as much himself to fear
He's wrong from top to toe.
Ah, friends, pray help us, if you can!
And make us each again a man;
That we from hence may go!"

One man, in the time of the first French Revolution, thought he had not got his own head. He is described in Moore's "Fudge Family at Paris." Mr. Fudge says:—

"Went to the mad house. Saw the man
Who thinks,—poor wretch,—that (while the fiend
Of discord here full riot ran)
He, like the rest, was guillotined;

But that when, under Boney's reign,
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one)
The heads were all restored again,
He, in the scramble, got a wrong one.

Accordingly, he still cries out,—
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly!
And always runs,—poor dev'l!—about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly.

Bishop Warburton, in a note to one of his works, speaks of a person who thought he was converted into a goose-pie. Pope, in his "Rape of the Lock," describes many of these fancies. He says, in giving a sketch of hypochondriacal persons,—

"Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand; one arm held out,
One bent;—the handle this, and that the spout.
A pipkin here, like Homer's triped, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks."

A man in the University of Oxford fancied himself dead, and lay in bed, waiting for the tolling of the bell; but not hearing it at the time he expected, he fell into a violent passion, and ran and tolled it himself. He was then spoken to on the absurdity of a dead man tolling his own bell; and it is said that he returned, and was afterwards sound in his intellect. Simon Brown, a dissenting minister, wrote the best answer to Findal's work, entitled, "Christianity as Old as the Creation;" but, notwithstanding the great powers of mind displayed in his work, he thought that, by the judgment of God, his rational soul had perished; and that he had only brute life. He absolutely inserted this in the dedication of his work to the Queen. This dedication, however, was afterwards suppressed. Baron Swedenburg, a very learned and able man, thought that he had had communications with God for thirty years; and that he had been shown by the Almighty, the mysteries of nature. Many think he was right; but no one could have that idea without insanity. It is similar to the case of the celebrated Pascal; who, while he was working the problem of the cycloid curve, with great powers of intellect, was tied (by his own desire) in a chair! lest he should fall into a yawning gulf, which he imagined to be before him.—*Elliotson's Lectures on Medicine.*

ON THE LANGUAGE OF UNTUTORED MEN.

Yet to such heights is all the plainness wrought.
Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.

Prior.

Language participates of the passions and emotions which it describes. In the early periods of society the human mind was alternately agitated with violent emotions, or depressed with sullen despondency: silence is the usual attendant of the one, ardent, bold, and figurative language that of the other. Strong and bold language is necessary to express violent feelings and impetuous passions. The strong passions displayed in the uncultivated state of society, or amongst the rude and ignorant, have produced that lively and picturesque description, that splendid and bold imagery with which the songs and orations of ancient poets and orators abound. The effusions of fancy, the sallies of the imagination, and the war of the passions, unchecked by the improvement of reason, and the acquisition of knowledge.

The uncultivated nations carried on their public transactions, and mediated their treaties with greater pomp, and with bolder metaphors, than the moderns employ in their poetical compositions. A treaty of peace between Great Britain and the five nations of Canada, affords an instance of this kind, which is expressed in the following language:—"We are happy in having buried under the ground the red axe that has so often been dyed with the blood of our brethren. Now in this manner we inter the axe, and plant the tree of peace. We plant a tree, whose tops will reach the sun, and its branches spread abroad, so that it shall be seen afar off. May its growth never be stifled and choked; but may it shade both your country and ours with its leaves! Let us make fast his roots, and extend them to the utmost of your colonies. If the enemy should come to shake his tree, we would know it by the motion of its roots reaching into our country. May the Great Spirit allow us to rest in tranquillity upon our mats, and never again dig up the axe to cut down the tree of peace! Let the earth be trod hard over it, where it lies buried. Let a strong stream run under the pit, to wash the evil away out of our sight

and remembrance. The fire that has long burned in Albany is extinguished. The blood that has bedewed the ground is washed clean away, and the tears are wiped from our eyes. We now renew the covenant claim of friendship. Let it be kept bright and clean as silver, and not suffered to contract any rust. Let not any one pull away his arm from it." Such was the language in which these untutored nations expressed their national treaties.

The general principle formerly mentioned, that language corresponds to the degrees of mental cultivation, is farther confirmed by the style of the Old Testament, which is the most ancient composition in existence. It is stored with the boldest metaphors, and the most poetical expressions. The figurative descriptions, and the violent expressions of passion with which the writings of Ossian abound, are proofs both of their antiquity, and of the complexion of the character of the poet. The untutored Shakspeare is unrivalled in the sphere in which he moved. And to the same cause may be attributed the excellence and the popularities of Burns and Hogg, the two Scottish poets.

WHAT IS SELF-CULTURE?—Self-culture is something possible. It is not a dream, it has a foundation in our nature. Without this conviction, the speaker will but declaim, and the hearer listen without profit. There are two powers of the human soul which make self-culture possible, the self-searching and the self-forming power. We have first the faculty of turning the mind on itself: of recalling its past, and watching its present operations; of learning its various capacities and susceptibilities, what it can enjoy and suffer; and of thus learning in general what our nature is, and what it was made for.—It is worthy of observation, that we are able to discern, not only what we already are, but what we may become, to see in ourselves germs and promises of a growth to which no bounds can be set, to dart beyond what we have actually gained to the idea of perfection as the great end of our being. It is by this self-comprehending power that we are distinguished from the brutes, which give no signs of looking into themselves. Without this there would be no self-culture, for we should not know the work to be done; and one reason why self-culture is so little proposed is, that so few penetrate into their own nature. To most men their own spirits are shadowy, unreal, compared with what is outward.—When they happen to cast a glance inward, they see there only a dark vague chaos. They distinguish, perhaps, some violent passion, which has driven them to injurious excess; but their highest powers hardly attract a thought: and thus multitudes live and die, as truly strangers to themselves, as to the countries of which they never heard the name, and which human foot has never trodden.—*Channing.*

MORAL SELF-CULTURE INDISPENSABLE.—When we speak to men of improving themselves, the first thought which occurs to them is, that they must cultivate their understandings, and get knowledge and skill. By education, men mean almost exclusively intellectual training. For this schools and colleges are instituted: and to this the moral and religious discipline of the young are sacrificed. Now I reverence, as much as any man, the intellect; but never let us exalt it above the moral principle. With this it is most intimately connected. In this its culture is founded, and to exalt this is its highest aim. Whoever desires that his intellect may grow up to soundness, to healthy vigour, must begin with moral discipline. Reading and study are not enough to perfect the power of thought. One thing above all is needful, and that is, the disinterestedness which is the soul of virtue. To gain truth, which is the great object of the understanding, I must seek it disinterestedly. Here is the first and grand condition of intellectual progress. I must choose to receive the truth, no matter how it bears on myself. I must follow it, no matter where it leads, what interests it opposes, to what persecution or losses it lays me open, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies. Without this fairness of mind, which is only another phrase for disinterested love of truth, great native powers of understanding are perverted and led astray—genius runs wild—"the light within us becomes darkness."—*Ibid.*

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is, compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for her sake. She pinches our feet with shoes, or almost chokes us with a tight neckerchief, or nearly takes away our breath by tight lacing. She makes people sit up late at night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them there in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless. She compels people to visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasures, and interrupts our business. She persuades people to dress gaily, either on their own property or that of others; or whether agreeable to the word of God, or the dictate of pride. She ruins health, and produces sickness; destroys life and occasions premature death. She makes fools of parents, invalids of children, and servants of all. She is a tormentor of conscience, a despoiler of morality, and an enemy of religion; nor can any one be her companion and enjoy either. She is a

despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning; and yet husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, of every colour and of every clime, have become her devotees, and vie with each other who shall be most ardent in their attachment.—*Christian Sentinel.*

ON THE WORD OBEY, IN THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

That awkward word "obey," which has been so ungallantly intruded into our marriage ceremony, and enforced by male legislators on the unresisting weakness of the softer sex, was actually pronounced in Egypt by lordly man, and was even stipulated in the marriage contract. The husband, in addition to the article in the contract of dowry, that the lady should be *lord* of the husband, pledged himself that in *all things* (no exception or limitation was permitted, no honest man after such an oath could make any mental reservation) he would be *obedient to his wife*.—Diod. Sic. i. 27. We must make the sad confession, that sometimes this freedom was abused: a memorable occasion in the Book of Genesis will occur to every one.

But, it should seem, by the following extract from Caxton's 'Booke of th' enseynements and tehynges that the Knyght of the Tower made to his daughter,' translated in 1483, that the Saxon wives were obliged to be obedient to their husbands.

"How a woman ought to obeye her husband in all thyng honest."

"I wold ye knewe wel the tale and example of the ladye, which dayned not to come to her dyner for any commaundement that her lord coud make to her; and so many tyme he sent for her, that at the last, whanne he sawe she wold not come at his commaundement, he made to com before hym his swyne-herd, he that kept his swynes, which was foule and overmouche lidyous, and bado hym fetch the clothe of the kechyn wherwith men wypte dysshes and platers. And thenno he made a table or bord to be dressyd before hys wyf, and made it to be couerd with the sayde clothe, and commaunded to his swyne-herd to sytte besyde her, and thenno he sayd thus to her, 'Lady, yf ye ne wylle cte with me, ne come at me, ne come at my commaundement, ye shalle have the kaper of my swyne to hold you company and good felauship, and this clothe to wypte your handes withal.' And whenne she that thenno was sore ashamed, and more wrothe than she was before, 'save and' knewe that her lord mocked her, refreyned her proude herte, and kneve her foly. Therfor a woman ought not in no wyse to refuse to come at the commaundement of her lord yf she wylle have his love and pees. And also by good reason humylite ought to come fyrsto to the woman, for euer she ought to shewe herself meke and humble toward her lord."

Is it improbable, that the plot of the *Turning of the Shrew*, was founded on the above instructions?

THE APOSTOLICAL AGE OF THE CHURCH.—There was, at first, no distinction of sects and opinions in the church; she knew no difference of men, but good and bad; there was no separation made, but what was made by piety or impiety, or, which is all one, by fidelity and infidelity; "for faith hath in it the image of godliness engraven, and infidelity hath the character of wickedness and prevarication." A man was not then esteemed a saint, for disobeying his bishop or an apostle: nor for misunderstanding the hard sayings of St. Paul about predestination; to kick against the laudable customs of the church was not then accounted a note of the godly party; and to despise government was but an ill mark and weak indication of being a good christian. The Kingdom of God did not then consist in words, but in power, the power of godliness; though now we are fallen into another method; we have turned all religion into faith, and our faith is nothing but the productions of interest or disputing; it is adhering to a party, and a wrangling against all the world beside: and when it is asked of what religion he is of, we understand the meaning to be,—what faction does he follow; what are the articles of his sect; not what is the manner of his life: and if men be zealous for their party and that interest, then they are precious men, though otherwise they be covetous as the grave, factious as Dathan, schismatical as Corah, or proud as the fallen angels.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

TEA-DRINKING IN RUSSIA.—The Russians are the most inveterate tea-drinkers out of China; and with such excellent tea as they have, the passion is quite excusable. Tea in Russia and tea in England are as different as peppermint-water and senna. With us it is a dull, flavourless dose; in Russia it is a fresh, invigorating draught. They account for the difference by stating that, as the sea-air injures tea, we get only the leaves, but none of the aroma of the plant which left Canton; while they, on the other hand, receiving all their tea over-land, have it just as good, as when it left the celestial empire. Be the cause what it may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that tea in Russia is infinitely superior to any ever found in other parts of Europe. Englishmen are taken by surprise on tasting it; even those who never cared for tea before, drink on during the whole of their stay in Russia.

Like every thing else here, however, it is very expensive: the cheapest we saw, even at Nishnei-Novgorod, which is the greatest mart in the empire, cost from 11 to 12 roubles (about 10 shillings) a pound; and when a bearded Russian wants to give a feast, he will pay as high as 50 roubles (£2) for a pound of some high-flavoured kind of bohea. The difference between these and English prices, arises from the same cause as the difference in the quality—the long land-carriage, which is tedious and very expensive, through regions where there are neither roads nor resting places. It should be stated, however, that, in travelling especially, no price will be thought too high for this; the only comfort of the wanderer in Russia. It banishes many a headache, and cheers under all the annoyances of a country, which, by universal consent, is the most troublesome and fatiguing to travel in that can be visited. Tea may always be had at the inns in large towns, but being too dear an article for most of the country post-houses, everybody should carry a stock for himself: we once paid 6s. 8d. for the tea necessary to make breakfast for four; but such a charge is rare. The Russian seldom eats with his tea; he never adds cream to it like the English; nor does he disgust people by making tea-drinking an excuse for tipping, like the Germans, who half fill their cup with brandy when they can get it. The only thing the Muscovite mingles with his tea is sugar, and sometimes a thin slice of lemon; and these being duly added, he sips the brown draught, not from a cup, but from a common drinking-glass, slowly and seriously, with all the solemnity of a libation.—*Bremner's Excursion in Russia.*

WEDDING-GIFTS.

Young bride,—a wreath for thee!
Of sweet and gentle flowers;
For wedded love was pure and free
In Eden's happy bowers.

Young bride,—a song for thee!
A song of joyous measure,
For thy cup of hope shall be
Fill'd with honied pleasure.

Young bride,—a tear for thee!
A tear in all thy gladness;
For thy young heart shall not see
Joy unmixed with sadness.

Young bride, a prayer for thee!
That all thy hopes possessing,
The soul may praise her God, and He
May crown thee with his blessing.

Young bride,—a smile for thee!
To shine away thy sorrow,
For heaven is kind to-day, and we
Will hope as well to-morrow.

PREJUDICE.—Perhaps no quality has been more fatal to the interests of Christianity than prejudice. It is the moral contract of the human mind. In vain the meridian sun of Truth darts his full beams. The mental eye is impervious to the strongest ray. When religion is to be assailed, prejudice knows how to blend antipathies. It leagued those mutual enemies Herod and Pontius Pilate in one common cause. It led the Jews to prefer the robber to the Saviour. Though they abhorred the Roman yoke, yet rather than Jesus shall escape, "they will have no king but Cæsar." At Jerusalem it had united the bigot Pharisee and the infidel Sadducee against Paul, till his declaration that he was of the former class, by exciting a party spirit, suspended, but did not extinguish their fury. At Athens it combined, in one joint opposition, two sects, the most discordant in sentiment and practice. When truth was to be attacked, the rigid Stoic could unite with the voluptuous Epicurean.—*Hannah More.*

THE MARRIAGE OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.—"Love, who is the offspring of Madness, coming of age, despatches a messenger called Sight of the Eyes, to seek for him a wife. Sight of the Eyes speedily meets Beauty, sporting in the meadows of Fancy, and woos her to become the bride of Love. Beauty, after consulting with her parents, Dignity and Sweetness, and with her lawyers' Discretion, consents, and Joy departs with the news. When the marriage day arrives, Love and Beauty proceed toward the temple of Possession. Beauty is arrayed in the ear-rings of Secrecy, the necklace of Modesty, and the spangles of Agitation. She is attended by her nymphs, Fair-colour, Ruby-lips, and Soft-heart, and followed by the genii of Exaction, Ill-temper, and Conceit, who bear a dower of restlessness and sighs to bestow upon Love, who meets her attended by his followers, Jealousy, Hope, Tenderness, and Desire. Affection, hand in hand with Admiration, departs to seek a moolah; but the moolah declines to unite the pair, on the ground of the union being a worldly one. In this dilemma, Eagerness and Inclination set forth, and return with an old Cazi, called a Mutual Agreement, who solemnises the compact, and concludes by declaring that the happy couple shall enjoy eternal youth, that Beauty shall be always attended by Love, and that Love shall never cease to be attracted by the musk-shedding tresses of Beauty."—*Persian Poem.*

For the Pearl.

PHYSIOLOGY.—No. VII.

The nutritive particles of the food, which are obstructed or absorbed by the glands of the mucous coat of the intestines, are white like milk, and to them the term *Chyle* is applied: it has a combined sweet and saltish taste, it will coagulate when taken from the ducts, and like the blood leaves a fluid which is limpid; the coagulum or solid part has a slight pink tinge—this is its appearance in the human subject, but it varies in different animals.—If a dog or any other mammiferous quadruped, be killed a few hours after a meal, and the abdomen be opened, a very beautiful and interesting appearance is presented by the ducts of the absorbent glands, which are all loaded with this milky fluid, the Chyle:—and they may then be traced to the common receptacle, where they empty their contents.—This fluid, as we have already seen, is mixed with the mass of the blood; and the point where this mixture takes place deserves a notice. The veins which return the blood of the left arm to the heart, having formed into one common trunk near the point where that extremity is united to the body, are here joined by the vein which is returning blood from the corresponding side of the head; and near the point where this union takes place, the duct containing the chyle pours into the vein its contents:—the opening is guarded by a valve, so contrived as to prevent any of the blood being forced into the duct:—two favorable concurring effects are insured by this spot having been chosen for the mixing of the chyle and blood. The first is—That a sort of vortex is formed by the meeting of the two currents, one descending from the head, the other coming from the arm, and thus the chyle is sucked in:—the second is a more complete mixture of the fluids—which, now united, enter the heart to be thrown into the lungs. The spongy appearance of these is familiar to all—they are composed of an innumerable assemblage of minute air cells, and blood vessels, and when exhausted of all their air, they may be compressed into a very small compass.—The trachea or windpipe, when it arrives at the root of the neck, divides into two parts, one passing to the right, and the other to the left side of the chest, to join the lungs on each side respectively; and at the point of union, the artery and vein from the heart also enter the lung, thus forming what is called its root. So soon as the division of the windpipe has reached its appropriate lung, it again divides, and subdivides, until at length the minute subdivisions terminate in a small cell, the membrane of which is exceedingly thin,—and to this cell the blood of the veins is brought, by one of the minute radicles of those vessels, and thus its aeration or oxygenation is effected: its appearance is now changed from the dark colour of venous, to the bright red which is the characteristic of arterial blood:—and a corresponding change has taken place in the air, which had been taken into the lungs by inspiration;—it is found by experiment to have parted with some of its oxygen gas, and gained in lieu thereof carbonic acid gas; other changes also occur which it is not necessary to detail here, but those mentioned are the most obvious and important.—The blood, and also the chyle which had been mixed with it, are now rendered fit to be used to supply waste, etc., but they must first be returned to the heart,—and this is effected by another set of vessels, which begin where those terminate which carried the venous blood: and gradually uniting their smaller branches they form larger trunks, these again unite, so that it may be considered as just the converse of the subdivision of these before described:—(though in fact both descriptions are faulty, and may perhaps convey incorrect ideas, for the vessels cannot be strictly said to subdivide, when the branches and main trunk are simultaneously formed. What is meant by the sub-division of a vein, or artery, or any other tube, is simply this, that at a certain point the fluid which was contained in two separate ducts, now flows through a single one; or the opposite, viz. that the fluid instead of being conveyed by one, is now transmitted through two tubes; however, the revived blood is thus again conveyed back to the heart, and its passage through the lungs is called the lesser, or pulmonary circulation. The heart now propels it into the large artery called the aorta; from this, vessels pass off to every part of the body, to convey to it the fluid so necessary for its well being.—The heart, which is the prime mover in all these details, is a very strong muscular bag divided into four compartments: two of which are called *auricles*, because they have appended to them small bodies which are supposed to resemble ears,—*auris* being the Latin word for an ear. The other two are called ventricles. There is one auricle and one ventricle on either side of the heart, which communicate one with the other by means of an opening, guarded by a valve, which only allows transmission in one direction. The auricle on the right side, receives the blood of the system from the two large veins, which bring it one from the lower, and the other from the upper portion of the body:—from the right auricle it passes through the valvular opening into the right ventricle, from thence it is thrown into the lungs:—and when returned from those organs, as above described, it is received into the auricle on the left side of the heart, transmitted into the ventricle of the same side, and thence through the aorta into the system:—from whence it is again returned by the veins, forming in this manner a double cir-

cle. The arteries are always found empty at death, and therefore the first anatomists supposed them to contain air; and from this circumstance they have received the name of arteries, or air vessels:—they are formed of three layers or coats, the inner of which is serous, that is, a perfectly smooth polished membrane, so that the blood may have little or no friction to contend with in its onward passage:—the outer layer is muscular,—and by the contraction of this coat the pulse is formed—besides these there is a cellular layer, which unites the serous and muscular. At intervals, pairs of valves are found in the arteries, which prevent the blood being forced back in the direction of the heart:—they are formed in the serous coat by a redoubling or folding of it—each valve is of a semicircular shape, and as they are placed in pairs, opposite to each other, it may readily be imagined how the two would completely close the tube when forced together.

C***

From the Observer.

LAYS OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

DIRGE FOR L. E. L. [MRS. McLEAN.]

BY JOHN K. LASKEY, AUTHOR OF "LEISURE HOURS."

"The harp is silent and the spirit gone,
And half of heaven seems vanished from the air."
Pilgrims of the Rhine.

Touch, lightly touch the Harp!
For life has lost a portion of its gladness!
Yes, one whose melody was love's deep feeling,
Has passed away, and we are wed to sadness.
Quick tears of sorrow to my eyes are stealing—
My heart is full of weeping, and sincere,
For one, we dearly loved, has passed from life's bright sphere.

Yes, lightly touch the Harp,
Let not its deeper tones the soul awaken.
And stir it to that grief, that knows no ending;
A gentler sorrow for the loved one taken
From truest hearts, that are with sorrow rending,
Befits the mourner for her of the Lyre,
For yet our hearts are warm with her soft words of fire.

Her's was no earthly spirit!
For 'round me is a spell of heaven-born beauty,
Caught from some fairy landscape in her dreaming,
And tales of love, with gentle, moral duty,—
A word unspoken,—which has caused the streaming
Of the last life-drop of a fondest heart;—
And should we not lament when such meek ones depart?

Her's were the heart and song,—
The starry sentinels of heaven's dominion,
Their spirit-beauty, and long years of glowing,
And the lost sister,* borne on Time's swift pinion
To some angelic region,—these were flowing
In songs of fairy language from her lyre,
And filled us with high hopes, and being's fond desire:—

Their tones that can not die!
For in my memory ring those thrilling numbers,
That came as from some angel's lyre or singing,
When man is mute in midnight's deeper slumbers.
Yes, in my memory still those tones are ringing,
Tones of the lyre that are forever hushed,
A melody, that from the soul pure as an angel's, gushed.

Their tones that can not die,
Of early infancy and happy childhood,
To hopes, like cloudless stars, all brilliant rising,
Painting life's scenes as bright as Nature's wildwood;
Of manhood, and old age the world despising,
And nature's scenes, and golden-palaced dreams,
And many a magic tale of fairy dells and streams.

But it is ever thus!
For thus do young hopes pass with all their splendour,
Still eager yet to cheer one heart of sorrow,
And hovering near it like a spirit tender,
They're forced to leave it to a lone to-morrow;
And thus our Sappho of old England's bowers,
Seemed but to stay to gladden life's lone and dark hours.

And it is ever thus,
For so wild Genius, like an eagle speeded,
And roaming o'er the world in radiant pluming,
Seeks for its lower kindred, thoughts high and unheeded,
And regions unexplored, forever blooming;
But little shares the glory of the gain.
And leaves its mortal home for heaven's own bright domain—

But who shall tune the Harp!
Oh! who its thrilling tones again shall waken,
The Harp of purest song and rapture breathing!—
'Tis silent now, all lonely and forsaken,
And lies, perchance, where mourning flowers are wreathing.
Where is the hand that tuned it?—Still and cold,
Or in a better world, it tunes a harp of gold.

Yes, who shall tune the Harp,
As it was tuned ere life's frail link was broken?—
I hear no accent, but the low wind's sighing,
As though to tell her loss, had Nature spoken,—
Peace to the youthful dead! Her name undying
Shall live within our hearts—Joy for the spirit,
That shall a bright and glorious world for aye inherit.

St. John, N. B., April, 1839.

*Miss Landon wrote a beautiful poem on "The Lost Friend."

CHOICE CHARADES.

CHARADE, is the name of a fanciful species of composition or literary amusement. It owes its name to the idler who invented it. Its subject must be a word of two syllables; each forming a distinct word; and these two syllables are to be concealed in an enigmatical description, first separately, and then together. The exercise of charades, if not greatly instructive, is at least innocent and amusing. Most of those which have appeared from time to time are not only destitute of all pleasantry, but are formed in general of words utterly unfit for the purpose. In trifles of this nature inaccuracy is without excuse. The following examples, therefore, are at least free from this blemish.

1. My *first*, however here abused,
Designs the sex alone;
In Cambria, such is custom's power,
'Tis Jenkin, John, or Joan;
My *Second* oft is loudly call'd,
When men prepare to fist it;
Its name delights the female ear;
Its force may none resist it:
It binds the weak, it binds the strong,
The wealthy and the poor;
Still 'tis for joy a passport deem'd
For sallied fame a cure.
It may insure an age of bliss,
Yet mis'ries oft attend it;
To fingers, ears, and noses too,
Its various lords commend it.
My *whole* may chance to make one drink,
'Though vendid in a fish shop;
'Tis now the monarch of the seas,
And has been an archbishop.

Her-ring.

2. My *first*, when a Frenchman is learning English, serves him to swear by. My *second* is either hay or corn. My *whole* is the delight of the present age, and will be the admiration of posterity.

Gar-lick.

3. My *first* is ploughed for various reasons, and grain is frequently buried in it to little purpose. My *second* is neither riches nor honours, yet the former would generally be given for it; and the latter is often tasteless without it. My *whole* applies equally to spring, summer, autumn, and winter; and both fish and flesh, praise and censure, mirth and melancholy, are the better for being in it.

Sea-son.

4. My *first*, with the most rooted antipathy to a Frenchman, prides himself, whenever they meet, upon sticking close to his jacket. My *second* has many virtues, nor is it its least that it gives name to my *first*. My *whole* may I never catch!

Tar-tar.

5. My *first* is one of England's prime boasts; it rejoices the ear of a horse, and anguishes the toe of a man. My *second*, when black, is good; when stone better, when wooden, best of all. My *whole* is famous alike for rottenness and tin.

Corn-wall.

6. My *first* is called bad or good,
May pleasure or offend ye;
My *second*, in a thirsty mood,
May very much help ye;
My *whole*, though styled a "cruel word,"
May yet appear a kind one;
It often may with joy be heard,
With tears may often blind one.

Fare-well.

7. My *first* is equally friendly to the thief and the lover, the toper and the student. My *second* is light's opposite, yet they are frequently seen hand in hand; and their union, if judicious, gives much pleasure. My *whole* is tempting to the touch, grateful to the sight, but fatal to the taste.

Night-Shadow.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 19, 1839.

A writer in the *Miramichi Gleaner* of the 9th inst. asks, "What does the Editor of the *Colonial Pearl* mean by his gratuitous remarks on defensive war?" We are happy to give our friend the desired information. After a long and impartial investigation of the subject, we are fully convinced, that by vindicating the propriety of defensive war, every description of war must also be vindicated. He that opens the door to let in what is called defensive war, cannot possibly shut it against any war. He cannot produce a syllable from the Bible in favour of defensive war, but it will justify offensive war also. And indeed the distinction between offensive and defensive war is less solid than verbal: the original ground of complaint is soon lost sight of, and the aggressor is often brought to act upon the defensive. In the first contest between Great Britain and America, how often did the parties change ground, and each act offensively as well as defensively? And who can state precisely where the act of aggression began, or where retaliation ought to have ceased? Now, as we did hope that our remarks on defensive war would be received by every candid and christian person in the same spirit of good will and friendship with which they were indited, we are free to confess that our object has been, to prove by the immutable verities of divine revelation, that war in every shape, is incompatible with the nature of Christianity; and that no persons professing that religion, and under the full and proper influence of the temper and mind of Christ, can adopt, pursue, or plead for it.

The correspondent of the Gleaner refers to the invasion of Canada by a brutal foe. This is hardly fair; for, although we fully believe with the Rev. George Burder that "when the love of Christ constrains the heart, the love of man will also predominate, and Christians will not endure the thought of plunging a sword or a bayonet into the heart of a brother man, though he be a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, or an American;" yet as we well know the great amount of ignorance and prejudice which prevails on the subject, we have been sparing of our remarks relative to our Canadian brethren. It has been against national wars that we have cried aloud and spared not. Only let national fightings be regarded by all good men in no other aspect "than that of unmingled hatefulness," and we are not afraid of the sad occurrences of rebellions, or of gangs of fiends in human shape invading a peaceful country. It is the war-spirit which originates rebellions, and encourages brutal hordes of assassins to a attack and destroy their neighbours.

We think our friend has been unhappy in his allusion to the Wesleyan Methodists. "They have fought," he tells us, "in noble defence of their country, and surely there is no people on earth more tenacious of Gospel principles than they." All this may be true, and yet as the Methodists do not profess infallibility, it is not too much to say that on this subject they may be in error. Methodists have held, and do still hold, multitudes of slaves, but it will not therefore follow, that slavery is right. But the question of war is seldom mooted amongst Wesleyans—it is not one upon which much thought is expended—the propriety of killing in some cases is received by them as an hereditary truth, and hence they are at little pains to investigate the subject. But our friend is aware that there are American as well as British Methodists, and that the former are as tenacious of Gospel principles as the latter. Not a shade of difference exists between the two bodies on the interpretation of the Scriptures. Both are established on the rules and doctrines of the Rev. John Wesley. The last year's Minutes of the British Conference of Methodists numbers the American with the British Wesleyans as being one people. Now our friend at Miramichi, who we presume is a British Wesleyan, says, "If war must come, let every man do his duty." Very well; but every American Methodist says the same. And let war take place between England and America, and the awful spectacle will be seen of British Methodists slaughtering their American brethren, and vice versa. Both will engage patriotically in the work of human butchery—both will urge necessity—both will plead their duty to their country, and their wives and children. Now our friend doubtless believes that aggressive warfare is murderous. But in the present case, each of the two governments will endeavour to fix on the other the charge of aggression, which will be generally believed by the people of the respective countries. So that the English Wesleyans will view their American brethren as murderers—while the Americans will view their English brethren in the same light. Thus according to their own views, their gospel principles cannot save them from the crime of murder. And it will be the same with other bodies—Baptists will slaughter Baptists—Presbyterians will kill Presbyterians—Episcopalians will meet in deadly conflict with Episcopalians. During the last war with America, on the frontier there was the case of two religious persons sitting at the table of the Lord's supper together, and the very next sabbath (war having been proclaimed in the interval) they were found imbruing their hands in each others' blood. In the name of bleeding humanity, we ask, can these things be right? Who, but a person deranged or deluded, would think it safe to rush into the presence of his Judge with his heart boiling with enmity, and his brother's blood dripping from his hands!

We shall not however, close this article without stating that there are some Wesleyan Methodists who believe with us, that all hatred, and malice and wrath, are sinful—or, what is the same thing, that all war is sinful. In a work published very extensively in the body, (the Journal of John Nelson, a Methodist Preacher) we have the following passage. "This day a court-martial was held, and I was guarded to it by a file of musqueteers, with their bayonets fixed. When I came before the court they asked, 'What is this man's crime?' The answer was, 'This is the Methodist preacher, and he refuses to take money.' Then they turned to me, and said, 'Sir, you need not find fault with us, for we must obey our orders, which are, to make you act as a soldier.' My answer was, 'I shall not fight; for I cannot bow my knee before the Lord to pray for a man, and get up and kill him when I have done. I know God both hears me speak and sees me act; and I should expect the lot of a hypocrite, if my actions contradict my prayers.'" But we thank our Miramichi friend for his prayer that God may avert the calamity of war. So long as he continues to use this prayer, and does all he can to ward off the miseries and sin of a national conflict, (although we may differ with him on the propriety of purely defensive war) we shall esteem him as a friend indeed. He that is not against us is for us.

Late papers from Newfoundland, state that very great distress prevails in that island. The Governor has authorised the Commissioners of the Poor, to expend the sum of £200 from the Treasury. The Irish Society has relieved 560 families by the distribution of bread and oatmeal, to the amount of £196.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—We are glad to find that the report of a breach of the compact by the Americans (relative to the disputed territory) is without foundation.

FREDERICTON, APRIL 10th.—To the wisdom, prudence, and dignified firmness of His Excellency Sir John Harvey, aided as he has been by the exertions of the British Ambassador at Washington, this Province, the Home Government, and the United States are under Divine Providence, indebted for the preservation of the amicable relations still subsisting between the two countries; and also for the prevention of the unnecessary sacrifice of human life, which would have been the inevitable result of a ruthless and sanguinary border warfare.

Connected as His Excellency is with the history of the British Provinces in North America, it must be a happy reflection for him that his wise policy and timely measures of precaution have actually been the means of preventing two nations—descended from a common stock—speaking the same language, and both the protectors and promoters of liberal institutions, from being plunged into a bloody and awful war. It is only those who know by experience the miseries entailed upon the wretched inhabitants of an invaded country, who can form even a conjecture of the inestimable advantages of Sir John's spirited, and at the same time forbearing conduct.—Woodstock Times.

From the Canadas we have no news of particular interest. Some more burnings and other depredations, it is said, have taken place on the Missisquoi frontier.

PUBLIC HOTEL.—At 2 o'clock on Saturday last a Meeting of the Subscribers for an Hotel took place, when the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to select a site and superintend the erection of a suitable building.

COMMITTEE.—Hon. T. N. Jeffery, Hon. Joseph Allison, Hon. J. B. Uniacke, C. W. Wallace, James Tremain, Joseph Starr and W. Lawson, Junr. Esqrs.

The Subscription List still remains open. The gratifying information was communicated, that more than the limited amount of Stock was subscribed—and it was then thought advisable, further to open the speculation to the amount of five hundred pounds.—Times.

A Testimonial of respect was presented to the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, prior to his embarkation for England, by the congregation of St. Paul's Church. Such a mark of respect was alike worthy of the congregation and of their devoted Pastor.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. A. McKenzie lectured last evening on Meteorology.—Mr. A. McKinlay, (President,) will conclude the lectures of the Session, next Wednesday evening,—subject Natural Philosophy, with experiments. The evening of the first Wednesday in May, is that on which the election of officers is to take place.—Nov.

"Description, of Eve" by Maria, in our next, "A Sketch," by J. P. Laskey, will also meet with attention.—For the poetry on the origin of wars, from the Christian Observer, our friend will please accept our thanks.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, April 13th.—Schr Venus, Belong, Wilmington, 15 days—tar, staves, &c. to S. Binney.
Monday, 15th.—Schr Queen Victoria, Babin, Arichat, 2 days—mackerel and salmon; Barbet, Richards, Torbay—ballast; Reward, Forrester, Kingston, Jam. 34 days—to H. Lyle.
Wednesday, 17th.—Packet Ship Halifax, McClear, Liverpool, 44 days—dry goods and iron, to W. A. Black & Son, and others; Am. barque Hazard, Chadwick, New York, 9 days, bound to Stettin—put in leaky; H. M. S. Hercules, Capt. E. Barnard, Kingston, 24 days—with the 37th Regiment; brig. Falcon, Dixon, Pernambuco, 38 days—hides, to J. V. N. Bazalgette.
Thursday, 18th.—Sloop Prickle, Campbell, St. John's, N. F., 12 days—fish, to the master.
Friday, 19th.—Am. Schr. Eclipse, Welden, Philadelphia, 20 days—flour, & corn, to Bauld & Gibson, J. Esson, & others; Schr Defiance, Currie, Boston, 7 days, "naval stoves, rice, etc. to H. Fay, and others; Passenger Mr. H. Fay; Schr Esperance, Arichat, dry fish; Brig. Flotilla, Thompson, Baltimore, 14 days, flour, bread; etc. to S. Binney; Brig. Placid, Harrison, Ponce, 25 days—sugar to Jas. A. Moren; Brig. Sarah, Williams, Havanna, 22 days—sugar to J. Leishman & Co. Am. Brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 3½ days—general cargo, to D. & E. Starr, & Co. & others; Passengers—Messrs Gibson, J. E. Fairbanks, G. Esson; Brig. Lady Chapman, Gilbert, Magaree, 22 days, sugar and molasses, to J. & M. Tohin.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having entered into Co-Partnership under the firm of VIETS and LONGLEY. They beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public, that they will in future conduct business under the above Firm; and respectfully invite their attention to their selection of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc. etc. which they will dispose of Cheap for prompt Payment.

Digby, April 1, 1839. B. VIETS, N. F. LONGLEY.

AUCTIONS.

CONGO TEA.

BY EDWARD LAWSON,

To-morrow, Saturday, at half past eleven o'clock precisely, at M. G. Black's Wharf, just landing, ex Ship Halifax from Liverpool, 80 CHESTS first quality CONGO TEA. April 19, 1839.

BY RIGBY & JENNINGS.

[To-morrow, Saturday, at their room at eleven o'clock.

- 20 BBLs Flour,
- 20 do Herring,
- 20 do Apples, Nova Scotia,
- 4 Bags Nuts,
- 6 Bbls Onions,
- 4 do Oatmeal,
- 2 Stoves,—second hand,
- 1 Ullage Cask Brandy,
- 2 Puns. Molasses,
- 1 Waggon,
- 1 Set Waggon Wheels,

—ALSO—

Tables, Sofas, Chairs, Beds & Bedding, Bedstead, Chest of Drawers, &c. &c. &c. April 19th.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

BY W. M. ALLAN.

On Thursday, the 25th April, at 12 o'clock, at the residence of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, (in the house partly occupied by W. Milligan, Esq.) north end of Brunswick Street.

COMPRISING AMONG OTHER THINGS,

2 HAIR SOFAS—2 Mattresses—6 chests Drawers—1 elegant Secretary and Book Case—Dining, Card, and Pembroke Tables—Carpets, one quite new—1 large mahogany 4 post Bedstead—6 birch post do—12 superior mahogany Chairs, 2 arm Chairs do. 12 common mahogany Chairs—1 Easy Chair—2 China Vases—Chimney Ornaments—Mahogany and other Wash Stands—

A FINE-TONED PIANO FORTE, BY CLEMENTI:

5 feather Beds, blankets, sheets, etc.—Window Curtains—Bed Curtains—3 sets of Venetian Blinds—3 Franklin Stoves—1 Hall Stove—1 superior large Cooking Stove—Globe and Hall Lamps.

A large quantity of Cut Glass, comprising,

Decanters, Liquors, Wines, Tumblers, Custards, Jelly and other Glasses—Celery glass, Sugar basin, etc.—2 China Tea Sets—Breakfast and Dinner Set—Silver Spoons, table, tea, gravy, etc. 1 Silver Soup Ladle—1 Silver Tea-Pot, sugar bowl, and cream pot—2 sets of Castors. Also, Looking glasses of different kinds—2 Mahogany Writing Desks—1 leather travelling do.—2 Ladies' Work boxes—2 Siberian Squirrel MUFFS AND TIPPETS—1 Coffee Urn; Also

A SUPERIOR SLIPPER BATH.

5 sets of Fire irons, etc. 2 copper Coal Scuttles; set of Dish Covers; 1 Fowling piece, twist barrel, percussion; 1 Fishing Rod, with line, net, etc. complete; 2 pair of Skates; 3 sets of Bookshelves; KITCHEN UTENSILS of all kinds; Garden tools; Harness; Sashes for Hobbeds, with other things too numerous to mention. Catalogues will be prepared, and the articles may be seen on the day previous to sale.

Also, to be Sold at a future Sale, to be duly announced.

A most valuable Library of 1200 volumes, comprising a large variety of the best Literary, Historical, Medical, Scientific and Theological Works. April 12.

CORN BROOMS, &c.

BY J. M. CHAMBERLAIN,

At his Room, to-morrow, Saturday, 20th April, at eleven o'clock: NOW LANDING from Boston, a lot of CORN BROOMS and PALM LEAF HATS.—Also from Store, A few puns. Molasses, cask of Vinegar, Qr. casks of Wine, chests of Congo Tea, boxes Window Glass, kegs of PAINTS, and a lot of Slop Clothing suitable for the season fisheries.

Also,—Landing Ex brig Acadian, a sup. Rotary Cooking Stove.

DISCONTINUATION.

W. & J. MURDOCH,

AFTER the 1st of May ensuing discontinue their RETAIL business. They cannot withdraw without thanking the community for the liberal support they have received.

WHOLESALE.

W. & J. MURDOCH, after the 1st of May ensuing, TIRELY for WHOLESALE, and solicit a continuance of that Business, which will still be conducted on their usual liberal terms. SPRING IMPORTATIONS expected to be received in a fortnight. April 19th.

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough, Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogshhead, ditto ditto.

Also, Siding from 5 to 18 feet long, and 4 to 10 inches wide, one edge thick the other thin. The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation.

The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers. N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogshheads, do. do.

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

WILLIAM H. SCOTT. For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blaklee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, NB Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

SONG OF PEACE.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Awake the song of peace—
Let nations join the strain;
The march of blood and pomp of war
We will not have again!
Let fruit-trees crown our fields,
And flowers our valleys fair;
And on our mountain steep—the songs
Of happy swains be there!

Our maidens shall rejoice,
And bid the timbrel sound;
Soft dreams no more shall broken be
With drums parading round.
No tears for lovers slain,
From lovely eyes shall fall;
But music and the dance shall come
In halcyon joy to all!

The rider and his steed,
Their path of fame is o'er;
The trumpet and the trumpeter
Shall squadrons rouse no more!
No fields of vict'ry won
With blade and battle-brand!
A nobler triumph shall be ours—
A bright and happy land!

Too long the man of blood
Hath ruled without control;
Nor widows' tears, nor orphans' sighs,
Could touch his iron soul!
But, lo! the mighty's fallen—
And from his lofty brow
The chaplet fades that circled there—
Where are his trophies now?

Look to the countless graves,
Where sleep the thousands slain!
The morning songs no more call forth
The stirring bands again!
The din, the strife is past
Of foe with falling foe—
The grassy leaves wave o'er their heads
And quiet they rest below!

Sound high the harp of song,
And raise the joyous strain;
But war's rough note be it ne'er heard
To swell the chords again.
Put all its trappings past—
Vain pomp of bygone years—
To ploughshares grind the pointed swords,
To pruning-hooks the spears!

Come, man, to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace;
Then strife and war, with all their train
Of dark'ning woe, shall cease.
Come with that spirit free,
That art and science give;
Come with the patient mind for truth,
Seek it and ye shall live!

Then earth shall yield her fruits—
The seasons forth shall bring,
And summer fair shall pour her sweets
Into the lap of spring!
While autumn, mellow, comes
With full and liberal hand,
And gladness then shall fill each heart
Through all the happy land.

Chambers' Journal, No. 366.

OLD SCHOOLS.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

I prefer old things, that is, when I do not like new things better. For this reason I look with sorrow on the gradual decline of old-fashioned schools, and the rise of high, eclectic, collegiate, and other schools. Not but that intellectual improvement is in some cases promoted, for in those good old schools, that was the last thing thought of, but I think the sum of juvenile happiness is diminished, and when is man happy if not in youth? Where is the lawyer, congressman, editor, or preacher, who some twenty years ago passed through the process of reading, writing, and ciphering, that does not look back to those as his happiest days—days when the necessity of comprehending things was unfelt, when five hours per diem was the ultimatum of restraint, and when a goodly portion of that was spent in planning enterprises for execution when the delightful stereotyped expression, "school's dismiss'd," should be uttered.

Who does not recollect his feats at reading, especially after he had arrived at a height and circumference entitling him to a standing with the first class?

"First class read," cries out the pedagogue, opening Scott's Lessons before him, and deliberately persevering in ruling the ink-unsullied sheets, fated ere long, to bear the traces of unearthly characters.

"First class read," and lo! a simultaneous rush to the open space diversified by a few intentional stumbles over the smaller scholars, whose improving employment was to sit upright on backless benches, and avoid whispering, or by a furtive appro-

printion of some flaxen locks, or by an attempted elongation of some luckless urchin's ear, followed by a solo attracting the attention and eliciting the enquiries of the master, ending in a threat of flogging next time. At length the line is formed, and the charge commences. The head boy, who, in order to secure the station, has taken a place so near the fire that one side of his person is well nigh in a roasting state, begins at the top of his lungs, and hurries on that he may get through with his paragraph and use his book as a fender for the more sensitive parts of his frame. He is about half through when some rogue at a distance of four or five below him gives a side lurch to his neighbour, who not at all unwilling, communicates the impulse to one above him, and so on till the reader is shoved against the blazing forestick, and there is a pause to adjust matters and find the place.

"Read on," cries the master, "next read."

"Giles hasn't read a verse," cries out half a dozen voices.

"Giles, why don't you read on?"

Giles at length gets through his verse, and forthwith turns to his neighbour, and in a horrible whisper, "Damnation take you, if you don't get it when the boys go out."

"Giles don't stand straight," cries out some ill-natured boy at the foot of the class. Poor Giles had advanced in front of the line in order to avoid crisping. It was an excellent rule of the school that each one should keep the place he took at first.

"Giles stand back in your place," says the inflexible magister. There is no alternative, he must toast till the last lazy boy has blundered through.

The time to take seats at length arrives, and on their way Giles falls in the rear and adds to the momentum of his neighbour by the application of his foot, its weight being increased by horse points innumerable.

"Giles' been a kickin' me."

"Ha'n't been a kickin' him nother."

"Who saw Giles kick Ben?"

The parties were about equally divided in popularity, and amid the cries of "I did," and "I didn't," the poor pedagogue found it difficult to discover the truth. At length, all was reconciled and made plain by the testimony of one who cries out, "Master, I see all how it was. Ben just kicked himself, and then tried to lay it to Giles." This explanation seemed satisfactory to all parties; they laughed heartily and were left with an admonition to behave themselves.

There is less incident in the reading of the second and third classes, the first class "tending to written" in the mean time. Scribble, scribble it goes, with occasional shouts of "mend my pen," "John's joggling," etc. In about half an hour one makes a discovery, and cries, "Master, my ink's frozen," and away he goes to the fire to thaw it. Pleased with the warmth and conspicuousness of his station, he, with great composure, suffers his ink to boil for another half hour. Not daring to delay longer for fear of the frown of his master, who has by this time completed the copies of the day, and begins to look around, he guards his face from the flaming embers with one hand, and seizes with the other the inkstand, which is now at a temperature equal to boiling water.

"Gaul darn the inkstand," is the involuntary exclamation of the young writer.

"What is that you said?"

"I said as how the inkstand is hot."

"That is not what you said—come here, give me your hand!" crack, crack, crack goes the ferule. "There, that was for swearing." Crack, crack, crack again, "That was for lying; go to your seat."

After this exploit there is silence for nearly half an hour. At length some urchin breaks the monotony by a dexterous discharge of a bullet of soaked and chewed paper, which takes effect on the nose of one of the opposite side of the house. This is a signal to recommence operations. The whispering becomes louder; the complaints of "crowdin'" thicken; till at last an open explosion, it should seem, is prevented by only, "boys may go out," bursting from the lips of the master. Books are closed, inkstands overturned, toes trodden upon, curses not loud but deep, uttered; at last, there is silence in the house and peace for the master; for girls, for the most part, as every pedagogue will testify, are a peaceable, quiet race. By and by the boys must come in, and then there is a glorious time of crowding around the fire. At length there is a degree of quiet till some long-necked fellow is curious to know how it looks up chimney, and while taking the position necessary to determine that important fact, his neighbour gives him a tilt that brings the line of gravity without the base, and to avoid falling on the now quiet embers, he seizes on the coat of his neighbour, when a "darn you, let go," and a jerk in the opposite direction, restores him to his perpendicularity, and at the expense of the coat.

"Jim's been tearin' my coat."

"Master, he tore it himself. I just took hold on him, and he twiched and tore it."

"Take your seats, all of you," thunders the magister.

Well, the girls in, and all seated, again the process of instruction recommences. In the first case, the course was from the eldest even unto the least, now the beginning is with the least, and

so working upwards to the greatest, spelling only being substituted for reading in the first and second classes.

The youngest toddler comes to read:

"What is that?" No answer.

"It's A—say A."

"A—y," says the toddler, looking at the four points of the compass, and so on to the end of the alphabet.

The remaining exercises are in considerable more order, for when the command, "First class take your places to spell," is uttered, the master is seated, or standing in full view, and there is no opportunity for a repetition of the exploits of the morning. By and by, the joyful sentence "school's dismiss'd," is heard, and then perfect happiness is felt, if there is any such thing on earth. Now, as I said before, I grieve at the extinction of those schools, for it will be seen that they were the very nurseries of happiness. It was there I acquired my irresistible propensity to laugh at every thing save old age and religion, and there is no estimating the value of such an acquisition.

If I thought there was any part of the land safe from the sophisticated invasion of steamboats and railroads and newspapers and orators, I would retire thither and establish a school on the old plan, and thus live over my early days. But the age of chivalry is gone, and that of high-schools, institutes, and practicalities is come. You can scarcely distinguish a schoolmaster now from an ordinary man.

CONTEMPORARY JUDGMENTS.—Contemporaries are tolerable judges of temporary merit, but often most erroneous in their estimate of lasting fame. Burnet, you know, speaks of "one Prior;" and Whitelocke of "one Milton a blind man." Burnet and Whitelocke were men of reputation themselves. But what say you of Heath, the obscure chronicler of the civil wars? He says, "one Milton, since stricken with blindness," wrote against Salmasius; and composed "an impudent book, called Iconoclastes."

FACE-PAINTING.—Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white, so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was more prudent: she went often into the hot bath, to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.—The following generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it:—A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a Count of Pulverini, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labour is a sufficient livelihood, for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."—Horace Walpole.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax but no paper will be sent to a distance without payment being made in advance. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at the regular period of six months from the date of subscription. All letters and communications must be post paid to insure attendance and addressed to Thomas Taylor, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

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