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SUNSHINE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I love the sunshine every where,—
In wood, and field, and glen;
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the chequered pavement shade
Upon the red-tick floor.

I love it where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch among the twining roots
The gold-green beetles pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,
To glance on sail and oar,
While the great waves, like molten glass,
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain-tops,
Where lies the thawless snow,
And hid a kingdom, bathed in light,
Lies stretching out below.

And when it shines in forest glades,
Hidden, and green, and cool,
Through mossy boughs, and veined leaves,
How is it beautiful!

How beautiful on little streams,
When sun and shade at play
Make silvery meshes, while the brook
Goes singing on its way!

How beautiful, where dragon-flies
Are wondrous to behold,
With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,
And bodies blue and gold!

How beautiful, on harvest slopes,
To see the sunshine lie;
Or on the paler reaped fields,
Where yellow shocks stand high!

Oh, yes? I love the sunshine:
Like kindness or like mirth,
Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

Upon the earth—upon the sea—
And through the crystal air,
On piled-up clouds—the glorious sun
Is glorious every where!

From Bentley's Miscellany for March.

THE TWO SISTERS.

An Artless Tale.

No wonder that the great lyric poet should have given the epithet of "molesta" to "pituita," or that the Romans erected temples to the goddess Tussis. Both prove that the famed climate of Italy was not proof, even in ancient times, against the most deadly of maladies.

There is an importunate guest, who comes unbidden; first knocks gently at the door, then with more assurance, after a time will admit of no denial, and at last makes the house her home. Shall I draw her portrait? It is not a prepossessing one. She is a "death in life," an age in youth; her face is "white as leprosy;" her eyes are lustrous and glassy; her breath, of fire; her step inaudible, yet sure.

She delights in the keen blasts of the wintry wind, the bleak and unsheltered mountain, a wide extent of coast open to all the fury of the north-east, the autumnal woods with their fallen and decaying leaves, the stagnant and weed-overgrown pool, the putrid waste of tremulous marshes: these are some of her haunts!

Yet does she not disdain the resort of man. Go to the gas-lit theatre, linger in the draught of its corridors; enter the crowded and unventilated ball-room; kneel in the vaulted aisle of some church, steaming putrefaction; she is there, in her multiplicity of form, and ubiquity of evil. Yes; in all and each of these places she is to be found.

Oh! the vulture that she is. To use the words of the Greek dramatist, "The scent of human prey sends up a grateful odour to make glad her nostrils, as laughter does the heart;" and, like the bloodhounds of Orestes, she never loses sight of her prey till she has tracked it to earth.

She is no respecter of persons, has no predilection for dresses: sometimes she clothes herself in the robe of pride and sometimes is seen in rags. She pretends to be the most affectionate of brides; tells her lover "Be happy!" winds him in her chilly

arms, and, wriathe as he may, he cannot escape from her horrid embraces.

You shall be acquainted presently with her name: may you only hear it! Be strangers to each other, but avoid her as you would a pestilence!

I will let you into the secret of those whom she loves best. Listen!

If there is a father who has an only son, the last scion of his stock, the staff of his declining years, his idol, the object of his worship, one on whom he gazes till he sheds tears of tenderest delight, a youth "the observed of all observers," who has ennobled his mind, cultivated his talents, and purified his affections,—it is on him she casts her longing eye, she breathes on him with her breath of flame. The artist at his easel, the student in his closet, the author in his garret, the manufacturer at his loom,—these are the objects of her fond regard. But for the bloated epicure, the half-starved miser, the gripping usurer, the painted harridan,—these, with a singular caprice, she passes by unobserved; whilst from youth and beauty—youth, ere it comes to its prime; not as it displays itself in the muscular vigour of limb, the roseate bloom on the unchanging cheek, or elastic vigour of the step; no! no!—like an unseasonable frost, she chooses to cut off the fairest flowers, and nip the tenderest shoots.

She is called Consumption. Yet comes she not alone. Disease, Desolation, and Despair,—these are her familiars, she brings them with her in her imperial train: they thrust themselves into the chariot, they accompany her to the public gardens, they intrude on the secluded walk, they seat themselves at the table, drug the wine with gall, mix poison in the viands, haunt the couch of restlessness, and quit not their victims till the cup of bitterness is full,—till they have found a refuge from pain, sorrow, regret, in that last resting-place of the wretched, the grave.

Such were my reflections as in March, many, many years ago, I was lounging leisurely in the "Invalids' Walk" at Torbay. It is the office or Pisa of England, and the great refuge of consumptive patients from all parts of the three kingdoms. The spot is protected from the north-easterly winds by range behind range of hills: here carpeted with turf of eternal verdure; and there, surmounted by towers covered with plantations to their tops, or showing, denuded of the slightest vestige of vegetation, their bald scalps, of most fantastic forms, and rich in colour as those of the lakes of Cumberland or Killarney. So that Torbay is not only the most picturesque, but the most desirable residence on the coast of Devonshire. But if the environs are beautiful, what shall I say of the place itself, with its basin, like a small sea-port scooped out of the rock, artificially formed by means of two piers or moles, the miniature of those of Genoa; terrace above terrace, its buildings and villas of the most elegant construction, with their verandas and balconies commanding a view of Torbay, seen from between two rival wooded cones, where many a thatched cottage peeps like a bird's nest out of the thick foliage of evergreens that embower them? I have called Torbay a winter residence; no! winter there is none: so mild is the climate, that the ilex, the arbutus, and the philarea, here grow to a size that they never elsewhere attain. The myrtle is seen clambering over the windows; and the China rose has, throughout the year, a constant succession of buds and flowers.

The group that gave occasion to my sombre apostrophe consisted of a father and his two daughters, whom I had met for some time in my rambles, and with whom I afterwards became acquainted. Would I had not! for the latter were doomed within a few months, to become victims to an hereditary malady that had proved fatal to their mother.

The father, at least sixty years of age, in his gait and air bore the appearance of what he had been—a soldier. He had served in the East Indies; and it might be perceived that, in common with other long residents in that country, he had not escaped the effects of its destructive climate, but that his constitution was much impaired. Some deep sorrow seemed imprinted on his fine and noble features, which had lately taken a still deeper shade, from a presentiment of evil,—a conviction that a premature fate menaced the lives of those dearer to him even than his own; that it hung suspended, like a sword by a single thread, over the heads of his daughters. They were drawn in chairs of a light and fragile form, which, as they sat, gave a peculiar elegance and grace to their attitude; being such a Canova, modelling from the antique, has chosen for one of his statues. The general was walking between them, and his eye turned occasionally from one to the other: neither spoke; his heart was too full to give utter-

ance to his feelings; and to them, the effort would have been painful, even had they been permitted by their physician, to converse in the open air. They held at times their handkerchiefs—one was, I perceived, spotted with blood,—to their mouths, as though the atmosphere respired was too keen for their lacerated lungs. Now and then they interchanged glances, which seemed to be mutually understood; and I thought I could read in their countenances a sense of the loveliness of the scenery around them, a pleasure tinged with melancholy, whenever a ray of sunshine through some opening in the trees smiled on them. Then, too, they smiled; but it was a faint smile, like that of the March sun,—a mockery of joy.

Julia, the eldest, was a brunette: her figure was above the common height; and her hair, which she wore in long depending ringlets on each side of her face, was, like her eyes, black as jet.

Caroline, the youngest, in no way resembled her sister; and the singular contrast between them, a foil to the beauty of each, gained them the appellation of the Celestial and Terrestrial Hemispheres. Caroline had just attained that critical period of life when the girl gives place to the woman; she was in her seventeenth year. Like the shoot of some parasite plant that is scarcely able to support itself, thin, tall, and delicate was her form. For some months she had been unequal to walking, even for a few yards, without fatigue; and her father always carried in his hand a camp-seat, on which, whenever she had crawled out on the jettee, or to the strand, at every twenty or thirty yards she was obliged to rest; while Julia leant affectionately over her, and watched every turn of her sisters changing countenance, her own sweet and angelic as that of some divine messenger sent to comfort a dying martyr. No murmur or complaint ever escaped Caroline's lips; nothing could be more affecting than to see the effort she made to disguise her sufferings, in order to quiet the apprehensions of those beings whose lives hung upon hers.

I have said she was beautiful: what words can describe her loveliness!—It was that of an embodied spirit. In a portrait, such a complexion would have seemed the flattery of the art; enamel could give a faint idea of its clearness, its brilliancy, its transparency. It was pure as herself, the reflex of her soul without a taint of earth. Her eyes were what the Spaniards call *adormidillos*; an epithet the most endearing and significant, and which, for want of a diminutive in our language, admits of no synonyme. To make it intelligible by a paraphrase, I should say they were eyes which, under the veil of their long silken lashes express, not that the soul is asleep, but dreaming of love,—divine rather than human love, for who was worthy of inspiring it? But when she raised those dark blue orbs, they shone with the light of genius, the fire of intelligence; and yet there was, at times, in them an unnatural lustre, like that of a lamp that burns the brighter as it is about to lose its vivifying oil. In proportion as the malady became more inveterate her spirits increased; and the pure emanation of her mind seemed to throw a halo about her, making her look like an angel—with all, save wings, for heaven.

I saw, with a regret as if she had been my own sister, Death approach with stealthy pace, and foresaw that she would at last sink into his arms, calmly and peaceably as a child is hushed to slumber on its nurse's breast. And yet every day did her cheek assume a livelier hectic; and a common observer would have fancied he observed symptoms of convalescence; like the gala-day in the East, it was only a fluttering revelation.

This contest between mind and matter, this strife between the powers of life and death, reminded me of a picture of Guido, representing a rosy infant lying on a winding-sheet, and playing with a skull; or rather, of two paintings in one of the collections at Bologna, the same that contains the *Ecce Homo* of Correggio; but I have forgotten the name of the gallery, nor is it important. The custode himself, though familiarly might have blunted his feelings, shrunk from it in disgust; for myself, it not only made a deep impression on me at the time, but has never recurred to me since without causing me to shudder. On one side of a double case is a large miniature in oil, representing a girl: she is in the very zenith of life, and youth, and health, and radiant with all the rich glow of southern beauty. She died, it appears, shortly after sitting for this portrait. Now for the reverse. The father, with a strange caprice, long after she was conveyed to the family vault, had her disinterred, and employed the same artist to draw her then likeness. The work of putrefaction has begun, the lips

are purple, the eyes sunken, the worm is at its revels; and yet, horrible to say, there is sufficient similitude between the two faces to establish their identity. O poor mortality! must Caroline soon come to this? Yes, her hour was nigh!

She had an extraordinary talent for music; and composed, the evening before she died, an air that expressed, better than words could do, the peculiar state of her mind, her regret at being about to quit, so young, this beautiful world, which she had almost worshipped. It was an apotheosis of nature! a farewell to the universe! It is probable that, feeling her end approach, she had gone down into the breakfast-room early in the morning to play this pathetic dirge; for she was found in a large arm-chair, her fingers extended, as though in the act of touching the piano. Those who discovered her thus, supposed she slept; for the pleasure of the music, and the thoughts that had inspired the air, yet lingered on her countenance, and lit it up with a faint smile. Half hoping, yet fearing to awaken her, they might, with Lear, have applied a mirror to her mouth to see whether her breath would dim its lustra. No! that slumber was her last; her spirit had fled to Him who gave it.

In losing her sister, Julia had lost all the objects of life. To whom could she now communicate her most secret thoughts; make them intelligible even without words, comprehended by a glance? The books they used to read together,—she could not open them without finding some passages one had marked to show the other. The instrument,—she could not bear its tones; the duets they had played, the airs they had sung, all the inanimate things in the room, the vacant chair, the unfinished embroidery, her own sketch still lingering in the glass, where it was Caroline's habit to put whatever last had pleased her, so as to have it constantly before her eyes, recalled to her remorseless memory the recollection of her irreparable loss.

Even the face of nature seemed changed: those views on which she had gazed with rapture had lost all their charm. The little garden which Caroline had laid out; the flowers she had planted, and watered; the whispering among the leaves, the ripple of the waves on the sea-shore, the song of the birds, were all associated with her, and did but nourish her grief, and make her solitude more lonely.

Oh! let one who would seek to extinguish unavailing recollections fly from the scenes of former happiness! Two months elapsed, and the general and his surviving daughter had changed their abode for a villa at Tor. Time, that heals all but compunctious visitings of conscience, had begun to pour its opiate on the soul of Julia. Sighs and tears are the safety-valves of nature; they are the balm of the wounded spirit, like the tenderness of a mother, or the sympathy of an affectionate friend. Her health, too, had begun to improve, and all the worst of her symptoms to disappear, when there arrived at Torbay a missionary, a man of fifty, with a face in whose hard and strongly marked features were visible the traces of early passions, the violence of which might have driven him into the commission of any crime, passions that had been smothered, not extinguished, by the cold and calculating dictates of worldly prudence. * * * * It was not long before, with a spirit of proselytism, he found out Julia.

It is said that the heart is never more disposed for a new attachment than at the moment when the subject on which it doted is gone for ever, and that the grave is not one of the affections; Lady Jane Grey is a satire on the sex—a libel on woman. This desolating sentiment is only entertained by those who have never felt the secret power of love, who have mistaken passion for affection, the joys of the senses for the mystical union of souls. But when all earthly things fail to supply the void in hearts that have once beat with love or affection, they look for consolation in the thoughts of heaven; they seek for things above the earth rather than of it. Never was there a being in an apter state to imbibe the poison which the tempter was bent on instilling than the devoted Julia.

As soon as he became a guest of the house, one selfish feeling swallowed up the rest; enthusiasm took possession of her; distracting doubts destroyed the serenity of her soul. At her first conferences, he expressed himself shocked at her utter ignorance of all the tenets of the true faith—at the heathen course of her life; told her she was a stray lamb gone out of the way, that her malady was a just infliction of Providence for sins of omission or commission, that she should consider it as a salutary ordeal through which she should gain the road to salvation. In order to fit her for another world, he enjoined her to wean her affections from all that this contained, to seclude herself from all intercourse with her fellows, and renounce the society of her friends. The love of nature he considered idolatry; her elegant pursuits frivolous, and unworthy a candidate for heaven; he said that by prayer and prostration she should struggle to receive grace divine, and to obtain the conviction that her calling and election were sure. * * * *

"La mort," says a French writer, "rencontre un puissant auxiliaire dans le moral, quand il se trouve gravement atteint." Thus her disease now made a rapid progress; the worm that preyed on her vitals daily made greater inroads on her constitution, and it was clear that a few weeks would lay her by the side of her sister.

She had till now, in the presence of her father, assumed a cheerfulness, even if she felt it not, and greeted him with a smile of returning happiness; and, however painful the effort it cost, had attended to the affairs of his household. But a change came over her spirit.

During the last visit I paid her, she looked more like the Magdalen of Guido than the Madonna of Raphael. Her eyes were red with weeping; over the natural paleness of her cheek was spread a flush, less of bodily disease than the fever of her mind. She appeared lost in a self-abstraction that eclipsed all external objects, and discovered no light within; such as the fanatic in the exaltation of his fervour finds, to compensate for the lost brightness of the world.

For some days before her death, she abode in perfect darkness, and would not even see her father; she refused all sorts of sustenance, or to take her accustomed medicine; and with feeble voice, that inanition rendered more like a murmur or a sound, was heard at intervals muttering accents of despair.

This could not last long. She was found with her hands clasped in the attitude of supplication, in which she died. Her head was bent back on the pillow, and her eyes were raised to heaven.

As these sisters were united in their lives, so far were they in the manner of their death that no one received their last sigh.

These details have little that is dramatic in them, they are scenes that have nothing to recommend them but their fidelity; yet they are not without a moral lesson. I have lately made a pilgrimage to the graves of the Two Sisters, and have thought that they should not perish without some humble record to save their memories from oblivion, I remembered the words of a great poet, and said with a sigh, when two such spirits pass away,

"The world seems sensible of a change:
They leave behind a cold tranquillity.
Death and the grave, that are not as they were!"

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

ABOLITIONISM.

[The March No. of the Eclectic Review contains an able notice of Miss Martineau's late work, entitled, "Retrospect of Western Travel." Speaking of a large class of writers on the New World, the reviewer observes: "many have laboured sedulously in the work of defamation. Some have uttered calumnies for bread—some from more love of mischief, and others from the perverting influence of party spirit. Nor has America failed to supply her enemies with plausible grounds for attack. The domestic slavery cherished in so many of her States is a foul blot to which the finger of tory scorn may point with deadly effect, and her best friends,—her noblest and most virtuous sons cannot efface it. Were we American citizens we should burn with indignation at the dishonour done to the Constitution of our land by so anomalous and demon-like a system. Never will the Republic, with all her energy and vast resources, take her proper station among the nations of the earth till this deep-stained infamy is erased from her escutcheon." The reviewer may not be acquainted with the fact, but we can speak with confidence from personal observation, that not a few American citizens do burn with holy indignation against the slavery of the south. Many of her ablest divines—her wealthiest merchants—her most brilliant orators—her most accomplished senators—feel more acutely on this point than it is possible for any persons not immediately interested. They know that the viper has fastened its fangs in the very heart of the republic, and they heave and writhe with many an agonizing throe to hurl the foul monster from them. Every day the number of abolitionists is increasing—and these not your expediency-men, who can turn to every point of the compass as circumstances may arise—but men of sterling worth who base their principles on the immutable truths of revelation. They make no compromise with slavery—they denounce it as wrong—essentially wrong under all its forms. The man-stealer is a sinner, and the man-retainer is also a sinner with them. With the word of the eternal God in their hands they beseech the slaveholder immediately to proclaim deliverance to the captives.

To delay to do what is right and just is regarded as sinful and dangerous. The truth is, American abolitionists look at the subject of slavery in the light of christianity;—and as a question of stern righteousness—of sheer justice. IS THIS THING RIGHT? is their single, commanding question: nor will they allow this broad intelligible question to be encumbered with others of expediency and interest—questions altogether subordinate to the question of right. They know that wrong may be attended with temporal gain; that gain can never alter the nature of wrong they likewise know. So also they are fully aware that a return to right may be attended with pain—that this pain or sacrifice does not lessen the obligation to do right they are equally well assured of. On this high and holy ground do they take their stand,—fearless of their foes, and risking their all in the cause of their fettered brother. A rich scene of delight we enjoyed some months since while in the United States—travelling in the railroad cars from Providence to Boston, two southern gentlemen in-

roduced the slavery question, and were proceeding to vindicate the practice of their friends, when they were interrupted by a third person. Never shall we forget his mild and dignified rebuke of their conduct.—One of them in reply to something advanced by our abolitionist, had said, and most petulantly too "O! but I do not know that the slaves are men!!" Instantly this sneer was put down by a most temperate but appropriate retort. Indeed we never met with a more happy combination of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. The females of America are also awaking to their duty. On the subject of our own Colonial Slavery we remember to have been most deeply affected by the perusal of a pamphlet written by an English lady. It wrung many a bitter sigh from the heart while the tears fell thick and fast to the ground. Indeed this publication did more to work in our mind a thorough detestation of slavery and all its abominations, than all other productions combined. Lately, in presenting a petition on behalf of the slaves, signed by thousands of females, Miss Grimke, a lady of superior talents, addressed a committee of the Assembly of Massachusetts. As a manifestation of the warmth and earnestness of American abolitionism, we are glad to insert the introduction of Miss Grimke's address delivered on the 14th March]:—*Ed. Pearl.*

MR. CHAIRMAN—More than 2000 years have rolled their dark and bloody waters down the rocky, winding channel of Time into Eternity, since woman's voice was heard in the palace of an eastern monarch, and woman's petition achieved the salvation of millions of her race from the edge of the sword. The Queen of Persia— if Queen she might be called, who was but the mistress of her voluptuous lord,—trained as she had been in the secret abominations of an oriental harem, had studied too deeply the character of Ahasuerus not to know that the sympathies of his heart could not be reached, except through the medium of his sensual appetites. Hence we find her arrayed in royal apparel and standing in the inner court of the King's house, hoping by her personal charms to win the favor of her lord. And after the golden sceptre had been held out, and the enquiry was made, 'What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? it shall be given thee to the half of the kingdom'—even then she dared not ask for her own life, or that of her people. She felt that if her mission of mercy was to be successful, his animal propensities must be still more powerfully wrought upon—the luxurious feast must be prepared, the banquet of wine must be served up, and the favorable moment must be seized when, gorged with gluttony and intoxication, the King's heart was fit to be operated upon by the pathetic appeal, 'If I have found favor in thy sight, O King, and if it please the King, let my life be given me at my petition and my people at my request.' It was thus through personal charms, and sensual gratification, and individual influence, that the Queen of Persia obtained the precious boon she craved, her own life and the life of her beloved people. Mr. Chairman, it is my privilege to stand before you on a similar mission of life and love; but I thank God that we live in an age of the world too enlightened and too moral to admit of the adoption of the same means to obtain so holy an end. I feel that it would be an insult to this Committee, were I to attempt to win their favor by arraying my person in gold, and silver, and costly apparel, or by inviting them to partake of the luxurious feast, or the banquet of wine. I understand the spirit of the age too well to believe that you could be moved by such sensual means—means as unworthy of you, as they would be beneath the dignity of the cause of humanity. Yes, I feel that if you are reached at all, it will not be by me, but by the truths I shall endeavor to present to your understandings and your hearts. The heart of the eastern despot was reached through the lowest propensities of his animal nature, by personal influence; yours, I know cannot be reached but through the loftier sentiments of the intellectual and moral feelings.

I stand before you as a citizen, on behalf of the 20,000 women of Massachusetts, whose names are enrolled on petitions which have been submitted to the committee of which you are the organ. These petitions relate to the great and solemn subject of American Slavery, a subject fraught with the deepest interest to this republic, whether we regard it in its political, moral, or religious aspects.—And because it is a political subject, it has often been tauntingly said, that women had nothing to do with it.—Are we aliens because we are women? Are we bereft of citizenship, because we are mothers, wives and daughters of a mighty people? Have women no country, no interest staked in the public weal—no liabilities in common peril—no partnership in a nation's guilt and shame? Let the history of the world answer these queries. Read the denunciations of Jehovah against the follies and crimes of Israel's daughters. Trace the influence of woman as a courtesan and a mistress in the destinies of nations, both ancient and modern, and see her yielding her power too often to debase and to destroy, rather than to elevate and save. It is often said that women rule the world through their influence over men. If so, then may we well hide our faces in the dust, and cover ourselves with sackcloth and ashes. It has not been by moral and intellectual power, but through the baser passions of men. This dominion of women must be resigned—the sooner the better; 'in the age which is approaching, she should be something more—she should be a citizen; and this title, which demands an increase of knowledge and of reflection; opens before her a new empire.' I hold, Mr. Chairman, that American women have to do with this subject, not only because it is political, inasmuch as we are citizens of this republic, and as such our honour, happiness, and well being are bound up in its politics, government and laws.

I stand before you as a southerner, exiled from the land of my birth, by the sound of the lash, and the piteous cry of the slave. I stand before you as a repentant slaveholder. I stand before you as a moral being, endowed with precious and inalienable rights, which are correlative with solemn duties and high responsibilities; and as a moral being I feel that I owe it to the suffering slave, and to the deluded master, to my country and the world, to do all that I can to overturn a system of complicated crimes, built up upon the broken hearts and prostrate bodies of my countrymen in chains, and cemented by the blood and sweat and tears of my sisters in bonds.

For the Pearl.
SACRED PHILOSOPHY.

No. 11.
Distances of the Heavenly Bodies.

Behold the height of the stars, how high they are! Job xxii. 11. Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as heaven what canst thou do? Job xi. 7. The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens. Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven? Psalm cxlvi. 4-5. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. Isaiah l.v. 9. As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him. Psalm ciii. 11.—

The multitudinous marshallings of hosts of worlds upon hosts of worlds, is not the only interesting subject connected with the architecture of the heavens. The countless myriads of stars which gem the skies—their majestic silence—the vastness of their masses—and their depths illimitable to the sight are alike replete with instruction for the thoughtful observer.

What theme more transporting to guilty man than mercy—what topic more cheering than divine goodness? Who would not wish to entertain large and god-like views of these hallowed perfections? How deeply thankful should we be for any assistance to climb to their topless heights—descend to their fathomless depths—or comprehend their amazing breadths! And is there any magnificent scale by which the mercy of God may be estimated? To this inquiry of so much moment to human beings, boundless intelligence directs us to the heavens—Behold the height of the stars, how high they are! Can the infinity of their distances be grasped by finite minds? Can man wing his adventurous flight from one system of worlds to other systems beyond them—can he continue his untravelled career to other groups of worlds yet beyond them in the illimitable tracts of creation, and yet soar to other hosts of globes still in endless progression through the vortex of space? The naked thought alone demonstrates our impotency—the idea fills us with vast amazement.

“Who can satiate sight
In such a scene, in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? Where depth, height, breadth
Are lost in their extremes; and when to count
The high-born glories in this field of fire
Perhaps Demetrius's computation fails.”

On such a scale of magnitude would God have us measure the riches and extent of his love:—For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. Every Christian is thus summoned to the telescope of the astronomer. Let him devoutly survey the unbounded grandeur of the heavens—let him dwell on the immeasurable remoteness of the worlds scattered over the blue immense—let him continue with the sublime sight before him, till his mind expands and his heart glows with adoring admiration at the spectacle. No longer will he regard the beneficent Creator as a being who distributes scantily and by small degrees his mercy to his creatures. The height of the stars will admonish him of the greatness of the divine mercy. Incompetent to measure the one, he will not foolishly limit the other, and that mercy described by inspiration as great, rich, tender, plenteous, abundant, and everlasting mercy, will form his sweetest song in the House of his pilgrimage.

Of distances and magnitudes we are accustomed to judge by the organ of sight; but it may be demonstrated to the most untutored mind that vision entirely fails in relation to the heavenly bodies. Turning our eyes towards the magnificent theatre of the heavens, we are apt to suppose that it is a vast vault or concave—that we are really standing in the centre of this immense dome—that directly above us, the canopy of the sky is only a little beyond the region of the clouds—and that on either side the firmament nearly reaches to the earth, to the margin of which, we might, by perseverance, eventually travel. And how shall we be convinced that in all these conclusions we have been labouring under an optical illusion, a mere deception of the senses? Most easily. Let us set out with the mariner to travel to the outer limits of this imaginary hemisphere. We journey to the distance of a thousand miles, when lo! upon looking forward we find ourselves no nearer to the desired spot! We recommence our pursuit and sail another thousand miles and still the object is as remote as ever;—and so we might continue our course to the end of our days, but would never approximate nearer to the horizon. Nor is this all—wherever we might be we should still conceive ourselves imprisoned and in the middle of this great arch—in Africa or America, Europe or Asia there would be no perceptible difference. If then we arrive at the conclusion that there must be in reality a great dome above us, because it seems to be so, it will follow that there must be as many skies as we see vaults in the heavens—that in travelling we must in some places pass over the borders of these different hemispheres, and in other spots actually stand upon their margins. Again, the moon, the stars, and the planets appear all alike on the surface of the hollow sphere of the sky—or like so many glittering gems set in the robe of night. So Empedocles conceived that the heavens were a solid mass of air condensed by fire into crystal, and that the fixed stars were fastened into this crystal, while the planets were loose, and moved freely along it. To our unaided vision the celestial canopy seems equally distant above and around us, and the stars of the

same elevation at all times of the year. But as our earth sweeps round the sun in a mighty circle, of upwards of one hundred and ninety millions of miles in diameter, we must be nearer the fixed stars, at one period by 190 millions of miles than at another. The notion of a sphere, is however, wholly ideal. The real spherical surface is the retina within our eyes, and on this concave the stars are mapped down, leading us to suppose that the sky presents a true hemisphere.

Many persons, we are aware, are sceptical on the deductions of astronomy. Doubting the calculations of even the proficient of this science, they receive with hesitation every statement. Such scepticism is egregiously foolish. For, when there is such a general agreement of modern astronomers on the subject of these deductions—when, moreover, they are enabled with the utmost accuracy to predict the eclipses of the sun and moon—the precise period when the planets Venus and Mercury will appear to pass across the sun's disk—the return of comets from their erratic course—the very moment when any of the fixed stars shall suffer an occultation by the moon, or by any of the planets—with other facts equally indisputable—when these things are considered; to doubt the calculations of astronomers as to the distances and magnitudes of the planetary bodies, is to evince our own imbecility and ignorance. The fact is simply this—our earth may be measured, and by its size may be determined the size and distance of other bodies in space, and nothing can be more certain than these determinations. On the subject of the remoteness of the heavenly bodies, we can only ascertain positively the distances of the planets comprehended in what is termed the Solar System, or system of the sun. This name they obtain because the sun occupies the centre of the system—warms and illumines them with his beams—and in consequence of their motion round the sun, they enjoy the succession of seasons and the revolution of day and night. Of those planets whose distances are known the following statement will give a sufficiently correct idea of their remoteness:—

	English Miles.
Sun's least distance from the Earth is	93,908,984
Mercury's Do.	58,540,512
Venus' Do.	26,425,554
Mars' Do.	50,019,878
Ceres' Do.	155,000,000
Pallas' Do.	175,000,000
Juno's Do.	190,000,000
Jupiter's Do.	401,251,495
Saturn's Do.	815,627,637
Herschel's Do.	1,727,061,434

Thus according to this table Venus, sometimes seen as a morning and again as an evening star, the most beautiful single object in the heavens, and the nearest planet to our Earth, is no less than 26 millions, 425 thousand, 554 miles distant from it. While the most remote planet yet known in our system; Herschel or Uranus, is at the amazing distance of 1727 millions, 61 thousand, 434 English miles. “These are great numbers, and great calculations, and the mind feels its own impotency in attempting to grasp them. We can state them in words. We can exhibit them in figures. We can demonstrate them by the powers of a most rigid and infallible geometry. But no human fancy can summon up a lively or an adequate conception—can roam in its ideal flight over this immeasurable largeness—can take in this mighty space in all its grandeur, and in all its immensity—can sweep the outer boundaries of such a creation—or lift itself up to the majesty of that great and invisible arm on which all is suspended.”

“The vast whole
What fancied scene can bound? O'er its broad realm,
Immeasur'd, and immeasurably spread,
From age to age resplendent lightnings urge,
In vain their flight perpetual? distant, still,
And ever distant from the verge of things,
So vast the space or opening space that swells,
Though every part so infinite alike.”

Nor is this a mere poetic fiction of the great philosopher Lucretius. Far beyond the limits of our planetary system the space that intervenes between it and the fixed stars is absolutely inconceivable. When far removed from home the traveller broods over the miles which separate him from friends and all he holds dear on earth, and is disheartened by the long and tiresome way. So the mariner casts a wistful look to the horizon, and measures in imagination the leagues that lie between him and his wished for haven. But what are these distances! what the distance of Mercury! of the Sun! of Uranus! Compared with the prodigious remoteness of the fixed stars, they are but a span—an inch—a point. Nor do we in the least invade the region of conjecture when we thus speak. As a proof of this, let us suppose an individual leaving a city, and to observe the spires of two of its churches. The farther he recedes from the place, the distance between the spires will appear less—and upon his return the nearer he approaches the more widely they will seem apart. So also as we sail along a shore the distant objects on land will appear to change their position according to the direction in which we may move. But go where we will on the earth's surface—let it be to the distance of thousands of miles from where we now stand—and we shall still find no difference in the apparent distances of the stars from one another,—nay the most refined instrument ever devised will give us no trace of any apparent change in their relative distance.

And the reason of this must be that they are not within our reach and are not to be measured by us. A change in the apparent distances of two objects, resulting from a change in the place from which they are seen, is necessarily less as their distance from that place is greater—but when that distance is infinitely great in the comparison, then only is this apparent change of position wholly insensible. Plainly then the stars must be immensely distant from us, or in passing from one place of the earth to that which is most remote from it, a change of relative position among those bodies would be clearly sensible.

Our knowledge of the fixed stars, it may be necessary to remind our readers, is wholly negative. We are certain the nearest fixed star cannot be less than billions of miles from the earth—how much more remote it may be we cannot tell. The planet Herschel in round numbers may be said to be 1800 millions of miles off—but in travelling from his orbit to the fixed stars, we must traverse a region of greater extent than one of three hundred thousand times the distance of the earth from the sun. Can any human mind take in this infinite remoteness. The expression in numbers for this distance, or ninety five millions multiplied by three hundred thousand will be

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“a magnitude of such an order as the imagination almost shrinks from contemplating.” And yet many astronomers have concluded that Sirius, supposed to be the nearest star, must exceed thirty six billions, or in figures 36,000,000,000,000 miles. Astronomical instruments have been brought to such perfection; that it is said, they cannot err more than two seconds—and yet no annual parallax can be observed, thus demonstrating that the annual parallax of no fixed star is greater than this number of seconds; from this datum, by the rules of geometry it may be calculated, that none can be nearer than nineteen billions of miles. This much then may be concluded as certain—no fixed star can be nearer to us than 19,000,000,000,000 of miles. “If a body were projected from the sun with the velocity of a cannon-ball, it would take hundreds of thousands of years before it described that mighty interval which separates the nearest of the fixed stars from our sun, and from our system. If this earth which moves at more than the inconceivable velocity of a million and a half miles a day were to be hurried from its orbit, and to take the same rapid flight over this immense tract, it would not have arrived at the termination of its journey, after taking all the time which has elapsed since the creation of the world.” But if these be the prodigious distances of the stars most contiguous to our system, what must be the astonishing interval between us, and those which are myriads of times that immeasurable remoteness from us. On the supposition that one of the nebulae barely visible with his forty-foot telescope, contained five thousand stars, Sir Wm. Herschel computed that they must be eleven millions of millions of millions of miles off—but as these terms confound the imagination, their distance may be better conceived by Herschel's idea that the light has been 48,000 years progressing to us from them at its velocity of a million of miles in five seconds.

“How distant, some of the nocturnal suns!
So distant, says the sage, 'twere not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at nature's birth
Are yet arrived at this so foreign world,
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.”

This very idea was entertained by M. Huygens, who conceived that there are stars so immensely remote, that the light travelling at the rate of eleven millions of miles in a minute, and having thus continued to travel from the formation of the earth, or for nearly six thousand years has not yet reached us.

Reader, the God of the Bible is the God who made the heavens and the earth. His almighty arm planted these globes of light through the interminable fields of space. He formed their matter, assigned their distances, and meted out the heavens by his span. We may climb the heights of nature—ascend from world to world—and still the dwelling place of God will be high above all these heights. Immensely high as are the stars, yet his glory is above the heavens. Nay such is the grandeur of the Deity that it is a mighty stoop of condescension to regard even the interests of the skies—for he humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven. The clouds are the dust of his chariot—the stars and suns are the pavement of his feet—and he is under the necessity of stooping even to observe the things that are done in heaven. Who would not fear thee, O King of nations? EDITOR.

FIRST HEBREW BIBLE.—From the year 1477, when the Psalter in Hebrew, different parts of Scripture, in the original, continued to issue from the press; and in the year 1488 a complete Hebrew Bible was printed at Soncino, a city of Cremonese, by a family of Jews, who, under the adopted name of Soncinati, established printing-presses in various parts of Europe, including Constantinople. This department of typography was almost entirely engrossed by the Jews in Italy until the year 1518, when an edition of the Hebrew Scriptures, accompanied with various readings, and rabbinical commentaries, proceeded from the splendid press which Daniel Bomberg had recently erected at Venice.

For the Pearl.
INTERESTING NARRATIVES.

No 1.

THE BEREAVED WIDOW.

"And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother. And there came a great fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us, and that God hath visited his people." Luke vii. 11-16.

An affecting spectacle is here introduced most pathetically to our notice. What simplicity of style and yet what strength of colouring! The gradation how natural and wistful how inexpressibly beautiful! every stroke of the pencil augments the touching force of the narrative, till the description is worked up into the most finished picture of exquisite and inconsolable distress.

Slowly and solemnly the funeral procession moves along:—surely the sympathy of humanity strongly invites us to join the band of sorrowful mourners. Closed then be our business, and forgotten all our festive mirth while we attend on the gloomy occasion. Peradventure we may not only relieve the disconsolate, but gather a rich harvest of instruction from the emblems of death before us. The grave, O! 'tis a most eloquent preacher! Its sacred dust oft proves a homily most thrilling in its effects. The tomb! its sculptured stone has, not unfrequently, broken up the hardness of insensibility and filled the thoughtful heart with deep concern for its future destiny.

"I pass with melancholy state,
By all these solemn heaps of fate;
And think, as soft and sad I tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like me they life possess'd;
"And time will be, when I shall rest."

A visit to the place of cypresses, where death sits in solemn pomp as throned monarch of the scene, well befits mortal creatures, who are crushed before the moth.

But whose funeral do these solemnities indicate? The chief mourner is a widow, and much people of the city is with her. And this is kind of the citizens to bewail with her, and go to the place of sepulture. To forget the evil of human nature is wrong—to deny the good is impolitic and unwise. Fearlessly denounce what is sinful—as manfully concede what is lovely. Deprived though we be, yet are we possessed of the attributes of humanity. We see it melting in a mother's tenderness—kindling in the kindness of a benefactor's aid—glowing with unwonted fires in the unwearied labours of the god-like philanthropist. What means these weeping neighbours? The mother has been bereft of her offspring and the circumstance brings into generous action the kindly feeling of our common nature. The multitude commiserate her loss and pity fills every bosom. Well, let us go and weep with them—'tis good sometimes to weep, and tears of mercy fall not unnoticed to the ground. Who can forbear to weep over the loss of an amiable youth? Who will refuse to shed the tear of sympathy with that poor widow? With the pall "crumpled up in her withered hands," sadly she paces over the bitter earth, while her heart-strings break in anticipation of the agonizing moment just at hand, when she must gaze on her son for the last time. * * *

But these pall-bearers are not clad in sable garments—they are partly robed in white. Ah 'tis the funeral of youth and beauty. A young man in the bloom of life—in the vigour of manhood—in the sunshine of existence, is smitten down. Before the wine of life is run to its lees, the cup is dashed from his lips. Ere the summer days begin to wane, or the wintry storms to appear, he emigrates to a far-off clime. The mellow fruit of autumn falls naturally from the tree—we grieve at the pitiless blast scattering the unripe. Arrived at a state of second childhood the aged pass away with the course of nature; they complete the span of life and are quietly gathered home to their fathers. But our hearts are filled with deepest emotions of interest when youth in the gay spring of life ends its sunny career—the sight of these rose-buds of promise withering on the cold earth, tends to crystallize our falling tears. The garland of life's blooming days torn from the brow of the young—the strong—the beautiful, is most painful, most affecting. O Death! how cruel is this stroke. A young man is thy victim—as one of the trophies of thy power, he lies motionless on the bier—they carry him to the house appointed for all living;

"So blooms the human face divine
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose,
Or worn by slowly rolling years.
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away."

But perhaps this son is one of a numerous family—and the mother finds some relief in the children who yet surround her. No—this is the climax of her sorrow,—it is her only son. Under any

circumstances it rends the mother's heart to part with a child. She has watched over it in infancy—directed it in boyhood—or loved it in manhood. But when all the hopes and joys of the parent centre in one, the loss of that one admits of no consolation. Additional interest is yet connected with this funeral. The dead man was the only son of his mother, and she is a widow. Her husband, the friend of her youth, and the guide of her riper years had already been snatched from her side. She had committed his body to the tomb and had bedewed it with her tears. But turning from the grave of her husband, she beheld in her child the image of his deceased father: and in him she had placed all her regard. Upon this son all the affections of a mother's heart had reposed, and in him all the widowed affections of a wife had sought refuge. But the staff and proof of her age is taken away, the consolation of her widowhood is cut off, and her memorial is perished from the earth. Poor widow! severed from the root, and the branch is not spared to thee. Left entirely desolate and abandoned to thy woes who can forbear offering the sigh on the altar of sympathy? And thy neighbours and friends do bemoan with thee, but they cannot bring back the dead to life.

But yonder is another crowd. In his career of mercy the Provinces of life, in company with his numerous followers approached the city of Nain. There he was met by the widow and her weeping friends. The king of terrors was thus met in the moment of his conquest, clothed in the symbols of terrific power—the coffin, the bier, the mourning train—trampling under foot youth, beauty and strength, and deriding maternal affection and distress. "Had it been the hero wearing the marks of his repeated conquests, and exhibiting his garments stained with the blood of his numerous enemies, who was now moving on to the city to receive the plaudits of his countrymen, Jesus had passed him by without notice; had it been a monarch, surrounded by his sycophants, and dazzling with splendour, who was proudly surveying his dominions, the scene had presented no attractions to the heavenly philanthropist. But it was a scene of sorrow, and it demanded his pity; the principal person in the mourning company was a widow, deprived of her husband and child; and this was enough to call forth his compassion,—this was a suitable occasion for the display of his omnipotence." And the God of all comfort has compassion on the widow:—

"He looked upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said; and as they stayed the bier,
And at his bidding set it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her hands,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute crowd drew near,
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and prayed. Then taking the cold hand,
He said "Arise!"—and instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flash
Ran through the lines of his divided lips;
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled, and sat upright in his shroud." N. P. WILLIS.

With the authoritative mandate of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life," the blood again circulates through his frame and he moves with his previous agility. Nor does the tenderness of Christ end with the life-giving word. He delivered him to his mother. And this is the most affecting circumstance in the whole transaction. In the very moment in which the spoils of death are rescued, and the power and authority of Godhead are exemplified by the Saviour of men, at that very moment, he shows himself to be touched with the sorrows of humanity, melts in compassion for a widowed mourner, and by a most stupendous miracle turns the tide of her grief! The joy of this widow, when she embraced her son, warm with restored life and affection, who shall attempt to describe?

"She saw the corse awake
Cast off the folded cerements of the grave;
She saw her only, her lamented child
Rise, like a midnight spectre from the tomb,
And gaze in wild amazements on the scene.
She saw that well known eye, she lately clos'd,
Resume its brilliancy—she saw it rove
From form to form,—she saw it rest on her."

PORTER.

And the tears of the multitude are dried up; the funeral banquet is turned into a new birth-day feast! Every tongue now celebrates with Hosannas the Son of David—one is general acclamation resounds on every side—A great prophet is risen up amongst us, and God hath visited his people." There are two such mighty acts recorded in the Old Testament; and it is remarkable, both done for the sake of widows. One done by the hand of Elijah on the widow of Sareptas only son, who afforded him refuge in the time of sore persecution. The other done by the hand of Elisha, unto the only son of the Shunamite woman, who made for the prophet a chamber in the wall, and entertained him with bread so oft as he passed on his way. Well is it written "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

SILVANUS.

A child that is beloved by its parents may be designated by its smooth, plump countenance, its full clear eyes, its habitual smiles and playful activity.

For the Pearl.
THE GOLDEN AGE.

Translated from Ovid.

First came the golden era, when the mind
To social faith, and justice was inclined;
When right was practis'd freely, not from awe
Inspired by judges or a penal law;
When unprotected or by this or those
In their own virtues mortals found repose.
As yet no bark design'd by naval art
Had track'd the Ocean to a foreign part.
From their own shores men had not been allur'd,
Nor yet in crowded cities been immur'd;
No tortuous horn nor trumpet had been blown,
And implements of war were still unknown
The nations dwell secure from fierce alarms,
Without the agency of hostile arms.
The earth herself exempt from Ceres' thrall,
In rich abundance freely gave to all;
Content with food that grew spontaneously,
They gathered fruits from every shrub and tree;
On oily nuts and luscious berries fed,
And wholesome mast that oaken groves had shed.
Eternal spring enlivened these happy hours,
And zephyrs bland caress'd spontaneous flowers;
Melliluous foliage verdant forests crown'd
While milk and nectar flow'd in streams around.

STANZAS.

By THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I
Streaming banner, waving crest,
Flashing sword and iron vest,
Rolling drum and trumpet blast,
Martial shout and cannon's roar,
Steeds careering free and fast,
With their fetlocks dyed in gore,—
These have been for poets lay
Themes admired for many a day.

II
But when brighter day shall break
Softer lays the lute shall wake;
Wars shall die and tumults cease
Passing like forgotten dreams,
Holy Love and deathless Peace
Then shall form the poet's themes
When the sword, its use reversed,
Fills the land which once it curs'd.

Dorchester, Mass.

THE WISDOM OF THE CREATOR.

The forms of animal life amount to many hundred thousands; and the naturalist well knows, that although adding all his own study to the accumulated knowledge of those who have preceded him, he cannot distinguish the smallest portion of this number, even when before his eyes, so as to know in what they all differ, or even how any one differs from all the others. Could he do this, he would be that which he strives to become; though even then he would be little more than the naturalist nomenclator. But whether he has thought of it or not, he thus admits in the Creator a multiplicity of co-existent ideas which, even on so limited a portion of nature, he cannot discriminate when they are before him, while all his races have never yet succeeded in numbering them. He who planned these structures saw, as he appointed, at once every thing in which they should differ; and if I may here use an admitted anthropomorphy, we must see that he could now produce, from his memory alone, a perfect model of every form in creation, to its minutest parts. But for those, we must multiply by millions, that we may attain to some conception of the included ideas; since every part of each form consists of inferior ones, in a successively downward series, while the most minute of these constituted a distinct idea in the Creator's mind before he produced its image.

It becomes again necessary, therefore, to limit the range of inquiry, by selecting a division of the animal forms, or rather, to limit it a third time, by taking nothing, in the birds, but the mere clothing; being among other things, a contrivance of differences for the sake of distinction. Yet even this inferior department is unmanageable—so far beyond all computation is the number of separate ideas which enter into the constructions of the feathers throughout the whole, while every one must have been conceived under a separate idea, for each of its minutest parts, before the general plan for all the distinctions could have been laid down, existing still in the Creator's mind in the same manner. I must therefore select from even this selection; and to take a single feather would be to exhaust this analysis to its lowest term. To the superficial and unreflecting, the feather of the Argus pheasant is a painted feather, and no more. He forgets that it is a work of art, though the Creator's work; and that it was not put together without a distinct conception of every atom of its numerous parts, any more than a watch or a cotton-engine was constructed without a drawing for every axle, and pivot, and wheel, and tooth. The artist who may attempt to imitate it in the colours will soon discover how many ideas are necessary to the execution; and far more would this be found out by him who should endeavour to fabricate a model of it. It seems to be trifling with common sense to say, that if it had not been

thus conceived it could not have existed; but that common sense will not be offended when it recollects that the superior sense of philosophy has denied this conclusion.

The reader might equally turn to the former analysis of the feather of the peacock, including a multitude of ideas which no man would willingly undertake to number; while, if he will examine the whole clothing of the animal, point by point, he may ask himself the question, which I need not repeat; as he may, after this, attempt the larger sum, which includes the whole feathered creation. This is to return from the point to which I have brought him; but it is to return upwards through all the animal organisations, under all their lowest details, including their internal structures and actions, with their external forms; while the constancy of the latter, and the precision of the former, will assure him that there was not the minutest circumstance which was not preconceived in the Creator's mind, could he still have any doubt on the subject. The steam-engine is repeated in successive ones, and its action is ever precise, for no other reasons than this—as in no other manner could it be what it is; and that which the less demanded was assuredly required for the greater.

The vegetable kingdom will afford an illustration under a somewhat different form, since I can here point out that comparison of simultaneous ideas which the extent of the animal world did not so well admit. There is here a plan of some kind, though we cannot trace the whole, and it involves millions of ideas, as, without the previous possession of all the included ones, no plan can be designed. Imperfectly understood as it is, we can see that it consists in some system of continuous subdivision, till it descends to a single species, and that the associations and the distinctions are produced through the forms of almost innumerable parts, under similitude and dissimilitude. The botanist nomenclator knows well what difficulty he finds in perceiving all these distinctions, among even a few species, as he knows the variety and multiplicity of minute circumstances on which they are founded; and he therefore will best estimate the mass of ideas contained in the whole. Differing in one thing, a single plant may differ from others in many—in flowers, and in slight variations of a flower; in leaves, and in their minute incisive and evanescent outlines, as in far more which I need not here note, while, when differing on one point, it may resemble other plants in many parts, and a few in nearly all; and thus under a much farther intricacy of relation than it is necessary that I should notice. Hence, independently of the endless forms, each comprising numerous ideas, we must attempt to conceive the comparisons and calculations implied in planning the combinations, through resemblance and dissimilitude, under which the arrangements of the vegetable world have been made, while in this there is necessarily involved a previous joint view, or simultaneous perception of every included idea. Man, attempting similar things, must have recourse to mechanical arrangements as a substitute for that simultaneous conception which is not one of the allotted powers of his mind, while this becomes a tacit acknowledgment of the existence of that power in the Omnipotent.

But under this mode, also, of viewing the co-existence of the Divine ideas, it is best to select a single example; and I may take the rose, as being one of those plants in which the distinctions of species are very delicate or difficult, while, being once known, they are recognised with certainty. This, in itself, marks that precision of ideas which nothing but the most entire knowledge could have possessed, while philosophy will acknowledge that an arrangement of this nature could not have been made unless, with that precision, every minute circumstance had been present at one view. In this flower, so marked as a genus that no one can mistake it, the variations and combinations of parts which give individuality to the numerous species are often so minute and evanescent, that they escape all but an acute botanist; nor is even he always secure, unless he can bring these parts or ideas into comparison; that is, we cannot retain in our memories the simultaneous ideas of the Omnipotent mind on a subject so narrow as this, since our senses, with our utmost attention, must be taxed to discern this infinitely minute atom out of all that was for ever known to the Creator, as it was executed by him; being in this case, as in others, assured of the knowledge and of the intention thus to produce individuality, because each species is repeated, through its seeds, for ever.

Thus, what metaphysics infer, natural science proves; while, if the cultivators of this have seldom raised their minds beyond it to Him through whom it exists, so have metaphysicians overlooked or remained ignorant of that which might often have aided them with proofs of those prior conclusions in which they rest, and, for the most part, with little effect. It is truly said, with all the human sciences, that he who limits himself to one will throw little light on it; nor is it less true, that scarcely one can be duly illustrated without the aid of all the rest.

As the reader can now pursue for himself those trains of thought respecting the physical universe, I may turn to the moral one, that in this also he may see how he can reflect on the question before us. The living and moving world of animals being a sentient, is also a moral one—a world of mind, of thoughts, wishes, purposes, efforts, enjoyments, while also replete with inventions

and adaptations, contrived for the due ordering of this great mass of will and power, under relations to existing objects; so that no desire should want its pursuit, nor any moral movement be without its means and its end.

I stated a human case as a basis for the former illustrations, I may here follow the same plan. To expedite an army across the seas is a frequent occurrence, while the reader must reflect for himself on the enormous mass of knowledge, the thousands of distinct ideas, in morals and physics, which must have existed somewhere before this could have been effected. Yet, of all these, but few ever belonged to one man, as no man could have conceived the whole, in even the slowest succession of detail; it is the united toil of hundreds, as, in them, it is but recorded knowledge—not seen, but sought when required. Yet all this bears not the smallest proportion to the ideas alone which produced those materials and gave those powers, as these constitute but an infinitesimal among all those in the Omnipotent mind on analogous subjects. The great army of animals which occupies the earth must be housed, and clothed, and fed; its commissariat is perfection, though but a small portion of the total government; while the multiplicity of ideas implied in this alone surpasses all conception when that army amounts to myriads, which must be numbered by the sands of Africa, under hundreds of thousands of different kinds desiring different food.—*Macculloch's Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God.*

SPRING.

"SPRING is come at last! There is a primrose colour on the sky—there is a voice of singing in the woods, and a smell of flowers in the green lanes. Call her fickle April if you choose—I have always found her constant as an attentive gardener. Who would wish to see her slumbering away in sunshine, when the daisies are opening their pearly mouths for showers? Her very constancy is visible in her changes: if she veils her head for a time, or retires, it is but to return with new proofs of her faithfulness, to make herself more loveable, to put on an attire of richer green, or deck her young brows with more beautiful blossoms. Call her not fickle, but modest—an abashed maiden, whose love is as faithful as the flaunting May, or passionate June. Robed in green, with the tint of apple-blossoms upon her cheek, holding in her hands primroses and violets, she stands beneath the budding hawthorn, her young eyes fixed upon the tender grass, or glancing sideways at the daisies, as if afraid of looking upon the sun, of whom she is enamoured. Day after day she wears some additional charm; and the sky-god bends down his golden eyes in delight at her beauty, and if he withdraws his shining countenance, she is all tears, weeping in an April shower for his loss. Fickle sun! he, too, soon forgets the tender maiden, robed in her simple robes, and decorated with tender buds, and, like a rake, hurries over his blue pathway, and pines for the full-bosomed May, or the voluptuous June, forgetting April, and her sighs and tears. Oh! how delightful is it now to wander forth into the sweet-smelling fields! to set one's foot upon nine daisies, a sure test that spring is come; to see meadows lighted with the white flowers; to watch the skylark winging his way to his blue temple in the skies,

'Singing above, a voice of light';

to hear the blackbird's mellow flute-like voice ringing from some distant covert, among the young beauties of the wood, who are robing themselves for the masque of summer! All these are sights and sounds calculated to elevate the heart above its puny cares and trifling sorrows, and to throw around it a repose calm and spirit-like as the scene whose beauty hushed its heavings. There is an invisible chord—a golden link of love, between our souls and nature; it is no separate thing—no distinguished object, but a yearning towards the universal whole. We love the blue sky, the rolling river, the beautiful flowers, and the green earth; we are enraptured with the old hills and the hoary forest. The whistling reeds say something soothing to us! there is a cheering voice in the unseen wind; and the gurgling brook, as it babbles along, carries with it a melody of other years—the tones of our playfellow, the gentle voice of a lost mother, or the echo of a sweet tongue that scarcely dared to murmur its love. Who is there that is not a worshipper of nature? Look at the parties who emerge from the breathless alleys of the metropolis, when the trees have put on their summer clothing!—listen to their merry laughter floating over the wide fields from beneath the broad oak where they are seated: the cares, and the vexations, and the busy calculations of this work-a-day world are forgotten, and they loosen their long-chained minds, and set them free to dally with the waving flowers. They join in chorus with the birds, and the trees, and the free streams; and, sending their songs after the merry breeze, triumph o'er pain and care."—*Miller's Beauties of the Country.*

A Belgian Journal contains a curious account of a gaint, who, having made his fortune by exhibiting himself to the idle and curious in various countries, has lately retired to his native town, Verniers, near Liege. Although of truly colossal magnitude, with thighs as large as the bodies of ordinary sized men, and a

thumb which a boy twelve years old cannot grasp, he is systematically proportioned, and has a head and countenance rivalling in beauty and grandeur the Olympian Jove. He is not devoid of education, and converses on most subjects with good sense. As no room was high enough to contain him, he has been obliged to have one made to suit, by removing ceilings, and thus converting two stories of his house into one, heightening the doors, and making other alterations in proportion. His furniture is upon the same grand scale; the seat of his arm chair is upon a level with an ordinary table, and his table, with a chest of drawers, and his bed, filling an entire room. His boots cost 80*l.* a pair, his hat 60*l.*—He feeds himself with a fork rivalling that with Guy's porridge pot at Warwick Castle, and a spoon with corresponding dimensions. With all these appliances the poor man has no enjoyment of his life. If he walks by day he is followed by all the boys and vagabonds of the town; and if he ventures forth at night his ears are assailed by the screams of many who take him for some supernatural being. He can have no hope of finding any woman who will venture to marry him, and therefore must remain deprived of the enjoyments of the domestic circle. He passes his time, consequently, almost in solitude.

THE LATE MR. REEVE.—Kean's name was the "open sesame" at all the houses near the theatres; and ere Reeve came upon the stage, he was apt to indulge much in the "little hours." He and his friends, lads of his own age, could not have got admission, but he knew the secret, and acted accordingly. After giving a mystic knock, he applied his mouth to the keyhole, and, with an exactitude of imitation that defied detection, exclaimed—"Tis I—Kean—Edmund Kean!" In an instant the door was opened; in glided John, saying, with an easy assurance, "Ned's just going round the corner—back in a moment." "At one time he had a servant boy who certainly did not attend to Mr. Reeve's toilet as carefully as he might; John was too late; a friend was on the fret beside him, and was vainly attempting to shave himself with a razor which bore some resemblance to a young saw: it might have been expected that a man of his quick temperament would have flown into a furious passion; not so, he turned coolly round, and said, in a tone of expostulation, "Dick, don't open any more oysters with my razors."

PHILANTHROPY.—Under the auspices of philosophy may there be one day extended from one extremity of the world to the other, that chain of union and benevolence which ought to connect all civilized people! May they never more carry among savage nations the example of vice and oppression! I do not flatter myself that, at the period of that happy revolution, my name will be still in remembrance; but I shall at least be able to say, that I have contributed, as much as was in my power, to the happiness of my fellow-creatures, and pointed out the way, though at a distance, for the bettering of their condition. This agreeable thought will stand me in the stead of glory. It will be the delight of my old age, and the consolation of my latest moments.—*L'Abbe Raynal.*

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.—In a review of Bucke on the 'Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature,' in the Gentlemen's Magazine, there is the following passage; 'All our readers not living north of Lincolnshire, or west of Whiltshire, have heard the nightingale; but none have ever read their written song from Mr. Bucke's work, which we give as a curiosity. It was made by a German composer on a bird esteemed a capital singer:

Tiou, tiou tiou tiou
Spe, tiou, squa.
Tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, ti.
Coutio, coutio, coutio, coutio.
Tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzi.
Corror, tiou, squa—pi pi qui.
Zozozoz zozozozozoz zozo—zeshaoing.
Tsissi, tsissi, si si sisisis.
Dzorre, dzorre, dzorre, dzorre, hi.
Tzatu, tzatu, tzatu tzatu tzatu tzatu tzatu dzi.
Dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio,
Quio tr rrrrrrr itz.

HOW TO BOTHER THE BUGS.—An Armenian, a clever good-tempered fellow, who had known better days, thus described an ingenious contrivance by which he avoided the vermin that abounded at Ortakeni. "I take care to examine and clean a large wooden table; on it I lay my mattress, and then I put the four legs of the table each into a pan of water on the floor; I am thus insulated—the bugs can't very well cross the water!" "And do you escape their invasion?" "Yes, all but that of a few bugs that may drop from the rafters and ceilings of the old house!"—*Newspaper paragraph.*

The woes of human life are relative. The sailor springs from his warm couch to climb the icy topmast at midnight without a murmur; while the rich merchant complains of the rattling cart which disturbs his evening's repose. In time of peace, we hear the breaking of a bone a 'melancholy event'—but in war, when we read of the slaughter of our neighbors and thousands of the enemy, we clap our hands and exclaim 'Glorious victory!'

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 4, 1838.

A JOURNEY OF FOURTEEN DAYS.—We are indebted to Mr. Keefler's reading room for the interesting intelligence of the arrival at New York of the GREAT WESTERN steamer from Bristol in fourteen days. The first steamship which sailed from England this season on the Atlantic route was the SIRIUS. This vessel belongs to the St. George Steam-Packet Company, and has heretofore run, with a good reputation between London and Cork. She is, of course, not expressly built for the Atlantic route, being one of the elder and European boats; her tonnage about 700, with engines of 320 horse power. But the Sirius is a mere toy compared with the Great Western. This noble steamer has a burthen of 1,340 tons. Now, the largest steam-ship in her Majesty's Navy, the Gorgon, has but a tonnage of 1150. The length of the Bristol boat is about 240 feet; each paddle shaft, after turning, weighs 6½ tons and the intermediate shaft 4½ tons, with diameters of 18¾ and 17½ inches. Her cylinders are 73½ inches in diameter—the Gorgon's 64 inches only—and nearly rivalling the size of the hugest ever used in the most extensive operations of the Cornish mines. She has four boilers, rated to weigh with the water in them, 180 tons—bordering on a stowage room capable of containing, in iron boxes nearly 900 tons of coal, and her two marine engines are stated to have a 225 horse-power each. The fore-cabin is 46 feet long—the state-cabin 82 feet in length and 34 in extreme breadth, having 128 sleeping places for one class of passengers, besides 20 for servants. She has room for 200 tons of cargo. It is this mighty vessel expressly built for the route which has crossed the Atlantic in fourteen days. Another steamer will soon be on the passage called THE VICTORIA. She again is much larger than the Great Western. The cost of this mammoth craft is rated at £100,000. Her tonnage is stated at over 1800, nearly 500 more than her Bristol rival. Her length on the water-line is 230 feet—the length of keel supposed to exceed that of any existing man-of-war—extreme length, 253; 40 feet breadth of beam; 40 feet breadth of beam and 27 feet depth of hold; whole breadth including paddle-boxes, 69; displacement 2740 tons; draught when laden 16 feet; cylinders 78 inches diameter; paddle wheels, 30 do; with two engines of 250 horse-power each. Hail to thee Victoria!

BRITISH NEWS.—Her Majesty's Packet Swift arrived here on Tuesday evening. She brings London dates to the 5th ult. and Falmouth papers to the 7th. The only additional item of importance to our former news, is the near defeat of Ministers on the expense of Lord Durham's Mission to Canada. In the House of Commons on the 3rd of April, Lord Chandos moved the following resolution:—It is the opinion of this house that the duties of the Lord High Commissioner and the Governor-General of her Majesty's North American provinces should be conducted with the utmost possible degree of economy, consistent with a just remuneration of the persons employed. That it appears by returns which are before this house, that the amount of the expenditure for one year on the establishment of Lord Gosford, as governor-general, amounted to £12,678; and that it appears to this house, that such establishment was founded on a just and liberal scale, and is a proper precedent to be acted upon in the case of the establishment of the Earl of Durham."

After a long debate on the question, in which Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russel took a conspicuous part, on the division the numbers were—

For Lord Chandos's resolution	153
Against it	160
Majority against the resolution	2

Much interest prevails in England with regard to the apprenticed negroes of the West Indies. On the 29th of March, Sir George Strickland moved "that the House is of opinion that apprenticeship in the British Colonies, as established by the act of abolition passed in the year 1833, shall cease and determine on 1st of August in the present year." The debate was brought to a close on the succeeding night. The division was,

For Sir G. Grey's amendment (the second reading of the Slavery act amendment bill)	269
Against it	205

Majority against abolition 64

The chief speakers in favour of the resolution were Mr James, Mr O'Connell, and Dr Lushington: on the other side Sir Edward Sugden, Mr Plumptre, Lord Howick, Lord John Russel and Mr William Gladstone. In reference to this defeat of the Anti-slavery members our readers will find a powerful letter of Lord Brougham's inserted in our pages. The House of Commons was to rise on Wednesday the 11th of April, for the Easter Holidays to reassemble on Tuesday, the 24th of April.

Four divisions of the Guards, 400 each, have marched for Portsmouth, to embark for Canada on the 10th of April. On Monday, the first battalion of Fusileer Guards marched into Wellington Barracks, en route from Bristol, where they arrived from Dublin.

TO THE DELEGATES REPRESENTING THE ENGLISH PEOPLE ON THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

Gentlemen,—I offer you, and I respectfully tender through you to the people of the United Kingdom, my condolence upon the unhappy event of last night—an event which is calculated to blast the hopes of all our countrymen in Europe, and to spread dismay among our ill-fated brethren in the colonies.

Of a decision pronounced by those who were believed to represent the people in Parliament, it becomes us to speak with respect. But we may surely be permitted to lament that they have thought fit to seek the confidence of the nation by flying in its face, and supporting a Ministry which, bent upon self-destruction has kept no terms with its only supporters—has sought an alliance with the enemies of freedom—and, after persisting in measures for the revival of the execrable slave-trade, has dealt a death-blow to the most cherished hopes of the whole empire, by declaring that slavery shall not cease.

A death-blow it shall not be to those cherished hopes. We are engaged in a sacred cause, and we may defy the frowns of an ephemeral power sustained by Court favour alone, when we have on our side truth and justice, the principles of religion and the dictates of humanity—and are supported by the voice of millions in England—and are urged on by the groans of myriads in the islands—I am sure you will persevere until we prevail. I know that I shall continue with unbroken spirit to lead you on. From this defeat of an hour I only gather new zeal to pursue the glorious course before us, that justice may at length be done and the cause of right may overcome all its enemies.

I am your faithful servant,

March 31, 1838.

BROUGHAM.

LORD DURHAM'S MISSION.—The Hastings, 74, Captain Locke, is fitting up in grand style, and with the greatest expedition, at Sheerness, to convey the Earl of Durham and suit to Canada. She will be accompanied by a government armed steamer, which will convey his lordship to the different parts of inspection where a large ship of war could not ride in safety. The horses and equipages will be shipped by the 1st or 2nd of next month, and the expedition will sail about the 10th. The Hastings will be joined by several other vessels from the West India Station, and arrangements have been made by the Lords of the Admiralty for a good supply of gun-boats from Jamaica and the other islands to be ready at a moment's notice, for the landing of the troops in the disturbed districts, should the rebels not lay down their arms and return peaceably to their homes after the proclamation has been promulgated.

A correspondence between Lord Durham and Lord Glenelg, relating to Lord Durham's establishment as Governor-General of British North America, has been laid before the House of Commons. Appended to the letters is the following.

Memorandum of the Salaries required for the Establishment of the Earl of Durham, as Governor-General of British North America, and her Majesty's High Commissioner, &c. &c.

Governor-General	—
Chief Secretary	£1,500
Military ditto	700
Two Assistant Secretaries (Clerks)	500
Legal Adviser	1,500
Private Secretary to the Governor-General	—

In his letter to Lord Glenelg, Lord Durham states that the only appointments he has made are those of Mr. Edward Ellice, as Private Secretary, and Colonel Couper, as Military Secretary. He does not intend to make any other appointment till after his arrival in Canada.

UPPER CANADA.—Samuel Lount, and Peter Matthews were executed at Toronto, on Thursday the 12th ult. for high treason. They walked with a firm step to the scaffold. An immense concourse of people were present. The square in rear of the jail, was surrounded by the volunteer corps of provincial militia, stationed in Toronto. Petitions had been sent to Gov. Arthur for mercy, or even an extension, signed by some three thousand citizens of Toronto and its vicinity; the Executive Council had been called together, but nought availed to stay execution. The bodies, notwithstanding the earnest application of their wives and friends were delivered up for dissection. The execution created anew a strong excitement. Four more, Theller, Montgomery, Anderson, and Morden, were to be executed on the 30th; and seven at Hamilton on the 24th.

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR.

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN.—I thank you most unaffectedly for your congratulations on my assuming the government of this Province, and for the very flattering allusion you have made to my services in other parts of Her Majesty's dominions.

That my appointment in succession to so distinguished an officer as Sir Francis Bond Head is acceptable to you, will, I am sure be gratifying to Her Majesty.

Your voluntary pledge to afford me the cordial and zealous support and co-operation of the loyal inhabitants of Toronto in administering the laws, and preserving unimpaired the valued

institutions of this part of the British Empire, is a tower of strength to me; on which I shall firmly rely in my sincere endeavours to maintain and uphold the constitution of Upper Canada as by law established, which you justly so highly prize.

There is not, I believe, recorded on the page of history, an instance wherein the great body of the inhabitants of any country have more unequivocally testified their devotion to the person of their Sovereign, and their attachment to the laws by which their religious and political rights and liberties are secured to them; and the conspicuous part which has been taken by the municipal authorities of the city of Toronto on this memorable occasion will, I am certain, be marked by some special act of Her Majesty's favour and distinction.

Your address is the more peculiarly gratifying to me at this moment, as by a full knowledge of, and confidence in, its power, the Executive Government is more at liberty where justice does not absolutely forbid it, to unfurl the banner of mercy.

Harshness and severity are distinguishing marks of weakness and apprehension.

The country is strong enough to be magnanimous—and the inhabitants of Upper Canada have the reputation of being a religious people; it will now be open to them collectively, and individually, to give proof of the Christian profession, by forgiving without any vexatious upbraiding the extreme injuries they have received.

"The quality of mercy is not strained;

"It droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed; It blessing him that gives and him that takes, it is mightiest in the mightiest."

If the great victory which has been achieved be now used with moderation and well-timed conciliation, the late seeming frown of Providence upon this noble Province may issue in a very great blessing; for I do not despair of seeing many persons now come forward openly and avowedly as loyal supporters of the constitution who, although hitherto advocates for some partial changes in the institutions of the country, nevertheless would be desirous to make the most public declaration of their detestation of traitors, and murderers, and incendiaries, and thus you may become a more united, and therefore a more happy people.

I avail myself of this opportunity, Mr. Mayor, of assuring yourself, the Aldermen, and Commonality of Toronto, that I shall be at all times most ready and most desirous to co-operate with you in every measure that has a tendency to advance the interests of this rising City, and promote the welfare and happiness of all classes of its inhabitants.

GEORGE ARTHUR.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF "THE CLOCKMAKER" to be published in England and the colonies this spring will contain, The Meeting—The Voluntary System—Training a Carriboo—Jack Bradshaw—Travelling in America—Elective Councils—Slavery—Talking Latin—The Talesman—The Snow Wreath—Italian Paintings—Shampooing the English—Putting a foot in it—English Aristocracy and Yankee Mobocracy—Confessions of a deposed Minister—Canadian Politics—A Cure for Smuggling—Taking off the Factory Ladies—The Schoolmaster Abroad—The wrong room—The Clockmaker's parting advice.

We are glad to learn by the Recorder of Saturday, that it is intended to run one of the steam-boats, twice a week, up the Basin, as far as the Nine-mile House. Such an arrangement would be a very great accommodation to those persons who have recently erected mills in that neighbourhood, as well as to the inhabitants of the adjoining settlements, and would afford the means of pleasant and healthy excursions to the inhabitants of Halifax during the summer.—*Journal*.

WOODSTOCK, April 14.—The New Mail Stage Coach line which is to run once a week between Fredericton and Quebec is now in operation—it commenced running on Wednesday last. This arrangement will afford a comfortable conveyance at all seasons of the year, from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to the Canadas, and do away with the necessity of travelling through the United States.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Halifax, 2d May, 1838.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint John Whidden, Esq. to be Surrogate Judge and Commissary of Her Majesty's Court of Vice Admiralty at Halifax, during the absence of, and in the room of, the Worshipful Charles Rufus Fairbanks, Esq. Judge and Commissary of said Court.

HALIFAX, SS.

Supreme Court, Easter Term, 1838.

James R. Lovett, Charles Young, James Fogo, George H. MacColla, and Frederick W. Grantham, Esquires, were this day duly admitted and enrolled Barristers at Law, of this Hon. Court. Henry C. L. Twining, Student at Law, having taken the usual oaths, was this day admitted and enrolled an Attorney of this Hon. Court; and Charles H. Peters, Esq. of St. John, N. B. was also admitted and enrolled a Barrister and Attorney of this Hon. Court.

J. W. NUTTING, Prothy.

Condensed for the Pearl.

RUDIMENTS OF GARDENING.

By PROFESSOR RENNIE.

MOUTHS OF PLANTS.—Unlike the mouths of animals, which are placed on the upper part of the body, the mouths of plants are placed at the lower part, in the root. At the very tip or point of every root fibre there is a little mouth, or rather a spongy sucker; by these root tips (which are called *spongelets*) the water and other fluids are sucked up, in the same way; perhaps, as ink is sucked up by blotting paper. The opening of the spongelets which are the sucking mouths of plants, are so very small that they will admit no liquid thicker than water, and no solid substance however fine. It will be obvious from this that all manure must be made as thin as water before it can be sucked up by the spongelets; and hence even the drainings of manure heaps, which are very rich in nourishment, are too rich for plants; that is, too thick to pass the small openings till they be largely mixed with water, without which they will choke the growing crops instead of feeding them. When the leaves become yellow from this cause they are usually said to be *burnt* by the heat of the manure. In the same way the finest soil or the finest powdered lime, bones, or shells, cannot, till dissolved in water, get through the spongelets into any plant. It is on this account, that, in transplanting, the tips of the root fibres are pressed and obstructed by the earth of their new situation, and are therefore unable to feed till they can place themselves in similar freedom in the earth as they had before transplanting. When they are bent or obstructed in this way, their growth is also prevented, and new fibres spring from other parts of the root, out of the materials which would otherwise have enlarged the old fibres.

Plants thus acquire a greater number of mouths, the oftener they are transplanted, a circumstance usually acted on by nursery-men, who shift their young trees and other plants for the purpose of multiplying their root fibres, and consequently of strengthening the plants, by giving them a greater facility of feeding from having more mouths to feed with. This is also important in cultivating cabbages and greens.

Animals, such as the leech and the flea, which feed by sucking, have only one mouth, and when this is cut off the animal must die; but it is not always so with plants, which have many mouths, and to which Providence has given the faculty of forming new mouths, that is, new root tips when the old ones are destroyed.

Every removal, however, must tend to obstruct or injure the root tips, and of course check the growth by preventing them from feeding. But by liking plants with balls of earth so as not to disturb the root fibres, or by taking great care not to injure these, and at the same time spreading them carefully out by hand in their new situation, Sir Henry Stewart, of Allanton, has introduced the novel and successful practice, founded on science, of transplanting even the largest trees.

FOOD OF PLANTS. The indispensable ingredient in all plant food is water to dissolve the other ingredients, and enable them to pass into the root tips in the same way as the fluid in an animal's mouth is indispensable to mix with solid food. A second ingredient in plant food is air—the common air; which, when mixed with water, as it always more or less is, gives it that agreeable taste which boiling renders rapid by driving off the air. It is on this account that the watering of a garden in dry weather by throwing over it buckets of water from a pump, is of far less use than if the pump water was thrown through the fine nose of a watering pot, so that each drop might mix with and carry down a portion of air. Rain, again, which falls from a considerable height, must carry down a great deal of air, and hence rain is found to fertilise more than any sort of watering by hand.

When the water supplied to plants has its motion stopped by any means, such as by a stiff clay soil or a dead level, it becomes unwholesome food for plants, chiefly from not having an opportunity to mix with air, which it can only do by moving or circulating freely. Besides common air, the water or moisture in garden soils is always more or less mixed with a substance termed by chemists, *humus*, which is the chief nutritive ingredient in dung, rotted leaves, peat turf and dark coloured loam. Humus when pure will not mix with water and plants, cannot of course, feed upon it till it be mixed and thinned down. This is effected by combining humus with lime, potash, or ammonia, when it readily dissolves in water. The mineral parts of the soil, which is composed of clay, lime and flint earth, in the form of sand and gravel of various finenesses, together with, sometimes, magnesia, iron, and a few other metals, contributes little or nothing to the food of plants. These portions of the soil appear to be chiefly useful in dividing the nutritive parts arising from decayed plants in natural soils, and from various manures in artificial culture. Such is the sort of food which all plants feed upon; and that they require a large quantity of this food, appears from the experiments of Dr. Hales, who found that a hop plant sucked up four ounces of water in twelve hours in a shady place, and eight ounces in a place more open; while a plant of mint whose roots were set in a tube containing water, made this water fall an inch and a half during the day, but only a quarter of an inch during the night. It would appear therefore, that plants feed most heartily in the day time and in open places, being most probably influenced to this by light. Artificial watering may be supposed on this account to be most beneficial early in the morning, just as the plants are commencing their breakfast.

CHANGES OF PLANT FOOD. As plants have no stomach like animals for the reception and digestion of food, the necessary changes similar to digestion take place, first, in the soil without, before the food enters the root tips or mouths; and secondly within the plants, more particularly when the food has reached the leaves. For the production of the changes which take place in the soil, which consist of the fermentation occasioned by the decay of leaves etc. and the circulation through the ground of the plant food thus formed, heat is indispensable; and hence they do not take place in our winters, or in the cold weather of spring and autumn. This, however, is of little moment, as the plants are then torpid, like bats, bees, etc. and take very little food. It will follow from this, that when a soil is known to contain rotting weeds and other plants, or has had rotted manure spread over its surface, this cannot be too well dug in, and raked in, in order to mix the richer parts with the less rich clay and sand; on the same principle that at dinner we mix in eating the richer beef or mutton, with the less rich potatoes, cabbage, and bread. Both ourselves and the gar-

den plants must have a large portion of water to thin or dilute the food, otherwise health will suffer.

Other changes refer to the *sap* of plants. The sap is the water containing air, humin, and other nutritive materials, which is sucked up by the root-tips and passes into the plant. The bulk of the sap is water, which becomes thicker as it rises; probably, from mixing with what has undergone further change in the leaves. It is not yet known whether the sap rises through vessels similar to the blood-vessels of animals, or whether it rises through the tissue of the plant, as ink spreads through blotting paper, or water through lump sugar.

The sap, in whatever manner it does rise through a plant, at length arrives at the leaves in a somewhat thickened state, and is spread out under the very thin skin of the upper side of the leaf, most probably for the purpose of being exposed to the action of the air, in a similar way as the animal blood is spread out for the same purpose, in the minute blood vessels of the lungs.

On the leaves are very numerous minute openings, or pores, often much smaller than pin holes, which appear both to admit air and to facilitate the escape of moisture, similar, probably, to the nostrils of animals, or rather to the breathing-pores in the sides of insects.

The pores of the leaf lead to small air cells, which, when larger than usual, form the white or yellow spots on plants with variegated leaves. Through these pores, the sap gives off two-thirds of its superfluous water, in a similar way as animal blood gives off its superfluous water by the breath and perspiration. The third of the sap that remains will of course be much thickened by the loss of two-thirds of its water. This thickened part is called the *pulp* of plants, to distinguish it from the clear watery sap. The pulp is of similar use to plants in promoting their growth, as the blood is of use in animals. It is chiefly composed of the carbon or charcoal derived from the humin of the sap, and is of a dark blue colour; but the transparent tissue of the leaf in which it is enclosed being more or less yellow, the combination of the two colours forms green, as blue paint mixed with yellow forms green. When the pulp is deficient, the leaves therefore become yellow. Several inferences may be drawn from these facts. The change, for example, of sap into pulp cannot take place in the dark, sun-light being indispensable to open the pores; and hence plants growing under thick trees, or under any thing that obstructs the sun's light, cannot sufficiently effect this important change, and the pulp being in consequence only prepared in small quantity, the plants become slender, yellowish, and sickly, for want of due nourishment. It is ignorantly said that the trees draw them.

When the change of sap into pulp is in any way hindered or prevented, as by shade or by moisture, the leaves of the plants become yellow, as when plants in pots have more water given them in saucers or otherwise than the sun-light can cause to pass off; or when, for want of put room, they become root-bound, and the root tips have not space to feed.

By tying the leaves of lettuce near the top, the inmost leaves are kept from the light, and hence little or no pulp being formed there they are rendered white, crisp, and tender, as cabbages and savoys grow of their own accord without tying, though tying will hasten the process. This is called *blanching*, which means "whitening."

In all cases, the more plants are exposed to the light the more hardy they will be; provided they be not gorged with too watery food; and the less light they have the more feeble, sickly, pale, and yellow, they will be. Light from above, also, is greatly better than side light.

The advantages of wide planting in most cases will therefore be obvious; for if potatoes, cabbages, or other plants, are crowded together, they become (at least at their sides) nearly as much shaded from the light by each other, as if growing under trees.

The common air contained in the sap when it first arrives from below at the leaves, is composed of twenty measures of oxygen gas, and eighty measures of nitrogen gas. At the same time then that two thirds of the water of the sap passes off through the leaf-pores, a considerable portion of the oxygen gas is given off; a process that tends to restore to the atmosphere the oxygen consumed by the breathing of animals, or by the burning of fires. This effect however only happens during day-light. During nights, plants, instead of giving off oxygen gas, take it up from the air, while they give off carbonic acid gas; and hence plants in pots must render bad the air of rooms where they are kept, except during day-light, and particularly in the sunshine, when they improve the air in which they grow. From these facts the value of a free circulation of air to the healthy growth of plants must be great; and hence a garden cooped in by high walls, even though it have plenty of sunlight which is still more indispensable than free air, will never produce great crops.

GROWTH OF PLANTS. When by the loss of its water and some of its oxygen gas, the pulp has been formed from the sap, it passes back from the leaf to the branch or stem; though by what channels is no better understood than by what channels it came from the root. As the blood of animals, prepared in the lungs by losing water and carbonic acid gas, goes to form or increase the bones and the flesh all over the body; so the pulp of plants, prepared in the leaves, goes to form new branches, leaves and roots, and to increase in size those already formed. The use of the leaves will now be understood, as being nearly as important to plants as lungs are to animals. When plants, therefore, are stripped of their leaves by accident—such as by caterpillars or by the browsing of cattle—the plants either die or remain sickly, till new leaves (as will happen in vigorous plants) sprout again to prepare the necessary supplies of pulp. A neighbour's savoy this autumn (1833) were devoured by caterpillars down to the stumps; but I advised him not to pull them up, and they formed very fine little heads in two months.

It is therefore an error to pick off leaves, as is sometimes done with the intention of exposing fruit, such as grapes, to the sun to hasten their ripening; for a supply of pulp is still more important to their ripening than such exposure, and without leaves no pulp can be formed.

ROTATION OF CROPS. Plants, like animals, do not appropriate all the food which they take; and having the means of separating what is useful, they reject what is useless and put it aside. Independent of the great quantity of water and gases which plants throw out by their leaves, they also throw off by their roots a sort of excrementitious slime, different in different plants, but poisonous or injurious to the same kind of plants which throw it out.

The fact has been long known to gardeners and agriculturists, that they could not get good crops of the same kinds from the same piece of ground, season after season, though the cause of this has only been investigated of late years, and has been proved from experiments by Brugmans, and more particularly by Macaire, not to arise, as was formerly alleged, from the plant food in the soil being exhausted, since all plants feed nearly alike; but from the excrementitious slime, which acts upon the same sort of plants that produce it, as a slow poison. Thus the slime from a crop of cabbages will greatly injure another crop of cabbages, though it will do little or no harm to potatoes or peas; while the slime from peas will injure peas, though it might not injure cabbages or turnips. When this is known, it will prevent two successive crops of the same kind from being tried, unless the ground be so trenchered and dug as to bury the slime deeper than the roots can reach; or the ground be dug up and exposed to sun-light to evaporate the slime as is done in fallowing; or the surface be pared and burnt with the same view; or the slime be dissolved by laying the ground under water as in irrigation.

HEAT, COLD AND SHELTER. Plants though not so warm as animals, are in general some degrees warmer than the soil they grow upon, and in winter a little warmer than the air. As the heat in animals appears to be produced by the chemical changes which takes place in breathing, so the heat of plants is probably produced by the change of sap into pulp. The external heat of the air is indispensable to the due flowing of the sap, and hence it flows very slowly in winter and in cold weather. The stoppage of the flow of sap at the beginning of winter, is erroneously ascribed to its descent to the roots of that season. As heat is probably one of the chief causes of the flow of the sap, the artificial heat produced by hot-beds, and also by any sort of shelter, tends to forward the growth of plants.

Heat is very equally distributed among all things on the earth's surface, by a process somewhat similar to that of water always coming to a level; that is, heat will always pass from a hot substance to one near it which is colder, from the warm ground, for instance, to the cold air, till the heat in the ground and the air becomes equal.

Now this off-streaming of heat, from a warm substance to a cold one, is as easily prevented as the passage of light by any thing non-transparent; as we have only to interpose something that heat will not easily pass through; such as canvases, flannels, or straw, on the same principle that we prevent the heat of our own bodies from streaming off into the air, by means of dress, which will be more or less warm, in proportion as it can prevent the escape of animal heat. Upon these principles are founded the different modes of sheltering plants, or, in other words, of preventing them from being robbed of heat by the cold air. Shelter will be most wanted in gardens during clear cloudless nights in spring and autumn; for when there are clouds, they prevent a great deal of heat from streaming off into the upper air; and hence no dew (which is always caused by the moisture or vapour in the air losing its heat) is even formed on a cloudy night; and the same holds for the same reason of frost.

SEED SOWING. Every seed has a shell more or less hard to protect it from external injury, and at its base what is called the seed-pore (popularly the eye), for the passage inwards of the nutrient pulp before it is ripe, and for the passage outwards of the young plant after sowing.

Within the shell is the kernel, consisting of the embryo plant, with its radicle or root, its gemlet or stem, and the neck between these, besides the seed-lobe or lobes containing materials for nourishing it in the first stage of growth. In order to begin the growth of the embryo, four things are indispensable; heat, water, air, and darkness. The heat is required to soften the nutrient materials in the lobes, but without water it would be more likely to harden these. Pure water is more advantageous than water containing humin or other rich materials; what is contained in the lobes being sufficiently rich. Freely circulating air is indispensable for supplying oxygen gas and carrying off carbonic acid gas, a process the reverse of what takes place in leaves exposed to sun-light. For the same reason light is injurious by carrying off the oxygen gas requisite in this stage of growth.

In sowing any sort of seed, these four circumstances must be carefully attended to. For want of heat, accordingly, seeds will not come up during frost; for want of water they will not come up when sown in dry sand; for want of air they will not come up if too deep in the ground; and if not duly covered, they will not come up from having too much light.

Seeds, however, often germinate in the light, such as corn in wet seasons, before it is cut; but they do not in these cases produce strong plants, as the root requires to sit out away from the light as much as the stem into the light. Birch seed does best when not covered. These are exceptions not rules.

Most seeds are benefited by steeping them for an hour or two in pure water, which in the cold weather of spring, may be made milk-warm. Pickles, train oil, urine, and other steepings, must in most cases be injurious and will never, as is ignorantly pretended, kill the eggs of insects, even if such be among the seed, of which I know not a single instance, not even in the eggs of the turnip fly, as lately asserted.

Too much water, however, will be certain to injure the seeds, by gorging them, and rendering them dropsical and liable to rot. Hence the well known benefit from sowing in dry weather, to insure only moderate moisture. The seed lobes, when in part exhausted of their nutritive matter, are changed into seed leaves, and go on to prepare pulp from the sap now taken up by the young root. The seed leaves are now therefore so important to the very existence of the plants, that when they are eaten off by insects as is done in seeding turnips, radishes, and cabbage by the turnip fly, or by slugs, the crop perishes.

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