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HALIFAX PEARL,

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STANZAS.

I care not for the sunlight,
Unless the sunlight lay
On forest-trees, and meadows green,
From cities far away.

Nor do I love the moonlight,
Unless the moonlight sleep
In rocky glen and quiet dell,
In silence calm and deep.

Nor care I for the morning breeze,
Unless it rustles by
When I am laid 'neath spreading trees;
And gazing on the sky.

For then I feel its quiet glide
So gently through mine eye,
As though it were a soothing draught
Of silent poetry.

And then I seem as tho' I were,
Of Nature's self a part,
And that I had her glorious pulse,
And felt with her own heart.

'Tis then the ocean-billows rise
With playful mirth, before
My half-shut eyes; 'tis then I hear
The waves beat on the shore.

The waves make music to the shore;
The shore awakes the hills;
The hills arouse the mountain-streams,
And their top thousand rills.

The rills flow down into the sea,
With a soft and pleasant sound,
And thus sustain the wondrous song
Of Nature all around!

JUVENILE MONITOR.

THE LOST HALF-CROWN.

BY C. A. HALSTED, AUTHOR OF "INVESTIGATION," ETC.

The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry;—
But summer months bring wilding shoot
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit;
And years draw on our human span,
From child to boy, from boy to man.

Rokeby, Canto IV. St. 11, 12.

"What! Ellen in tears! This is something quite new," exclaimed a gentle and sweet-toned voice, to a lovely little girl, who, kneeling before a rustic seat, with her head resting on her arms, was crying bitterly. "Why do you weep so my child? What can have occurred to make you so very unhappy?"

"I have lost my half-crown, my own, my very own half-crown," said Ellen Campbell; "just too as I was going to be quite happy, and spend it with Mamma at the fancy-fair. I have been so very careful, that I scarcely ever took it out of my crystal-box,—except sometimes for a minute, just to look at it, and consider what I should buy; only, this morning I thought, as I was going to spend it, and when it would not be much longer mine, I would play with it a little while for the last time. But, as I was running to the arbour with old Rover (here Ellen's sobs almost impeded her utterance) my foot slipped, I fell down, and my half-crown rolled out of my hand! Where it went, I cannot tell; but it is gone; and now the pleasure I have longed for, for such a great, great while is all over! Oh! how I wish I had never taken my half-crown to play with—for I cannot even buy you a keepsake now, as you know I meant to do!" and poor Ellen again covered her face with her hands, and burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"You will gain wisdom by this mischance, my little girl," said the same soft and soothing voice. "You will hereafter, believe me, find that your half-crown is but an emblem of those sudden and severe disappointments, which, in future years, will often check your fairest anticipations of happiness. And it will also teach you caution, in the abuse, or even too free use, of treasures which seem unalterably your own. Had you left the half-crown in your bonbon box, and played with your hoop or ball, your enjoyment at the fancy-fair would still have been in store for you, even had you lost your ball, or broken the hoop, by your unlucky fall. But—do not cry so very piteously," continued her kind friend, lifting the sobbing Ellen from the ground, and

kissing affectionately away the large tears which, in quick succession, chased each other down her swollen cheeks: "I know that the recollection of this adventure will frequently be of service to you; so we will not at present, talk any more on the subject,—and here is another half-crown,—so that you may still go to the fancy-fair, and still buy me a present!"

Ellen smiled through her tears, but it was a smile rather of gratitude than of pleasure. The same sum was there, but it was not the same half-crown which had been hoarded for so many months by its juvenile possessor, who had, with child-like impatience, watched the growth of her accumulating store, from a silver fourpence on her birthday—to sixpence—one shilling—two shillings—until it had reached, what to her imagination was great riches, a substantial half-crown! No! the sympathy and kindness of Gertrude Neville had checked her sobs, and called up a momentary smile; but vain were Ellen's efforts to speak; for though her countenance beamed with grateful affection, her little heart was much too full for utterance. Like the effect of a summer shower on the fairy rose, which so bends the fragile stem, and overwhelms the blossom, that even the genial warmth of the quickly returning sun fails to raise its drooping head, or restore the delicate plant to its wonted beauty.

Ellen Campbell was a child of acute sensibility, and of reflection beyond her tender years. Young as she was, she felt that she could only blame herself for her loss; and consequently, her new half-crown was destitute of the interest attached to that which was gone.

And these feelings which so subdued little Ellen were but the first germs of similar sentiments, which after having been corrected by experience, had gradually ripened into salutary habits of self-discipline, in her who had so affectionately and judiciously reasoned with the weeping-child.

Gertrude Neville had passed that first spring of life, when the world appears one verdant meadow;—where eye-bright, and scented thyme,—golden cups, and native hearts'-ease—are alone behind; and where the hidden nettle has not attained sufficient height to sting the fingers, which so eagerly and incautiously grasp those bright blossoms that are spread by Nature in such rich luxuriance before the vivid imagination of youth. Gertrude had passed that spring; nay, she had lingered long enough amidst the roses of summer, to learn,—as all on earth one day learn,—that thorns mingle with the sweetest flowers! Well, therefore, did she know, that Ellen's adventure with her half-crown, was but a varied form of the same check-string, which, in some shape or other, is continually arresting our career, bringing home to us the conviction of the uncertainty of all earthly possessions; and abating the ardour of that overflowing joy which beams so beautifully on the face of happy infancy; but which would be productive of continual disappointment in after years, unless thus early moderated by warnings, conveyed by incidents as apparently trivial, as the loss of poor Ellen's half-crown.

And who amongst us has not felt these salutary warnings? Who has not, tossed his ball too far—or suffered his kite to fly too high? Who has not mourned the disappointment of seeds which have never sprung up, and plants that have withered and died? Seeds and plants bought with such pride for the first garden, and with silver out of the first purse, but which childish impatience caused the rake to scatter, or the spade to demolish—thus rendering futile the gardener's judicious instructions! Our entrance into life bears indeed a close analogy to our infant gardens; for the mortifications we early experience may oftentimes be traced to that impetuosity which scatters the seeds, and to those headstrong passions, which injure the roots, of flowers with whose blossoms we might eventually have been rewarded, had patience, perseverance, and self-control been early inculcated, and steadily practised.

And if the lesson learned has not always been as dearly purchased, as was little Ellen's with her half-crown, have we not all our warnings—in all ages—and in all stations?—warnings which continually teach us to control that exaggerated expectation of perfect joy which is not allotted to mortality. Ask the school-boy, if any day in the vacation equals the unrepressed and irrepressible joy of the day that ushers it in—the day of "breaking up;" or whether the actual delight of his holidays ever approaches to the gay colouring with which anticipation had decked them. Ask the fair-haired girl, the youthful debutante of seventeen, if her first ball—her "coming out" was in itself as delightful as the bright visions which heralded, that much-wished-for and all important period. With some few glad hearts, indeed, the sunshine of life may remain for a longer time included;

but many an ingenuous mind will acknowledge, that the result of their anticipated joys was as chilling, and the allusion as brief, as would be the effect of first contemplating, through amber-coloured glass, a tame prospect, on a gloomy day: the beholder of which, on lifting up the window, and surveying nature in its true light, seeks in vain for the sunny spot, and bright scenes on which a few minutes before he had dwelt with such unalloyed pleasure and delight.

Gertrude was an orphan. She had loved, and been beloved by the tenderest of parents. She was their pride, their hope, their treasure—the object of their fondest solicitude,—their most fervent prayers; and she repaid their anxious affection by a devotion which proved they were "all the world" to her. And when those loved beings were taken from her, Gertrude felt, as did Ellen with her infant riches, that she had not sufficiently appreciated her blessings, while they were here—and that she had trifled with her felicity.

Gertrude too, had again loved. The fountain of her affection, which seemed to have been closed up when her parents died, had subsequently welled forth at the voice of one whom she had first learned to regard from her parents' estimation of his character, and then to love with enthusiasm, because he had been the comforter and soother of the orphan's grief. He had revived the joys which death had blighted. The parents she had wept for—the home she had lost—all seemed about to be restored to her; and, in contemplating an union with the idol of her affections—the object for whom her heart beat with new love, new hopes, new joys—Gertrude almost forgot the past, and lived only in the happiness of the present. But alas! a sadder lesson waited her, and which Ellen's misfortune now recalled in full potency to her recollection. The being to whom she was on the eve of being united, led away by the ignis fatuus of golden dreams, and making too sure of hereditary wealth, which, like Ellen's silver piece in the crystal box, had hitherto remained in quiet security, gradually increasing for many years, had, in an evil hour, been induced to remove his treasure—and to traffic in the fancy-fair of life. He embarked his all in a vast, but hazardous speculation, which ended, like poor little Ellen's fall, in the loss of all his worldly possessions. The blow to Gertrude was a heavy one; for she had not thought of the future. She had loved with woman's first love—the love which never can be equalled—and she had mourned over her blighted prospects, and withered hopes, as woman only can mourn! In the depths of her aching heart, were her sorrows hidden from the observation of those around her; but in the retirement of solitude, she yielded to the anguish of her soul, whilst dwelling on the dangers, difficulties, and deprivations, which the object of her attachment was possibly enduring in the voluntary exile which he had imposed on himself, with the hope of retrieving some part of his shattered fortune. But Gertrude, although fond and confiding, and gifted by nature with the warmest feelings, was no worldling. She was often a mourner, but never a murmurer. She had been early tutored to feel, that the severest trials may be blessings in disguise, and that worse calamities may be averted from us, even by means of those very afflictions which seem to deprive us of all our hopes and happiness in this world.

In the long-proved attachment of an estimable friend to her parents, to whose tender care, on their death-bed, they had especially confided the almost heart-broken object of their earthly affection, did Gertrude Neville again experience sympathy, comfort, and support,—whilst cherishing in tranquil endurance, and patient submission, the hope of brighter and happier days. This excellent friend was Ellen's mother; and on the child of her affectionate guardian did this amiable and gentle being avail herself of every incident and occasion to enforce those habits of reflection and self-denial, which had formed her own staying support in many a trying hour—had enabled her to view the chequered events of life in their true light,—and neither to over-rate prosperity by a too eager anticipation of fancied joys, nor to sink beneath the weight of despair in that adversity which she knew to be, at all times, the possible lot of the most highly favoured. Her love for her little favourite, and commiseration for her sorrow, checked Gertrude's reproof in the arbour, when, trying to smile amidst her fast-falling tears, the weeping child showed, by her intelligent look, that she had derived a salutary lesson from the loss of her half-crown. In silence did her judicious monitor lead her back into the house. Farther reproof would, at that time, have been misplaced, nay, almost unkind; for she felt her little hand tremble, as she endeavoured to check her tears,—tears which nevertheless sprang unbidden to her eyes, and hung about

long eyelashes, glistening like the early dew on the moss-rose bud.

But the sorrows of happy childhood are brief:—when therefore the sunshine of joy again lighted up Ellen's lovely face, amidst the enchantments of the fancy-fair, then did Gertrude conclude her admonition.

"Here, my sweet love, is another crystal box, which I have bought as a keepsake for you—and which I give you on one condition; that you never spend the new, and bright half-crown, which I have placed as a monitor within it. Keep both, my Ellen, in remembrance of to-day: and whenever you are tempted to be careless of your treasures, or to yield to inclinations which your better judgment would condemn, let the sight of the crystal box remind you how soon those treasures may be lost to you for ever, and how one idle moment may render nugatory years of steady perseverance and caution: and let the recollection of the *Lost Half-crown* teach you, also, that losses and disappointments are felt with a tenfold bitterness, when they are the result of our folly."

Ellen assented to the proposal;—and Ellen has since passed from childhood to girlhood—and from girlhood to maturer years; but she still preserves the crystal box, from within which the important silver token has never been removed; for amidst various trials and disappointments, of which her infantine grief was indeed but too truly a type, she has ever felt the value of the lesson it inculcated—and thankfully acknowledges the benefit she has derived from Gertrude's keepsake, and her own mischance of

For the Pearl.

LUCY CLARKSON.*

A TALE OF SIMPLE LIFE.

Chapter IV.—The Return.

Thus time rolled on, until some months had elapsed, and then a change came over the chamber of the wife. Evenings and nights still wanted the husband's presence, and they still witnessed the fair watcher's vigils,—but she was no longer lonely,—no longer a sad recaller of the past,—no longer a brooder on the unpromising future. An unconscious and lovely stranger was there, like a sunbeam, dispensing mental warmth and vigour, as palpably, according to its kind, as ever material emanations were dispensed from the orb of day. A mother's pulse had commenced its healthy action in Lucy's heart, and while she embraced her babe, all other things were forgotten, or were seen through a medium very different from that which heretofore gave an atmosphere to objects. Brief and light were now the remains of gloom,—the calls of duty were more regarded, and according as they were made imperative, hindrances and annoyances decreased, and self-satisfaction gave a glow to the breast. She could not alter the past,—she could not modify the present according to her wishes,—she could not read the future,—but she could perform her duty; and she felt that by so doing she made that future of a past time, blessed,—and that she prepared a past, for the then future, which would be of happy memory. And well might that babe be the blessing which it was intended,—however the callous and sensual might sneer at the supposition. Its fair smooth forehead, blue eyes, and delicately rounded cheeks and chin,—finely tinted and pulpy, as the ripening peach, formed a picture of beautiful simplicity and innocence;—the mystery which hung round that germ of intelligence and active life, the helplessness which required a most tender protector,—the golden promises of the future,—all tended to make sweet music in the breast on which the infant was rocked to sleep.

A few more months and another change in Lucy's household was visible. Charles had answered the dearest wish of her heart by becoming more domestic; instead of fleeing to his riotous companions he enjoyed the company of his young wife,—and sometimes embraced his babe with the exquisite feelings of a father over his first-born. Lucy saw, too plainly, that her husband had other causes beside the presence of his wife and child for sobriety of conduct. Disappointments in business had been experienced, disarrangements of the money market had thwarted his prospects, and his concerns no longer moved on with their wonted smoothness. She rejoiced that these matters urged him more into the bosom of his family, instead of inducing him to drown reflection,—and she laboured to make the refuge he had chosen every way salutary and soothing to his mind.

A blow soon came which required all her virtuous resolution and magnanimity. Reynall became a bankrupt. The sad event had thrown its melancholy shadows before, yet it came like a thunder bolt, terrifying and marring, and leaving scathe and blackness, where once was light and beauty. Nevertheless the dreaded evil had not long been experienced, until it was found not quite so oppressive as was anticipated, and until the certainty appeared less torturing than the period of suspense and vain endeavour which preceded it. One of its worst consequences seemed the estrangement of supposed friends, the air of superiority

which some became invested with, who once scarcely considered themselves equals, and the tone of fault-finding and reproach—most heart-stinging—which some assumed, merely because fortune, as it is called, frowned where once it smiled: Not because Reynall was a worse man the day after his bankruptcy, than he was the day before, but because circumstances had made him unable to meet his engagements, and had made him more liable to the petty annoyances of life. Thus, as sympathy became more needed, it was less awarded; and Reynall felt all the mental agony attendant on a partial loss of *caste*, while he proved on what miserably hollow, and intrinsically valueless materials, that *caste* was founded. Virtue, talent, industry, had nothing to do with it, except so far as these were means of keeping up a certain rank and certain appearances in society. So it is, and so it will be, while society is constituted as it is; and the evil and oppression and shabbiness, involved in the fact, are in some degree redeemed by the effect which such infictions have on the health of commercial life.

The crisis had past,—a complete surrender and sacrifice of Reynall's property had nearly satisfied his claimants, and he found himself, almost penniless, alone in the world. Not indeed alone, except as regards business co-operation; not alone, a wife and child now looked up to him for protection and sustenance, and love for them was blent with the keenest anxieties respecting their future prospects. He felt the deepest horror brood over his heart, as he imagined the possible destitution and suffering of those whom he had expected to rear in delicacy and every comfort,—as he found himself cut adrift from all his usual holds on profitable existence,—and saw society, without one apparent opening for him or his, spread its repulsive surface in every direction. The single man, in such cases, suffers merely as an individual;—but the husband and the father, if deserving of those honourable names, finds his perceptions of misery increased an hundred fold, and he would flee to individual privation or pain, as to a state of comparative enjoyment. Happily, as it is with his misery, it is with his happiness; for the rays of the sun of prosperity are multiplied again and again in their reflection from the family circle.

Reynall at length found employment as supercargo in one of his own late vessels,—The Endeavour. She was bound on a long and hazardous voyage, and he was glad that it was so, as it afforded him better remuneration and more favourable opportunity of showing his enterprise and assiduity and commercial ability, than a trip of less consequence. Lucy, and the little Maria, were lodged more appropriately under their altered circumstances, and their natural protector took a tender and melancholy farewell, and left his lonely home, in the heart of the busy city, for adventures on the deep. On the evening of his departure Lucy hugged her babe with a more than tender melancholy to her breast, and shed bitter tears over the unconscious innocent. She felt for herself, for her child, and for him whose toil and danger was now to be the source of their support. She had not married exactly for love,—but common kindness from those with whom she lived; was repaid with affection, duty demanded her sympathies; esteem had grown rapidly with the improved conduct of her husband,—and Reynall's tall ship bore him rapidly from a wife as deserving of the title of loving, as many whose union had been more fully marked by the romantic passion,

Time rolled by, modifying feelings and circumstances with the lonely woman, as well as it did with the grand and gay and important personages of the world. She had heard from her husband, and his letter was a sweet drop in the cup of existence;—little Maria began its infantine fondlings and attempts at prattling, sometimes winning its mother from her cares,—and repeated assurances of unwavering affection had reached her from her sister, now Mrs. Fairfield. Indeed, in all her vicissitudes, the prairie cottage, and the friends of her youth, seemed the haven to which Lucy could confidently resort, if extremity should urge her from the path she had adopted.

And extremity seemed indeed to hover over her head. The time had arrived when Reynall should have returned, if every thing had gone on prosperously, and yet he had not been heard from except on his arrival at an intermediate port,—it was not known that he had reached his destination. Enquiries made by the owners, after the vessel, proved fruitless, and they began to fear, before Lucy knew that there were any serious grounds of apprehension. Deep anxiety indeed was her lot; but to her the sea was a vast, vague, wilderness, where wanderers might tarry for an indefinite period, without any means of imparting information, and whence they might return, unexpectedly, as if they fell from a cloud. The owners had more practical acquaintance with the great "highway of nations," and in the failure of the ordinary intelligence, they saw much cause of doubt and dread. Lucy observed, that they became more cautious in answering her enquiries,—and she imagined that hesitation began to appear in making her the usual advances from her husband's salary. Gloomy thoughts began to encumber all her faculties,—her little room was the scene of mournful watchings, tearful fondlings of her babe, and most ardent prayers for the return of the father and the husband.

At length a messenger waited on her to pay the last quota from

the owners of the Endeavour, and to make her acquainted with the fatal news, in a manner least likely to shock her feelings. She listened to the recital of doubt, and fear, and causes of apprehension, trembling like an aspen, but the winding up,—the news, that the wreck of the Endeavour had been met at sea and duly reported, and that only the slightest ground for hope existed that any of her crew still existed—overwhelmed her with speechless horror, and despair. The sympathizing messenger retired, and Lucy opened her eyes on a state of existence in which every thing seemed changed, seemed replete with images of sadness and horror, seemed repulsive, deformed, and almost without a bright spot. Her wailing for the lost, and the blankness which the approaches of despair occasioned, were, however, partially shaken off, for there was her babe to be cared for, and there was her own subsistence to be provided. She had too much of unsophisticated nature in her bosom,—too much respect for herself and those in whom she should be interested,—too strong a view of the state of probation which this life at best, and at worst, presents,—too much morality and spirit and religion, to sink abjectly under troubles, whatever their weight. She might sink, but she would sink struggling, and possessing the satisfaction of knowing that her own listlessness was not the chief cause. Hugging the remembrance of her husband to her heart, commiserating his fate, shrieking from contact with the world, and yearning over the prospects of her babe, she yet resolutely set about the discovery of some new path in life, for herself, and the little innocent, that now depended on her single arm. But the important question was, what path was open to her feet, or where could she force an opening by her feeble exertions. Speculation after speculation was indulged, until the lonely woman's brain became confused by such uncongenial meditations.

A letter from the Prairie came most opportunely, and after some vain endeavours to form some favourable course in the city, she submitted to comparative dependance in her father's home. It was a dependance which might be most lightly felt,—her presence was sought as a favour, she knew how much she could add to the comfort and perhaps wealth of the cottage, in the absence of her sister,—and for whom was the superfluity of that little estate intended, except for her and those dear to her? It was a return to home, to a beloved father and sister, and she shed tears of joy as she considered how the infant Maria would soothe her grandfather's declining years, and grow up amid the plenty and innocence and healthful occupations of rural life. The determination once formed, was eagerly put into practice, and with the remnant of her little means, she set out, by easy stages, for that home, the desertion of which had been the cause of so much vicissitude and anxiety.

She left B— with conflicting emotions:—The foolish schemes of pleasure and attraction, indulged on her entering it, how vain had they proved. What disappointment succeeded anticipation. What loneliness had she experienced amid its bustle,—what a sense of destitution amid its glitter and fashion. And her chief stay, how had he vanished from her side,—the small cloud seemed not to drift seaward and to be lost there, more unmarked, than him who was so precious to her little household. On the other side, she had some cause of more cheerful feelings. Her city life had been less marked with folly and suffering, than might have been expected, when one so inexperienced entered on it by so false a step. Her husband had become weaned from dissipating pursuits, and had grown domestic and affectionate, and had thus left a happy memory behind. His child remained, as a new care and delight, in which her soul centered,—and she was returning to those whom she dearly loved, and who, she was assured, loved her. These thoughts, blended with anticipations respecting those whom she had not seen for years,—occupied her mind, occasionally, during her tedious journey, until her attendant aroused her by announcing a distant view of the Prairie. There, indeed, was the broad flowery expanse, which she so well knew, and whose scenes were endeared above any other on earth. They approached the cottage, and the returning daughter soon found herself moving amid the well known and well beloved haunts of her youth. She could not shake off some feeling of degradation, at thus returning, in humility and loneliness, to a place which she deserted with too many evidences of waywardness and pride. And when she doubted what reception she might possibly meet when her whole story was known, she pressed her child the closer, as the only sure participator in all her griefs and joys. Her child, however, was not her only devoted companion,—Rolla had attached himself with twofold affection to his mistress, since he lost his master. He watched her every movement, when in sight, and seemed continually anxious not to lose that last hold which he had on man's sympathy, and to exhibit his affection with two-fold force, to that remnant of the family which he served. Often Lucy spoke to the half-conscious creature, of his absent master, and was often amused at the temerity of the infant Maria in playing with its glossy coat, and the tenderness with which the brute returned these welcome attentions. Rolla now trotted beside the vehicle which she sat in, and the deafening barks of Wolf and Watch were soon heard, as they gazed from the vicinity of the cottage on the approaching strangers. In a few minutes those

Careful guards came bounding forward, threatening an attack on the intruder. Rolla assumed a posture of defence, in front of his mistress,—prepared, apparently, to vindicate his bravery against any odds. Lucy could not see her poor companion thus ill-used, merely because he was a stranger, without an effort in his behalf. "Ha, Wolf and Watch," said she, in that tone which dogs know are intended for them, "down, sirs, down." The dogs checked themselves in an instant, and looked at their former mistress with surprise, as if conscious of some sudden charm. A moment's investigation sufficed, and their joyous yelpings and fawnings disconcerted Lucy considerably, at that particular juncture. It was a rude but hearty welcome home,—and one which might apprise the inmates of the cottage of her return, before she gained its shelter. She was right in her conjecture,—her father stood at the door, wondering at the strange conduct of the dogs, when a thought suddenly occurring, he ejaculated, "Lucy, Lucy," and rushed forward to meet his child. That evening Lucy's cup seemed to run over with blessing; only for memory, her earthly happiness would have been higher than at any former period. Her child was fondled by its delighted grandfather, Maria's affection evinced itself in a thousand endearments, Fairfield made one of the beloved circle, and all declared that the wanderer's return gave a new spring to life, and completed the content of the Prairie cottage.

She was soon installed as her father's housekeeper, and several little plans for future existence were laid. But,—man only proposes,—heaven disposes,—and her plans now were to be as visionary as those of former periods. The season approached which reminded her of her "flight from home," and its consequences. The leaves of the forest strewed the ground, and the fireside received charms from the chilly atmosphere. She was endeavouring to banish painful thoughts, by teaching her infant its first steps in life; and well she exulted as it stood alone, and crowed, and staggered towards her outstretched arms. Fairfield unexpectedly arrived, and the expression of his countenance made Lucy conscious that some news impended. She looked around, her father and child, both well and happy, were within sight,—*had she to fear for Osburn, she knew, had settled at a distance, and, respecting him, she had no cause to fear any interruption of that peace which she so much loved. Maria! had any thing happened her sister, she enquired. No, but still Fairfield had something of interest to impart to her and her father. That something was soon told. Reynall was not among "the lost at sea." He had been heard of,—had been seen, had arrived at B—, was at the Prairie. Happy meeting. He flew to his wife, overflowing with affection and esteem for her virtues, and severed from all ties, except those connected with her welfare. His forcible detention in foreign lands had been turned to good account,—he did not return empty-handed,—and he left it to his wife's option whether they should return to B— with good prospects of worldly success, or whether they should settle on a Prairie farm. The Prairie was Lucy's ready choice. A lot laid off for Lucy's share was forced on Reynall by her father, as an inducement to them to settle in his immediate neighbourhood. Arrangements were soon made, and Lucy became the happy mistress of her own cottage and farm, having happily escaped unhurt, from trials, which once seemed to threaten every danger. Her simple story afforded an example that important changes against habit, and not founded on principle, generally result in disappointment and remorse; but that patient persevering adherence to duties, in any path of life, are always rewarded; rewarded either by mere self-satisfaction, and the consciousness of heaven's approval,—or by these inestimable blessings added to many subordinate enjoyments, as in the case of LUCY CLARKSON.*

SEYDUS.

From Oester's Church and King.

REBELLION.

Reasoning upon the lowest human motives, rebellion never can be necessary, and therefore is never to be justified. Far less than the power required to overturn a throne, would be sufficient to obtain full redress for any grievance by constitutional means.

If the King should command what the laws of God forbid, the subject ought to disobey; but yet, for conscience sake, to submit to the penalty. So a child must not break the laws of the land in obedience to a parent, yet should bear, with all filial submission, the punishment which his father may inflict on him for refusing. This conduct is enjoined as a duty, and all experience proves it to be wise.

The three Jewish companions at the fiery furnace, and Daniel at the den of lions, acted thus; and God displayed his approval by the miracle that saved them. Thus the early Christians submitted to dreadful persecutions, not only while they were few, and weak, but also, and avowedly for conscience sake, when they had become strong enough to resist. By this conduct, they made Christianity, the Religion of the Roman Empire.

Upon the same principle the Reformers of England submitted in the reign of Queen Mary; and their constancy in suffering for the truth was soon rewarded by the overthrow of Popery.

The Church of England acted upon the same principle in the reign of James II.; and her crown of reward was the speedy establishment of the religion and liberties of the Empire.

But treason and rebellion, estimated by their consequences, are of all crimes the most atrocious, of all follies the most extravagant. Terrible have been the calamities when they have failed; more terrible, if possible, where they have been cursed with success.

The Reformation had been established in France; for the Huguenots already numbered more than 2000 congregations. They were in effect tolerated, and their future sovereign was among their leaders. Impatient for supremacy, they attempted to make their King a prisoner, that, in his name, they might put down their enemies by force. They failed; and the civil war which followed, and the horrible treachery which exterminated them, were but a small part of the consequences of their crime. France, as a Protestant nation, under Henry IV., united with England under Elizabeth, might, by moral influence alone, have established the cause of truth and freedom throughout Europe; but popish and infidel France has from that time been the scourge and curse of the world.

The Covenanters of Scotland asserted what they deemed the rights of conscience by murder, and rebellion; and the miserable calamities they incurred need not be related. In proof that it was only their determined treason which brought down on them the vengeance of the government, it will be sufficient to state, that at that very time the Quakers were promoting tenets still more offensive: but, doing so upon Christian principles, they obtained first toleration, and at last favour.

Successful rebellions have been, if possible, still more calamitous. The treason of the Duke of Lancaster established him without opposition upon the throne; but it ended in civil wars, which cut off his posterity, and desolated England. The traitors in the Great Rebellion won all that they fought for; but the only fruit of their crime was to set up a military despot, in the place of the King they murdered, and to annihilate their party; till of all their power and triumph, nothing remained but the record of their infamy. The French established the sovereignty of the people; and now, after fifty years of unparalleled crime and misery, we see them coerced by the sword, and saved only by despotism from the horrors of renewed anarchy.

Thus the great truth, that the sovereign power is appointed by God himself, to represent his own authority, and to be obeyed for conscience sake;—a truth upon which the prosperity and happiness of nations depend, yet which man, in his pride and folly, is so prone to dispute;—is enforced by the strongest declarations of Scripture, and confirmed by the most awful lessons of experience. So clear and forcible have been these lessons, that we see men, who certainly have no moral scruples on the subject, unless personal cowardice should be so considered, deprecating rebellion as the most certain means of defeating a treasonable object.

THE DAHLIA.

The Dahlia, which now forms so prominent a feature amongst our autumnal gaieties in the flower-garden, was named in honour of Andrew Dahl, a botanist of Sweden. Willdenow objected to the term, under an erroneous impression that it had previously been appropriated to another genus; and adopted the name *Georgina*; but he has not been followed by subsequent writers. Others objected to it from its similarity to *Dalea*, a genus already established, after our countryman, Dale. The name Dahlia is now, however, so well confirmed, that it may bid defiance to the caprice of modern botanical name-changers. It is, notwithstanding, very desirable that attention be paid to the proper pronunciation of the word. The *a* should have the open sound, as in father; it will then be clearly distinguished from the older name Dalea. The genus is now principally divided into two species, *superflua* and *frustranea*, in allusion to the florets of the rays of the former abounding in seed; whilst those of the latter species are barren. Other specific distinctions were first adopted, but they all proved unstable; and from the proneness of the Dahlia to sport into such numerous varieties, it may be doubted whether the present distinction will prove permanent.

These splendid plants are natives of Spanish America, and though noticed by the Spaniards about the middle of the seventeenth century, did not attract much attention till they had flowered at Madrid, in 1790, when Cavanilles described them in the first volume of his *Icones*, published in the following year. In 1802, he sent plants to Paris, where they were successfully cultivated by Monsieur Phouin, who shortly afterwards, published coloured figures and a description of them. The first introduction of the Dahlia into England was, according to the *Hortus Kewensis*, by the Marchioness of Bute, in 1789, but the plants, it may be presumed, were soon lost. In 1802 and 1803, others were sent from Paris; and in 1804, seeds from Madrid; yet, for several years, they were scarcely heard of amongst us. Their habits being unknown, their increase was slow; whilst, on the

continent, innumerable and splendid varieties were produced; so that, after the peace, in 1814, they were poured upon us in all the variety of their present tints; exciting the astonishment of every beholder, and the joy of those who could number such beauties amongst their own collections. Since that time they have been rapidly increased and improved, and England can now boast of varieties as superb as any in the world.

Early sown seeds produce plants that will flower in the succeeding Autumn. The more certainly if forced on a hot-bed. Roots keep very well in sand, in a dry cellar. In dividing them, the old stems may be slit, and a portion must be retained to each plant. Plant old roots in the first week of April; or pot them, force in a hot-bed, and turn into the borders when three or four inches high. A few may be retained in large pots; they will be less luxuriant, and flower earlier. Train one stem only from each root, and pinch off the lower-side shoots. The superfluous shoots from old roots, when taken off, may be planted in the shade, under a hand-glass, and will readily grow, as will cuttings of the older stems. Or cuttings of fine varieties may be grafted on the tubers of common ones merely by splicing them together, tying, and enclosing them in a little clay, before they are potted in mould: they should then be put in a hot-bed and shaded. A gravelly soil checks their luxuriance and produces most flowers.—*Maunder's Botanic Garden.*

JAMAICA.—Our dates from Jamaica are to the 7th November. The Legislature met on the 30th October. The following is His Excellency Sir Lionel Smith's Speech on the occasion:

"Gentlemen of the Council,

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

"The most important event, in the annals of Colonial History, has taken place since I had last the pleasure of meeting the Legislature of this Island; and I am happy in being able to declare, that the conduct of the Labouring Population, who were then the objects of your liberal and enlightened policy, entitles them to the highest praise, and amply proves how well they have deserved the boon of Freedom.

"It was not to be expected, that the total extinction of the Apprenticeship Laws would be followed by an instantaneous return to active labour; but feeling, as I do, the deepest interest in the successful result of the great measure now in progress, I sincerely congratulate you, and the Country at large, on the improvement which is daily taking place in the resumption of industrious habits, and I trust there is every prospect of agricultural prosperity.

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

"Many important subjects consequent upon the altered condition of society, will, I hope, receive your early and serious consideration.

"In calling upon you to provide for the usual public exigencies, I make no doubt you will support the credit of the Island, with due regard to the interests of your Constituents.

"Gentlemen of the Council,

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

"I shall lose no time in laying before you various Despatches from Her Majesty's Government.

"I beg to assure you of my cordial co-operation in all measures which may tend to improve the laws,—to give security to property,—to protect the just rights of the peasantry, and ensure peace and happiness to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects."

On the same day, the House of Assembly Resolved that the act of the British Parliament, entitled "An act for the better government of prisons in the West Indies," is a violation of our inherent rights as British subjects, as recognized by the constitution of this Island, and by the act of Parliament, the 18th of George 3d chapter 14th; that the same has not, and ought not to have the force of law in this island, and that the authorities will not be justified in acting on it.

And therefore, it was the opinion of the house, it would best consult its own honour, the rights of their constituents, and the peace and well-being of the colony, by abstaining from the exercise of any legislative function, excepting such as may be necessary to preserve inviolate the faith of the Island with the public creditor, until our most gracious Majesty's pleasure shall be made known, whether her subjects of Jamaica, now happily all in a state of freedom, are henceforth to be treated as subjects, with the power of making laws hitherto, for their own government, or whether they are to be treated as a conquered colony, and governed by parliamentary legislation, orders in Council, or, as in the case of the late amended Abolition Act, by investing the Governor of the Island with the arbitrary power of issuing proclamations, having the force of law, over the lives and properties of the people.

In consequence of this determination, his Excellency prorogued the Legislature until the 3d of November, in order that the Members might have an opportunity of reconsidering the subject. On that day, the Assembly again met, but still adhering to their former decision, it was believed an immediate dissolution would take place.

From the British Annual.

JAMES WATT.

The celebrity of some men may be compared to a meteor, which appears for a time and then vanishes away; their memory is only found in their marble monuments. Others again, like planets, have succeeded in attaining to a more permanent distinction; they have conferred benefits upon their fellow-men, which remain after them; they require no busts, no empty gorgeous structures, to tell that they have lived; their memory is in their works. Of this latter class was James Watt, the immortal discoverer of the steam-engine. He was born in 1736, at Greenock, in Scotland, where his father was a merchant and a magistrate. His grandfather and uncle both distinguished themselves as mathematicians and engineers. The subject of our memoir was educated in his native town, which has long been distinguished as a port of extensive commercial relations, and for the elegance and substantiality of the works of its mechanics, especially in reference to navigation. Till the age of sixteen he continued at the grammar school; at eighteen he was sent to London, being bound to a distinguished mathematical instrument maker. Here, however, the delicacy of his health, from an attack of rheumatism, occasioned by working one winter's day in the open air, prevented him from deriving any advantage from his situation, and he was soon obliged to return to his native country. In 1757, he went to reside in the University of Glasgow, being appointed philosophical instrument maker to that seminary, with apartments in the building. In this situation he remained till 1764, when he married his cousin, Miss Miller. He then established himself in the town as an engineer. While in this capacity, he was consulted with regard to the great canal, which traverses Scotland from east to west, termed the Caledonian Canal; and he is said to have projected the canal which unites the Clyde and Forth. An accidental circumstance, however, had given a different bent to his pursuits. One of Newcomen's steam engines had been sent to him from the Natural Philosophy class, for the purpose of being repaired, and this turned his attention to the power of steam, of which he was destined to make such splendid application. He remarked, that two-thirds of the steam were condensed by the contact with cold water; hence there was a loss of two-thirds of the fuel. He first attempted to substitute a wooden pipe for a tube of iron, considering that the wood is a worse conductor of heat; but he found that the wood had less resistance to the sudden alternations of temperature. He then thought of passing the steam into an iron tube without cooling the walls of the tube; this constituted the invention of the condenser. This vessel, free from air, and communicating with the water, being opened at the moment when the tube is filled with steam, draws the latter towards it, and when the vessel receives at the same time a jet of cold water, the steam which is passing to fill it is condensed; the remaining part of the steam in the pipe is removed into the vacuum caused by condensation, and thus the piston is allowed free play. To get rid of the water in the condenser, a small air-pump was applied, which was worked by the piston. The invention of the condenser was, then, Watt's first great improvement. The second was the admission of steam above and below the piston, according as it was to be depressed or raised. He surrounded the metal tubes with wood, in order to keep in the heat. He calculated with precision the quantity of fuel necessary for producing a certain portion of steam, and the volume of cold water required to condense it. Such were the inventions for which a new patent was obtained, but funds were wanted to extend the utility of the discovery. Fortunately, a purchaser for the interests in the patent was met with in the person of Matthew Bolton, of Birmingham. To him, therefore, it may with justice be said, that the country owes the present diffusion and importance of the steam-engine. The firm of Watt and Bolton commenced their manufactory, at Birmingham, by constructing a steam-engine, which all those interested in mining were requested to inspect. The invention began gradually to be appreciated, especially in Cornwall; and Watt's engine very soon replaced that of Newcomen. One great encouragement to adopt the new engine was the terms upon which it was supplied. The agreement was, that one third of the saving of fuel over the old engine should be the price of the new engine.

The saving was carefully ascertained in this way:—the quantity of fuel necessary for producing a certain number of strokes of the piston was ascertained by Newcomen's engine, and by a new one of the same dimensions; the number of strokes was determined by means of a piece of clock-work termed the counter, attached to the engine, and so arranged that every stroke advanced the hand one division. The instrument was placed in a box supplied with two keys, and was opened at the time for settling accounts in presence of the agent of Watt and Bolton, and of the director of the mine. To show the amount of saving, it is only necessary to state, that the sum which the firm derived from three engines in one year at the Chacewater mine, in Cornwall, amounted to £2382, proving that the saving of fuel by the new plan was equal to upwards of £7000 per annum, being equivalent to £2382 per annum on each engine.

The manufactory of Soho speedily extended its limits, and

what was once a sterile hill, soon became a populous and fertile manufactory. The firm obtained an extension of their patent to 1800. To this period the engine had only been employed to raise water, but in 1800 Watt began to think of applying it to mills. This he conceived might be effected on the principle of the spinning wheel, where the impulse which turns it one half completes the revolution. While engaged with his model, he learned that a manufacturer of Birmingham, named Rickards, had constructed what he was in search of. He procured a plan of it, and found that his own plan had been sold by one of his faithless workmen to Rickards, who had procured a patent. It was too late to claim the invention, and he therefore sought for a new plan. He accordingly invented what is termed the sun and planet motion.

The intelligent and aspiring mind of Watt, however, was not content with directing its attention to one subject alone; he invented, in 1779, a copying-press, consisting of two cylinders, between which a sheet of moistened paper was passed, and applied over a printed sheet; this contrivance was very successful. In March, 1787, he introduced into Great Britain the method of bleaching cotton by means of chlorine, which had been discovered in France by Berthollet. This claim was at one time disputed in favour of Professor Copland, of Aberdeen; but it was quickly set at rest on the side of Mr. Watt. In 1800, Mr. Watt retired from the firm with a handsome fortune, and was succeeded by his son, who continued, along with a son of Mr. Bolton, to carry on the manufactory. During his residence in Glasgow, his first wife died. At Birmingham he married the daughter of Mr. Macgregor, a manufacturer of Scotland, with whom in the heart of his family he happily spent the evening of his days. While engaged in business he was much troubled with head-ache, which, however ceased to affect him when he was relieved from his labours. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; and the Institute of Paris, in 1808, made him one of their eight foreign associates. In 1817, he visited Scotland for the last time. In the course of two years afterwards his health broke down, and he died on the 25th of August, 1819, aged eighty-four years, beloved and lamented by all. Mr. Watt was one of the most extraordinary men of any age. He was not only a mechanic, he was an accomplished scholar, and yet in a great measure self-taught. He was familiar with the modern languages, and had an excellent acquaintance with chemistry, physics, antiquities, architecture, music; in short, he was generally well-informed. Possessing all these requisites, and a splendid benefactor of his country, it is remarkable that government never conferred any honour upon him. But the days of Watt will endure for ever.

A handsome statue of Watt was erected in 1824, at Birmingham. Glasgow possesses a similar tribute to his memory, and Westminster Abbey can now boast of having deposited within its walls a marble statue of one who has conferred greater benefits on his country and on the world, than perhaps any individual commemorated by its gorgeous monuments. Where is the name of Watt unknown?

CZAR PETER THE FIRST.

Czar Peter the first, merited the title of Great, not only for his extraordinary political and military abilities, always displayed for the real happiness of his subjects; but for many incidents in his private character, and one of which should set him above Sesostris and Alexander. He saw at the house of one of his nobility a beautiful servant-maid, and there heard an excellent character of her virtue and understanding. Taking her into his own service, he soon perceived that her beauty, brilliant as it was above that of other women, was lost in the superior lustre of her wit and understanding. I will not say he condescended, but rather, that he soared above other kings, when he married, and raised to his throne this daughter of a peasant, this glory of her sex, and never had reason to repent the deed. His raising Menzicof from the condition of a ballad-singer and a poor basket-boy, as high as the wealth and honours of the empire could carry him, is a similar proof of goodness and greatness in the soul of this extraordinary man. Menzicof was the orphan of a broken gentleman, and had no better way of supporting himself than that of singing ballads, and selling fruit about the streets, in which occupation the Czar happened one day to see him as he was going to a grand dinner with one of his Russian lords. In the kitchen of this very lord, young Menzicof served as a scullion, and got his dinner every day, but was allowed, at vacant hours, to make out the remainder of his subsistence by his double employment in the streets. The Czar having been struck with somewhat of dignity in the pretty boy's appearance, and seeing him at the door when he stopped, desired he might attend that day at table. Among the many dishes provided for so splendid an entertainment, there was one seasoned up to the Czar's particular liking, placed just before his chair, and strongly recommended by the master of the house. Just as the Emperor was going to help himself to a plate of this dish, Menzicof forbade him to touch it. Being asked why, he frankly and boldly declared, that as he was serving in the kitchen, he saw the lord of the house throw somewhat secretly into the mess, while it stood on the fire, and the cook's face was turned away. The Czar,

observing some confusion in the countenance of his entertainer, ordered a dog to be brought in, and fed on a plate of stuff taken from the dish in question, which almost instantly threw the poor animal into convulsions, and killed him. A worse animal in the room quickly lost his head, and that of Menzicof was so exalted, as to sit next his sovereign and to be heard of all the world over. The atheist, after saying the world was made and is governed by chance, may say, too, that this father of the Russian empire was saved by chance, because God did not ocularly appear in the transaction. But the man who sees, through his reason, an organ which penetrates deeper and farther than his eye, will trace God from the death of Menzicof's father, through all the streets, and into the kitchen, and into the parlour of the wicked lord; and will see him there, through the genius of Peter, conducting one of the most extensive empires of the world from absolute barbarism into a happy state of culture and civilisation. Is a rational creature to believe nothing but upon the immediate testimony of his senses? Did he see the Almighty actually employed in the work of creation? Or can he see the invisible in that of Providence? Did he see him in the ascent of the ten thousand Greeks? Did he see him in the expulsion of the English out of France by a poor country girl? Or did he see him working out the eternal salvation of mankind on the Cross of Christ, even by the malice of the devil and his instruments? If the world was worth his making, why is it not worth his superintendance?—Skellon.

BOOKS.

"Twere well with most, if books, that could engorge
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;
The man approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
And not with curses on his art, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul."

If there be one word in our language, beyond all others, teeming with delightful associations, "books" is that word. At that magic name what vivid retrospections of bygone times, what summer days of unalloyed happiness, "when life was new," rush on the memory! even now the spell retains its power to charm: the beloved of my youth is the solace of my declining years: such is the enduring nature of an early attachment to literature.

The first book that inspired me with a taste for reading, was "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress;" never shall I forget the intense emotion with which I perused this pious and interesting fiction; the picturesque descriptions and quaint moralities blended with this fine allegory, heightened the enchantment, and which, to a youthful and fervid imagination, "unsated yet with garbage," was complete. From henceforward my bias was determined; the passion grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; and I devoured all the books that fell in my way, as if "appetite increased by what it fed on." My next step was, I commenced collector. Smile, if you will, reader, but admire the benevolence of creative wisdom, by which the means of happiness are so nicely adjusted to the capacity for enjoyment: for, slender as in those days were my finances, I much doubt if the noble possessor of the unique edition of Boccaccio, marched off with his envied prize, at the cost of two thousand five hundred pounds, more triumphantly than I did with my sixpenny pamphlet, or dog's eared volume, destined to form the nucleus of my future library.

The moral advantages arising out of a love of books are so obvious, that to enlarge upon such a topic might be deemed a gratuitous parade of truisms; I shall therefore proceed to offer a few observations as to the modes of deriving both pleasure and improvement from the cultivation of this most fascinating and intellectual of all pursuits. Lord Bacon says, with his usual discrimination, "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;" this short sentence comprises the whole practical wisdom of the subject, and in like manner, by an extension of the principle, the choice of a library must be regulated. "Few books, well selected, are best," is a maxim useful to all, but more especially to young collectors: for let it be remembered, that economy in our pleasures invariably tends to enlarge the sphere of our enjoyments. Fuller remarks, "that it is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library;" and the supposition is equally erroneous, that a large collection necessarily implies a good one. The truth is, were we to discard all the works of a mere temporary interest, and of solemn trifling, that encumber the fields of literature, the magnitude of numerous vast libraries would suddenly shrink into most diminutive dimensions, for the number of good original authors is comparatively few; study therefore quality rather than quantity in the selection of your books. As regards the luxuries of the library, keep a rigid watch upon your inclinations; for though it must not be denied that there is a rational pleasure in seeing a favourite author elegantly attired, nothing is more ridiculous than this taste pushed to the extreme; for then this refined pursuit degenerates into a mere hobby horse, and once fairly mounted, good bye to prudence and common sense! The Bibliomaniac is thus pleasantly satirised by an old poet in the "Shyp of Fools."

"Styll am I busy bōt assemblynge,
For to have plenty it is a pleasant thyng
In my conceit, and to have them ay in hand,
But what they mene do I not understāde."

When we survey our well furnished book-shelves, the first thought that suggests itself is, the immortality of intellect. Here repose the living monuments of those master-spirits destined to sway the empire of mind; the historian, the philosopher, and the poet, "of imagination all compact!" and while the deeds of mighty conquerors hurry down the stream of oblivion, the works of these men survive to after-ages, are enshrined in the memories of a grateful posterity, and finally stamp upon national character the permanent impress of their genius.

Happy we who are early taught to cherish the society of these silent friends, ever ready to amuse without importunity, and instruct without the austerity of reproof. Let us rest assured that it is "mind that makes the body rich," and that in the cultivation of our intellect we secure an inexhaustible store of present gratification, and a source of pleasurable recollection which will never fail to cheer the evening of life.

MANIAC WIT.

A witty gentleman, of the name of Doubleday, was taking a solitary walk, when he was rudely accosted by a man in a boxing attitude, whose manner and wild looks declared him at once to be a maniac. The gentleman, thinking to divert the madman's attention to some other subject than fistic, went good-naturedly up to him and said, "I am a Double day." "Well, then," quickly replied the lunatic, "I am a man beside myself, so we are equal, come on."

While the late Edmund Burke was making preparation for the indictment before the House of Lords, of Warren Hastings, Governor General of India, he was told that a person who had long resided in the East Indies, but who was then an inmate of Bedlam, could supply him with much useful information. Burke went accordingly to Bedlam; was taken to the cell of the maniac, and received from him, in a long, rational, and well-conducted conversation, the result of much and various knowledge and experience in Indian affairs, and much instruction for the process then intended. On leaving the cell, Burke told the keeper who attended him, that the poor man whom he had just visited was most inquisitiously practised upon; for that he was as much in his senses as man could be. The keeper assured him that there was sufficient warranty and very good cause for his confinement. Burke, with what a man in office once called, "Irish impetuosity," known to be one of Burke's characteristics, insisted that it was an infamous affair, threatened to make the matter public, or even bring it before parliament. The keeper then said, "Sir, I should be sorry for you to leave this house under a false impression: before you do so, be pleased to step back to the poor gentleman's cell, and ask him what he had for breakfast." Burke could not refuse compliance with a request so reasonable and easily performed. "Pray, sir," said he to his Indian counsellor, "be so obliging as to tell me what you had for breakfast." The other, immediately putting on the wild stare of the maniac, cried out, "Hobnails, sir! It is shameful to think how they treat us! They give us nothing but hobnails!" and went on with a "descant wild" on the horrors of the cookery of Bethlehem Hospital. Burke stayed no longer than that his departure might not seem abrupt; and, on the advantage of the first pause in the talk, was glad to make his escape.

THE ELOQUENT AND THE FAMILIAR.

In almost every age, when a people have become readers, there are two schools of composition;—the one closely resembling the language commonly spoken; the other constructed upon the principle, that what is written should be something nobler or lovelier than what is spoken;—that fine writing ought not so much literally to resemble, as spiritually to idealize good talking;—that the art of composition, like every other art, when carried to its highest degree, is not the representation, but, as Browne expresses it, "the perfection of nature;"—and that as music to sound, so is composition to language. A great writer of either school reaches the same shore, and must pass over the same stream; but the one is contented with the ferry, the other builds up a bridge—one goes along the stream—the other above it. Of these two schools of composition, the eloquent and the familiar, the last, often lightly esteemed in its time, and rather commanding a wide than a reverent audience, passes with little change and little diminution of popularity, from generation to generation. But the first stands aloof—the edifice of its age—copied not for ordinary uses, however well formed by scholars, in exact and harmonious symmetry. Royal, but unprolific, it is a monarch without a dynasty. It commands, is obeyed, adored—dies and leaves no heir. Gibbon and Junius are imitated but by schoolboys, and correspondents to provincial newspapers; but the homely Locke, the natural Defoe, the familiar Swift, the robust if not boorish manliness of Cobbett, leave their successors; and find (perhaps unconsciously) their imitators, as long as the language lasts. This is no detraction

from the immortality of greater and more imaginative minds. It is the characteristic of their immortality, that though they inspire, they are not copied—mentally or immediately: the spirit of Milton has had its influence on almost every great poet that has succeeded him—but poets alone have mimicked the machinery of his verse. He who has really caught the mantle of the prophet, is the last man to imitate his walk. As with poets, so with those prose writers who have built up a splendid and unfamiliar style;—after the first rage of contemporary imitation, no one of sound taste or original talent dreams of imitating them.

Edinburgh Review.

THE FLOWER OF FENESTRELLA.

BY MRS. GORE.

Dull vapours fill the joyless air,
And cold the sunbeam falls
Within the courtyard, paved and bare,
'Neath Fenestrella's walls.

While winters upon winters roll,
There hath a captive trod;
His was that madness of the soul
Which knows not of a God.

One morn between the clefts of stone
Two leaflets burst to view;
And day by day, and one by one,
The fragile branches grew.

It grew—nor canker knew, nor blight,
'Neath sun, and storm, and shower:
A blessing to the captive's sight,
It grew—a dungeon flower!

Oh beautiful and gentle thing!
Meek offspring of the sky!
Camest thou, like a breath of spring,
To whisper and to die?

The captive marked its growth, and felt
His soul subdued to tears:
That tender thing had power to melt
The gathered frosts of years.

He who had blindly trod the maze
Of learning and of power,
Stood watching with awakened gaze
The opening of a flower!

He traced the powers of sun, and dew—
The light—the breath that fanned;
And owned at length, to nature true,
His great Creator's hand.

Great God! with pure and wise design,
Still, still 'mid all we see,
Thou blindest thus some mystic sign—
Some voice which breathes of thee!

CHRISTIAN UNION.—No. 2.

Unscriptural Tests—Things as they are.

1. Divisions already existing, have been greatly exasperated and increased by the adoption of unscriptural tests and terms of communion, for the real or pretended purpose of procuring uniformity. True it is that all churches must have some terms of communion; but that any society assuming the name of a church, should establish conditions, distinct from those enjoined by Christ and his apostles, is, one would think, sufficiently presumptuous. That these terms should consist, partly, of things which the imposers themselves acknowledge to be "indifferent and insignificant," seems to add folly to presumption. "To multiply articles," says Bishop Taylor, "and to adopt them into the family of the faith, and to require assent to such articles . . . equal to that assent we give to matters of faith, is to build a tower upon the top of a bulrush; and the farther the effect of such proceedings does extend, the worse they are; the very making of such a law is unreasonable; the inflicting spiritual censures upon them that cannot do so much violence to their understanding as to obey, is ineffectual and unjust." "If they be little things only that we add," says the catholic-spirited Howe, "we must know that there is *nothing little* in religion. What if, little as they are, many think them sinful, and are thereby thrown off from our communion! The less they are, the greater the sin to make them necessary, to hang so great things upon them, break the church's peace and unity by them, and of them to make a new Gospel, new terms of life and death, a new way to heaven. . . . It is in effect to say, If you will not take Christianity with these additions of ours, you shall not be Christians, you shall have no Christian ordinances, no Christian worship: we will, as far as in us is, exclude you from heaven itself, and all means of salvation. And upon the same ground on which they may be excluded from one communion by such arbitrary measures, they may be excluded another also, and be received nowhere. And if the terms of these communions differ, they all exclude one another; and hence, so many churches, so many Christendoms. If this be sinful, it is a sin of the deepest dye. And if the Holy Scriptures speak with such severity, as we know they do, of the altering of man's landmarks, what may we think of altering God's!"

But if we suppose the act so sinful, how far, make the same impartial Howe, doth the guilt of it spread! How few among the several sorts and parties of Christians are innocent, if the measures of their several communions were brought under just and severe examination! How few that fly their communion open to visible Christians as such, excluding none of whatsoever denomination; nor receiving any that by Christian rational estimate cannot be judged such! Yes, how few the churches that have not even now their own little Acts of Uniformity extant and in operation! How large the sect of the intolerant in every church—men to whom history relates all the instances of the wickedness and inutility of persecution in vain—who lay great stress on little things, magnifying trifles into matters of grave importance—who flatter themselves that their creed or test includes all truth and excludes all error—that their little enclosure, with its wicket entrance, contains and monopolises the Saviour of the world—who would make their conscience the universal rule, and look on every conscience that differs from it as culpably ignorant and even punishably perverse—and whose millenium consists of a state of unexceptionable conformity to their creed.

The exclusive spirit, is the schismatic spirit; and he who prescribes a term of communion with it of his own devising—however simple in itself and plausible in its appearance—is putting a price on the bread of life, and throwing a bar across the entrance to a city of refuge; and they who continue that term, share his responsibility, and are chargeable with perpetuating the schism of intolerance.

2. An obstinate attachment to things as they are, is another cause of perpetuating divisions. The blind zeal of innovation, we admit, is equally to be condemned. But the spirit of which we now speak is, not that which deprecates revolution, but which refuses improvement. Had it existed under the patriarchal dispensation, it would fain have prolonged that imperfect economy to the present day. It forgets that immutability belongs alone to infinite perfection; and that gradual change is a condition essential to adaptation and finite progression. It may flow from three causes. Sometimes, it arises probably from a reluctance to surrender any thing which was once held dear by our ancestors. But, however chivalrous, and, to a certain extent laudable, such a feeling may be, we should bear in mind that, by correcting an abuse, we are not questioning their piety, but only admitting that they were not perfect; that the will of God is paramount to every other consideration; and that the last tribute we can pay to departed excellence is to try to improve on it. Sometimes it may spring from a selfish regard to temporal emolument. . . . And, in other instances, it doubtless originates in pride. The adoption of a proposed change would imply that we had been wrong; that we were not so wise yesterday as we are to day—a humiliation which our self-importance cannot brook. A spirit of improvement, by marking the signs of the times, taking counsel of wisdom, and correcting obvious defects, would be eminently a spirit of conciliation. By evincing merely a willingness to advance, where improvement was necessary, we should be disarming our bitterest foes, and changing the more estimable of our opponents into friends; we should be rendering that which is good much more efficient; that which is efficient popular; and that which is popular, permanent. But a spirit of blind and bigoted attachment to things as they are, by virtually claiming infallibility, proclaims our infatuation; renders reconciliation hopeless; and furnishes those who differ from us with a ground of self-justification and triumph.

From "Union" by the Author of "Mammon."

CANDOUR.—It is an argument of a candid, ingenuous mind, to delight in the good name and the commendation of others; to pass by their defects, and to take notice of their virtues; and to speak and hear of those willingly, and not to endure either to speak or hear of the other; for in this indeed you may be little less guilty than the evil speaker, in taking pleasure in it, though you speak it not. He that willingly drinks in tales and calumnies, will, from the delight he hath in evil hearing, slide insensibly into the humour of evil speaking. It is strange how most persons dispense with themselves in this point, and that in scarcely any society shall we find a hatred of all this ill, but rather some tokens of taking pleasure in it: and until a christian sets himself to an inward watchfulness over his heart, not suffering in it any thought that is uncharitable, or vain self-esteem, upon the others' failings, he will still be subject to somewhat of this, in the tongue or ear at least.—Leighton.

HOW TO BE RICH.—Nothing is more easy, says Mr. Paine, than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and save all we get—to stint ourselves, and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable and despised, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

For the Pearl.

BIBLE PRECEPTS.

No. 2.

As an appropriate introduction to the commandments of the inspired Apostles on the treatment of enemies, we beg leave to quote the following remarks from the Quarterly Review. "People are apt to see the force of evidence or of argument only as it strikes for their own prejudices—the wish is father to the thought." The wolf when he was learning to read, could make nothing out of the letters, whatever they might be, that were set before him, but 'lamb.' Cyprian suggests that even geometrical theorems, (that the three angles of a triangle for instance, are equal to two right angles,) if connected with offensive moral truths, might possibly become the subject of doubt and controversy. And Mr. Le Bas, who adopts this sentiment in his valuable essay on Miracles, adds in a note, somewhat after the manner of Warburton's Illustrations, 'If the Pythagorean proposition (Euc. I. 47.) were to impose on mathematicians the Pythagorean maxim of a strict vegetable diet, what carnivorous student of geometry would ever get to the end of the first book in Euclid? Or if we could conceive the doctrine of Fluxions had, somehow or other, been combined with an obligation to abstain from the use of wine; does any one believe that it would have gained its present undisputed establishment throughout the scientific world? Should we not at this very day have many a thirsty analyst protesting that he was under an absolute inability to comprehend or to credit the systems?" So far the Review. And now, abandoning all preconceived opinions, let us with all humility and readiness of mind, receive the law of kindness from the lips of those holy men who speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

"Bless them which persecute you; and bless and curse not (a). Recompense to no man evil for evil. (b) Provide things honest [meditate things comely.—Macknight] in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath [the wrath of God]: for it is written,

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord. THEREFORE, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. (c).

"Owe no man any thing, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Paul's letter to the Romans.

"Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unreasonably, seeketh not her own, is not provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—Paul's first letter to the Corinthians.

"Ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another. * * * Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife [brawlings], envyings, murders, . . . and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith [fidelity] meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.—Paul's letter to the Galatians.

"Be ye angry [at sin as Christ was, but not the sinner,] and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath; neither give place to the devil.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking be put away from you with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us.—Paul's letter to the Ephesians.

"Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering; (forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.) And above all these things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness.—Paul's letter to the Colossians.

"Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work, to speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men.—Paul's letter to Titus.

"If ye fulfil the royal law according to the scripture, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' ye do well; but if ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin, and are convinced of the law [of love] as transgressors. For whosoever shall keep [profess to do so] the whole law [of love,] and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. For the law [of love] that said, 'Do not commit adultery,' said also, 'Do not kill.' Now, if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law [of love.] So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty. For he shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment.

"Who is a WISE MAN and endowed with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation his works with MEKNESS OF WISDOM; but if ye have bitter envying and strife in your heart, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and

^a The repetition of the word *bless*, shows the importance of this precept, and yet in the very teeth of it, is the motto of the kings of Great Britain—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*—Evil be to him that evil thinks. b Dr. Adam Clarke remarks that, "the motto of the royal arms of Scotland is in direct opposition to this divine direction—*Nemo me impune lacesset*, of which, 'I render evil for evil to every man,' is a pretty literal translation. This is both antichristian and abominable, whether in a state or in an individual." c Blackwall, after having praised the language in which this precept is delivered, adds, "This is a noble strain of Christian courage, prudence, and goodness, that nothing in Epictetus, Plutarch, or Antonine can vie with. The moralists and heroes of paganism could not write and act to the height of this."

every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be persuaded, full of mercy and good fruits, without wrangling, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.—Letter of James.

"Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise, blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing.

First letter of Peter.

"Whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother. For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. * * * He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother, is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.

"If a man say, 'I love God, and hateth his brother he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen? and this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also?"

First letter of John.

The above are some of the commandments of the Apostles of the Saviour, teaching us how we should feel and act towards our enemies. And will any man, after reading them without prejudice, say that they authorize us to hate, to wish curses, to desire destruction to the most deadly, the most blood-thirsty foes? Do the lives of the Apostles so explain their commandments of peace and love—let us hear them; "being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we intreat." This is very different from cursing our revilers, and resisting our persecutors. And do the commandments above cited, sanction the idea that we may resist the assassin unto death? May we curse and desire to kill those who seek our lives to destroy them? Rather may we not in the following words of Professor Ripley interpret the sayings of Christ in

Matt. v. 38, 29.—Ye have heard that it hath been said, "An eye for an eye," etc.; "but I say unto you that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also," etc. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; "that is inflict not on another an injury similar to the one he has inflicted on you. This is retaliation.—Resist not evil; resist not, in the spirit of retaliation, an evil, that is an injurious man, one who has done thee evil. Resist him not by doing him an evil in return. Do not to him as he has done to you. Turn to him the other cheek also. So far from resisting an injurious man by doing him a similar injury, submit to still further injury. If he has smitten one cheek, revenge not the insult, or the injury by returning the blow; but rather, in meekness; not in a provoking spirit, turn to him your other cheek. Rather suffer repeated wrong, than do wrong."

Let a legitimate application of these principles be made to the intercourse of individuals and nations, and no good man can ever engage either in defensive or aggressive warfare. Retaliation is returning injury for injury, blow for blow; and if we may not strike a man after he has struck us, we certainly may not before. Is it then the spirit of christianity that has indicted the thousand bitter, revengeful and deadly paragraphs that have circulated against the murderers of our brethren in the Canadas? Will it be said that our sentiments are true in reference to individuals but not to nations? What, is there one code of morals for individuals, and another for nations, who are made up of individuals? Is it possible, that the mere fact of my being politically associated with a thousand or a hundred thousand others renders right less imperative, or wrong less odious? And if not, on what ground is it said, that I am bound in my individual capacity to love those that hate me, while in my social and political capacity I am permitted to hate and to do or resist evil, where otherwise I should be required to love and to do good?—On this subject we close with the commanding language of Dr. Chalmers.

"Another obstacle to the extinction of war, is a sentiment which seems to be universally gone into, that the rules and promises of the Gospel which apply to a single individual, do not apply to a nation of individuals. Just think of the mighty effect it would have on the politics of the world, were this sentiment to be practically deposed from its wonted authority over the councils and the doings of nations, in their transactions with each other. If forbearance be the virtue of an individual, forbearance is also the virtue of an nation. If it be incumbent on men, in honour to prefer each other, it is incumbent on the very largest societies of men, through the constituted organ of their government to do the same. If it be the glory of a man to defer his anger, and to pass over a transgression, that nation mistakes its glory which is so feelingly alive to the slightest insult, and musters up its threats and its armaments upon the faintest shadow of a provocation. If it be the magnanimity of an injured man to abstain from vengeance, and if by so doing, he heaps coals of fire upon the head of his enemy, then that is the magnanimous nation, which recoiling from violence and from blood, will do no more than send its christian embassy, and prefer its mild and impressive remonstrance; and that is the disgraced nation which will refuse the impressiveness of the moral appeal that has been made to it.—O! my brethren, there must be the breathing of a different spirit to circulate round the globe, ere its christianized (!) nations resign the jealousies which now front them to each other in the scowling attitude of defiance; and much is to do with the people of every land; ere the prophesied influence of the gospel shall bring its virtuous, and its pacifying controul to bear with effect on the counsels and governments of the world."

PACIFICUS.

LUTHER AND MELANCTHON.—They were like two points negatively and positively electrified which mutually regulate each other. Luther animated Melancthon, and Melancthon moderated Luther. If Luther had not had Melancthon, perhaps the floods would not have inundated him. When Melancthon was absent from Luther, he hesitated, even yielded, when he ought not to have yielded. Luther performed much by his energy. Melancthon perhaps accomplished no less by pursuing a more slow and tranquil method. Both were upright, candid, generous; both filled with love for the word of eternal life, were devoted to it with a fidelity and zeal which animated them all their life.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14, 1838.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS USELESS.

"Let there be no rubrics of blood."—LORD BACON.

"It is impossible to conceal from ourselves, that capital punishments are more frequent, and the criminal code more severe in this country, than in any other in the world.—SIR ROBERT PEEL, 1830.

It is a source of gratification to every enlightened and philanthropic mind, that considerable ameliorations have been introduced into the criminal law of England since the year 1830. Still much remains to be done. For a number of offences the British Government yet claims the right to hurry a man to the bar of God. Against such a right with thousands of our fellow subjects we do most earnestly protest. One very respectable and numerous sect of Christians, some smaller sects, and many other persons of other Christian denominations, men of good judgment and reputable character, deny the right absolutely and altogether. A still greater number are in doubt, even among the less informed classes of the community; not perhaps because they are all able to analyze and argue the subject, but because they find in their bosoms a sort of instinctive feeling, which at once condemns the taking of human life, as an usurpation of the prerogatives of that Being, who alone can give life. And on the subject of the abolition of death-punishment in all cases whatever, who is not interested both personally and relatively? How painful the situation of many, who, being liable to serve on juries, feel a conscientious scruple to assist in a verdict affecting the life of a man, and who cannot be satisfied that they are in no wise responsible, when acting a part, without which every sanguinary statute would be inert. There are individuals, and those not a few, who would rather suffer death themselves, than pronounce a verdict which would ensure the execution of a criminal. But to our subject.

I. AUTHORITIES ARE NUMEROUS FOR THE ENTIRE DISUSE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS:

"To sacrifice a man in honour of an abstract principle of safety, is like following the example of the Indians in offering human sacrifices to their gods. There is a kind of Atheism in the stroke which takes from man the responsibility of his destiny, and which sends him to the grave in the midst of his crimes."—Lucas.

"It seems to be fast approaching to an axiom, that crimes are less frequent in proportion as mercy takes the place of severity, or as there are judicious substitutes for the punishment of death."—Clarkson.

"Is it not absurd, that laws, which detest and punish homicide, should, in order to prevent murder, publicly commit murder themselves?"—Marquis Beccaria.

"Whether hanging ever did, or can, answer any good purpose, I doubt; but the cruel exhibition of every execution-day is a proof that hanging carries no terror with it."—Sir W. Meredith.

"I prohibit that any man should be put to death for any cause whatever."—William the Conqueror.

"Capital punishments are prejudicial to society, from the example of barbarity they furnish, and that they multiply crimes instead of preventing them."—Bradford.

"In a reign of tranquility; in a form of government approved by the nation; where all power is lodged in the hands of a true sovereign; there can be no necessity for taking away the life of a subject."—Marquis Beccaria.

"In no countries are atrocious crimes more frequent, than in those in which the punishments are the most inhuman."—Burgh.

"The practice of capital punishments ought to be abolished in christian and civilized countries."—W. Ladd.

"An examination of those parts of the Bible which are generally supposed to authorize the punishment of death, did not fix on us the impression that the Almighty had delegated to man the right of deliberately destroying a human being, even for the crime of murder."—Missionaries of the London Society in the South Seas.

"Where shall we look for a defence of our conduct in putting criminals to death, we, who profess to be christians, but whose hands are embued with blood; who at one time wield a sword and at another erect a gallows, and who make the batchery of mankind a legalized and permanent business! We may find it perhaps in the authors of profane antiquity, in some code of heathenism, in the obscure songs and legends of some barbarous and unchristianized period, in the Alcoran and the Edda; but we may venture to say with entire confidence, that we do not find it in the Bible."—Professor Upham.

"The pernicious system of putting men to death is to be regarded as one of the thousand usurpations, that have been introduced by mistake or by cruelty, and which are rendered venerable and sacred by lapse of time. Like the use of the rack, the trial by ordeal, the enslavement or the destruction of prisoners taken in war, the poisoning of wells and fountains, and other pernicious and unlawful practices, which were once authorized and perhaps considered essential to the existence of society, the time is coming, when it will be condemned by the good judgment and the humane feelings of mankind, and wholly renounced as both inexpedient and wrong."—Ibid.

II. THE INEFFICIENCY OF SANGUINARY LAWS TO REPRESS CRIME IS EVIDENT FROM PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

The authorities to establish this are numerous, and of the highest respectability. "In England during the reign of Henry VIII.; 2000 criminals, on an average, were executed annually for theft and robbery, besides other malefactors."—(Hume.) Sir Thomas More relates that it was not uncommon to see twenty thieves hanged at once on the same gibbet. And yet notwithstanding this profusion of blood, property was never more insecure than at that period. Harrison assures us that Henry VIII. executed his laws with such severity, that 72,000 "great and petty thieves were put to death during his reign." He adds, that even in Elizabeth's reign "rogues were trussed up apace;" and that there was not "one year commonly wherein 300 or 400 of them were not devoured and eaten up by the gallows in one place or another." In spite of these sanguinary punishments, the country continued in a dreadful state of disorder. In the days of Elizabeth it was observed and regretted, "that at the time of doing execution of such as had been attainted of any murder or felony, or other criminal cause, ordained chiefly for terror and example of evil-doers," people persevered in their "felonious sleights and devices."

The Rev. T. Roberts, of Bristol, in his visits to prisons in England from time to time, has fallen in with many convicts under sentence of death: in 167 instances he inquired of the malefactor, whether he had ever witnessed an execution? It turned out that all of them excepting three, had been spectators in the crowd upon these melancholy occasions, which the Legislature designed to operate as warnings to the profligate. So much for the "efficacy" of sanguinary examples in deterring crime.

In the House of Commons Mr. Powell Baxton stated the following facts: namely,

4 offences were made capital in the reign of the Plantagenets,	
37	Tudors,
36	Stuarts,
156	House of Brunswick,

or, added the Hon. Member, "more crimes have been denounced as capital in the reign of his present Majesty, (Geo. III.) than in the reigns of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts combined." And yet crimes were continually multiplied.

"The frequency of capital punishments rarely hinders the commission of a crime, but naturally and commonly prevents its detection."—Dr. Johnson.

"It is a constant remark of the Chinese authors, that the more the penal laws were increased in their empire, the nearer they drew to a revolution."—Baron Montesquieu.

"It is quackery in government, to apply too frequently the same universal remedy, the *ulimum supplicium*. That Magistrate must be esteemed a weak and cruel surgeon, who cuts off every limb, which through ignorance or indolence he will not attempt to cure."—Blackstone.

III. THE EXPERIMENT OF EXCLUDING CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS FROM THE CRIMINAL CODE HAS ALREADY BEEN PARTIALLY MADE, AND WITH THE MOST FAVOURABLE RESULTS.

To some instances we will refer as briefly as possible. "Sabacus one of the sovereigns of ancient Egypt abolished capital punishments. He thought that Egypt would derive advantage and profit by the change. And it does not appear from any remarks on the subject, that the result disappointed his expectations."—Goguel's *Origin of Laws*.

"The laws of the Roman Kings and the twelve tribes of the Decemviri were full of cruel punishments; the Pœreian law, which exempted all citizens from sentence of death, silently abrogated them all. In this period the republic flourished; under the emperors severe punishments were revived, and then the empire fell."—Blackstone.

The Pœreian law is asserted to have continued in force for 200 years. "It was never observed, that this law did any manner of prejudice to the civil administration."—Montesquieu.

"Executions are rare in Holland. A great number for child-murder are condemned to work in spin-houses for life, and to be whipped annually on the day when, and the spot where, the crime was committed. This mode of punishment is dreaded more than death, and since it has been adopted has greatly prevented the frequency of the crime."—Howard.

"During the reign of the empress Elizabeth of Russia, capital punishments were abolished in that country. She pledged herself on mounting the throne, never to inflict the punishment of death, and she kept her word. Peter II., was not less frugal of the blood of his subjects."—Pastoret. And Catharine II. of Russia introduced a new code of laws, from which capital punishments were excluded. "Was the vast territory of all the Russias, (says Blackstone) worse regulated under the late empress Elizabeth, than under her more sanguinary predecessors? Is it now, under Catharine II. less civilized, less social, less secure? And yet we are assured, that neither of these illustrious princesses, have, throughout their whole administration, inflicted the penalty of death; and the latter has, upon full persuasion of its being useless, nay, even pernicious, given orders for abolishing it entirely throughout her extensive dominions."

"In Tuscany during 20 years the punishment of death was abolished by the Grand Duke Leopold. Bonaparte afterwards had it restored. On comparing three successive periods of 20 years each, in the first period capital punishment existing—in the second period abolished—and in the third again restored, as above mentioned, it is found, that fewer crimes and fewer murders were perpetrated in the middle 20 years, while no executions took place, than in either of the preceding 20 years while the scaffold was in use."—Livingstone.

"During seven years that Sir James Mackintosh was Recorder of Bombay, the punishment of death was never once inflicted by the Court over which he presided. In this period there were but six convictions for murder, whilst in the preceding seven years there had been no less than eighteen convictions for that crime, notwithstanding the numerous executions."—Lucas.

In Belgium capital punishment has been abolished since 1829, and we are not aware that any evils have followed its abolition.

"The State of Louisiana in the year 1822 adopted the principle of excluding capital punishments altogether. We have seen no reason to doubt, that this experiment, which promises to be one of the most decisive kind, has thus far fully answered the expectations of its authors."—Professor Upham.

"The criminal returns of Great Britain show, that there has been less horse-stealing within the last seven years, without any execution whatever, than in the preceding seven years with 42

executions—that there has been less sheep-stealing during the four years elapsed since the abolition of capital punishment, than during the four previous years: that there have been fewer acts of burglary and house-breaking in the last three years with only two executions, than in the three years ending with 1830, when 36 persons suffered death for those offences. But not so of other crimes, for which capital punishment still continues, for they have nearly all increased."

In view of these facts (and they might have been augmented) we appeal to any candid man to say, whether the objection, that men will be emboldened to commit crime, and that the existence of society will be endangered, by abolishing capital punishment is well founded! We think there can be but one opinion.

LECTURE ON CREATION.—It is a fact, not to be disputed, that many good persons have considerable dislike to Natural Philosophy. They view its discussions as frivolous and unworthy of beings destined for eternity. The labours of the entomologist, for instance, are regarded as the veriest trifling—and the hours employed in pursuing butterflies, and accumulating and classifying insects are considered as lost time, and for which the lover of nature will have to give a fearful account to his Maker and his Judge. By many such religionists natural theology is derided under the misapplied titles of "beggarly elements," "vain philosophy and deceit," "science falsely so called," etc. etc. And most plausibly it is endeavoured to discredit natural philosophy by pointing us to the devotion of the unscientific peasant who sees God in the clouds, and hears him in the wind, in contrast with the infidelity of some philosophers who have been profoundly acquainted with atoms, forces, carbon, oxygen, etc., and yet who have not seen God in all this. In this most absurd manner and with such futile objections is ignorance patronized, and knowledge reprobated. The moth and the ant, the spider and the fly—things which the infinite God did not consider too little, or unworthy of the exercise of his creative power, are forsooth much too small for finite man to notice and examine—man must not stoop so low! And because Paul condemned the atheistical Greek and Oriental philosophy of his day, we are to denounce modern philosophy, although the latter is eminently subservient to the interests of revealed religion! Or again, because some philosophers have been infidels, therefore natural philosophy is to be entirely discarded; as if no unbelievers were to be found amongst the unscientific classes! Having had to combat such prejudices times without number, we are always gratified when we find teachers of the christian religion engaged in the pursuits of natural science. The appearance of such an individual as a LECTURER to a Mechanics' Institute is a practical denial of all the foolish notions entertained on the subject of natural theology by many persons in the religious world.

The lecture on Creation by the Rev. Mr. Churchill has induced the above remarks. When we say that it was eloquent, well arranged, and popular, we believe we express the sentiments of nearly all who heard it. The notions of former philosophers on the origin of our earth—and the doctrines of the eternity of matter, and the casual conflux of atoms, were refuted in a masterly manner. The importance of the account of Moses on the Creation was also introduced in good effect. On one point, however, and which occupied a prominent place in the lecture, we must beg leave to differ with the able lecturer. We allude to the assumption that according to the account of Moses, the creation of the world took place but about six thousand years ago. Again and again, it was assumed that Moses had decided that the earth was of very recent origin. And that many pious persons do thus interpret the first chapter of Genesis we know well, but a fallible interpretation should be carefully distinguished from the account itself. The various sects in Christendom make a difference between a scripture fact, and human opinions or comments on that fact; or, according to their differing interpretations they would regard each other as unbelievers. We believe that our globe has existed many thousand years—and that the human race cannot have been on this earth above a few thousand years, and we think that this scientific theory instead of contradicting the Mosaic account, strongly attests the truth of Scripture. But it may be asked Does not Moses declare that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"? Most certainly. But when was "the beginning"? Does Moses say it was but six thousand years ago? No such thing. For aught we are told, it may have been millions of ages. Again, we read that "the earth was without form and void." How long had the earth remained this shapeless mass of inorganic matter? The Bible does not inform us. For aught we can tell, it may have been through the long lapse of many ages. Or in the words of Dr. Chalmers, "Does Moses ever say, that there was not an interval of many ages between the first act of creation, described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed at the beginning, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse, and which are described to us as having been performed in so many days? Or, finally, does he ever make us understand, that the genealogies of man went any further than to fix the antiquity of the species, and, of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculations of philosophers?" Will it be said that such an interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis as we have given above is making the language of the Bible bend to the views of Geologists? But ages before the modern discoveries of Geology were known, many of the ancient fathers supposed the two first verses of Genesis to contain an account of a distinct and prior act of creation. And in some old editions of the English Bible, where there is no division into verses, you actually find a break at the end of what is now the second verse: and in Luther's Bible you have in addition the figure 1 placed against the third verse, as being the beginning of the account of the creation on the first day. (See *Buckland's Geology* Vol. 1. p. 29.) Or will it be asserted that the above view gives a wide and dangerous latitude of interpretation to the student of the Bible. To this we reply, that it does not give him as wide a latitude of interpretation, (assuredly not wider,) than he will be compelled to adopt in reconciling various parts of the Scriptures with the modern astronomical theory, and which is now universally received.

We are not unacquainted with the great antagonist work of modern geology by Mr. Granville Penn, (and indeed all others on the same side of the question are mere caricatures of the argument compared with it) but after having read it and re-read it, we are not

convinced that our globe is but six thousand years of age. In vain he replies to geologists who say that the successive strata in all primitive mineral formations, etc. etc. have been gradually formed and stratified during the lapse of unknown ages. For when God tells us that he made at once the shell of the first tortoise with its successive lamina; also that the first tree was made at once with its successive folds; and that the bone of the first man was made at once a perfect bone,—we believe it; but when we feel compelled to deny that God informs us that the successive strata of the primitive rocks were made at once, we do not feel ourselves bound to believe such exploded notions, because other persons interpret the Bible to that effect. And when such interpreters urge that all the relics of the animals of every kind, (marine as well as others) found in the solid body of the earth, are the results of Noah's deluge, as the Bible does not teach us all this, we do not hesitate a moment to disbelieve it. It is but just also to state that many geologists of the present day are believers in Revelation, and that they would shudder at the idea that their geological views were opposed to the plain testimony of the word of God. But although a multitude of geological facts compel them to assign an indefinitely long period to the creation of the globe, they cherish the belief that their theory corroborates the truth of revealed religion. Cuvier, Buckland, Sedgwick, Silliman and a host of others, good as well as great men, once believed in the common opinion of the modern date of the creation of our earth, but the incontrovertible evidence of physical phenomena changed their views. Do they therefore discredit the narrative of Moses? By no means. Says Dr. Buckland, "I trust it may be shown, not only that there is no inconsistency between our interpretation of the phenomena of nature and of the Mosaic narrative, but that the results of geological inquiry throw important light on parts of this history, which are otherwise involved in much obscurity."

Our remarks are not intended to deny the right of any persons to interpret the scripture account of the creation differently from ourselves. We admit that right in its fullest extent—but we cannot so readily admit the assumption that such interpretation is the account itself. In other words, with us a document and the interpretation of that document may be two different things. In fact anything in the shape of a distinct statement from the lecturer, that nearly all modern geologists were the friends of Revelation, whatever their views are of the age of the world, would have saved us the task of penning this article. In other respects we were highly gratified with Mr. Churchill's animated lecture.

Mr. P. LYNCH, JUNR. is to lecture next Wednesday evening on the ANTIENT ARTS.

A most extensive conflagration was visible at Montreal on the evening of the 28th, and from the direction of the flames it was conjectured to be in the village of Blairfindine, where there were extensive wooden barracks.

Sir John Colborne has authorised the formation of three volunteer brigades in Montreal, with the same pay as established for the regular service. In pursuance of instruction from England Sir John has laid a bill before the Special Council to dispense with trial by Jury for a time.

MOVEMENTS AT DETROIT.—Report says that Gen. Brady of Detroit, has captured a patriot schooner in the vicinity, and with it about nine hundred stand of arms. (The schooner was the Mary, and had 140 stand of arms on board when taken possession of at Gibraltar.)

A gentleman from Toledo, brings a report that the Arsenal at Detroit was recently broken open, stands of arms reported to have been taken by Gen. Brady, re-taken, and that the arms belonging to the Brady Guards were stolen.

P. S: The Detroit Morning Post of Saturday, contains a report that the guns belonging to the Brady Guards have been voluntarily returned.—*Buffalo Star*, Oct. 27.

The Herald says that in pursuance of instructions from England, Sir John Colborne has laid before the Special Council a bill to dispense with trial by jury at least for a time. Also that he has ordered the political prisoners from Quebec to Montreal for trial by the court martial; and called upon Judges Panet and Bedard for a written statement of the reasons on which they decided against the legality of the ordinance suspending the habeas corpus.

It is reported that Col. Wetherall is to take the military command in the Upper Province.

The Montreal Courier publishes an extract from a letter written at Kingston, in which it is said that the Pole, Van Shults, who led the invaders at Prescott, pretends that he had a commission from the government of the U. States, as an officer in the expedition; but that his papers fell into the hands of a Mr. B. of Prescott, an American, and cannot now be found. We venture to say that the government of the U. States never gave him any such commission, and never heard of him before.

The Montreal Herald gives the following as a true copy of a letter addressed by Van Shults to Col. Young, while the invaders were yet in possession of the windmill.

"To the commander of the Queen's troops at Prescott—I send you two of your wounded because I cannot attend to them and give them the care they require. In requittance I beg you to treat my wounded with kindness."

"If on your honor you can assure me that we are not received by the people here as liberators, it depends upon you to put a stop to further bloodshed."

COMMANDER OF THE PATRIOT FORCES AT PRESCOTT.

Some of the Upper Canada papers are very indignant at Colonel Dundas, for not glorifying the militia and volunteers, in his official account of the capture.

In the absence of any important intelligence from the Canadas, we have published a string of quotations on the inefficiency of capital punishment. If any of our readers feel inclined to show the use and scriptural propriety of such punishments, we freely tender to them the use of our columns. Our sole desire is the advancement of truth, wherever it may be found.

A most extensive fire occurred at Quebec, on Wednesday evening, the 28th ult. between ten and eleven o'clock, which has left houseless more than a hundred families, and deprived many of the inhabitants of the means of their labour and care for a great number of years. On the 30th, a meeting was held at the Quebec Exchange, when £200 were immediately subscribed for the relief of the destitute sufferers.

Additional collisions, we understand by the Quebec papers, have taken place between the Judges and others on the Habeas Corpus Case.

We have been compelled to insert some news on the 2nd page.

DISGUISED FEMALES.

Women are in general so much under the influence of two great principles of their nature, timidity and delicacy, that the protection of their ordinary dress must in general be too much appreciated to be rashly thrown aside. Accordingly that a female should ever, in any circumstances, dismiss her proper apparel, may well appear to us as something like a phenomenon. Yet instances of this being done are by no means infrequent, even in modern times. In some instances, the moving cause is to be found in circumstances; a young female, for example, falls in love with a sailor, and, not being allowed to follow him in her natural and recognized character, puts on jacket and trousers, and becomes to appearance a brother of his mess. But, in most cases, a pure masculinity of character seems to lead females to take on the guise of men. Apparently feeling themselves misplaced and misrepresented by the female dress, they take up with that of men, simply that they may be allowed to employ themselves in those manly avocations for which their nature and taste are fitted.

The case of Mary East, who made some noise about sixty or seventy years ago, was one in which the motive was of a beautiful and romantic nature. She was born in the year 1715, in one of the eastern counties of England. On reaching womanhood, she formed a strong attachment to a young man, who afterwards fell into evil habits, and was condemned to death for a robbery. His sentence, however, was commuted to transportation. Unworthily as this person was of her love, Mary East was so deeply affected by his fate, that she resolved ever to remain in a single state, and, meeting with another young woman whom a similar disappointment had driven to the same resolution, the two determined to pass their lives together. In order to form a sort of protection for both, it was agreed that one of them should assume the male habit, and on casting lots to decide the matter, this metamorphosis fell to the share of Mary East, then only sixteen years of age, and a year younger than her associate. For the execution of her views it was of course necessary for them to remove to a place where they were unknown. With thirty pounds in their possession, they accordingly went to Epping, in Essex, where Mary East, after purchasing a man's attire, and assuming the name of James How, took a small inn which was accidentally found vacant.

We have thus in Mary East's case a plain and intelligible reason for the assumption of the male habit, which we will find scarcely to be the case in other instances. In the little inn at Epping, Mary East lived for some time with her companion in the character of man and wife, until a fortunate accident enabled them to shift to better quarters. The seeming husband, James How, quarrelled with a young gentleman, and, entering an action at law against him, obtained damages to the amount of five hundred pounds. With this sum, the associated couple removed to Limehouse Hole, where they took a larger inn, and by good management soon began to lay up money. As their circumstances improved, they took a still more respectable house of entertainment, the White Horse, at the village of Poplar. In these various situations they had spent more than twenty years, and had purchased considerable property, when an event occurred which gave the pair a great deal of annoyance. A woman, who, from knowing Mary East in her youth, had discovered the secret of her disguise, suddenly resolved to turn that discovery to the purpose of extorting money. Accordingly, she wrote to Mr. (or James) How, demanding ten pounds, and threatening, in case of a denial, to disclose the truth relative to Mr. How's sex. Fearful lest such a disclosure would have put a stop to their profitable business, besides causing other inconveniences, Mr. and Mrs. How at once sent the money demanded.

For a number of years afterwards, this annoyance was not repeated, and James How and his partner continued to thrive in the world. The disguised female served repeatedly in Poplar as foreman on juries, and filled various parochial offices, with great credit, though it was often remarked that there was a sort of effeminacy about her. The maintenance of the secret was perhaps greatly owing to the circumstance of the pair keeping no maid servants about the house, but doing nearly all the necessary business themselves. At length at the close of the year 1764, the woman who had extorted money previously, renewed her attacks. She first demanded, and got, ten pounds. In a fortnight she repeated the demand, and received five pounds. Just about this period, the supposed wife of James How fell ill, and after going to her brothers at some distance, died there. She had sent for How before her decease, but as How could not conveniently come to her, she told her brother all the circumstances; that she had lived, not with a man, but with a woman; that they had been partners in business, and had amassed more than four thousand pounds sterling. As soon as his sister died, the brother went to Poplar, and required How to give up the deceased's share of the property. This was at once complied with. The brother kept the secret of How's sex, but it came out immediately afterwards, in consequence of the extortioner, already mentioned, carrying her demands anew to excess. This woman took two accomplices to assist her, and forced the supposed-How to give her a draft for one hundred pounds. On presenting this draft the parties were taken up, and How, seeing that the secret could be

kept no longer, attended, and bore witness against them before the magistrates, in the character of Mary East, and in the proper habit of her sex. In this attire she behaved at first so awkwardly as to excite much laughter. The extortioners were convicted and punished.

Immediately afterwards Mary East sold off her stock and effects, and retired to a private dwelling in Poplar, to enjoy the fruits of her honest industry. She was fifty years of age when she resumed the habit of her sex, and laid down the borrowed one she had borne for thirty-four years. She lived till June 6, 1780, being sixty-five years old when she died.

The heroine of the preceding narrative can scarcely be said to have laid aside much of her feminine nature with her dress. Not so, however, Hannah Snell, the next personage to whom we have to advert. Hannah Snell was born on the 22d of April, 1723, in the city of Worcester. Her father was a hosier, and had a family of three sons and six daughters, of whom Hannah was the youngest. It is said that, in her youth, this girl showed a bold spirit, and even a martial turn. However this may be, after the death of her parents she came in 1740 to London, to reside with a sister, married to a ship-carpenter at Wapping. About two years afterwards, Hannah married a Dutch seaman, who proved a very bad husband. After using her shamefully, he finally ran off, leaving her on the eve of bringing her first child into the world. This child survived only seven months, and, some time after its decease, Hannah, finding herself alone and unencumbered, formed the romantic notion of setting out in search of her eloped spouse, for whom she still appears to have entertained a strong affection. The best way of finding him, she thought, was to enter the army. Accordingly, secretly assuming her brother-in-law's dress, and also borrowing his name, which was James Gray, Hannah set out, in November 1745, for Coventry, where she enlisted in the corps of General Guise. The main body of this regiment was then at Carlisle, and Hannah was sent thither with other recruits. A disagreeable incident soon after befel her here. A serjeant of the corps pitched upon Hannah to assist him in some base views which he entertained relative to a young female in Carlisle. Though in man's attire, Hannah, to her credit, had so much regard for the honor of her own sex as to put the intended victim on her guard. Finding himself repulsed, the serjeant imagined Hannah to have supplanted him; and the consequence was, that our female soldier was soon after artfully accused by him of some dereliction of duty, and was sentenced to receive six hundred lashes. Five hundred of these she did receive at Carlisle gate. Her secret, nevertheless, was not discovered—in consequence, it is related, of her using a handkerchief as a partial covering. Shortly after this, a recruit, who had before known her, joined the regiment, and Hannah, afraid of exposure, besides being already disgusted with her situation, resolved to desert. She did so, and got in safety to Portsmouth, where she enlisted in the marines, and was speedily drafted on board the Swallow sloop of war destined to join Admiral Boscawen's fleet in the East Indies.

Hannah's sex remained undetected on board of the Swallow, though she did not scruple to show a degree of womanly skill in washing and in cooking, which caused her to be much beloved by her comrades. She, however, went through all ordinary duties at the same time, such as taking her turn on the watch, exercising, and the like. About the Bay of Biscay, the Swallow fell into great distress; and after much severe work at the pumps, in which Hannah took her full share, as she did in all the most trying duties, the sloop put into Lisbon, and afterwards succeeded in joining the rest of the fleet, which the admiral led against the Mauritius. Hannah made herself noted by her extreme bravery in the attack on this island, which proved unsuccessful. From the Mauritius the fleet sailed to Fort St. David, on the Coromandel coast, where the marines were put on shore to join the army in that country. The siege of Arcanocoppo was the first enterprise in which our heroic heroine was here engaged, and she gained so much applause for her soldierly conduct, that she was chosen as one of a select band—a sort of forlorn hope—ordered upon the dangerous service of bringing stores from the shore at a particular point. This service was successfully effected, and Hannah distinguished herself by revenging a comrade's death—killing the author of it with her own hands. The siege of Pondicherry followed these events, and here Hannah underwent the most severe toil. She was on guard seven nights successively, and stood a great part of the time up to the breast in water, exposed continually to the enemy's shot. She herself fired thirty-seven rounds, and when the place was taken, she came off with six wounds in one leg, five in the other, and a ball in her groin. The other wounds were submitted to the care of the surgeon, but she was under the necessity of concealing the last mentioned. However, with surprizing fortitude, she herself contrived to extract the ball, though deeply lodged. By the connivance of a kindly black woman in the hospital, she got dressings applied to the wound, and it was healed at the end of three months, when her other injuries also were cured.

On leaving the hospital, the brave soldier, James Gray (as she was called,) was put on board of the Tartar Pink, and afterwards of the Etliam man of war. While in this vessel, having refused

to sing at the wish of a domineering lieutenant, she was doomed to a dozen lashes, and to four days' confinement in irons, on the pretext of her having stolen a shirt, though the spite of the officer was the real cause. The shirt was afterwards found in the owner's own trunk, and her innocence established. Hannah was at length sent in the Etliam to England. Being called Molly Gray by her comrades, on account of her smooth chin, every frolic that could help to conceal her true character was joined in by her whenever the ship touched at any port, and she thus succeeded in getting her appellation changed to that of Hearty Jemmy. At Lisbon she heard, by mere accident, that her husband had perished by the hands of the public executioner at Genoa, for murdering a native of that city. Thus was Hannah's original reason for donning man's attire done away with. On reaching England (in 1750,) Hannah had the honor to receive two offers of marriage, one in her character of a man, and the other in her real character. The first came from the young woman whose honor she had saved in Carlisle, and whom she met in Portsmouth. Hannah of course declined the connexion. The other matrimonial offer took place in London, when, having received her pay, and being about to part with her comrades, Hannah disclosed to them the secret which she had previously been so assiduous to preserve. One of them offered her his hand on the spot. Her wounds, and the remarkable nature of her adventures, now attracted the attention of the Duke of York, who ultimately settled on her a pension of £30. Before this grant was made, Hannah, having assumed the habit of a woman, and taken up her abode with her sister, was induced, in consequence of the attention which her story excited, to appear on the boards of Goodman's Field's Theatre, and to sing some songs, and to perform the sword exercise. The pension placed her above the necessity of resorting to such public exhibitions of herself for subsistence. She lived till the year 1779, and died in the fifty-sixth year of her age. From the portraits given of her she appears to have been stoutly formed, and not ill looking.

IRRITABLE CHRISTIANS.—There was a clergyman who was of a nervous temperament, and often became quite vexed, by finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Do not want to go to heaven, my son!"

"No, ma, I'm sure I don't."

"Why not my son?"

"Why, grand-pa will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will."

"Well, as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, 'whew, whew, whew, what are these boys here for?' I don't want to get to heaven if grand-pa is going to be there."—*Religious Mag.*

A LIVING SKELETON.—In passing through a village, I was struck with the sight of a stiff and shrivelled corpse, clothed and seated in a chair, laid slanting against a wall, so that the feet were in the air, and the head was bent down upon the breast. While I stood looking at it, I was startled by a jerking motion in the right arm and then seeing two black and vivid eyes straining to catch my attention. This was a human and living being which had existed in this shrivelled and motionless state for 29 years; the flesh seemed to have disappeared from his bones; the skin had shrunk and was almost black. I have seen mummies that appeared in a better state of preservation. The joints were all fixed, with the exception of the right shoulder and the jaws. This freedom of the shoulder amounts, however, only to three inches of a see-saw movement of the fore arm, and he keeps working it backwards and forwards, as he says, for exercise.—*Urquhart's Travels in the East.*

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