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# COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Published every Friday evening, at 17s. 6d. per Annum.

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1839.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

## THE MOB-CAP.\*

OR, MY GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK.

By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

When it was known that Mrs. Stanley's dwelling house was advertised for sale, to satisfy the demands of impatient creditors, there was much astonishment and more sorrow, for she was a woman universally beloved for her meekness, loving-kindness and tender charities. The neighbors gathered in to question and console, and great was the sympathy expressed for Clara's inconsolable grief. They did not know the secret burden that weighed her to the dust, and wondered much to see the young and elastic bowed down so heavily, while Mrs. Stanley seemed so calm and resigned. Fanny Morton was very sorry, and expressed herself on the occasion with all the depth of feeling of which her tranquil nature was capable, but Edward more than ever felt the immeasurable distance of their souls. Hers could not comprehend the depth and sensibility of his. The lightning of heaven, and the cold phosphorescent light of earth, are not more different in their properties. Mrs. Clifton came, but not with the crowd. She waited till others accused her of standing aloof from her favorites in their day of adversity. She came alone, leaving her carriage, her servants, and all the paraphernalia of her wealth behind her. Mrs. Stanley knew how to appreciate this delicacy, as well as the added deference and respect of her manners. She asked no questions—she added no condolence—she came, she said, to solicit a favor, not to confer one. She wished to become purchaser of their beautiful cottage, whose situation she had so much admired. She had learned that her father had desired to become the owner of the lot, if Mr. Stanley ever disposed of it. She was anxious herself that it should not pass into other hands, and to secure their continuance in the neighborhood.

'If by gratifying my father's known wish,' continued Mrs. Clifton, her brilliant eyes softened by visible emotion, 'I can relieve you, Mrs. Stanley, from, I trust, a transient embarrassment, I shall not consider myself less your debtor—when the time comes that you desire to reclaim it, I will not withhold its restoration.'

The tears, which sorrow had not wrung from Mrs. Stanley's eyes, now fell fast, from gratitude. She pressed Mrs. Clifton's hand in hers, and said, in a low voice, 'You have caused the widow's heart to sing for joy—may heaven reward you for your kindness.'

Clara, incapable of restraining herself longer, threw her arms round her neck, and sobbed out, 'Oh, madam, you have saved me from despair.'

Mrs. Clifton, who attributed her words to the natural regret of a young and ardent heart, on the prospect of quitting the home of childhood, warmly returned the involuntary embrace, and bid her call back her smiles, and be ready to accompany her on the morrow on a botanical excursion. When she rose to depart, Edward rose also to accompany her home. He was no longer gloomy and reserved. He no longer looked upon her as an enchantress, moving high above him, in a region of inaccessible light and splendor, but as a woman, endowed with all the warm and lovely sensibilities of her sex—a being whom he might dare to love, though he could never hope to obtain,—who might forgive the homage, even though she rejected the worshipper. Had not the humility, always the accompaniment of deep and fervent passion, ruled his perceptions, he might have derived an inspiration for his hopes, from the softened language of her eyes—a language which others had not been slow in translating. They entered the magnificent saloon.—The contrast its still gilded walls presented to the agitating scene they had left, was felt by both.

'Desolate is the dwelling of Morrir,' said she, in an accent half sad and half sportive,—'silence is in the house of her fathers.'

'Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harp of Lutha?' continued Edward, in the same poetic language, and drawing the harp towards her. It is always delightful to find the train of our own thoughts pursued by a friend—proving that we think in unison. Mrs. Clifton felt this as she swept her hands over the chords, and called forth that sweet and impassioned melody peculiar to the daughters of Italy. She paused, and her dark eye rested a moment on the face of her auditor. It was partly shaded by his hand, and she saw that he was overcome by some powerful emotion. Again she sang, but her voice was low, and she ceased at length, as if weary of the effort.

'You seem spell bound by the genius of silence,' said she, 'I should be wrong to break the charm.'

'I know I must appear more than stupid,' replied he, 'when there is every thing around to inspire me. But my feelings have

been deeply oppressed by anxiety, and the weight of anxiety has been removed by a debt of gratitude, which, however pleasing and gracefully imposed, is only too deeply felt.'

'Oh! let not your pride be jealous of the happiness I have dared this day to purchase. What have I done for you and yours, half—half so precious to your remembrance, as to mine? Your sister's tearful blessing, your mother's hallowed prayer!'

She spoke with such fervor and sensibility, and her countenance was lighted up with such an exalted expression, Edward was scarcely able to restrain the impetuous impulses of passion that urged him on. The confession trembled on his lips, but pride and poverty, two stern monitors, stood by his side, and forbade the avowal of his madness and presumption.

'No!' said he to himself, 'let me live on in the silence and secrecy of hopeless devotion, rather than by unguarded rashness risk the loss of that confidence so dangerous, yet so delightful. She allows me to be her friend. Let me never dare aspire to more.'

Thus reasoned Edward Stanley, and thus he schooled the language of his lips—but the passion denied utterance in words, flashed from his eyes, and modulated every accent of his voice. He looked back upon this evening, passed alone with Mrs. Clifton, amidst the breathings of poetry and music, and exulted in the reflection that he had not committed himself by any act of imprudence he might hereafter vainly rue. Sometimes his feelings rose up against Clara, for the selfish vanity that had led her to sacrifice the fortune that might have placed him above the suspicion of mercenary motives, but her unappeasable sorrow for her transgression, would not allow him to cherish any resentment towards her. Sometimes too his conscience reproached him for the part he was acting towards Fanny, the idol of his boyish fancy—but every hour passed in her presence, convinced him that she looked upon him more as a brother than a lover, and wrapped in a mantle of constitutional indifference, she seemed scarcely aware of the wandering of his heart.

'Oh! I am so glad you are not going to leave us! I do not know how I should live without you and Clara.'

Fanny's most ardent expression in joy and sorrow, was, 'I am so glad—I am so sorry.' It was a great deal for her to say—but she looked at Clara exactly as she did at him, and Edward, whose heart was now enlightened, felt that she did not love him, and he rejoiced in the conviction.

One evening, just between twilight and darker hour, he was returning from a long walk, when, a little before he left the woodland path, that led into the public road, he met an old woman muffled in a cloak and hood—he bowed and was passing on, when she accosted him in a voice which was not known, and approaching nearer to her, he knew by the spectacles gleaming through the shades, under the deeper shade of a mob-cap, his ancient friend of the stage coach, and he greeted her with great cordiality. She told him she was travelling about as usual, and had stopped in the village to make a visit to Mrs. Clifton, the grand daughter of her old friend.

'It is growing dark and late,' said he, 'let me see you safe to her house, for you have mistaken the path that leads to it.'

'Stop a moment,' cried she, 'if you are not in too much haste, and let me rest on this log by the way side. I am old, and it wearies me to walk fast. Sit down, young man, and let me ask after your welfare. I have not forgotten your kindness to the aged, nor ever shall I.'

Edward brushed the dust from the log with his handkerchief, and preparing a seat for her, with great reverence placed himself at her side.

'Come,' said she, 'I must soon be gone, but I want to know if I can serve you. I am an eccentric old creature, but I am well off in the world, and when I die, I cannot carry my money into the grave. I am told there is a pretty young girl in the neighborhood, whom you love, and would marry, if you were not poor. Do not blush to own it, for if it is so, and I can make you happy by my means, I shall bless the hour that brought us together, even near the end of my pilgrimage.'

Her tremulous voice faltered, and she raised her handkerchief under her spectacles.

'Thank you, a thousand times, for your generous offer,' replied Edward, much moved, 'but indeed madam, you are misinformed. I would not marry, if I could.'

'Young man,' cried she, 'you are not sincere. The heart craves for a kindred heart. You would not live alone. Confide in me, and I will not betray you. Trifle with me, and you may lose a friend, whose professions are not lightly made. Tell me, do you not love the fair girl, whom they call the beauty of the vil-

lage, or is it but a passing rumor that has reached my ears?'

Edward wondered at the interest this singular old woman expressed in his destiny, but he did not doubt its sincerity, and he would not repay it with dissimulation.'

'No, madam, I do not love her, otherwise than with brotherly kindness. Where I do love, I cannot hope, and all your generosity cannot avail me there.'

'Where?' said she. I want no half confidences. The imagination of age is dull to that of youth. Tell me all, or nothing.'

'There is one, then, with whom, were she poor, beggary would be a paradise, but whom fortune has placed so far beyond my reach, it would be madness to name, and presumption, to aspire to. Sometimes, emboldened by her condescension, I have dared to think, had my lot been different—but no—it can never be—I need not say more—you know where your steps are bound.'

A silence followed this avowal, and Edward was so much absorbed by his own feelings, as almost to forget the presence of his companion. At length she spoke.

'I do not see the great presumption of your hopes: if you mean the widow Clifton, I see nothing to make her beyond your reach, unless you choose yourself to put her up in the clouds. She is rich, it is true, but what does she want of riches in another? She has found no joy in wealth. I know the history of her marriage: it was not voluntary on her part, and brought no happiness—a state of splendid bondage. Why do you not at least learn from her, whether your love is hopeless? If I—an old woman—if my heart warmed towards you, the first moment I saw you, is her young bosom made of stone, that it cannot be melted, or impressed?'

'She has often spoken,' said Edward, finding an increasing fascination in the subject, and drawing still nearer his aged friend, 'of the loneliness of her destiny, and of the insufficiency of wealth to satisfy the cravings of the heart. These wild dreams dazzled my imagination, and gilt the future with hues of heaven. But the dread of being laughed from her presence, of incurring the displeasure of one who has been the benefactress of our family—you, who are now in the winter of your days, can have no conception of the strength of these mental conflicts—this warring of fire and ice.'

'I have not forgotten the memories of youth,' she answered; 'and impassive as you believe me, there is an image cherished in my breast, whose traits the waves of oblivion can never efface, nor the snows of age ever chill. Few can love as I have loved; and love with me, is immortal as the divine spark that lights up this perishing frame.'

She leaned trembling against the shoulder of Edward, who reproached himself for calling up emotions so sublime in their strength, thus glowing and triumphant, amidst the ruins of beauty and youth. He drew her cloak more closely around her, and warned her that the night dew was falling.

'You are right,' said she, rising; 'I was forgetting I am not young like you.'

They walked slowly on, in the direction of Mrs. Clifton's house.

'May I not ask the name of the friend, to whose kindness I am so much indebted?' cried he.

'Oh,' replied she, laughing, 'I thought every body knew Aunt Bridget; for I am one of those universal aunts, whom every body knows, and no body cares for. My property is my own, and I have a right to bequeath it wherever I please. I have chosen you as my heir, and you may consider yourself equal in fortune to widow Clifton, or any other widow in the land: Not a word of thanks—no gratitude at least, till legal measures are taken to secure it to your possession.'

'Singular and generous being,' said Edward, beginning to believe that her brain was somewhat unsound, 'what have I done to excite so romantic an interest, and what can I do to prove myself worthy of it?'

'Be sincere—truth is the only bond of love, and concealment with friends is falsehood.'

They had now reached the gate of the avenue.

'You will not go in?'

'No,' said he, 'I cannot see her to night; to-morrow, perhaps, shall I see you then?'

'I cannot tell what the morrow will bring forth. But one thing let me say, young man, ere we part. You must plead your own cause, and not expect it will be done by me. If you have not moral courage and manly spirit sufficient to meet the consequences, whatever they may be, you merit the downfall of your hopes, and humiliation of your pride.'

\* Concluded from our last.

She closed the gate, and Edward watched her dark, shrouded figure slowly threading the winding path, and almost imagined he had been with one of those sybilline priestesses, who opened their lips in prophecy, and shadowed the mystic outlines of futurity. 'Whatever she may be,' thought he, 'I will be guided by her counsel, and abide by the result.'

As he drew near his own home, and saw the lights shining so quietly and brightly through the trees, that quivered gently as in a golden shower, and thought how tranquilly the hearts of its inmates now beat, secure from the fear of being driven from that love-hallowed home—when he reflected that for this peace, so beautifully imaged in a scene before him, they were indebted to the very being whose recollection excited the throbbings of a thousand pulses in his heart and in his brain,—gratitude so mingled with and chastened his love, that every breathing became a prayer for her happiness, even if it were to be purchased at the sacrifice of his own.

He saw Clara through the window, seated at a table, with some object before her, which was shaded by the branches, but her attitude was so expressive, that he stood a moment to contemplate her figure. Her hands were clasped in a kind of ecstasy, and her cheeks were colored with a bright crimson, strikingly contrasting with their late pallid hue. Something hung glittering from her fingers, upon which she gazed rapturously one moment,—then, befitting forward the next, she seemed intent upon what was placed before her. He opened the door softly; she sprang up and throwing her arms around him cried in accents of hysterical joy—

'Dear brother—the trunk is found—there it is, oh! I am so happy!' And she wept and laughed alternately.

There indeed it was—the identical trunk—whose loss had occasioned so much sorrow, with its red morocco covering and bright nails untarnished. Edward rejoiced more for Clara's sake than his own—for her remorse, though salutary to herself, was harrowing to him.

'Explain this mystery, dear Clara, and moderate these transports. How have you recovered the lost treasure?'

'Oh! it was the strangest circumstance! Who do you think had it, but Mrs. Clifton, that angel sent down from heaven, for our especial blessing.'

You know I went there to-day, about the time you took the walk in the woods. My heart was so full of grief for my folly, and gratitude for her kindness, I thought it would have burst, and I told her all; no, not quite all—for I could not bring myself to tell her that it contained your property: her eye seemed to upbraid me so for betraying the trust;—but again it beamed with joy, because she could restore to me both sacred relics.'

Here she held up the beads, now a thousand times more precious to her than all the chains in the world.

The pedlar called there, after he left me. She recognized the trunk; as it bore the name of a friend.'

Edward's cheek burned with emotion, for his own name—Edward Stanley—was wrought upon the velvet lining, but Clara went breathlessly on.

She gathered from him the history of the beads, and purchased them both, that she might on some future day have the pleasure of restoring them. She understood the sacrifice my foolish vanity had made, and anticipated the repentance that would follow. Is she not a friend, the best and the kindest? and ought we not to love her as our own souls? And can you forgive me, Edward—will you forgive me, though I fear I never shall be able to pardon myself?'

'Forgive you, my sister? Let me only see once more the sweet, unaffected girl, who was the object of my approbation as well as my love, and I ask no more.'

He now examined the secret recesses of the trunk, and found the papers safe and untouched. Their value transcended his most sanguine expectations. He could redeem the paternal dwelling, meet the demands which had involved them in distress, and still find himself a comparatively rich man.

Clara ran out of the room, and bringing the chain—the 'cause of all her wo,'—she put it in a conspicuous corner of her work box.

'I will never wear this paltry bauble again,' cried she; 'but I will keep it, as a memento of my vanity, and a pledge of my reformation. I will look at it a few moments every day, as the lady did upon the skeleton of her lover, to remind me of the sins of mortality.'

When Clara had left them, with a joyous 'good night,' Mrs. Stanley drew her chair next to her son's, and looked earnestly in his face.

'There is something I ought to mention,' said she, 'and yet I cannot to damp your present satisfaction. I have been told of an intended marriage, which I fear much will disappoint your fondest hopes. I trust, however, you have too much honest pride, to suffer your feelings to prey upon your happiness.'

Edward started up, and pushed his chair against the wall, with a violent rebound.

'I cannot bear it, mother—I believe it would drive me mad after all I have dared to dream to-night. I might, perhaps, live without her, but I could not live to see her married to another.'

Fool, credulous fool that I was, to believe that dotard's prophecy.'

He sat down again in the chair, which Clara had left, and throwing his arms across the table, bent his face over them, and remained silent.

'Alas! my son,' cried Mrs. Stanley, 'I feared it would be so. Mr. Morton feels for you the tenderness of a father, but'—

'Mr. Morton, did you say?' cried Edward, starting up again, at the risk of upsetting chairs, tables, and lamps—'I believe I am out of my senses; and is it Fanny Morton who is going to be married?'

The sudden change in his countenance, from despair to composure quite electrified Mrs. Stanley. She could not comprehend such great and sudden self-control.

'Mr. Morton tells me,' she continued, 'that Fanny is addressed by a gentleman of wealth and respectability, and one who is every way a desirable connexion. He has learned from Fanny, that no engagement subsisted between you, but he seemed apprehensive that your affections were deeply interested, and wished me to soften the intelligence as much as possible.'

Edward smiled. 'Tell Mr. Morton I thank him for his kind consideration, but no one can rejoice in Fanny's prospects more than I do.'

Mrs. Stanley was bewildered, for she had not dreamed of his present infatuation.

'I cannot understand how resignation can be acquired so soon, especially after such a burst of frenzy. I fear it is merely assumed to spare my feelings.'

'I cannot feign, dear mother though I may conceal. Dismiss all fears upon this subject, for were Fanny to live a thousand years in all her virgin loveliness—if nature permitted such a reign to youth and beauty—she would never be sought after as the bride of your son.'

He kissed his mother, and bade her a hasty 'good night,' anxious to avoid explanations on a subject which had already agitated him so much.

The next day, when he reflected on his extraordinary interview with the old lady of the stage coach, and her incredible promises in his behalf, he became more than ever convinced of her mental hallucination. Yet there was too much *method* in her madness, if madness indeed existed, to allow him to slight the impressions of her words. He was now independent, and hopes that before seemed presumptuous, now warmed every pulsation of his being.

'Shall I even now follow the sybil's counsel?' said he to himself, as he bent his steps at evening towards Mrs. Clifton's door, but the moment he entered her presence, Aunt Bridget, her promises, and the world itself, were forgotten. She met him with a smile, but there was a burning glow on her cheek, and a hurried glance of her eye, that indicated internal agitation. She attempted to converse on indifferent topics, but her thoughts seemed to wander, and she at length became silent.

'I saw a friend of yours last night,' said he, with much embarrassment, for he knew not whether his confession were unrevealed. 'She is very singular, but extremely interesting in her eccentricities. Is she with you yet?'

'She is, and will be with us whenever you desire. Yet I would first speak with you, Mr. Stanley, and communicate an intelligence which I trust will not cost me the withdrawal of your friendship. You have known me rich, surrounded with all the appliances of wealth and fashion, and, as such, envied and admired. My fortune has been transferred into the hands of another, and you see me now, destitute of that tinsel glare, which threw a radiance around me, which was not my own. Flatterers may desert me, but friends—I trust I may retain.'

She extended her hand with an involuntary motion, and the glow forsook her cheek.

'Your fortune gone,' exclaimed Edward, 'and mine restored?'

The next moment he was kneeling at her feet. In no other attitude could he have expressed the depth of that passion he now dared to utter.—What he saw he knew not—he only felt that he was breathing forth the hoarded and late hopeless love, of whose extent he had never before been fully conscious.

'Am I then loved for myself alone?' cried Mrs. Clifton; by one, too, from whom I have vainly waited this avowal, to justify my preference?'

She bowed her head upon the hands that Edward was clasping in his own, as if her soul shared the humility of his devotion. Who would have recognized the gay and brilliant heiress, who once revelled in the cold halls of fashion, in this tender and passionate woman?

'Oh!' exclaimed she, when the feeling of both became sufficiently calm for explanation, 'Were I still the child of affluence, I might have vainly looked for the testimony of that love, which the vassal of love was so long a rebel to, to truth and to nature. And now,' added she, rising, 'let me not, in the fullness of my heart's content, forget your old friend, who is waiting no doubt, with impatience, to greet you. You will probably be surprised to learn that she is the lawful inheritor of my fortune, and that all I have been so profusely lavishing, was her just due.'

She smiled at Edward's unutterable look of astonishment, and closed the door. He was left but a few moments to his own be-

wildered thoughts, when the door again opened, and Aunt Bridget entered, in the same ancient cloak and hood, which seemed to be a part of herself.

'Wisest and best of counsellors,' said he, advancing to meet her, and leading her to a seat on the sofa—'to you I owe the blessings of this hour. It was surely a propitious star that shone upon me when I first seated myself beside you that memorable night. Had you not come to prove your claim to her wealth, the spell that bound me would not yet have been broken, and a wall of separation might still have arisen between hearts that have met and blended, and will continue to mingle through eternity!—'

Aunt Bridget turned away her head, and seemed suddenly to have lost the gift of speech.

Somewhat alarmed at her unusual silence, especially as he felt her shaking and trembling under the folds of her cloak, he leaned over her and tried to untie her hood, so as to give her air. Fearing she would fall into a fit, as she continued to tremble still more violently, he burst the ribbons asunder, for the knots seemed to tighten under his fingers; and the cloak, hood and mob cap fell off simultaneously—the large green spectacles too dropped from the eyes, which, laughing and brilliant, now flashed upon his own—and the arms which had been extended to support a far different personage, were folded in transport around the graceful form of Mrs. Clifton.

'Will you forgive me?' cried she, when she raised those beaming eyes from his shoulder, 'the wily deception I have practised? Will you forgive me for continuing a disguise through love which commenced from eccentric motives? Young and unprotected, I have sometimes found safety in this disfiguring garb. Like the Arabian monarch, I like occasionally the covering of a mask, that I may be able to read the deep mysteries of human nature. But my masquerade is over—I have now read all I ever wish to learn.—Promise not to love me less because the doom of riches still clings to me, and I will pledge life and fame, that you shall find in Aunt Bridget, a faithful, true and loving wife.'

AMUSEMENTS OF WAR.—When Louis XIV. besieged Lille, the Count de Brouai, governor of the place, was so polite as to send a supply of ice every morning for the king's dessert. Louis said one day to the gentleman who brought it, "I am much obliged to M. de Brouai for his ice, but I wish he would send it in larger portions." The Spaniard answered, without hesitation, "Sire, he thinks the siege will be long, and he is afraid the ice may be exhausted." When the messenger was going, the duke de Charrost, captain of the guards, called out, "Tell Brouai not to follow the example of the governor of Douai, who yielded like a rascal." The king turned round, laughing, and said, "Charrost, are you mad?" "How, sir!" answered he; "Brouai is my cousin." In the Memoirs de Grammont, you will find similar examples of the amusements of war. You remember that when Philip of Macedon vanquished the Athenians, in a pitched battle, they sent next morning to demand their baggage; the king laughed, and ordered it to be returned, saying, "I do believe the Athenians think we did not fight in earnest."

VEUVIUS.—Extract of a letter from Naples, dated the fifth of January:—"Early in the morning of New-Year's day, we were awakened by a violent explosion like the report of cannon, and soon discovered that it was an eruption of Vesuvius. In half an hour afterwards a dense cloud of smoke and ashes covered Naples, having the same effect, from the electrical fluid issuing from it, as generally precedes a summer storm. Apprehensions were entertained for the city; but the wind changed and carried the cinders towards the shore at Portici. The eruption ceased in the evening, but the detonations re-commenced on the second, and continued throughout the day. The earth was constantly tremulous under our feet. In the evening Vesuvius was all on fire, and the lava flowed down into the plain between Portici and Torre del Greco, committing great ravages. On the third, the mountain became more quiet, and in the evening was not so much inflamed as on the preceding night, but, sent out continual flashes, which is a phenomenon extremely rare. Since yesterday it has been at rest. If the eruption had continued as it began, we should have seen a renewal of what happened in 1822, when, during three days, Naples was covered with cinders, and candles had to be lighted at mid-day."

CAUSES OF CONJUGAL QUARREL.—For Pope's exquisite good sense, take the following, which is a master-piece:—"Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but mere vanity—a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts to." Thousands of houses would be happy to-morrow if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantelpiece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

## INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

At the first meeting of the Kentucky Historical Society, the following anecdote of Indian generosity and magnanimity was related by a gentleman distinguished in the annals of Kentucky:—

About the year 1784 or 1785, Mr. A. Rowan embarked in a barge at the falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now stands, with a party, to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indian side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan borrowed a rifle of one of the company, stepped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game; for, from always having been of a feeble constitution, and averse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and, besides, had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended; and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat or the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicious of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore.

Mr. Rowan now found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, and himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was Vincennes, (now in the Indiana,) distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to travelling in the forest, he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether toward Vincennes or from it, he knew not—exhausted, famished, and despairing. Several times he had lain down, as he thought, to die. Roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betokening, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he made his way toward the spot whence the report had proceeded, resolved, as a last hope of life, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel.

Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approaching, who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm, with both the whites and Indians on the frontiers, in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle to his shoulder, in readiness to fire. Mr. Rowan presented the butt of his, and the Indian, with French politeness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian, seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam, a few miles distant, where he cooked for him for several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then, learning from him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distance from his cabin of about eighty miles.

Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. Rowan made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. Rowan through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that; and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, "when I wrap myself in it, I will think of you."

Where was there ever a white man, that even in a time of peace would have so befriended an Indian?

"PHILANTHROPY, my friends, is of *no particular sect*; it is confined by no paltry form of rule; it *knows no distinction*, but that of the *happy or unhappy*; it is older than the gospel, eternal as that great source from whence it springs, and often beats higher in the heathen's heart, than in those of many who are called Christians; who, though under the influence of the most benevolent of all possible systems, yet not unfrequently refuse both relief and compassion to the petitions of the wretched, and the entreaty of the unhappy. God forbid that the genuine feelings of humanity were confined to this or that mode of faith! God forbid that any ridiculous prejudice should hinder me from reverencing the man, (however we may differ in speculative notions,) whose gentle spirit flies out to soothe the mourner; whose ear is attentive to the voice of sorrow; whose pittance is shared with those who are not the world's friends; whose bountiful hand scatters food to the hungry, and raiment to the naked; and whose peaceful steps, as he journeyeth on his way, are blessed, and blessed again by the uplifted eye of thankful indigence, and the sounds of honest gratitude from the lips of wretchedness."—*Dean Kirwan.*

A glass of water is sometimes worth a ton of wine and a penny a pound.

A good word is as soon said as an ill one.

## THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Unto Him who loved us, and gave himself for us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—*Revelations.*

How hath He loved us?—Ask the star,  
That on its wondrous mission sped,  
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene  
Where He—Immanuel—bowed his head;  
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,  
Found in her lowliest inn—no room.

Judea's mountains, lift your voice,  
With legends of the Saviour fraught;  
Speak favored Olivet—so oft,  
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought,  
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave  
Frequent his weary feet did lave.

How hath He loved us?—Ask the band  
That fled his foes with breathless haste;  
Ask the weak friend's denial tone,  
Scarcely his bitterest tears effaced;  
Then ask the traitor's kiss and see  
What Jesus hath endured for thee!

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dews  
Shrunk from that moisture strangely red,  
Which, in that unwatched hour of pain,  
His agonizing temples shed!  
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore  
Like the unanswering lamb he bore.

How has he loved us?—Ask the cross,  
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky,  
Ask the shrouded dead, who burst  
Their prisons at his fearful cry—  
O ask no more! but bow thy pride,  
And yield thy heart to Him who died.

## THE SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
And shatter'd wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand,  
Thither, oh, thither,  
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land?  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions,  
Of beauteous souls! Eternity's own land!  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

Oh! Land!—Oh! Land!  
For all the broken-hearted—  
The wildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
To the land of the great departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

## TO AN APRIL FLOWER.

Dear little flower!  
My heart swells strangely, as I look on thee,  
When April shower  
And scanty sunbeams left thy blossoms free,  
And thy young trusting eye looks up to me!

But, fragile thing!  
Hast thou the power of the wind—tempast tried?  
Whom wilt thou cling,  
Or where from danger canst thou hope to hide,  
When the storm-spirit o'er the earth shall ride!

And if the storm  
Happily should spare thee, one may wander nigh,  
And thy fair form,  
Admired a moment, then cast idly by,  
Alone, neglected on the ground to die.

And thus ye fade,  
Bright band of flowers! a day, an hour ye smile,  
In joy arrayed,  
And then death comes, and where, fair things! are ye?  
Beautiful as ye are, oh! who a flower would be!

## APRIL SNOW.

It will not stay—the robe so pearly white,  
That fell in folds o'er nature's bosom bare,  
And sparkled in the winter moonbeam's light,  
A vesture pure as holy spirits wear—  
It will not stay! Look, how from open plain  
It melts beneath the glance of April's sun!  
Nor can the rock's cool shade the snow detain;  
E'en there it will not stay—its task is done:  
Why should it linger? Many-tinted flowers,  
And the green grass, its place will quickly fill,  
And, with new life from sun and kindly showers,  
Will deck again the meadow and the hill,  
Till we regret to see the earth resume  
This snowy mantle for her robe of bloom.

EARLY GREEK COSMOGRAPHY.—According to the ideas of the Homeric and Hesiodic ages, it would seem that the world was a hollow globe, divided into two equal portions by the flat disk of the Earth. The external shell of this globe is called by the poets *brazen* and *iron*, probably only to express its solidity. The superior hemisphere was named Heaven, the inferior one Tartarus. The length of the diameter of the hollow sphere is given thus by Hesiod. It would take, he says, nine days for an anvil to fall from Heaven to Earth; an equal space of time would be occupied by its fall from Earth to the bottom of Tartarus. The luminaries which gave light to gods and men shed their radiance through all the interior of the upper hemisphere; while that of the inferior one was filled with eternal gloom and darkness, and its still air unmoved by any wind.

The Earth occupied the centre of the World, in the form of a round flat disk, or rather cylinder, around which the river Ocean flowed. Hellas was probably regarded as the centre of the Earth; but the poets are silent on this point. They are equally so as to the exact central point, but probably viewed as such Olympus, the abode of the gods. In after times, Delphi became the *navel of the Earth*. The Sea divided the terrestrial disk into two portions, which we may suppose were regarded as equal. These divisions do not seem to have had any peculiar names in the time of Homer. The Northern one was afterwards named Europe; the Southern, at first called Asia alone, was in process of time divided into Asia and Libya. The former comprised all the country between the Phasis and the Nile, the latter all between this river and the Western Ocean.

In the Sea the Greeks appear to have known to the west of their own country Southern Italy and Sicily, though their ideas respecting them were probably vague and uncertain; and the imagination of the poets, or the tales of voyagers, had placed in the more remote parts of it several islands, such as Ogygia the isle of Calypso, Ææa that of Circe, Æolia that of Æolus, Scheria the abode of the Phæacians,—islands, in all probability, as ideal and as fabulous as the isles of Panchua, Lilliput or Brobdignag, though both ancients and moderns have endeavoured to assign their exact positions. Along its Southern coasts lay, it would appear, the countries of the Lotus-eaters, the Cyclopes, the Giants, and the Læstrigians. These isles and coasts of the Western part of the Sea were the scenes of most of the wonders of early Grecian fable. There, and on the isles of the Ocean, the passage to which was supposed to be close to the island of Circe, dwelt the Sirens, the Hesperides, the Grææ, the Gorgons, and the other beings of fable.

The only inhabitants of the Northern portion of the Earth mentioned by Homer, are the Hellens and some of the tribes of Thrace. But Hesiod sang of a happy race, named the Hyperboreans, dwelling in everlasting bliss and spring beyond the lofty mountains, whose caverns were supposed to send forth the piercing blasts of the north wind, which chilled the people of Hellas. According to Pindar, the country of the Hyperboreans, from which the river Ister flowed, was inaccessible either by sea or land. Apollo was their tutelary deity, to whom they offered asses in sacrifice, while choirs of maidens danced to the sound of lyres and pipes, and the worshippers feasted, having their heads wreathed with garlands of the god's favourite plant, the bay. They lived exempt from disease or old age, from toils and warfare, and, conscious of no evil thoughts or acts, they had not to fear the awful goddess Nemesis.—*Keightley's Mythology.*

HEROES.—It were well if there were fewer heroes; for I scarcely ever heard of any but did more mischief than good. These overgrowing mortals commonly use their will with their right hand, and their reason with their left. Their pride is their title, and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks, and ruins, and desolation of kingdoms, are marks of greatness, why do not we worship a tempest, and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these.

A COMPLIMENT.—A Frenchman who had learned English, wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to Lady R., whose dress was fawn-coloured, and that of her daughter pink—"Mildady, your daughter is the pink of beauty." "Ah, monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter." "No, madam, I only do speak the truth, and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the pink, and your ladyship the *drab* of fashion!" It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to comprehend his *sottise*.

COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.—During the domination of Bonaparte, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton-twist, etc. were sent by sea from London to Salonica, (in European Turkey,) whence these goods were carried on horses and mules, across Servia and Hungary, into the whole of Germany, and even into France: so that goods were consumed at Calais, coming from England, only seven leagues distant, which goods had made a circuit equivalent, as far as expense went, to a voyage twice round the world!

For the Pearl.

## STANZAS TO \*\*\*\*\*

And can it be that thus we part,  
Are all our happy meetings done,  
Shall we no more in converse sweet,  
The foot of time make lightly run?  
Wilt thou the friendly hand extend  
No more, which oft I've fondly prest,  
And must the feelings be forgot,  
Which lit thy face and warm'd thy breast?

When we in happier hours met,  
In scenes that must be ever dear;  
With hearts unclouded by a care,  
And eyes undim'd by sorrow's tear:  
Shall I ne'er hear one kindly word  
Fall from those cherub lips of thine,  
Whose winning accents once were breath'd  
To charm no other ears than mine?

Then be it so: why should I weep,  
Or why my spirit feel a gloom,  
For one inconstant as the bee  
That ranges where sweet flow'rs bloom?  
The hallow'd love I've felt for thee  
Can ne'er decay, still it shall dwell,  
Deep hidden in my heart's recess—  
My tongue its depths shall never tell.

When in the flight of churlish years,  
Youth's dearest joys I shall forget,  
Thy face with all its loveliness  
Shall linger in my mem'ry yet,  
And while the face of other friends  
Shall tend to wean thy heart from me,  
Each kindly word and smiling face  
Shall wake my spirit's love for thee.

December 1832.

For the Pearl.

## ON MATTER.

I beg to forward for insertion in the Colonial Pearl part of an able Essay lately read in the Lecturo Room of the Colchester Literary and Scientific Society, by Adams Archibald, Esq. of Musquodoboit, which will, I have no doubt, be found interesting to the philosophical portion of your readers.

A MEMBER.

Truro, March 28th, 1839.

## ON THE PROPERTIES OF MATTER AND THEIR APPLICATION TO THE PRODUCTION OF THE TIDES.

In treating of any science which is grounded upon physical facts and appearances, two courses are generally open. We may begin with a statement of the results observed, and, by gradual investigation, extricate from them the principles upon which they depend; or else, if these principles have been ascertained, we may begin by stating them, and may deduce from them the consequences which would follow on the supposition of their truth; and finally, by comparing these consequences with the appearances presented by nature, and finding them to correspond, we may satisfy ourselves of the truth of those principles which we originally assumed. The former is necessarily the course of discovery; the latter is often the most concise and convenient method of instruction, after the discovery has been made. In some cases there is little practical distinction between the two methods. For instance, the fundamental principle of hydrostatics is the equal pressure of fluids in all directions, and the fact that they do so press, is one of the first and most obvious results of observation and experiment; and, from the time that it is ascertained, the experimental and hypothetical mode of discussing the subject may very nearly coincide. In proceeding to the consideration of the subject matter of the present address, we shall take it for granted that this society is in some good degree acquainted with those properties of matter upon which the various phenomena of the tides are founded; the explanation of which is the principal object in the present address. I must, however, claim your indulgence, while I name a few of those properties which are inherent in all kinds of matter.

[Here Mr. A. proceeded to explain, in a very lucid and satisfactory manner, the principles which regulate the motions of bodies, and concluding this portion of his remarks with an enumeration of the propositions which constitute the theory of circular motion, he continued as follows.]

These are the theorems of circular motions, the two last of which are found by astronomers to be strictly observed by every body of the planetary and cometary system. For example, the periodical time of Venus is 225 days, and that of the earth 365; the squares of which numbers are 50625 and 133225: again, the distances of Venus is to that of the earth as 72 to 100, the cubes of which numbers are 373248 and 1,000,000; but as 50625 is to 133225, so is 373248 to 1,000,000, that is, the squares of the periodical times are as the cubes of their distances very nearly. From whence also it will easily appear that the bodies under the equator have the greatest centrifugal force, which there acts in direct opposition to gravity, and diminishes towards the poles with the squares of the distances from the earth's axis. Hence also it is evident that, if ever the earth was in a fluid state, and at rest, every part of its surface would be equidistant from its cen-

tre; but if, in that fluid state, it revolved about its axis, it must necessarily assume the figure, not of a perfect sphere or globe, but of an oblate spheroid, flattened towards both poles; as is manifestly shown by experiment; but as your time is limited, we will not be able to enter into the minutiae of this demonstration, but merely mention the conclusions drawn from these data, which are the following; that is to say: Supposing the earth to have been in a fluid state, and at the same time revolving upon its axis, so as to make a complete revolution in 24 hours, the centrifugal force would so far have counteracted the force of gravity at the equator, as to have made the centrifugal force to gravity, as 1 to 289, and the axis of the earth to the equatorial diameter, as 229 to 230; and that if the time of its revolution, instead of 24 hours, had been but 54 minutes and 43 seconds, the centrifugal force would have then been equal to gravity: and also, that the moon's periodical revolution round the common centre of gravity, between the earth and her world, by a similar computation, be completed in 27.3-10 days. Since the earth and moon act upon each other by attraction, it is evident that, unless prevented by some counteracting force, they would meet in their common centre of gravity; but such a counteracting force is found in the fact that both these bodies revolve about that point, and preserve their distance from each other by their centrifugal forces, generated by such revolution: whence the centre of gravity—and not the centre of the earth—is that point which the moon regards in her periodical revolution; and were there no other bodies in the heavens but the earth and moon, this common centre of gravity would be at rest, or a fixed point. But, since the large body of the sun commands, by the same power of attraction, the earth and moon to revolve about himself, it will follow, that the point, which would otherwise be at rest, is that which must describe the circle, or grand orbit round the sun; because no other point between the earth and moon can keep always at the same distance from the sun, on account of the mutual revolutions of these bodies about that point at the same time that they are carried about the sun. Now, since it has been demonstrated that the power of gravity at the distance of the moon, is to that upon the earth's surface, as 1 is to 3600, and that the earth will gravitate or tend towards the moon in the inverse ratio of her quantity of matter, and that the matter of the earth is to that of the moon as 40 to 1, it follows, that the body of the earth will tend towards the moon with a force equal to 1-144000 part of the force of gravity upon the earth's surface, and that they are preserved in their orbits round their common centre of gravity by these central forces. Hence it will be very evident, considering that these forces are in the inverse ratio of the squares of the distance, that the side of the earth most contiguous to the moon, will be more strongly attracted than the centre of the earth; and also, that the centre of the earth will, in like manner, be attracted with more force than the surface of it opposite to the moon, these three different forces being as the squares of the numbers 61, 60, and 59, or as the numbers 3721, 3600 and 3481, and therefore, if the globe of the earth were a fluid mass, the surface next to the moon would be brought nearer to her, and the opposite side, being influenced by a lesser force of attraction, and a greater centrifugal force (occasioned by its revolution round the common centre of gravity at the greatest distance from that point) will be made to recede from the centre, and that the globular form of the earth will be elongated in the line of direction between the earth and moon; but, as these elevations of the water are produced by the different forces exerted by the moon's attraction upon the different parts, diminishing the effect of gravitation towards the centre, in the line of direction aforesaid, it follows that the parts of the earth's surface ninety degrees distant will, in the same ratio, approach the centre to restore the equilibrium; without which it would be impossible for the action of the moon to effect the elevations under and opposite to her. This effect is produced with great facility upon the supposition of the globe's being a fluid body throughout, but will vary with the circumstances when otherwise, and we can, from this data, easily perceive the reason why no sensible tides are to be found in freshwater lakes, although covering a large portion of the earth's surface: for let it be supposed that there is immediately under the moon, a lake, covering sixty degrees of the earth's surface, which will be over 4000 miles diameter; now it will be evident that, independently of the common argument that the time of the moon's attraction over every part of the lake's surface, are so nearly parallel that all parts of it would be affected with an equal force, it will appear that the waters, at ninety degrees distance, by moving towards the centre, cannot communicate with the lake, nor co-operate with the moon's attraction in producing a tide under her, and consequently no sensible tides are found in fresh water lakes, but in consequence of the moon's attraction exerting its influence upon the lake and solid earth, without raising the waters upon that side of the globe next to her, it may reasonably be supposed that a greater tide will in consequence be produced upon the opposite side. What has been said with regard to the tides has been referred solely to the influence of the moon, but it will be found that the large body of the sun has (by the operation of the same law of gravity) an influence, in every particular corresponding with that law in producing the tides; but although the quantity of matter in the sun is so very great, compared with that of the moon, as to make his aggregate amount of attraction more than 100 times

greater than that of the moon, yet when we consider that the tides are not produced by the total amount of attraction, but by the difference upon the different parts of the globe, inversely as the squares of the distance, and that the semidiameter or diameter of the earth when compared with the distance of the sun is but about 1-400 part of what it would be compared with the moon's distance, it will follow that the effect produced in raising the tides is not more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of that produced by the moon. Hence we find, that at the time of the moon's conjunction, at the change, or opposition, at the full, we have tides produced by the united influence of the sun and moon, and these are usually denominated spring tides; but, when the moon is in her quadratures, or the sun at right angles with the line of direction between the earth and moon, his influence will then be exerted in endeavouring to produce tides under and opposite to him at ninety degrees from the tides raised by the moon; and his power being about one fourth of that of the moon, or one fifth of their joint force, it follows, that the tides raised by the moon's influence alone will then be diminished by the action of the sun, and will be but three-fifths of what they were at the full and change of the moon, and these are called neap tides. These effects would be uniform at the same places, if the surface of the globe were covered with water, and the plane of the ecliptic were coincident with that of the equator, and the plane of the moon's orbit round the common centre of gravity between her and the earth coincided with that of the ecliptic, which that common centre of gravity describes round the sun, and that the ecliptic, as well as the orbit of the moon, were perfect circles; but as these hypotheses are all at variance with the facts, and it is ascertained that the surface of the globe exhibits land and water in every possible variety of form and location, and that the axis of the earth being inclined to the ecliptic about  $23^{\circ} 29'$ , causing the equator to form a similar angle with the ecliptic, and the moon's orbit intersecting the ecliptic in two points called the moon's nodes, and forming an angle with it of  $5^{\circ} 17'$ , and that the ecliptic, as well as the moon's orbit round the earth, is in the form of an ellipse, varying the distance of these bodies from each other in describing the different parts of their orbits respectively, we therefore find that the tides vary much in the same places, and at the same times of the moon's periodical revolutions, according to the moon's obliquity, or its contiguity with respect to the earth and sun, and that the highest tides take place in northern latitudes, exceeding the greatest degree of the sun's and moon's declination, on that side of the earth immediately under the moon, when the sun and she have attained their greatest northern declinations, and, because the opposite tides are then as far south of the equator, as the sun and moon are north of it, the next tide will be produced by the influence of attraction operating obliquely in an angle with the perpendicular, double of that of the sun and moon's declination, and that, when the tides are referred merely to the moon's influence, the tides in the hemisphere over which she is vertical in the night, will be higher than the following day-tide, which has frequently been matter of speculation and inquiry; but, as this cannot take place in its fullest extent by the sun and moon in conjunction, excepting at the change, when both bodies may be vertical on the tropic of Cancer, upon the 21st of June at mid-day, the night tide will then be the least, or less than the day tide, at that place, or in any place north of the equator in that meridian; and the greatest possible tides occur when the perigee of the moon, or her least distance from the earth, concurs with the preceding circumstances at the time of the full or change of the moon, and also when these circumstances happen when the earth is in or near the perihelion of the ecliptic, when the greatest possible force of attraction, exerted upon the earth by both sun and moon, in consequence of their proximity, prevails.

To be continued.

POETRY AND STEAM.—In an interesting paper in the Musical World, entitled "Words for Composers," Leigh Hunt says:—Beautiful, truly, is it to see what noble poets we have had in these latter days, and with what abundant glory they have refuted the idle fears of an extinction of imagination in consequence of the progress of science! Fancy steam putting out the stars! or the wheels of the very printing-press running over and crushing all the hearts, doves, and loves in Christendom! for till you did that, how were you to put out POETRY? Why the printing-press and the steam-carriage are themselves poetry—forms, made visible, of the aspirations of the mind of men; and they shake accordingly the souls of those who behold them. See the rotary mystery working in the printing-room—the unaccountable and intangible god, Fire, giving it force against the old negative deity, Time. See the huge, black, many-wheeled giant, the steam-carriage, smoking over the country like some mammoth of a centipede, and swallowing up that other ancient obstacle, Space—and Time with him! and then suppress, if you can, those very thoughts of human good, and eternity, and the might and beauty of the universe, which it is the most poetical office of poetry to keep alive and burning.

Valchius thought it possible to contrive a trunk, or hollow pipe, that should preserve the voice entirely for certain hours, or days, so that a man might send his words to a friend, instead of his writing.

## CUSTOMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

LETTERS OF LILLIAN CHING, TO HIS BRETHREN IN THE ISLAND OF LOO-CHOO; WRITTEN DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

## LETTER XI.

Mount Joy, 6th month, 1826.

Having stated to you the result of my inquiries respecting the religion established and recommended by the founder of christianity, you will be the less surprised when I frankly own that I am a Christian. Had I found the Gospel to be what might very naturally have been expected from the innumerable and bloody hostilities of Christian nations, I should have rejected it with abhorrence as far more dishonorable to God than the religion of Loo Choo. But the God which the Gospel reveals, is infinitely adorable, worthy of the esteem and homage of all intelligent beings. The Son whom he hath "sent to be the Saviour of the world" is "the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person." His doctrines, his precepts, and his examples are all benevolent, pacific, and admirably adapted to make men wise, virtuous, and happy, both in this world and in the world to come.

My understanding approves and my heart is delighted. This religion I can most cordially recommend to all my brethren and friends; and wherever, I may spend the residue of my days, I hope to evince the sincerity of my heart in the profession I have now made.

Do not, my brethren, indulge the least suspicion that, by becoming a Christian I am alienated from my brethren and kinsmen according to the flesh. Never were my feelings more tender towards them than at the present time. Nor have I become a despiser of those humane and beneficent principles and dispositions which have so exalted the Loo Choo people, and made them an honor to human nature. As much as I now admire the Christian religion, as instituted by the Messiah, I am free to own that the people of Loo Choo, as a people, are much better than the majority of those who are called Christians. It is said in the New Testament that a "meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God a great price." This leads me to hope for the salvation of a great portion of my countrymen, though they may have lived and died without seeing the gospel. By some care of the heavenly Father, they have been made to possess much more of the meek and quiet spirit than is generally seen among professed christians; and I cannot believe that God will cast away his Loo Choo children merely because they have not embraced a gospel which His Providence has seen fit hitherto to withhold from them. If I understand the gospel, it is the spirit exemplified by the Messiah which qualifies the soul to dwell with him in the world of glory. On this principle I cannot but regard the Loo Choo people as much better prepared for a heaven of love and peace, than fighting Christians. It must indeed be by the mercy of God that any sinners are saved. This mercy is revealed by Jesus Christ; and the gospel assures us that with God there is no respect of persons; and that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him. I have no doubt that a great number of my Loo Choo brethren now possess that humble and benevolent temper which prepares men to rejoice in Jesus Christ as the way, the truth, and the life; and that they will embrace him as soon as he shall be clearly known to them, whether it shall be in this world or in the future state. Such a temper is always pleasing in the sight of God. It prepares men to rejoice in Him, in Jesus their Mediator, and in the pardoning mercy by Him revealed to the sons of men. It also prepares men to delight in serving God, and in doing good to their fellow-men according to the will of their heavenly Father. Hence those who possess the spirit of Christ, are prepared for the rest that remains for the people of God. In that state of rest, my brethren, I hope to meet you and to rejoice with you forever in the redeeming and saving mercy of God which has been revealed in the gospel by his beloved Son, whom he hath sent to be the Saviour of the world.

L. C.

## LETTER XII.

Mount Joy, 10th month, 1826.

Though I have become a Christian I am not the less affected with the inconsistencies of those who have been called by that name. The more I reflect on their religion and on their wars, the more I am astonished, and the more I see to lament; and as it is possible that I may not live to see you again in this world—and as it is also possible that Missionaries may be sent among you, who still retain prejudices in favour of war, I shall briefly mention some things which may be useful to you; and put you on your guard.

From much of the conduct of Christians since they became a warring people, and from the use which they have made of their Saviour's name and his religion, it would seem that many of them have regarded his death as designed to encourage men to engage in hostilities with one another. In ages past, when two armies were about to engage in battle, it was not uncommon to prepare them for the conflict, by administering to the officers and soldiers what is called the Lord's Supper, or the memorials of his dying love, and a symbol of the unity of his disciples. An image too of the cross on which he suffered for sinners, was used as the military standard of Christians, to encourage them to fight as soldiers

of a crucified Redeemer. In some Christian countries, the military banners have been consecrated by religious ceremonies, performed by bishops or ministers of Christ. To this day it is common for ministers of religion to accompany fleets and armies, to pray with the seamen and soldiers, and to stimulate them for the work of death. When victories have been obtained by the slaughter of many thousands, thanks have been offered to God, in the name of Jesus Christ, for his aid in enabling the victors to destroy their brethren of the opposing army. These celebrations of victories, it is said, are often associated with the most abominable revelling and drunkenness.

From facts like these—many more of which I could mention, it might be inferred that in the view of military Christians, the Messiah died to procure a dispensation for his disciples, that in time of war, they might murder each other with impunity, and that by dying for them he had cancelled their obligation to love one another. No works of benevolence have been in so high repute among Christians, as the works of hatred and successful strife; and no other men have been so much praised by christians as the most successful military conquerors—the greatest robbers and murderers of mankind.

Among the different sects of christians, there has been a great diversity of opinion, as to the design of the Saviour's death. All, I believe, have admitted that he died for sinners, "the just for the unjust that he might bring them to God,"—and that in some way, his death has an influence in favour of the salvation of all who obey him. Still there are various opinions on the subject, as to the manner in which his death avails for the salvation of men. I am not, as you may well suppose, sufficiently acquainted to decide with certainty or confidence on questions which have long divided men of the best talents. From the different forms of speech used in the gospel relating to the subject, I am inclined to think, that several important purposes were answered by the Saviour's death. But there was one design of his sufferings, pretty clearly expressed by an apostle, which seems to me to have been entirely disregarded by military Christians; that is, to show mankind what temper they should exercise under the trials, the insults, and injuries, which they experience from one another. The apostle says, "Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps—who, when he was reviled, reviled not again—when he suffered, threatened not, but committed himself to Him who judgeth righteously." I do not say, nor do I think, that this was the only design of the Saviour's sufferings, but this surely was one, and one of great importance. If this idea had been duly embraced by Christians, thoroughly cultivated among them, and impressed on their minds, the world would never have read of the wars of Christians. For it is impossible for men to fight with such a submissive, benevolent, and forgiving temper, as the Messiah displayed during his ministry and on the cross. Had this sentiment been engraven on the minds of all Christians, even for the last thousand years, it would probably have prevented the untimely or violent death of more than a hundred millions of mankind! It would also have prevented those antichristian, disgraceful, and murderous prayers, which have been offered to God in the name of his Son, for divine assistance in the work of human butchery.

I may add, that I am still of the opinion which I expressed in a former letter, that there is as much need of missionary exertions to abolish human sacrifices in Christendom, as in Hindostan.

Affectionately Yours,

LILLIAN CHING.

## EYES AND LIPS.

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A BACHELOR.

An ingenious friend, who has a saturnine cast of complexion, maintains with great zeal, that dark eyes are indicative of a higher order of intellect than those of other colors. This doctrine meets with great favor from every one whose eyes are black, while those that are blue, hazel, or gray, kindle with indignation at such monstrous absurdity. Our friend borrows a very happy illustration from nature, and says, that the wildest and most vivid flashes of lightning burst from the blackest clouds, so do the most brilliant emanations of mind glare from the darkest eyes. Whether there be any truth in this doctrine, or not, it must be admitted, that our friend has the authority of the poets on his side. From immemorial time, they have been sonnetizing dark and black eyes, to the almost utter neglect of all others. Your novelists never, in painting a heroine, say she has gray eyes; but all their poetical fictions see with those that are large, languishing, lustrous, and dark.

The vividness of an eye's expression is not dependent on its color. The eye is most expressive, whose owner has the most thought and feeling. The eye expresses the language of the mind and heart; and whether light or dark, wherever there is strong emotion, it manifests it. A man is a better reader of the meaning of a woman's eye, than he is of one of his own gender; and a lady discovers more indications in the eyes of the opposite sex, than can the most scrutinizing man.

The eye is the most poetical of features; and ample testimony has been borne, in all time, to its superiority in this particular. There is much poetry in the smile of one we love; but there is more in the gleaming kindness of an eye from which the concen-

trated rays of feeling, thought, and sentiment, are looking forth. Did you never look into the tranquil depths of an eye, and see the shadows of thoughts winging their flight onward? Did you never read whole chapters about the sympathy of souls in them? If not, your observation has not been acute, nor your love very devout.

The sublime science of astrology, which once commanded the faith of the learned, has been laughed at by the wisdom or scepticism of more modern times. The doctrines and the devotion of those old readers of the stars have been discarded; and to the human eye the only relic of astrology now on earth has been confided. Lovers are the sole inheritors of the romantic doctrines bequeathed by elder astrologers to posterity. They do not cast devout looks towards the bespangled firmament, at night; but to them, the brow of a beloved being is a heaven, and the eye is the star that unfolds to them the shadows of their coming destinies. Their ancestors read the decrees of fate in the glittering watchers of the night-season, and they foreso the mysteries of the future, in the expressions which shift and play upon the eye. If the eye of his mistress sparkles at his approach, it is the precursor of after joy. If the murky shadow of a frown rests upon it, it is the foreshadowing of the woe to come. To the lover, the eye of his mistress is ever eloquent, of hope or fear, of triumph or defeat. It is the polar star of his hope, the cynosure of his faith; and the complexion of the future changes, as her eye waxes into shadow, or waxes into the light of day.

A wholesome lip is a thing to be loved. People are too much in the habit of regarding lips as mere appendages to the 'human face divine'—ornaments, like ear-rings, to set off its beauty. This is to detract from their true use and excellence. They serve other purposes, and are indices of character.

A wholesome lip is of the complexion of a morello cherry. It pouts like a rosebud, and might lend a bee astray, as the grape of Zeuxis did the birds. When kissing was in fashion, gallants of taste showed a flattering preference for lips of this kind. There was a flavor about them—ambrosia, on which young Love fed and grew fat. The disciple of Socrates was feminine in the matter of lips, for bees hovered over them; and the judgment of a bee, in this respect, is scarcely inferior to that of a bachelor under thirty.

In general, people are disposed to think their noses of more importance than their lips, and many saucy noses seem to be of the same way of thinking; since we see them turning up with an expression of high disdain, as if the lips were so inferior as to merit scorn. No genteel, well-behaved nose, is guilty of such dastardly effrontery.

Our maiden aunt Sally wore a lip, which, like her matrimonial chances, was rather shrivelled. It was a mere streak along the horizon; an indistinct margin along an ocean of mouth; a strip to tell you where her teeth were. My aunt died husbandless. If she had wedded, her bridal kiss would have been interesting. She saluted my cheek once, when, like Fanny, I was 'younger than I am now, and prettier—of course!' I thought the sensation like a gentle bite. Instead of soft, spongy flesh, her lips seemed like scraps of flesh, iron-bound. Sometimes she puckered them up like the orifice of her reticule; and this was an infallible precursor of a coming storm. Xantippe had a thin, bluish, unwavering lip. Beware of such!

My nurse was a negro woman; and her gift of underlip was stupendous. It poured down, a real cataract of lip. It was without model, although not without shadow. She was deficient in chin, and her lip circled over her lower jaw-bone, in shape and size resembling a half-grown grey-hound's ear. At a distance, you might have mistaken it for an extra allowance of tongue, which her mouth could not contain. It was awful! That is, to think of kissing such a thing! When the old woman bustled about, it shivered like a sheep in shearing-time; and when she jumped, it flapped over her under-jaw like the wing of a squat pigeon.

Among the ladies, there are two orders of lips—the nectarine and the vinegarish. The former swell out like the heave of a deep sigh; the latter are sharp, and make you smack your mouth when you look on them. The first denotes amiability, the second acidity. Everlasting spring lives in the blossoms of a nectarine lip, and eternal winter dwells upon the vinegarish, along which no rill of blood ever strays.

The lips of one's sweet heart are a volume of poetry. Smiles fling a ray like the flush of morning upon them, and they are glorious in their brightness. They are an oracle, and from them comes the voice of destiny. They are a shrine, and around them the breath of inspiration ever lingers.

SHAKESPEARE.—If Shakspeare were stripped of all the bombast in his passions, and dressed in the most vulgar words, we should find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting pot; but I fear, (at least let me fear it for myself) that we who are his sounding words, have nothing of his thought, but are all outside; there is not so much as a dwarf in our giant's clothes.

From the New York Observer, 9th March.

THE BORDER WAR.

Messrs. Editors.—The dark clouds, which have so suddenly arisen on our North Eastern boundary, seem to be extending northwards and southwards; and will burst upon us with all the horrors of war, before we are aware of it. I consider war as more than probable, and almost inevitable. Nothing but the power of the Almighty can arrest it. This may appear to many as an idle fear. It was so at the commencement of the last war. Nobody would believe that it was near. I was in this city at that time, and well remember the paleness of faces, and the consternation with which its unexpected announcement was received. I shall never forget the countenance of a Frenchman, who lifted up both hands, and with astonishment exclaimed, "My God! this country is tired of being happy!" We had the commerce of the whole world in our hands; our canvases whitened every sea; but we were tired of being happy. So we went to war, and got — glory, and were satisfied! The Sabbath was profaned; intemperance stalked abroad; licentiousness revelled; revivals ceased, (1) and thousands went down, without hope, to a bloody grave; but we got praised, and we were satisfied!!

Again we are tired of being happy. We thirst for praise and will have it, reckless of temporal and eternal consequences. I see war advancing in the silly bravadoes, gross exaggeration, and the taunting and irritating language of our writers both official and unofficial. (2) These paper bullets always precede the storm of war. They are meant to sting and irritate. Take the following for a sample, supposed to be written by a senator of the State legislature of Maine and published in the Boston Atlas:

"It may appear as strong language, but I say from my heart, that I had rather see our state deluged in blood, and every field bleached with the bones of our citizens, than that we should retrace our footsteps, and submit to British arrogance."

This is the language, and these are the men, that make war; and having trampled down all laws, human and divine, raise themselves above all moral control, by the admiration of the people, who had rather be victorious slaves, than peaceful freemen. I would not soil your pages, devoted to the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus, by quoting other, and more official, language, calculated, and probably intended, to irritate, and provoke retaliation. (3) In the present excited state of the two countries, it requires only a lucifer match, to cause an explosion, which will involve us in all the horrors of war, and scatter all our civil and religious institutions to the wind, and that match, many are anxious to apply.

None but God can save us from these tremendous consequences, and nothing but a spirit of prayer and supplication can save this people from a vast amount of temporal and eternal evil, and yet with a wonderful apathy, the Church of Christ sleeps over this whole subject, and probably will sleep until the whirlwind of divine wrath comes down upon this people, and the Church is overwhelmed with ruin. My heart is pained at this apathy. (4)

I say nothing of the justice of the war. As is the case with all modern wars, both sides claim it as a war of self-defence. Whether offensive or defensive, the effect will be to send some thousands of precious souls, each worth infinitely more than all the lands in Maine, to endless misery, who otherwise might be heirs of glory. (5)

I call, therefore, on each and every Church of Christ, of every name, soon to appoint a day, or an hour, most convenient, to meet together for solemn and united prayer to Almighty God, to avert this justly deserved judgment. This I believe has already been done by some churches. And I call upon all ministers of the gospel duly to consider the necessity of inculcating the principles of peace, so plainly laid down in the gospel. Let them examine and see how far the gospel allows of any war, make their own mark and act up to it. (6) At least, let them, and every private christian, do something to abolish the heathenish custom of war.

I call upon the whole world to see the folly of trusting to individual arbitration to prevent war. Nothing but a court of judges, chosen from among the most enlightened statesmen of Christendom, supported by the public opinion of nations, and guided by a code of international law, agreed upon by a congress of ambassadors, appointed for that purpose by the most enlightened christian nations, can ever prevent war, until christian nations become nations of christians, and that can never be, so long as the church countenances war, (7) or is indifferent to it.

W. L.

New York, March 6, 1839.

REMARKS.

The above excellent letter has come to hand through the medium of the Quebec Gazette of March the 18th. To impress on the minds of all our readers the christlike sentiments it conveys, we have thought it advisable to append the following notes.

(1.) *Revivals ceased.* Many examples of the blighting effects of war on the prospects of religion have been introduced into the pages of the Pearl. Here is another case in the words of John Wesley—"Wherever war breaks out God is forgotten, if he be not set at open defiance. What a glorious work of God was at Cambuslang and Kilsyth, from 1740 to 1744! But the war that followed tore up all by the roots, and left scarce any trace of it behind; inasmuch that when I diligently inquired a few years after, I could not find one that retained the life of God!" And although it is so dreadfully destructive to the interests of religion, yet the churches are quite silent on the unlawfulness of war!

(2.) *Irritating language of our writers.* We are sorry that this reproof applies also to our writers. It has grieved us not a little to see the many bitter, taunting, provoking things which have been penned on this side of the American line. We'll 'speak daggers to them' appears to have been the determination of both parties. We pray God may forgive them. "Be assured," says Jesus Christ, "that of every pernicious word which men shall utter, they shall give an account in the day of judgment." How

many pernicious words have been spoken in America within the last month God only knows!

(3.) *Language calculated to provoke retaliation.* Alas! it has too well answered its design. To a fearful extent it has inflamed the people with rage, and prepared them for the horrible work of human butchery. We quote two or three specimens of the vindictive spirit which is now rampant. The first is a prayer to Almighty God to avert PEACE!! "A letter from an American officer at Houlton states that the troops are in the best possible temper, [i. e. diabolical temper] for action, [i. e. murder] and utters the following brutal sentiment, 'God grant that no pacific measures may retard us.'!!!! The second is concerning a female whom the war-spirit has so far unsexed that she grieves that she has not more sons to imbrue their hands in human blood! "Among the troops now in town from Oxford county," says the Kennebec Journal, "are four sons of a widow. As they were preparing to march last week, and taking leave of their mother, one of them asked her how she felt about it. She replied, 'I feel my sons that I wish I had half a dozen more to go.'!!! The third case is that of a Baptist minister, who was so desirous to witness the licentious scenes of a camp, that he requested to be allowed to act as a Gospel preacher to the troops. The 'Gospel Banner,' Augusta, says that "the Rev. Mr. Blanchard, a Baptist clergyman, and an excellent man, was anxious to go with the troops to the Arctook river, and accordingly was appointed as Chaplain of the expedition." A professed servant of the Prince of Peace desirous of accompanying men of strife! A follower of him 'who resisted unto blood, striving against sin,' united with men of blood, rushing into all manner of transgression! But the poet, Dr. Southey, shall hold up to execration such inconsistent conduct:—

"It is not strange that simple men should rear  
The grassy altar to the glorious sun—  
But that the Priest with solemn mockery  
Or monstrous faith, should call on God to lead  
His armies forth, and desolate, and kill,  
And over the red banners of the war,  
Even in the blessed name of Jesus, pour  
Prayers of Woodier hate than ever rose  
At Odin's altar or the Mexican,  
The victim's heart still quivering in his grasp,  
Kneel'd at Mexitlis' shrine.—This is most foul,  
Most rank, most blasphemous idolatry!  
And better were it for these wretched men  
With infant victims to have fed the fire  
Of Moloch, in that hour when they shall call  
Upon the hills and rocks to cover them,  
'For the judgment day is come.'"

But let us for a moment suppose this Gospel preacher, addressing the troops in the very words of our adorable Saviour: thus, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you." Would not many a lip of scorn be curled at his weakness and folly? Would he not be told that such doctrine would do for the church, not for the battle-field,—for cravens, not men,—for pietists, not heroes? And would not the leader of the expedition order him to be seized for preaching treachery to his troops?

(4.) *Apathy of the churches.* It has astonished us beyond measure that in the late excitement the churches of America have done so little to avert the horrors of war. And so of the religious papers, how few have protested against the iniquity of the practice of national bloodshedding, or have earnestly exhorted their readers to lift up their voice in defence of peace!

(5.) *Both sides claim it as a war of self-defence.* The plea of defensive war is a grand artifice of the devil. Even on his death-bed Bonaparte consoled himself by saying, that though he had shed much blood, he had never been the aggressor! Bonaparte invaded Egypt to defend himself against British aggression. And Britain bombarded Copenhagen, to defend herself against French invasion. Now does not a child know that the distinction between offensive and defensive war, vanishes the moment they quit the threshold of the cause. The individuals acting on offensive war must exert themselves to kill, burn, and destroy—to inflict injury unspeakable upon life and property. Those who carry on defensive war must act in the same manner, inflict the same injuries, and with the same zeal and ardor, in order to bring the conflict to a decided close. A more fatal error was never perhaps adopted by a rational being, than that which supposes all the guilt and bloodshed of a war is to be imputed to the party which was first in offending; an error which is announced in every war manifesto, and resounded through every land, as though it were the most unquestionable truth. Yet on a moment's reflection, this doctrine appears so obviously false that it seems wonderful that it was ever adopted by any man who had the least pretensions to a christian character, or even a sound mind. If this doctrine were true, it would be applicable to all the contentions which exist among men; and in every case all the blame would be on the side of him who was first in offending. But where is the man of common sense so ignorant as not to know, that the doctrine is false when thus applied. It is very common, in the course of a contention, that the first offender is on the whole less guilty than his antagonist. Our laws admit that there is such a thing as justifiable homicide in self-defence. But how often has the plea of self-defence been urged in vain before a court of justice. How often has it appeared that he who made the

plea was in fact a malicious murderer! Suppose A. indicted for the murder of B., to which indictment he pleads *not guilty*. On examining the witnesses, the following facts are supported:— That for several years there had been frequent bickerings between the accused and the deceased—that a little before the death of B. he met A. at a tavern, where much irritating language passed between them—that B. had been drinking too freely of ardent spirits to have a proper command of his passions, and that in the heat of debate, he aimed a blow at A. which, however, was easily evaded—that after having attempted to strike, B. immediately retreated and ran, but was pursued by A. several miles, then overtaken and stabbed to the heart—that A. not being satisfied with this act of revenge, went immediately to the dwelling house of B. and set it on fire. A. being allowed to plead his own cause, admitted the principal facts which had been proved against him; but alleged that he had acted on "the strictest principles of self-defence," and had done nothing more than was necessary to self-preservation; that B. was the aggressor in first attempting to injure him—that his blood must therefore be required at his own hands. What would an enlightened Court and Jury say to such a plea in such a case? Would they hesitate to pronounce A. as guilty of murder. This, however, is but a faint picture of the enormous crimes and horrors of what in our times is called defensive war.

(6.) *Let ministers examine how far the gospel allows of any war.* We wish they would. We can say for ourselves that when we sat down to the close examination of this question, all our prejudices were in favour of war in some cases; but we found the more we read and pondered on the subject, that we could not make any war—even that which men had been in the habit of deeming the most justifiable and necessary—compatible with the genius and principle of the Gospel. Defensive war we ascertained could not be carried on without vengeance, ferocity, hatred, deceit, robbery, desecration of the Lord's day, and especially the slaughter of innocent and unoffending persons, and accordingly we renounced it on christian principles.

(7.) *The church countenances war.* Alas! it is a melancholy fact, that thousands of professing christians, familiar from their childhood with the Holy Scriptures, and uniform in the practice of virtue, not only hesitate to admit the unlawfulness, but even venture to defend the necessity, if not the lawfulness of war. Can there be a more powerful proof afforded that a delusion exists capable of warping the judgment, and of obscuring the letter of Holy Writ. Persons may be found who are willing to admit that all sin is unlawful, and yet that war, which includes almost every sin, is excepted! Surely the churches do not well to be indifferent to a practice that has engendered more sin, and brought more wretchedness and woe upon infatuated man, than the indulgence of nearly every other depravity—that has ensanguined the bosom of the earth with the blood of humanity; converting the peaceful vale into a theatre of vindictive contest, and reducing the labours of art and industry to the ruin and desolation of a Tophet.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1839.

TRUE GLORY.

"They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault:—  
But if there be in glory ought of good,  
It may by means far different be attain'd,  
Without ambition, war, or violence;  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent;  
By patience, temperance."

Milton's Paradise Regain'd.

Our cotemporaries, we are glad to perceive, all deprecate war, sincerely, we have no doubt. With scarcely a dissentient voice, all are for the avoidance of a ruthless conflict, if it can be done consistently with national honor. They are willing, however, to sacrifice peace to uphold our national character. The British name must be respected at all hazards. We are not insensible to those warm, patriotic feelings which originate such sentiments, and we should be sorry to indite a single remark tending to obstruct the fair, legitimate operation of a generous and christian love of country. But do we in our advocacy of total abstinence from war, love our country the less? Do we then undervalue the true glory of England? God forbid! No, we would cherish her as the dearest gift of heaven, and at her altar we would cheerfully sacrifice all the treasure we possess; all but the treasure of a pure conscience and an unspotted life. But can it be shewn that the glory of a nation is based upon her elements, capabilities, and spirit of war—that it depends upon her barracks, and not upon her hospitals and benevolent institutions—that it is built up by her warriors and heroes, and not by her philanthropists and philosophers? We put it to our brethren, Whether the existence of national honor and glory, in the truest and best sense of those expressions, is not realized in the diffusion of knowledge, in common schools, in Sabbath schools, in the spread

of correct moral sentiments, in the establishment of churches, in the training of souls for heaven? And do we not in elements like these, find the basis of a true and abiding glory, which angels can behold with pleasure, and which God himself can approve. "I am led to reflect," said the great Washington, "how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than the VAIN GLORY which can be acquired from ravaging it, by the most uninterrupted career of conquest." Can we have war without an increase of the people's burdens in the shape of taxation—or without an immense loss of human life—or without the demoralizing effect of large armies—or without innumerable forms of domestic wretchedness? But in vain do we trace any of the ingredients of real glory in either of these items. The writers of contending nations may describe a massacre in glowing language, and claim for their respective countrymen the honors of a glorious victory; the vaulted roof of a cathedral may ring with the solemn notes of a Te Deum, and the praises of a conqueror; and in attending the triumphant celebration, the spectator may be dazzled with the imaginary grandeur of martial fame; but the more appropriate scene of commemoration is the field of battle, drenched with rivers of blood; and the more appropriate music, the groans of the wounded, and the responsive lamentations of the tens of thousands, who on a day like that of Borodino or Waterloo, have lost their husbands, their fathers, their sons, and their brothers. "All this," we shall be told "is very humane," and we may be eulogized for our participation in sentiments so kindly and benevolent. "But the national honor must not be impaired—the national character must be upheld!" And is not this the very argument of the duellist when defending 'affairs of honor'—He tells you that it is a chilling thought to be liable to be shot down—to bring misery unspeakable upon his poor wife and family; nay, he will confess that he deprecates killing his antagonist, inasmuch as he knows it will involve his innocent and unoffending widow and children in utter ruin. But his honor, ay his honor is concerned, and the dreadful risk must be run! We should like to see how our sticklers for national honor at the present time, would answer this poor infatuated man. In the case of nations, however, the plea for the necessity of war on the ground of national honor, is a mere flimsy pretext, and serves but to gloze over the pride, and revenge, and bloodthirstiness, which inflate a people. We will demonstrate this to the satisfaction of every candid man in the following dialogue:—

A SHORT WAY TO THE POINT.

Socrates and Plato.

S. Is it not desirable that the practice of war should be abolished?  
 P. Desirable indeed, if possible.  
 S. Should not means be used for an end so important?  
 P. Certainly if any means are adapted to the purpose.  
 S. Is it not a fact that always when propositions for peace are made between nations at war, that they have far greater cause for mutual complaint, than they had when the war commenced?  
 P. Greater indeed! for every act of war adds to the causes of complaint.  
 S. Why then is not a war continued till one of the parties is exterminated?  
 P. Because they are brought to desire a return of peace.  
 S. But, if after two nations have for years been mutually engaged in distressing and destroying each other, they can then make a peace, honorable to both parties, without any remuneration or even concession on either side—as is often the case—is it not folly to pretend that the war was just and necessary?  
 P. It may have been rendered necessary by the blindness or insanity of the principal agents; and it may have been as just as the war of Cain on his brother.  
 S. When injuries, by years of hostilities, have become absolutely innumerable; if the parties can even then make peace, as soon as they mutually desire the blessing; what but the vilest principles and passions could have prevented an adjustment of such differences as existed prior to the war?  
 P. Surely nothing good could have prevented the adjustment.  
 S. Is it not then perfectly clear, that public war can always be avoided by real desires for the preservation of peace?  
 P. It is indeed obvious, that war can be as easily prevented, as ended, if the object be sincerely desired by the rulers of nations.  
 S. How detestable then those hypocritical pretensions of war-makers when going to war, that they really desired the continuance of peace, and had done all they could to avoid a rupture!  
 P. And how deplorable the blindness of those nations that boast of their military character, and of their achievements in wars which originated in the most odious passions!  
 S. What then shall be said of the supposed obligations of subjects under different governments, mutually to hazard their own lives, and to murder each other in wars so perfectly needless?  
 P. "War is a game which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at." And when their subjects understand the nature of the game, and their obligations to obey the King of Kings, earthly monarchs will abandon this species of gambling.

LATE ENGLISH NEWS.—English dates have been received at St. John, N. B. to February 16th. The principal items of information we give below.

A British paper states that the Great Western steamer will in future convey the mails to Halifax. We hope the statement will prove to be correct.—Lord Durham has presented his Report on the affairs of British North America. The London Spectator says that it is, "without any exception, the most interesting state paper that we ever saw; and will prove, we venture to predict, scarcely less important in its consequences. The report is one continued censure of the system and practice of our Colonial Government; and this occurs without any apparent design; growing as it were, naturally out of the circumstances described, and depending far less on argument than on the force of an accumulation of naked facts."—Lord Normanby is said to be the successor of Lord Glenelg, as Colonial Secretary. Lord Morpeth takes a seat in the Cabinet for the first time.—Mr. O'Connell, in his place in the House of Commons, used the following language:—"He could not read in the newspapers the quantity of bloodshed by sentences of court-martial and on the gallows in Canada, without protesting against one and the other. Having in this country almost abolished the punishment of death, why should we now extend the system over the waters of the Atlantic. It might be said that the victims were American banditti, who invaded Canada, and so they were; but the punishment of perpetual transportation to our colonies, which was a horrible slavery, would have been quite sufficient instead of capital punishment."—Lord Melbourne has promised to introduce a measure calculated to put an end to the discontent in Canada.—The Duke of Wellington's speech relative to the affairs of Canada has been viewed as sanctioning a declaration of war against America. We cannot think the noble Duke had any such intention. Every one knows that war with the United States would be to all intents and purposes, a horrible civil war: But when at the head of the British Government, the Duke remarked, "I have probably passed a longer period of my life in the occupation of war than most men, principally in civil war; and I must say, that if I could by any sacrifice, even that of my life, avoid one month of civil war in a country to which I was attached, I would cheerfully make the sacrifice."—An increased demand for private and public ship-building, it is said, has made a considerable rise in the price of British timber.—The Belgium affairs were still unadjusted. The armies of Holland and Belgium were in a state of the highest preparation, and drawn up along the frontier in face of one another.—It appears that Don Carlos has been forced by the remonstrances of the foreign cabinets, to abandon the savage system on which he has lately carried on the war.

BOUNDARY DIFFICULTIES.—The aspect of affairs in Maine has altered much for the better. The prospect at this moment seems to be fair for a pacific termination of the difficulties in that quarter. We congratulate all the lovers of God and man on the blessed change. Sir John Harvey has withdrawn Her Majesty's forces, disbanded the militia, and ordered the 11th Regt. to return to Canada. The arrangement entered into between Gov. Harvey and Gen. Scott, we sincerely hope, will not prove adverse to the interests of our sister province. Every humane person, we think will admit, that it cannot prove so unfortunate to New Brunswick, as to have lost the flower of her youth, and produced distress unspeakable in all the families of the land, by a bloody conflict. For the chief particulars of the arrangement referred to, we quote from the Gazette of Wednesday. In the last remark of the Gazette we fully concur, and hope that Maine will yet see it her duty to withdraw her civil posse.

The Mail received yesterday, brought intelligence which surprised us. Certain propositions, made by Brigadier General Scott, of the Army of the United States, to His Excellency Sir John Harvey, have been acceded to.—The Militia Force of New Brunswick, which had been called into actual service, has been disbanded, and the 11th Regt. which had been sent from Quebec has been ordered to return thither.—"Great Britain holding possession of a part of the disputed Territory, and the Govt. of Maine denying her right to such possession; and the State of Maine holding, in fact, another portion of the same Territory to which her right is denied by Great Britain.—With this understanding the Governor of Maine is, without unnecessary delay, to withdraw the Military force of the State from the disputed Territory—leaving only, under the Land Agent, a small civil posse, armed or unarmed, to protect the timber recently cut, and prevent future depredations"—and this arrangement is made "in the hope of speedy and satisfactory settlement, by negotiation, between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, of the Boundary question." We should have been glad if the terms of the memorandum signed by Mr. Fox and Mr. Forsyth, at Washington, had been strictly adhered to, and that both parties had been wholly withdrawn from the Territory.—Gazette.

The Session was closed yesterday by His Excellency Sir Colin

Campbell. From the Speech delivered on the occasion we extract the two leading items:

"You have shown, by your munificent grant of £100,000, for the service and equipment of the Militia, that you consider the support of Her Majesty's authority and Government, and the defence and prosperity of Her North American Dominions; as inseparably connected, nor can anything in your power be more conducive to either, than your perseverance in making this the great leading principle of your conduct."

"The very extensive appropriation for Roads and Bridges, cannot fail to be of general benefit, to the Province, but demands a more exact attention in the expenditure,—and unless my endeavours to obtain a faithful application of these means are seconded by you, in your respective Counties and Towns, I cannot hope for success. I regret, however, to observe, that you have omitted to make an adequate provision for altering and improving the main Post communication between New Brunswick and Canada, as recommended to you."

The money vote for the Delegation to England has not been sanctioned by the Legislative Council.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Doctor Toulon continued his Lectures on the Preservation of Health, last evening. That lecture, as those which preceded it, by the Doctor, was replete with interesting information, delivered with much clearness and elegance. Next Wednesday evening—the Morality of Shakspeare Dramas, by J. S. Thompson.—Nov.

There will be a funeral Sermon for the late Mrs. Marshall preached in the old Methodist Chapel Argyle Street, on Sunday evening next at 7 o'clock.

The Old Chapel will be closed morning and afternoon. The New Chapel will be closed afternoon and evening.

DIED.

On Monday last, Harriett, the beloved wife of Rev. John Marshall, Wesleyan Missionary, aged 43.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, March 30th.—Schr Morning Star, Boudrot, Arichat; 3 days—coal, sailed for Boston.  
 Sunday, 31st.—Brigt Emily, Barron, Savannah La Mar, 25 days; logwood, pimento and hides, to J. L. Starr; Otter, Dill, Ponce, 17 days; sugar to Saltus and Wainwright; Rob Roy, Smith, Guyana, 28 days; sugar and molasses to Frith, Smith, and Co.  
 Monday, April 1st.—Whaling barque Rose, Hall, Pernambuco, 34 days; 2400 barrels black and sperm oil, to S. Cunard and Co.; American schr Counsellor, Pearce, Philadelphia, 16 days; flour and meal to D. & E. Starr & Co. and W. Pryor & Sons.  
 Tuesday, 2d.—Brigt Hypolite, Morrison, Barbadoes, 24 days; ballast, to C. West & Son; schrs. Welcome Return, Van Imburg, do 21 days; do.  
 Wednesday, 3d.—Schr Dove, Marmant, Arichat, 3 days; fish, bound to Boston.

FLOUR! FLOUR!!

FOR SALE.

40 BARRELS SUPERFINE FLOUR, now landing from the brig Susan Crane, and for Sale. Apply to the master on board, Collins' Wharf, or to T. ROSS. April 5.

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough, Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogshead, ditto ditto. Also, Siding from 5 to 18 feet long, and 4 to 10 inches wide, one edge thick the other thin. The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation. The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers. N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogsheads, do. do. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. WILLIAM H. SCOTT. For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blakslee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B. Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

ANNUALS FOR 1839.

A. & W. MACKINLAY have received per the CLIO, from Liverpool, the following ANNUALS, viz. Friendship's Offering, Forget Me Not, The Keepsake, The Book of Beauty, The Oriental Annual. LIKEWISE. The third number of Petley's Illustrations of Nova Scotia, containing the following views: View of the Cobequid Mountains, Fredericton, N. B. Windsor from the Barracks, Stream near the Grand Lake, Indinn of the Mic Mac Tribe. With an additional view to be given gratis to all those who subscribe for the first two numbers. 4w March 5.

TO BE SOLD AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE PROPERTY owned by Joseph Hawkins, situated in Upper Water Street, adjoining Mr. Davis's butcher. For particulars apply to J. Hawkins. April 5.



## THE SOCIAL COMPACT.

BY REV. C. C. COLTON, AUTHOR OF 'LACON.'

Where joy but works some other's wo,  
Each good some other's ill,  
And poverty is drained, the cup  
That overflows to fill:

Where gold a willing servant finds  
In each—in most, a slave;  
And law the just and righteous cause  
Can insolently brave:

Where dungeons unadorned guilt  
In double darkness bind,  
Or from the body loose the chain,  
To brutalize the mind:

Where man is trained to murder man,  
And art destruction schools,  
To multiply the work of death,  
By scientific rules:

Where e'en each gracious element  
That heaven or earth supplies,  
We teach, by knowledge better hid,  
Against ourselves to rise:

This is that boasted thing that men  
The 'social compact' term;  
Of folly, vice, and misery,  
The forced but fatal germ.

This to the Italian's crooked code  
An air of truth supplied,  
And planned for knaves the rich reward,  
To better men denied.

This to Geneva's madman lent  
His triumph o'er the sage,  
And half redeemed the bitter sneer  
Of Swift's indignant page.

Oh! warned by wo, and taught by time,  
Shall Reason, full of years,  
O'er brutes but boast her sole and sad  
Prerogative of tears?

Oh! when will man each boon despise,  
That makes a brother mourn?  
And seek, where it alone resides,  
In others' bliss, their own?

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is said of Johnson, that he never could withhold whatever he had in his pockets from the appeals of humanity. His house was ever an asylum for the afflicted; and for several years he maintained three old ladies, who were reduced by misfortune to extreme poverty in the winter of their lives. The following anecdote confirms his general character. Walking one morning over some fields near Litchfield, he met a boy about fifteen years of age, whose appearance exhibited the extreme of poverty and wretchedness. He asked charity of Dr. Johnson, who enquired why he could not work? His reply was, that he could get no employment. "Oh, if that's all," said the doctor, "follow me;" and taking him home with him, ordered his servants to buy him necessaries; "and give him," added he, "one of my coats, which, if too long, cut it shorter, and send him in to wait at dinner." This was accordingly done. We are sorry to add, that he proved unworthy of this kindness, and absconded the next morning, with his new clothes, and a few other articles which he thought proper to make free with.

Macklin and Dr. Johnson, disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from the Irish.

Authors, though fond of having their own works read, are not often very anxious to hear those of others. Even Johnson appears to have quarrelled with a literary brother on that account, of whom he observed, "I never did the man an injury; but he would read his tragedy to me!"

Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was a great novice in the common occurrences of life. Sitting one evening at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, he called for a mutton chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman near him, with whom he was intimately acquainted, showed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. "Stinking!" said Goldsmith, "in good truth, I do not smell it." "I never smelled any thing more unpleasant in my life," answered the gentleman; "the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat." "In good truth," said the poet, relying on his judgment, "I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop as a punishment. The waiter resisted; but the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking that it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When the waiter had finished his repast, Goldsmith's friend burst into a loud laugh. "What ails

you now?" asked the poet. "Indeed, my good friend," said the other, "I could never think that any man whose knowledge of letters is so extensive as yours, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humor: the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life." "Was it?" said Dr. Goldsmith, "then I will never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you."

Wycherley used to read himself asleep at night, either in Montaigne, Rochefoucault, Seneca, or Gracian; for those were his favourite authors. He would read one or other of them in the evening; and the next morning, perhaps, write a copy of verses on some subject similar to what he had been reading; and have all the thoughts of his author, only expressed in a different mode, and that without knowing that he was obliged to any one for a single thought in the whole poem. Pope found this in him several times; for he visited him for a whole winter, almost every evening and morning, and considered it as one of the strangest phenomena that he had ever observed in the human mind.

SENTIMENT.—What is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of a very tender heart—yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

THE BITER BIT.—A noble lord a short time ago applied to a pawnbroker to lend him one thousand guineas on his wife's jewels, for which he had paid four thousand. "Take the articles to pieces," said his lordship, "number the stones, and put false ones in their place; my lady will not distinguish them." "You are too late, my lord," said the pawnbroker; "your lady has stolen a march upon you; these stones are false, I bought the diamonds of her ladyship a twelvemonth ago."

LONDON NOVELTIES.—A barber in Fenchurch-street has manufactured some wigs which he styles "the acme of kallitriohoplasmia." A baker up in a narrow street in Fleet-street has prepared some vivificaceous biscuits; and a hatter in Leicester-square has invented a nightcap which he designate sby the classical name of a caputgereredormitor.

A GOOD IDEA.—In Connecticut they find a use for almost every thing. An old lady in that state is collecting all the political papers she can lay her hands on, to make soap of. She says they are a "desput sight better than ashes—they are most as good as clear lie."

ADVANTAGE OF POVERTY IN EARLY LIFE.—An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connexions, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

RIDDLE.—The French delight to try the esprit of children by a kind of riddles. For example: A man has a little boat, in which he must carry from one side of a river to the other, a wolf, a goat and a cabbage, and must not carry more than one of these at once. Which shall he take first, without the risk that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat, or the goat the cabbage? Suppose he carry the wolf, the cabbage is lost—if the cabbage, the goat is devoured—if the goat, the embarrassment is equal; for he must risk his goat, or his cabbage, on the other side of the river. The answer is:—He must take the goat first, the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the second passage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat; in the third he transports the wolf, which may again be safely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

OLD OBLIGATION.—The duke of Roquelaure was one of those who, as Madame Sevigne says, "abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding, at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the duke presented him to the king, and urged his request, saying he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The king granted the request; then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations. "Ah! sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." This sally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good sense, affected not to hear it.

THE CAUSE OF STAMMERING.—"It must now, I apprehend, be granted, that stammering does not depend on malformation or deficiency of structure in either the larynx or the mouth, but that it is produced by a modification of the influence transmitted from the brain; and it is on this principle that the rational and only correct method of curing a difficulty of speech can rest."

RATHER PREMATURE.—A peasant being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant; "you may set it down a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

VALUE OF AN OATH.—A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a christian." "Will you wager?" "No, I wout wager; but I am ready to swear it."

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.—A spider had prepared his web in one corner of my room with great care and skill, and having completed it in the most perfect manner, he retired into its darkest recesses to lie in wait for his prey. Soon, a little thoughtless fly became entangled in the net, and the spider, warned by the struggles of the victim to obtain his freedom, leaving his hiding place, turned one web around him and retired upon some slight cause of alarm. By and by, he again approached the fly, turned another web around him and retired. This was repeated several times, till the fly was fast bound, and incapable of resistance, when the spider fell upon him and deprived him of life by sucking his life's blood.

The thought occurred to me while I was watching this process, that there was a striking analogy between the spider, his web and the fly, and the vender of ardent spirit, his shop and his customers. The spirit vender builds or hires his shop, fills it with barrels, decanters and glasses, all arranged in the order best calculated to excite attention and inflame the appetite; and then a sign varnished and gilded, "waves in the wind," or glitters on the front. He then takes his stand and waits for the receipt of custom. Soon some unsuspecting one approaches and enters. A glass of "cordial" is poured out, drank, and payment is made. Thus the web is turned *uncé* round. By and by, he comes again, and another, and another still. Now the victim may make an effort to escape, but in vain. The web is fixed—the fetters are strong—the appetite is confirmed. There is no hope. His life is given for a prey, and a great ransom cannot deliver him.

But to return to the spider. All his designs and plans from the first moment he spins his thread and attaches it securely, regard only his own personal benefit. Solitary and alone he lives, and spends his life in depriving others of that which he cannot restore. No matter what others may suffer, he is the gainer. The struggles, and the pains, and the tortures they undergo are of no concern to him. His object is gain. And is there no resemblance here? Do not the widow and the fatherless cry, and the land-mourn because of the traffic in ardent spirit, and do not the vendors shut their ears? But once more, the spider preys not upon his own species. He sucks the blood of a different race. But to whom does the spirit-dealer sell his baneful draught? To men—to husbands—to parents. The consequences of the spider's daily depredations upon the insect tribe, affect only the individual victim. The effects of the spirit-dealer extend to a whole circle of relatives—affect a whole neighbourhood—a town—a nation—the world—time—eternity.

THE POOR MAN'S WEATHER-GLASS.—A correspondent writes—"It is observed by Dr. Smith, in Sowerby's English Botany, that the scarlet primpernal (*anagallis arvensis*) from opening only in fine weather, and closing infallibly against rain, has been called the poor man's weather-glass. I wish to bear testimony to the extraordinary fidelity of this little monitor, and strongly to recommend it. It is a very common weed in all cultivated land, and flowering during the whole of summer.

A SPANISH PLAY BILL.—To the Sovereign of Heaven—to the Mother of the Eternal World—to the Polar Star of Spain—to the Comforter of all Spain—to the Faithful Protectress of the Spanish Nation—to the honour and glory of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, for her benefit, and for the propagation of her worship, the company of Corneliens will this day give a representation of the comic piece called Nanine. The celebrated Italian will also dance the Fandango, and the theatre will be illuminated.

"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover the other day, to his pal, "these cursed sheep wont move in this veather; lend us a bark of your dog, will you?"

## THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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

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