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LOVE BEARETH ALL THINGS.

ST. PAUL.

The lion loves his own.—The desert sands,
High tossed beneath his spurning foot, attest
The rage of his bereavement. With hoarse cries
Vindictive echoing round the rocky shores
The polar bear her slaughtered cub bewails,
While with a softer plaint, where verdant groves
Responsive quiver to the evening breeze,
The mother-bird deplores her ravaged nest.

The Savage loves his own.—His wind-rocked babe,
That, rudely cradled 'mid the fragrant boughs,
Or on its toiling mother's shoulders bound,
Shrinks not from sun or rain; his hoary sire,
And hunting-spear, and forest sports are dear.

The Heathen loves his own.—The faithful friend
Who by his side the stormy battle dares,
The chieftain, at whose nod his life-blood flows,
His native earth, and simple hut are dear.

The Christian loves his own.—But is his God:
Content with this, who full of bounty pours
His sun-ray on the evil and the good,
And like a parent gathereth round his board
The thankless with the just? Shall man, who shares
This unrequited banquet, sternly bar
From his heart's brotherhood a fellow-guest?
Shall he within his bosom sternly hide
Retaliation's poison, when the smile
Of Heaven doth win him to the deeds of love?
Speak! servants of that Blessed One who gave
The glorious precept "love your enemies,"
Is it enough that ye should love your friends,
Even as the heathen do.

Is he who bore
The flight of friendship, the denial vow,
Of coward love—the Pharisaic taunt—
Judea's maddened scourge—the Roman spear—
A world's offences, and the pang of death—
Is he your Master, if ye only walk
As Nature prompts?

If the love-beaming eye
Drink and return reciprocal, the lip
That pours your praise partake your sympathy
When sorrow blanches it, the liberal hand
Win by its gifts your meed of gratitude,
What do ye more than others? But on him
Whose frown of settled hatred mars your rest,
Who to the bosom of your fame doth strike
A serpent-sting, your kindest deeds requite
With treachery, and o'er your motives cast
The mist of prejudice; say, can you look
With the meek smile of patient tenderness,
And from the deep pavilion of your soul
Send up the prayer of blessing?

God of strength!
Be merciful! and when we duly kneel
Beside our pillow of repose, and say
"Forgive us, Father, even as we forgive,"
Grant that the murmured orison seal not
Our condemnation.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

THE REVIEWER.

LIFE OF ADMIRAL HOWE.

BY SIR JOHN BARROW.

We frankly confess that we open such a volume as this with very different feelings from most of our brother journalists. It brings up a train of reflections which sobers and saddens our mind, and disposes us to moralize where others indulge in indiscriminate and wholesale eulogy. We are far from being insensible to the many noble qualities which centered in the character of the hero, nor do we wish to depreciate the value of the service he did his country. But the perusal of such a volume leads us from the individual whose biography it records, to the revolting character of the system which he so vigorously and successfully worked. Nothing is more easy than to dilate in general terms on the gallant bearing and generous intrepidity of our navy,—the old bulwark and pride of England. The glowing picture feeds our national vanity, and leads us to exult in the land of our birth. The heroes who swept the seas of our enemies, and rode off their coasts as the emblems of British supremacy and valour, are regarded as tutelar saints, whom it is impiety to decry, and worse than treason to undervalue. So universal is this feeling that it may be recognized in every grade of society,—may be traced in classes the most dissimilar, and in ages the most remote. The old man tottering be-

neath the burden of years, and the school boy just warming into life,—the senator, the demagogue, the philosopher and the priest,—the irreligious worldling, and the sincere disciple of the gospel of peace, all these and many other subdivisions of society may be seen yielding themselves to the pervading sentiment, and giving utterance, each in his appropriate phraseology, to an impassioned admiration of military renown. The feeling is so omnipotent, that it is almost impossible, calmly to test its propriety, while the utterance of an unfavorable judgment is sure to subject the man sturdy enough to hazard it, to the contempt or indignation of his countrymen. It is a light punishment to have his patriotism suspected,—a thousand to one, but he is charged with a pusillanimous spirit and base desertion of his dearest interests. The stripling despises his cowardice, and the old man points with a look of significant scorn to the long list of British heroes.

And yet the case does not to our mind admit of doubt. It appears to be one of the simplest problems of moral science, a fact on which two judgments cannot be formed by a right-minded and unperverted heart. The profession of arms, we do not hesitate to aver, is in utter hostility to the whole scope and genius of the Christian system. No ingenuity can reconcile it with the spirit of the gospel, or bring it into harmony with that scrupulous conscientiousness which the principles of religion inculcate. The man who willingly adopts it (for of such only be it remembered we are speaking) surrenders himself, for the paltry consideration of pay or fame, to the will and caprice of another. He becomes, deliberately, and with design, part of a complicated machinery, over the movements of which he possesses no control;—a machinery ordinarily worked by irreligious and ambitious men, and in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred rendered subservient to deeds of aggression and blood, the most charitable recital of which stains with infamy the page of history. From the moment a youth enters the army, he is bound by the terms of his engagement to obey implicitly the commands of his superiors. To whatever service he may be appointed, he is the mere machine with which others work the living instrument which ambitious men use for the achievement of their designs. He may be employed against freedom in her purest and noblest struggles; he may be commissioned to desolate the peaceful hearth, to depopulate the busy city, to crush the rising energies of a people strong in the conviction of their right, and yet he dares not hesitate,—the murderous mandate has been issued, and he is pledged to obey. We are not now speaking of wars, strictly defensive. They are of rare occurrence, and are out of the scope of our reasoning. We speak of the profession of arms, of the science of war, of the system so awfully prevalent and popular among us, whereby immense masses of human beings are trained to the work of destruction, so as to be pointed at any moment, with the most deadly effect against such as have wounded the pride, or threatened the interests of their employers. All the advantages of combination and discipline are sought to render them more skillful in the slaughter of their fellow-men, and he is usually regarded as the most successful who can point to the greatest number of battlefields over which his victorious banners has been unfurled. It is no defence of the system to allege that armies are sometimes employed in the defence of unprotected innocence, and in the establishment of national rights,—that the progress of an ambitious conqueror has occasionally been arrested, and the prey snatched from his grasp,—that the fellowship of the human family calls for and enforces an interposition on behalf of a neighbouring nation imploring help against some formidable aggressor;—all this may be allowed, so far as our argument is concerned, and yet the obvious discrepancy of the military profession, with the spirit and requirements of Christianity, be made out. Such cases are the exceptions, few and far between, and not the rule. They are the accidents of the system, and not its ordinary fruits. Our charge against the system is this, and if we make it out, we care not what minor pleas are urged, that it converts the many into the mere tools of the few, the unreflecting, though still in a moral point of view the responsible, agents of their will. No human being is justified in placing himself in such a position. He cannot so far divest himself of the attributes of a moral nature, nor transfer to another the responsibility of actions of which he is agent, and for which God holds him responsible. Human laws may pronounce him guiltless, but before a purer tribunal he will inevitably be condemned. The blood of millions will finally be demanded at the hand of the king, and heroes of our race. Upon them the chief condemnation will fall, but their blind and unscrupulous agents must not expect to escape. We confess that this consideration very seriously modifies our estimate of the character of George the third, whose private worth we cordially admit. The destructive wars of his reign were the passion of the monarch, and we would not have the guilt they in-

involved lying upon our souls, for all the dignity and wealth which his crown conferred.

We have made these remarks in no querulous spirit, nor with the most distant idea of engaging the attention of the statesmen of the day. Our duty is with the religious public, and we are solicitous of inducing them seriously to reflect on the degree in which they are implicated in this national crime. Our conviction is that that degree is anything but trifling, and if this conviction be correct it becomes them instantly to repent of and abandon the sin. The nations of Europe, exhausted by a long struggle, have now enjoyed an unwonted degree of repose. This has been the result of necessity rather than of choice. The 'sins of war' and not the spirit of strife have been wanted, and statesmen have consequently been content to carry on their schemes by other means. But the political atmosphere of Europe is yet charged with inflammable elements, and a thousand accidents may cause them to explode. It therefore becomes the Christian part of our population to bethink themselves during this period of leisure,—to try their principles,—to test their spirit,—to be prepared in a word for the crisis which must come, when our statesmen having gathered up their resources will seek again to plunge the nation into war. Shall they be permitted to do so, and not only be permitted, but as in times past shall they be cheered on and encouraged by the disciples of that religion which proclaims 'peace on earth, good-will towards men.' The religious people of this country are sufficiently numerous and powerful to determine this case, and if they fail in duty, God will not hold them guiltless. But we must pass on to the biography before us.

Richard Earl Howe, the second son of the Right Honourable Scrope, Lord Viscount Howe, was born in 1725, and is supposed to have received his education at Eton. His course of education must have been very brief, as he entered the naval service as midshipman, about the age of fourteen. He rose rapidly in his profession, being made lieutenant of the Comet bomb in 1744, and commander in the following year. He was shortly afterwards advanced to the rank of captain, and was appointed to the Triton on the 20th of April, 1747. His intrepidity and success led to his appointment in June, 1756, to the command of a squadron for the protection of Guernsey and Jersey, then threatened with an invasion from France, and the skill with which he conducted this service, confirmed the favorable judgment previously formed of his character. His subsequent promotion is identified with the naval history of his country, and need not be here particularized. He was chosen by George the Second as the tutor of the Duke of York, the elder brother of George the Third, and the following anecdote of what took place on Howe's introducing his royal pupil to the captains at Portsmouth is strikingly characteristic of the simplicity of seamen.

'In the case of the Duke of York we have a pretty specimen of the economical mode then in practice, of launching forth into the world a young prince, the heir presumptive to the throne. Captain Howe having equipped his young *élève* in the true Portsmouth fashion, the captains of the navy then present attended him in their boats on board, where they were severally introduced to the young midshipman. An anecdote is told, which being highly characteristic of the true simplicity of seamen, is not unlikely to have occurred. A sailor standing with some others on the fore-castle, and observing what was going on, whispered his messmate, 'the young gentleman a'nt over civil as I think: look, if he don't keep his hat on before all the captains?' 'Why, you stupid lubber,' replied the other, 'where should he learn manners, seeing as how he never was at sea before?'—pp. 59, 60.

The coolness, moderation, and firmness of Howe, combined with his private worth, and the high professional character he had established, pointed him out to the ministry of the day as the commander best qualified for the American station, and he consequently proceeded to the Colonies, then in a state of revolt, in the early part of 1776. He had previously met Dr. Franklin, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Howe, and though the negotiations which ensued failed to accomplish their object, they appear to have laid the foundation for a mutual respect not wholly devoid of important consequences. The American royalists, in the true spirit of infuriated partisans, condemned the moderation of the British commander, who instead of laying waste the coast of the revolted colonies, regarded his commission as best fulfilled by combining a spirit of conciliation with the display of his naval superiority. Howe was a tory in politics, of that most respectable class in whom the feeling of ancient loyalty to the crown is the absorbing passion. It was not therefore to be expected that he should sympathize

with the colonists in the principles they avowed, or perfectly understand the nature of that mighty impulse by which they were moved. Still he endeavoured to arrest the progress of war, and to bring the disputants to an amicable arrangement. His efforts indeed were unsuccessful, but they do honour to the spirit of the man who made them. The following account of his overtures to Congress, displays alike the difficulties of his position, and the clear-sightedness and determination of the men with whom he had to deal. We are not answerable for some of the terms used by the narrator.

'Before, however, he put his forces into motion to intimidate, rather than at once commit any direct act of hostility against, the rebellious colonists, his first act was to send ashore, by a flag, circulars to as many of the late governors of provinces as were in the neighbourhood, acquainting them with his powers, both civil and military, and inclosing a declaration, granting general or particular pardons to all such as, in the confusion of the times, might have deviated from their just allegiance; and who were willing, by a speedy return to their duty, to reap the benefits of the royal favour. These papers were immediately forwarded by General Washington to the Congress, and the Congress as speedily published them in all their gazettes, for the purpose, as was stated, 'that the good people of these United States might know of what nature were the concessions, and what the terms, with the expectation of which the insidious Court of Great Britain has endeavoured to amuse and disarm them.' In fact, the declaration of himself, and his brother Sir William, came too late; not that a few months, sooner or later, would have made much difference, for the Congress, had, on the 4th July, issued a declaration, 'that the United Colonies of America, are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States, and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown.'

'Lord Howe, however, unwilling to resort to extremities, so long as the least hope remained of conciliating the colonists, next attempted to open a communication with General Washington, and sent some of his officers with a flag and a letter addressed to 'George Washington, Esq.,' which he refused to receive, as not being addressed with the title, and the form, due the public rank and capacity which he held under the United States. On the 20th of the same month, Adjutant-General Paterson was sent to New York by General Sir William Howe, with a letter also addressed to George Washington, Esq., etc. etc.' Washington, received him with great courtesy, and dispensed with the usual ceremony of blindfolding in passing through the fortifications, but he declined to receive the letter. The adjutant, on his part, trusted there might be no difficulty owing to any informality in the address, assuring him there was no intention of derogating from his rank. The General replied, 'that a letter directed to any person in a public character should have some description or designation of it, otherwise it would appear to be a mere private letter; that it was true the *et ceteras* implied everything; but they also implied anything; and that he should absolutely decline any letter directed to him, as a private person, when it related to his public station. Some conference took place about the treatment of prisoners, but nothing satisfactory could be obtained from General Washington.'—pp. 91—93.

Howe's conduct does not appear to have been fully approved by the Admiralty, and we should have been glad if his biographer had been more explicit on this point. He consequently relinquished his command as soon as was consistent with the public service, and being informed on the eve of doing so, that he had been appointed Vice-Admiral of the red squadron, he expressed his feelings by saying, 'though impressed with a just sense of the king's most gracious patronage, I cannot cease to lament the public testimonies of their lordships' disesteem, which I have experienced by a repeated separation from the class of flag-officers, with whom I was first advanced to that rank.' These were strong words for Howe to employ, who was one of the most patient and enduring of men, and it would have been well for the purposes of history if the secret springs of such treatment had been minutely traced. It is well known that the most absurd and unstatesmanlike views of the resources and energy of the Colonists were entertained by the British government at the commencement of the struggle. The language employed was that of proud ascendancy and contempt. All that was thought to be necessary to awe the Colonists into submission, was an adequate demonstration of British strength. With this view, Howe was sent out, and when he failed to realize the utopian expectations of his employers, their chagrin knew no bounds.

The year 1782 was distinguished by the gallant defence of Gibraltar, then assailed by the combined forces of France and Spain. The garrison was happily commanded by General Elliot, an officer of determined and resolute bravery, who was assisted by a marine-brigade of gun-boats, under the orders of Capt. Curtis. The preparations made for the assault exceeded anything which Europe had witnessed. They are thus briefly described by our author:—

'The account of the tremendous preparations, on the part of Spain, for the siege of Gibraltar, had reached England, but the

government was not aware of their extent, or that they were such as, from their nature and magnitude, had never before been attempted by any power in Europe;—the huge floating batteries, so constructed as to be deemed impervious to shot, and so contrived with tubes supplied with streams of water, by means of pumps, as to render them incombustible by red-hot shot, which had previously and successfully been used by the garrison in setting fire to some of the blockading ships and boats—all these preparations had satisfied the Spanish government that these novel machines, the invention and construction of an ingenious Frenchman, could neither be set on fire nor sunk, and that the destruction and capture of the fortress were now inevitable.'—pp. 130, 131.

Though many of our readers are probably acquainted with the detailed narrative of the siege, published by Colonel Drinkwater, we cannot abstain from quoting the following extract from the manuscript of an Italian officer in the service of Spain.

'On the morning of September 13th, 1782, the floating batteries got under way with a fair wind to proceed to Gibraltar, and at seven o'clock they had arranged themselves for the attack; whilst thus employed, our batteries from the land side redoubled their fire upon the garrison. At nine o'clock the floating batteries had got within gun-shot of the walls, when a tremendous fire was opened upon them by the British garrison, by which however the commanders were not disconcerted, but in a short time placed them in a line so as to be able to open their fire together.' They were completely moored, says Drinkwater, in little more than ten minutes.

'The brunt of their fire was directed against the fortifications on the Old Mole and the south bastion, and we conceived great hopes, from the cool and intrepid manner of beginning the attack, that our success was certain. The floating batteries were so constructed, that the shot, which pierced their sides or roofs, would at the same time pass through a tube which should discharge a quantity of water to extinguish the fire which it might create; this hope however proved fallacious. From nine till two they kept up a well-directed fire with very little damage on their part; but our hopes of ultimate success became less sanguine when, at about two o'clock, the floating battery commanded by the Prince of Nassau (on board of which was also the engineer who had invented the machinery) began to smoke on the side exposed to the garrison, and it was apprehended she had taken fire. The firing however continued till we could perceive the fortifications had sustained some damage; but at seven o'clock all our hopes vanished. The fire from our floating batteries entirely ceased, and rockets were thrown up as signals of distress, in short, the red hot balls from the garrison had by this time taken such good effect, that nothing now was thought of but saving the crews, and the boats of the combined fleet were immediately sent on that service.

'A little after midnight the floating battery, which had been the first to show symptoms of conflagration, burst into flames, upon which the fire from the rock was increased with terrific vengeance; the light produced from the flames was equal to noon-day, and greatly exposed the boats of the fleet in removing the crews. The light thrown out on all sides by the flames, Drinkwater says, enabled the artillery to point their guns with the utmost precision, whilst the rock and neighbouring objects were highly illuminated, forming, with the constant flashes of our cannon, a mingled scene of sublimity and terror. 'During the night one or other of these batteries were discovered to be on fire; they were so close to the walls that the balls pierced into them full three feet, but being made of solid beds of green timber, the holes closed up after the shot, and for want of air they did not immediately produce the effect. At five A. M., one of them blew up with a very great explosion, and soon after the whole of them, having been abandoned by their crews, were on fire fore and aft, and many of their gallant fellows were indebted to the exertions of the English for their lives. As the English boats were towing one of these batteries into the Mole, not supposing her to be on fire, she also blew up.'

'It was at this tremendous moment,' adds Sir John Barrow, 'that the national spirit and character of Englishmen for rescuing fellow creatures in distress shone in their true light, and were never displayed with greater lustre. Brigadier Curtis with his little gallant crew in his pinnace were close to this floating battery when she blew up, and were by the explosion involved in one vast cloud of fire and smoke, and masses of burning wood, by which thecoxswain was killed, and several of the crew wounded; one of these timbers went through the pinnace's bottom, and she was only saved from sinking by the sailors stuffing their jackets into the hole. All the other gun-boats were equally exposed, in dragging from the wrecks that had already exploded, and from amidst mutilated carcasses of the dead, the wounded victims that were still alive, and in picking up from logs of wood steaming in the sea, the miserable wretches not yet deprived of life. 'Notwithstanding the efforts of the Marine brigade,' says Colonel Drinkwater, 'in relieving the terrified victims from the burning ships, several unfortunate men could not be removed. The scene

at this time exhibited was as affecting as that which, in the act of hostility, had been terrible and tremendous. Men crying from amidst the flames for pity and assistance; others on board those ships where the fire had made little progress, imploring relief with the most expressive gestures and signs of despair; whilst several equally exposed to the dangers of the opposite element, trusted themselves on various parts of the wreck to the chance of paddling to the shore.'—pp. 133—136.

Howe was employed to relieve the garrison, and the manner in which he discharged the service, won the applause of enemies as well as of friends. 'It was not in England only,' said Mr. Fox, when speaking on the address of thanks on the peace of this year, 'that the character of Lord Howe was admired; a foreigner of distinction had written from Paris in the following terms: 'Every one here is full of admiration at the conduct of Lord Howe, All praise his bravery and humanity. All wish to take his conduct for their example. This makes us think that in your country, a court-martial will be appointed to try him whenever he arrives in England.'

Concluded next week.

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERS.

In the autumn of 1818, her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, the estate of a rich widow belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the queen's intention, and a message returned that she should be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps, never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called king by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the august visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say *thy* majesty, or *thy* highness, or madam. The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park, punctual to the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made, no hostess nor domestics stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately with his broad-brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with "What's thy will, friend?" This was almost unanswerable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that her majesty—Go to your mistress, and say the queen is here." "No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not; I have no mistress nor lady, but friend Rachel Mills expecteth *thine*; walk in." The queen and princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without even a curtsey, but with a cheerful nod, said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter; I wish thee well! Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds." What could be said to such a person? Some condescensions were attempted, implying that her majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yea, thou art right there; the Friends are well thought of by most folks, but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like to thee, friend Charlotte; moreover, I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so had thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers"—(she alluded to the Princess Charlotte.) It was so evident that the Friend meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that offence could not be taken. She escorted her guest through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in her hen-house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of those rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the Quakeress merely remarked, with characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if any are to be purchased, in this land or in other countries, I know few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease." Her Royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld. "I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel Mills. "Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the princess, with a conciliating smile. "Nay, verily," replied Rachel, "I have refused many friends; and that which I denied to mine own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our own house, and I can make no exception in thy favour."

[We copy the above from a manuscript Scrap-Book, lately put into our hands. We believe the story to be true in every particular, and it affords us one of the finest instances of a placid disposition, unmoved by external circumstances, ever given to the world.—Chambers's Journal.]

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—La Fontaine.

For the Pearl.

ON POETRY.

" Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets."—WORDSWORTH.

The prejudice existing among a certain class in society to Poetry and works of imagination generally, arises evidently from an improper perception of their real properties and effects. Strongly imbuing the principles of utilitarianism, they view the most sterling poetry as frivolous and demoralizing, and would fain deprive us of those feelings and affections which sweeten the cup of existence, by converting us into a race of gloomy ascetics. In opposition to the opinions of this class of individuals, I contend that Poetry is practically useful; that it elevates, softens, and harmonizes our affections, and diffuses a charm round the domestic and social circle.

Every man, until his spirit has become corrupted with the selfish cares, and busy strife of the world, possesses within him the germs of poetry, though he be unable, like the poet, to give "a local habitation and a name," to the beautiful perceptions of his mind, flowing from the contemplation of any lovely object in Nature. The boundless ocean—the magnificent arch of heaven—the stars which glitter in the firmament—possess the same potent influence over the mind of the common observer, as over that of the gifted bard; but the feeling with the one is pent within his bosom—with the other it gushes forth in strains of glowing beauty. It is evident, then, that with this innate love of the beauties of Creation existing within our breasts, anything that fosters this feeling—that adds so largely to the amount of human happiness—should be cherished as a boon of the highest value. With the power of the enchanter's wand, the poet brings forth beauty and freshness, hidden to the common eye, from leaf, and flower, and gentle rivulet:—we pluck the simple daisy, and with Burns derive from it a homily both delightful and instructive; we wander amid the lofty glaciers with Byron, and commune with Nature in her wildest and sublimest aspects; we view the ever-changing seasons with Thomson, and the cheerful scenes of rural life form a sweet picture of repose and contentment; or we stroll abroad on a summer evening in the calm moonlight, and while our spirits drink in the exquisite beauty of the scene, we are constrained to exclaim with Shakspeare—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank!"

But it is not only amid the works of Creation that the effects of the poet's power are sensibly felt. In the domestic circle, how often does the tear of sensibility flow on the perusal of the eloquent records of man's inhumanity to man!—the struggles of poverty and virtue with the bitter trials of the world—or the blighted hopes and crushed affections of some young and confiding heart. The tender charities of life; all that is lovely and excellent in our nature; and all that have power to attach us still more closely to our common humanity, are delicately shadowed forth in the pages of the poet, who from the hidden fountains of the heart calls forth affections—

"To cheer—to charm—to bless—
And sanctify our pilgrimage on earth."

On the charge against Poetry, of perversion to evil purposes, Southey remarks:—"Poetry may be, and too often has been, wickedly perverted to evil purposes,—what indeed is there that may not, when Religion itself is not safe from such abuses! But the good which it does, inestimably exceeds the evil. It is no trifling good to provide means of innocent and intellectual enjoyment for so many thousands, in a state like ours; an enjoyment, heightened, as in every instance it is within some little circle, by personal considerations, raising it to a degree which may be called happiness. It is no trifling good to win the ear of children with verses which foster in them the seeds of humanity, and tenderness, and piety, awaken their fancy, and exercise, pleasurably and wholesomely, their imaginative and meditative powers. It is no trifling benefit to provide a ready mirror for the young, in which they may see their own best feelings reflected, and wherein 'whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,' are presented to them in the most attractive form. It is no trifling benefit to send abroad strains which may assist in preparing the heart for its trials, and in supporting it under them. But there is a greater good than this,—a further benefit. Although it is in verse that the most consummate skill in composition is to be looked for, and all the artifice of language displayed, yet it is in verse only that we throw off the yoke of the world, and are, as it were, privileged to utter our deepest and holiest feelings. Poetry in this respect may be called the salt of the earth; we express in it, and receive in it sentiments, for which, were it not for this permitted medium, the usages of the world would neither allow utterance nor acceptance. And who can tell, in our heart-chilling and heart-hardening society, how much more debased, how much worse we should have been, in all moral and intellectual respects, had it not been for the unnoticed and unsuspected influence of this preservative?"

This testimonial to the utility of Poetry from one of the most gifted of her sons, will go far to combat the cynical notions that have gained some credit with a few; and furnish strong evidence, that by depriving us of this elegant portion of literature, one great

charm of our existence would be destroyed, to be succeeded by a cold and heartless monotony.

But we have still a higher authority for the use of Poetry. In the sacred writings we meet with poetry of the highest order of sublimity and pathos; but as poetical passages from these writings have so often been quoted, it would be needless to present them here. I cannot refrain, however, from referring to Dr. John Mason Good on this subject:—"The purest and sublimest religion is capable of giving rise to the purest and sublimest poetry. The Bible, indeed, which is the first book we should prize, and the last we should part with, is as much superior to all other books, whether of ancient or modern times, in its figurative and attractive dress, as it is in its weighty and oracular doctrines; in the hopes it enkindles and the fears it arrays. In its exterior as in its interior, in its little as in its great, it displays alike its divine original."

With evidences such as these of the value of Poetry, I will not readily yield the pleasure derived from its perusal, though the cynic sneer at it as frivolous and unprofitable; and I hope Mr. Editor, that some abler pen will take up this subject, so agreeable and interesting to the reader, and give it that full exposition which its importance demands.

A LOVER OF LITERATURE.

ON GOOD SENSE AND BEAUTY IN THE FEMALE SEX.

Notwithstanding the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of philosophers, it cannot be denied that all mankind have a natural love, and even respect for external beauty. In vain do they respect it as a thing of no value in itself, as a frail and perishable flower; in vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument, all the stores of fancy, to prove the worthlessness of this amiable gift of nature. However persuasive their reasonings may appear, and however we may for a time, fancy ourselves convinced by them, we have in our breasts a certain instinct, which never fails to tell us, that it is not satisfactory; and though we may not be able to prove that they are wrong, we feel a conviction that it is impossible they should be right.

They are certainly right in blaming those who are rendered vain by the possession of beauty, since vanity is at all times a fault; but there is great difference between being vain of a thing, and being happy that we have it; and that beauty, however little merit a woman can claim to herself for it, is really a quality which she may reasonably rejoice to possess, demands, I think, no very laboured proof. Every one naturally wishes to please. Important it is that the first impression we produce should be favorable. Now this first impression is commonly produced through the medium of the eye; and this is frequently so powerful as to resist for a long time the opposing evidence of subsequent observation. Let a man of even the soundest judgment be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, and he will without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principles as Socrates, who used to say, that when he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul. The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of imagining that a fine person is in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment; and those who are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely with vain confidence on its irresistible power, to retain hearts as well as to subdue them. Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquisitions, which compose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Yet so far is beauty from being in our eyes an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it, have, in reality, a much harder task to perform than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. Even our self-love here takes part against them; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme. Could "the statue that enchants the world"—the Venus de Medicis, at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be if she were not endowed with a soul, answerable to the inimitable perfection of the heavenly form? Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external excellence. She may dazzle for a time; but when a man has once thought, "what a pity that such a masterpiece should be but a walking statue," her empire is at an end. On the other hand, when a woman, the plainness of whose features prevented our noticing her at first, is found, upon nearer acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel in being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage; and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard.

If these observations be founded in truth, it will appear that, though a woman with a cultivated mind may justly hope to please,

without even any superior advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her Creator can hope only for a transitory empire, unless she unite with her beauty the more durable charm of intellectual excellence.

The favoured child of nature, who combines in herself these united perfections, may be justly considered as the masterpiece of the creation, as the most perfect image of the Divinity here below. Man, the proud lord of the creation, bows willingly his haughty neck beneath her gentle rule. Exalted, tender, beneficent is the love which she inspires. Even time himself shall respect the all-powerful magic of her beauty. Her charms may fade, but they shall never wither; and memory still, in the evening of life, hanging with fond affection over the blighted rose, shall view through the veil of lapsed years, the tender bud, the dawning promise, whose beauties once blushed before the beams of the morning sun.

The man who writes the history of woman's love, will find himself employed in drawing out a tangled skein. It is a history of secret emotions and vivid contrasts which may well go nigh to baffle his penetration and to puzzle his philosophy. There is in it a surface of timid, gentle bashfulness, concealing an underflow of strong and heavy passions, a seeming caprice that a breath may shake, or a word alarm, yet all the while, an earnest devotion of soul, which in its exalted action holds all danger cheap that crosses the path of its career. The sportive, changeable, and cowardly nature that dallies with affection as a jest, and wins admiration by its affrighted coyness; that flies and would be followed, that revolts and would be soothed, entreated and on bended knee implored, before it is won; that same nature will undergo the ordeal of the burning ploughshare, take all the extremes of misery and distress, brave the fury of the elements and the wrath of man, and in every peril be a patient comforter, when the cause that moves is the vindication of her love. Affection is to her what glory is to a man, an impulse that inspires the most adventurous heroism.—*J. P. Kennedy.*

ORIGIN OF INVENTION.—Electricity was discovered by a person observing that a piece of rubbed glass, or some similar substance, attracted small bits of paper, etc. Galvanism, again, owes its origin to Madam Galvani's noticing the contraction of the muscle of a skinned frog, which was accidentally touched by a person at the moment of the professor, her husband, taking an electric spark from the machine. He followed up the hint by the experiments. Pendulum clocks were invented from Galileo's observing the lamp in a church swinging to and fro. The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacles-maker putting before each other, looking through them at distant objects. The barometer originated in the circumstances of a pump which had been fixed higher than usual above the surface of a well, being found not to draw water. A sagacious observer hence deduced the pressure of atmosphere and ried and quicksilver. The Argand lamp was invented by one of the brothers of that name, having remarked that a tube held by chance over a candle caused it to burn with a bright flame—an effect before unattainable—though earnestly sought after. Without Argand lamps, light-houses (to pass over minor objects) could not be made efficient, and on the importance of these it is needless to dwell.—*Penny Mag.*

HINDOO ABSURDITY.—The Hindoos carry on a complete system of bargaining with their gods, or rather a compound system of flattering, cajoling, bargaining and threatening. The most ordinary method is the contracting. "If you will grant me so and so, I will give you so and so, such and such sweetmeats, fruits, flowers, etc.; or, I will worship you alone for so many days." If this is not successful, they say: "If you will not give me so and so, I will keep you without a drop of water; or, I will put a rope round your neck, and drag you round the house; or, the most disgraceful of all, I will beat you with a slipper." In times of drought, or of any great extremity, they will absolutely brick up the entrance to an image, and threaten to keep their god close prisoner, until he shall help them. This took place at Maus-suck a few years ago, when the poor god was bricked up, and kept without water, offerings, or adoration, until the rain began to fall, when they liberated their prisoner, and begged his pardon.

By the laws of Austria, no person can be executed for any crime, not even for the most clearly proved murder, without his confessing his guilt. If he refuses to do so when the proof is strong to demonstration against him, he may be imprisoned, but he cannot be sent to his eternal account with a crime unconfessed upon his soul.

Children and people are to be judged of when they are in that state for which nature or instruction has designed them. A weaver would make a poor blacksmith; a carpenter would make a poor tailor; and yet each of them, kept in his place, may do his work well; and no one is to be blamed for the want of what he never had an opportunity of acquiring.

For the Pearl.

PHRENOLOGY.

To the votaries of science and philosophy, Phrenology presents a wide field for discussion and speculation. We may call it indeed an inductive science; for there are very few persons who have superficially looked into the subject, who have not been peculiarly fascinated, and upon whose minds it will have made a lasting, and perhaps, indelible impression. Individuals of this description form the greatest portion of the world, and not having time, it may be, inclination, to look into any question further than the surface, they allow themselves tacitly to be persuaded of facts, which upon momentary reflection their better judgment would inform them was incorrect. But these persons do not like trouble, or labor, especially of the mental kind: and thus it is, that we find so many professing opinions, and cherishing beliefs, of any thing new in the world, which is attractive or singular.

This may in some measure account for the science of Phrenology, as it is termed, having found so much favor with the public of late. It is not that any man feels convinced of its truth or utility; for the subject being yet in its infancy, the former cannot be proved, and the latter has still to be tried. Individuals of strong and highly refined minds, generally love abstract and metaphysical doctrines. They are sceptics from the excessive force of their own imaginations. Not that I mean to assert that these are the only persons who support the modern doctrine of Craniology. It has many admirers, and amongst them men of profound knowledge and considerable literary acquirements.

The great bulk of Phrenologists build their doctrines upon the omnipotence of man, independent of a superior power: but not so with Mr. Combe, (at least not apparently so) the enthusiastic disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, and father of the Bumpologists of this day. This gentleman in his treatise on the Constitution of Man, taken in reference to Phrenology, appears to have thought deeply, and reflected powerfully upon the subject. I award to him all the merit which is due to his untiring perseverance, and great genius. I do this, because I differ with him on principles, and draw different conclusions from the same premises: and because I shall have to handle pretty freely some portion of the child of the "Henderson bequest."

Mr. Combe enters upon his book with comments upon the beautiful and systematic arrangements of nature, drawn in a lucid and masterly style. From this he proceeds to *Man*. He lays it down that man is a free agent, and created originally perfect, with powers and faculties to enjoy all the sweets of the world without any of its bitters. He proceeds to say, that man is an animal like the rest of the brute creation, and follows the system of the vegetable world; namely—starts into life—enjoys maturity—flutters, and decays. He says that every crime brings with it its own punishment, and that every infringement of the moral, physical, organic, or intellectual laws, meets with its concurrent chastisement. He admits that the Deity has displayed considerable skill in the formation of the globe, but he denies that the same great Author governs the universe by wise and beneficent dispensations of providence; and says, that the seasons return, man dies, the tropics and arctics remain the same, upon some pretended system of nature, which is fixed and immutable. Notwithstanding this discrepancy, however, he erects the whole of his theory upon the wisdom, justice and benevolence, of the Creator: and in proof of this cites innumerable examples, recorded by living monuments within the sphere of his own acquaintance, but those I apprehend we have a right to give credence to, or not, as they seem consistent or incompatible, with our ideas of truth. In his list of examples, I do not find this case:—Suppose a man to be the offspring of dissolute and unhealthy parents, and affected with some loathsome and festering disease. Is it consistent with the justice and benevolence of the Creator, to "visit the sins of the father upon his children from generation to generation." Mr. Combe would reply, "that the germ from which the individual emanated was not complete in all its parts." Perhaps not, but this does not diminish one iota the strength of the case I have put.

I could quote a variety of cases all tending to disprove the system of Mr. Combe, but in an abridged and evanescent contribution to a newspaper, it cannot be expected that I should analyze facts in detail. In my own mind I am quite satisfied of the falseness of Mr. Combe's doctrines, and generally speaking, of the unprofitableness of all metaphysical and speculative notions, unless curbed and controlled by a severe and well-disciplined judgment. Having said this I shall leave Mr. Combe, and also the train of Berkleyan ideas; and for my part I am willing to allow him, all the enjoyment he can reap, from having, through the medium of his book, converted no inconsiderable portion of the world into the blissful state of infidels and unbelievers.

Ostensibly, as I understand it, the object of Phrenology is to discover by external organs the character and turn of mind of individuals; and its supposed utility the means of ascertaining the bias to any particular branch of study or business. But the cerebral organs it is admitted by Phrenologists may be abused, either by total suspension, or by excessive activity; and in order to obtain a tolerably accurate idea of the character, it is necessary to be in possession of all the knowledge of early habits, propensities, conduct, etc. Now I consider this as begging the question, because apart from Phrenology, by an acquaintance with these

important facts, it would not be a very hard matter to form a just idea of any cast of mind. And I have frequently seen persons of the most promising Phrenological development, through what is called "abuse of faculties," entirely destitute of those traits of character, which according to the premises we should be warranted in presuming they possessed.

But let us glance for one moment upon the effects of the system. I think with regard to the peace of mind and satisfaction derived, by those professing these inductive theories, and by a pious and devout christian a vivid contrast may be struck.

The sceptic is driven forward by the violence of his unbridled thoughts, and unmanageable reason, to the commission of acts hostile and inimical to the safety of society: and the only consolation which he receives from his infatuated followers, is a DOUBT of the truth of his opinions. He does not admit this, but such, rely upon it, are his secret thoughts—and thus it is that he wears before the world a face radiant with smiles and contentment, while the fountains within are gushing with the waters of strife and bitterness! Oh but then, the pleasures of fame—the din of applause—the admiration of the learned—the patronage of the great—the extacy of continual excitement;—these are his joys, the Alpha and Omega of his life. Vain man! transitory illusion! The pleasures of a depraved imagination are fleeting; they vanish with the first dawn of reason.

On the other hand, look at the Christian, mild but steady in belief. * "He stands like an impregnable fort, upon whom misery and malice would spend all their shot; much they do to their own shame, but to his glory.

"Sin like a flattering neighbour, hath often knocked at his door, and would have come in, but found cold welcome; and if it was importunate, was sent away, not without repulse and blows. Perhaps it lurks about his outhouses, and in spite of him will be his tenant, but shall never be his landlord. He hath some faults but God will not see them. He meets at every turn with his railing and accusing adversary, Satan, but he stops his throat with a pardon sealed in the blood of Jesus Christ.

"He is never out of war, never without victory. Those roaring fiends set upon him proudly, and he beats them down triumphantly. The shield he always bears with him was never pierced—faith. He hath often been tripped, once or twice foiled, was never vanquished. His hand hath been scratched, his head is whole. Tyranny bends on him a stern brow, but could never dash him out of countenance. Is he threatened drowning? he sees Jonas diving into that inextricable gulf. Burning? he sees those three servants in their fiery walk, and the Son of God amongst them. Is he threatened devouring? he sees Daniel in that sealed den of lions. Stoning? he sees that proto-martyr of the gospel sleeping in peace under so many grave-stones. Heading? he sees the Baptist's neck bleeding in Herodias's platter. He is sure that the God which gave them such strength, is not weaker in him. What could they suffer without God? what cannot he suffer with God? If he must endure their pain, he looks for their faith, their patience, their strength, their glory. The terrors of death damage him not, for first he knows whom he hath trusted, and then whither death shall lead him. He is not more sure to die than to live again, and out-faceth death with his future resurrection. Like Enoch, he walks every day with God, and confers familiarly with his Maker. When he goes in humbly to converse with him by meditation and prayer, he puts off his own clothes, and takes a rich suit out of the wardrobe of his Redeemer, then confidently he entereth the presence chamber, and faithfully challengeth a blessing. He hath clean hands, and a white soul, fit to give lodgings to the Holy Ghost,—not a room is reserved for the enemy. He that gave all finds all returned to himself. He is so certain of his eternal election, and present justification, that he can call God Father, his Saviour brother, the Holy Ghost his Comforter: the devil his slave, earth his footstool, heaven his patrimony, and everlasting life his inheritance."

R. R.

Francis I. having asked Castalaen, Bishop of Orleans, if he was of noble extraction, he replied, "Sire, Noah had three sons in the ark. I cannot say from which of them I descended."

WHAT'S THE NEWS?—How conveniently the question comes in when a man has nothing else to say. It is sometimes like the mutual salutation in every body's mouth—"a fine day." Take the matter of news, and weather, from the ordinary topics of discourse, and what would you have for those distressed intellects who deal in items of a newspaper, or dwell upon the change of sunshine and rain?

ALL IN THE FAMILY.—A few miles from Derby in England, and but a short time ago, two brothers of a respectable family, married two sisters; a third brother, feeling disappointed that there was not another sister, determined not to marry out of the family, and took the mother to wife.

Erskine gave a very lively illustration of the text, "union is strength," when he said of a place where he had slept very ill; that if the fleas had been unanimous, they would have lifted him out of bed.

EDMUND BURKE.*

The transition from Pitt to Burke, is from prose into poetry; from the stern realities to the embellishments of life; from the bustle of Whitehall to the bowers of verdant gardens, and the music of silvery waterfalls, and the shadows of purple wings. If Pitt be the Crabbe, Burke is the Spenser of English eloquence. They who find in the impetuous rushing and foam of the torrent an emblem of his genius, are not more apt in their criticism than those who commend the cloudy magnificence of Pindar. The Theban Lyrist and the British Statesman were both, though in a very different degree, laboured, tranquil, and ornate writers. Not indeed, deficient in fire, but never swept by that conflagration of passion which has been erroneously supposed to have had dominion over them. The reader who shares the preference of Boileau for the gentler over the stormier emotions, will find a rich harvest of pleasure in the writings of Burke. ****

Burke was undoubtedly the foremost man of his age, not only in splendour of eloquence, but in acuteness, sagacity, and general capacity of intellect. His wisdom was an introduction of particulars, pursued through the universal history of the world. Never were oracles delivered from a political shrine with such majesty of utterance. He had beheld the descending glory of Chatham, and came amongst us with the glow upon his countenance. His first speech in the House obtained the applause of that illustrious statesman. It does not fall within our province to dwell upon the genius of Burke; yet it would ill become a patriot or a scholar to pass by without suspending a garland upon his tomb. Never, it may be feared, will such fire kindle the lips of future orators. Parr said of Warburton, that he flamed upon his readers with the brilliancy of a meteor; and of Hurd, that he scattered around them the scintillations of a firebrand. Burke had the blaze and the sparkle; he could terrify with the imagination; or please with the fancy. His invention glanced with untired wing over all the provinces of knowledge. If Milton was the most learned of our poets, Burke was the most learned of our orators. His life had been devoted to the collection of intellectual riches. He seems to have swept with a drag-net the remote lands of antiquity; so minute were his researches, that nothing escaped their inspection. His speeches abound in the most varied elements of excellence. He could descend through the beautiful in thought to the sordid in reality; from Virgil to Cocker; from the *Ænied* to the Rule of Three. Poussin, returning from his evening walk with a miscellaneous bundle of stones and flowers, to be employed in future pictures, offers an apposite parallel.

The eloquence of Burke was the eloquence of the imagination. He has a juster claim to be called the Homer of Orators than that illustrious writer upon whom the French critic conferred the title; not indeed, in the simplicity of his style, but in the exhaustless fertility of his resources. Boileau confessed that his heart drooped whenever he read Demosthenes, from the conviction of his own insignificance. Such will be the humiliating result of the study of Burke. The only English writer who in any way approaches the gorgeous pageantry and splendour of his language we believe to be Milton, in some of the impassioned passages of his prose works. In classic idioms, high self-opinion, and scorching contumely, the resemblance is striking. The genius of each walked with equal dignity and ease under the burden of Asiatic ornaments, or ancient armour. When the Beauties of Shakspeare were shown to an eminent critic, he asked for the other volumes. The reader might adopt a similar interrogatory if we attempted to dismember the orations of Burke to illustrate these observations. *** Wilkes might complain of the want of taste amidst all the brilliancy of his mind, and of the coarseness that induced one to suspect that he ate potatoes and drank whiskey; but it may be affirmed, without any fear of contradiction, that no writer ever produced so much, upon topics so exciting, who required the sponge so seldom. He could not indeed, have exclaimed that he had written no line "which dying he would wish to blot;" but his errors are comparatively few.

In the speeches of Burke we meet with none of that delicate irony, that Attic raillery, with which Canning delighted to irritate and vanquish an opponent. He rarely stings with the concentrated malignity of Junius; or inflicts his wounds with the sportive cruelty of Horace. His humour has the saturnine air of Ben Jonson; or the cumbrous and unwieldy gait of Milton, in his combats with Salmasius. But though he could not bend the bow of the Epigrammatist, he could wield the sword of satire, like Juvenal. With what inimitable vividness and indignation does he design and work out the portrait of the Duke of Bedford! "I know not how it has happened, but it really seems, that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods; and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject matter from the Crown grants to his own family. This is the stuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the House of Russel were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the

creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk ; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst ' he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me over with the spray,—every thing of him and about him is from the Throne. Is it for him to question the dispensation of the royal favour ?”

A very graceful poet has observed of a writer, with whose productions the kindred mind of Burke must have been familiar, that he always appears to be in his study ; never going to meditate in the fields at even tide, or meet beauty without her veil in his solitary meditations. The English orator has not escaped the same objection. A Michael Angelo is censured because he wants the softness of Correggio ; the florid richness of a Rubens is not enjoyed, because it offends the chaste simplicity of Raphael. This is neither a wise, nor a beneficial criticism. To search the many coloured pages of Horace for the stern severity of Æschylus, would not be a very profitable occupation. The element of Burke's imagination was grandeur ; but he frequently moves in the softer atmosphere of grace. Numerous instances will occur to the readers of his works ; but it will be sufficient for our purpose to mention his elegant character of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been pronounced the eulogium of Parrhasius, spoken by Pericles. “ It is,” said a political opponent, “ as fine a portrait as Sir Joshua Reynolds ever painted.” If the pictures of Reynolds were all destroyed, he would still live in the portraits of Burke and Goldsmith.

An essential property of the mind of Burke was universality of acquisition. To a stature of intellect which might have awed the giants of an elder age, he united a wonderful flexibility and ease of movement. The orator descended into the drawing-room, the liveliest, the pleasantest, the most unaffected of the guests. His most celebrated friend declared him to be the only man whose common conversation corresponded with his general reputation in the world. Take up whatever subject you would, Burke, he said, was ready to meet you. But while he awarded him this ardent praise, he expressed a belief to Robertson, that Burke had never made a good joke, and that he was destitute of the faculty of wit. Nothing delighted Johnson so much as fighting for a paradox, or arraying a sophism. That a genius like Burke's should have been paralysed on the side of humour, would indeed have been a curious fact in the history of the understanding. But Sir Joshua Reynolds, a judge not more acute than impartial, and familiar with all the brilliant talkers of the age, expressly assures us, that he had heard Burke in a single evening say ten things, upon any one of which a professed wit might have subsisted for a year. If Burke had found a Boswell, the dispute might easily have been settled. The few specimens of his conversation which have reached us, display his address in seizing the topics of the moment, and the amiable disposition with which he surrendered himself to the current of society. His play upon words was often very happy. When Wilkes was carried upon the shoulders of the mob, he quoted the lines of Horace.

“ Numerisque fertur
Lege solutis.”—Hor. iv. Od. 2.

which Reynolds said was dignifying a pun. He found also in the same poet a very accurate description of a good manor.

“ Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines ; that is to say, a modus as to the tithes, and certain fines. Of Marlay, afterwards Bishop of Waterford, he observed, “ I don't like the deanery of Ferns, it sounds so like a barren title.” Or to give another example of a similiar description :—There happened to be in London a quack who called himself Dr. Rock. Burke happening one day to address his friend Brocklesby by that name, and the Doctor being offended at the jest, he offered to prove the identity of the appellations ; which he performed algebraically, “ Brock—b=Rock” or, “ Brock less b makes Rock.” It was asserted by one of the great masters of Grecian philosophy, that the tragic poet ought to unite in his own person the powers of the comic poet. The history of genius confirms the aphorism of Plato. The eye that flashed upon the soul of Richard, or the malignity of Shylock, shone with mirth at the jokes of Falstaff ; Homer, who painted Achilles, drew also the portrait of Thersites ; Scott, who filled our eyes with tears at the story of Jeanie Deans, made our sides ache with the blunders of the Dominie. Who more tender and humorous than Cervantes, than Chaucer, or Goethe ; than Tieck or Lamb ?

We shall indeed, experience no difficulty in conceiving that Burke might have been equally obnoxious with Coleridge to the remark of Madame de Stael, that although he was a master of monologues, he was totally unacquainted with dialogue. Johnson always spoke of him as an impatient listener. But we may imagine a wide distinction to have separated the philosopher of Highgate from the statesman of Beaconfield. Of the former it has been confessed by one of his ablest admirers, the English Opium eater, that to many he seemed to wander, even when his resistance to the wandering instinct was the most determined. He was so tardy in returning from his airy circuits round the throne of discussion, that the eye of a spectator, unaccustomed to follow such lofty gyrations, lost sight of him altogether. Had he lived in the time of Socrates, Aristophanes would, doubtless, have found a seat for him in the

clouds. Whether, as his disciples affirm, during all these wanderings his mind was guided by “ logic the most severe,” we shall not venture to determine. It was, at all events, a most delightful occupation of a summer evening to listen to him ; and we can assert for ourselves, that his obscurest rhapsodies breathed upon the mind the charm of music heard in the night ; the mist diffused over the senses, lending toil a sweeter and more mysterious influence. Coleridge was a visionary, and his conversation was coloured by his dreams. Burke, on the other hand, was in the widest sense practical, without despising the embellishments of the imagination. Coleridge, with the enthusiasm of a poet, pursued an image for its beauty ; Burke, with the severer judgment of the statesman, valued it chiefly for its adaptation to an object. The erudition of the first melted into a luminous haze, in which few things were distinctly recognizable ; the learning of the second was employed to set the precious axioms of wisdom which experience had taught him. Never have we conversed with any distinguished individual from whom so little could be carried away, as from Coleridge. You felt that a rich and varied composition had been played ; the effect remained, but the notes were forgotten.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Knowest thou the land, where the lime-trees bloom.

And the ripening oranges glow,
Where, mid thickets green, under skies serene,
The flowers of the myrtle blow ?

In that genial clime, from verdant houghs

The laurel-buds peep forth,

And, unshaken smile, all safe the while

From ice-winds of the North :

Knowest thou that land ?

Away ! away !

'Tis there, my love, I fain would go with thee !

Knowest thou the old ancestral hall,

Borne up by many a stately column,

Where statues grim stand looking on

In vast saloons, with aspect solemn ;

Pursuing me with mute regard

Through gallery dim, and colonnade,

In fancy's ear their voice is heard

To ask of me “ What ails thee, maid ?”

Knowest thou that hall ?

Away ! away !

'Tis there, my love, I fain would dwell with thee !

Knowest the rugged mountain brow.

By winding pathway crost

Where the passing mule, scarce seen below,

Is in clouds sublimely lost ?

Like the dragon's roar from his cavern'd haunt,

The torrent hoarse is raving,

And rivals the noise of the tempest's voice

Aloft through the pine-tops waving :

Knowest thou that path ?

Away ! away !

'Tis there, my love, I fain would climb with thee !

Knowest thou the spot where cypress-boughs wave,

And wild tall grasses grow,

Where rich and poor find a common grave

The hallow'd turf below ?

My mother sleeps there ! Her voice invites,

And asks me why I stay :

Through the solemn shade of the cypress glade

She beckons me away !

Knowest thou that spot ?

Away ! away !

'Tis there, my love, I fain would weep with thee !

W. M. H.

WIT OF THE ANCIENTS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORS, WITH REFERENCES.

Floriferis ut apes in caltibus omnia rimant.—Lucret.

1. Aristippus, borrowing money from his friends, said that he took it, not so much that he might use it, as that he might show them how it ought to be used.—Diog. Laert. ii. 72.

2. Aristippus being reproached by some of his friends, because, in a certain cause, instead of exerting his own talent in speaking, he had hired a rhetorician to plead for him, exclaimed, “ Would you then blame me, when I want a dinner, for employing a cook ?”—Ib.

3. Cicero, supping with Damasippus, was furnished with wine which was very far from being mellow or pleasant, but which was highly commended by his entertainer. “ Drink,” said Damasippus, “ for it is Falernian forty years old.” “ Is it ?” rejoined the orator, “ then it bears its age well.”—Macrob. Sat. ii. 3.

4. Cicero, seeing his son-in-law, a man of small stature, passing by with a large sword by his side, exclaimed, “ Who tied my son-in-law to that long sword ?”—Ib.

5. Scipio Nasica, going to call on Ennius the poet, was told by the maid-servant that he was not at home. He perceived, however, by the girl's manner, that Ennius was at home, but had ordered her to deny him. A few days after, Ennius came to call on Scipio, who, hearing his voice at the door, called out to him from within that he was not at home. “ How can that be ?” said Ennius, when I hear you speaking.”—“ You must be a most un-

reasonable man,” replied Scipio, “ when I called on you I took your servant's word, and will you refuse to take, not my servant's, but my own ?”—Cic. de Orat. ii. 63.

6. Cato, walking along the street, was struck violently by a fellow carrying a great chest, who immediately afterwards warned him to take care. “ Do you carry anything else then,” said he, “ besides your chest ?”—Ib. c. 69.

7. A nobleman, in the reign of Vespasian, being desirous of obtaining an office, engaged one of the courtiers, by the promise of a sum of money, to ask it of the emperor, on pretence that he was soliciting for his brother. Vespasian, understanding the state of the case, sent for the candidate, and asked him how much he had agreed to give the other to solicit for him. The nobleman, seeing that the emperor penetrated the affair, stated the sum. “ Give me that sum then,” said Vespasian, “ and you shall have the place.” The money was paid accordingly, and the nobleman installed in the office. The courtier, not knowing what had happened, proceeded soon after to renew his intreaties in behalf of his brother. “ Ah,” said Vespasian, “ you must seek another brother now ; for he who was your brother is become mine.”—Suet. Vesp. c. 22.

8. Zeno dined for some time with a company among whom was a glutton, who devoured so much more than his share of every thing that was brought to table, that he at length found it necessary to repress his greediness. One day, when a fine fish was set before the party, Zeno took the whole of it to himself, and began to eat. The glutton, expressing his surprise, “ How,” said Zeno, do you think that your associates can bear your voracity on every occasion, when you cannot endure mine for once ?”—Athen. lib. viii.—Diog. Laert. vii. 19.

9. A young man inquiring about matters somewhat above his age, Zeno led him to a looking-glass, and asked him whether such questions suited with such a face.—Diog. Laert. vii. 19.

10. Leonidas, King of Sparta, hearing a man discoursing with much judgment, but at an improper time, on affairs of some importance, “ My friend,” said he, I wish you would not discuss to such purpose what it is not to the purpose to discuss at all.”—Plut. in Lycurg.

11. When Hecateus, the sophist, was mentioned disrespectfully, because, being entertained at a public repast at Sparta, he had been silent the whole time, Archidamidas, the king, defended him, by remarking that “ he who knows how to speak knows also when to speak.”—Ib.

12. When Alexander had drawn up his army for battle against Darius, his officers asked him whether anything yet remained to be done. “ Nothing,” said he, “ but to shave the beards of the Macedonians.” Parmenio expressing his surprise, “ Do you not know,” said the king, “ that the beard is the best handle for an enemy in battle ?”—Plut. Apophtheg.

13. Some say that Thales, the philosopher, was married ; others, that he continued in celibacy ; and that when he was asked why he had no desire for children, he answered, “ Because I love children.” (In the Greek, *Δια φιλοτεκνιαν*.)—Diog. Laert. i. 26. [He alluded to the grief which parents feel at the loss of their children ; and signified that he would rather be childless, than expose himself to sorrow for the loss of a child. His words will be sufficiently illustrated by the following anecdote in Plutarch's Life of Solon, as translated by Langhorne :—

When Solon was entertained by Thales at Miletus, he expressed some wonder that he did not marry and raise a family. To this Thales gave no immediate answer ; but some days after he instructed a stranger to say, “ That he came from Athens ten days before.” Solon inquiring “ What news there was from Athens ?” the man, according to his instructions, said, “ None, except the funeral of a young man, which was attended by the whole city ; for he was the son, as they told me, of a person of great honour, and of the highest reputation for virtue, who was then abroad upon his travels ?” “ What a miserable man is he !” said Solon : “ but what was his name ?” “ I have heard his name,” answered the stranger, “ but do not recollect it ; all I remember is, that there was much talk of his wisdom and justice.” Solon, whose apprehensions increased with every reply, was now much disconcerted, and mentioned his own name, saying “ Whether it was not Solon's son that was dead ?” The stranger answering in the affirmative, he began to beat his head, and to do and say such things as are usual to men in a transport of grief. Then Thales, taking him by the hand, said with a smile, “ These things that strike down so firm a man as Solon, kept me from marriage and from having children ; but take courage, my good friend, for not a word of what has been told you is true.”

AN URCHIN OF MANY MOTHERS.—A little boy about ten years of age, said to his playmate—“ John, was that your mother I saw at your house ?” “ Yes ;” replied the little urchin, “ but father's other wife was my own mother, and the one before her was my mother too, but she died before I was born.”

The highest inhabited places in the known world are in Peru. The cottages, at the source of the Ancormarca, are at an elevation of 15,720 feet above the level of the sea. The village of Tacora is 14,275 feet high.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8, 1839.

DEFENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.—Our present number contains a piece from our talented correspondent, R. R., adverse to the interests of Phrenology. The views of Gall, perhaps, are by no means established. They require numerous and careful experiments, which it is not easy for every one to institute; and this is one of the causes, why the minds of individuals will long remain in doubt regarding the merits or demerits of his system. From the mere metaphysician, who has not attended to the organization and functions of the frame, especially of its encephalic portion, it has ever experienced the greatest hostility; although his conflicting views regarding the intellectual and moral faculties was one of the grounds for the division of the phrenologists. Our knowledge of anatomy, we are free to admit, is not sufficient to qualify us to decide between the contending parties. But candour compels us to state also, that the more we read on the subject of Phrenology, the more we are favorably impressed with its solid merits. We do think that the *anties* have the worst of the argument; indeed we look upon the most that is said by them, as an attempt to silence an appeal to facts. When we have a little leisure at command we intend to review two works on the science—one by Dr. Sewall against it, and the other by Dr. Caldwell in its favour. In the meantime we present our readers with the following defence of Phrenology by Professor Godman, which we have in a note to Bell's Anatomy and Physiology:—

"The tyranny of inveterate prejudice is very distinctly manifested in the foregoing remarks of the author, relative to the views of Gall and Spurzheim, which we are sorry to find as little understood by him as the generality of those who consider themselves bound to oppose what they are pleased to denounce as "delusions" and speculations. The canons of inductive philosophy demand an accurate examination of the facts upon which judgments are to be formed, or from which principles are to be deduced. Instead of setting forth, as our author and others do, to overturn the observations of Gall and Spurzheim by force of argument and play of words, these opponents should examine the previous question, of the degree to which the doctrine is supported by fact, or nature, and the extent of evidence to be adduced in its favour, independent of all theory or system. If it be true that certain protuberances of the skull are found in numerous individuals, and each of these individuals are remarkable for the possession of given qualities or dispositions of mind—and if it be true that a number of persons are found wanting in the same qualities of mind, and at the same time destitute of the first-mentioned protuberances of the skull—it is perfectly justifiable, after a sufficiently extensive examination has been made to decide upon the general rule, to declare that the protuberance is a correct indication of the mental quality; or that the manifestation of the mental qualities indicates the presence of certain protuberances upon the skull. This is the foundation upon which the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim rest—purely upon observation; and this is the reason why these doctrines have so triumphantly outlived all the misrepresentation and violence of opposition.

"In this view of the case, it is altogether unessential whether the protuberance be caused by the brain within, or the membranes or bones without. The fact of the relation between the natural protuberance and the intellectual character, is not in the slightest degree altered by our being unable to account for it. It is because we commence with a determination to see and believe, in a certain way, that our improvement is so much impeded, and our advances are so slow. We appear afraid to discover a truth, lest we be obliged to relinquish some cherished notion, and we find as much fault with those who attempt to arrive at a better knowledge, as if they were doing so with a view to our injury. If we remain unwilling to submit to the evidence of our own senses, we certainly are under no necessity of denouncing those who do: yet such is the perverseness of our nature, that nothing is more common than this preposterous conduct.

"Let it be granted for a moment, that the facts observed by Gall and Spurzheim are supported by general observation, and then let it be fully admitted that the development of the *brain* is not always indicated by protuberance; we are driven to the necessity—not of denying the facts, nor of showing their incompatibility with commonly received opinions, but of allowing that we are not able to explain the connection between the outward and visible sign of the inward and intelligent principle. This supposed case is the actual one: Gall and Spurzheim's observations as a general rule, are supported and confirmed by the observations of all competent investigators. The natural protuberances of the skull are correct indications of the existence of certain mental qualities—the development of the brain does not uniformly correspond to the protuberances—and this fact is not of the slightest importance in the decision, although it may be entirely contrary to our preconceived views. We may explain the case according to the best of our abilities, but none of our explanations can possibly affect the state of the fact, which must rest upon unbiassed observation alone.

"As a general rule, it is perfectly safe to infer that the oppo-

nents of Gall and Spurzheim do not understand the exact nature of the case against which they dispute. At least, no man who has ever set himself honestly to work to examine the subject fairly, has remained in opposition. A great degree of ingenuity has been wasted in discussion on both sides. The opposition taking it for granted that the whole doctrine is one supported merely by plausible arguments, and therefore to be overthrown by argumentation—and the defenders of Gall and Spurzheim unavailingly endeavouring to induce those to reason from facts, who have determined previously to be solely influenced by prejudice. The rational student has only to examine candidly for himself, without reference to any predetermination, and the result will be perfectly satisfactory.

"But a few years have elapsed since the writer of this note was filled with zeal against the views of phrenologists, and even deemed it his duty to join the hue and cry against them; so much was his mind imbued with the prejudices derived from the fulminations of a public teacher, whose zeal unequivocally, on this subject at least, was not according to knowledge. An investigation of the evidences on which Gall and Spurzheim's views rely for support, fully dissipated the clouds in which the subject had been involved by misguided ignorance, and taught with force the valuable lesson, that no judgment should be formed in matters of science, without a careful examination of the facts connected therewith."

SHALL THE SWORD DEVOUR FOR EVER? Is the trade of blood to be perpetual? Is the work of human butchery to be patronized for ages to come? are questions which we often revolve in our minds. It cannot be denied that a considerable portion of the literature of the day is calculated to excite to deeds of blood and rapine, but we hail the marked change which has taken place in the sentiments of all classes on the subject of war. Previous to the commencement of the present century, a decided expression, adverse to the continuance of war, and in favor of the prevalence of peace, could scarcely be made by any one, without his incurring the imputation of weakness and folly, unless perchance it was met by utter indifference. The right, and even the utility of war were scarcely considered open and debatable questions, since they were found to be so universally patronized by those in high places, no account of course being made of the lower and middle classes, on whom the curse fell with every possible variety of infliction. But the principle of representation has given to these classes the power of speech; and the power of speech has called into exercise the power of inquiry, reflection, and reason; and a voice, unheard before, has come up, as if from the vast depths, loud and terrible, that war shall be no more. It is not merely the suffering multitude, the millions who bear the toil, the burden, and the blood, that begin to speak out on this all-important subject. We have now, in opposition to the practice of war, the opinions of men high in authority, placed in elevated situations, rich in this world's wealth, and rich too in the treasures of learning and prudence. They have heard the groans of their fellow-beings, and the heart of sympathy has been moved within them. And the teachers of christianity, who formerly could send their ascriptions of praise on high for the slaughter of thousands of their fellow creatures in the field of battle, are beginning to see that *all war is sinful*, and that no man can bayonet his brother or mangle God's image with the bullet, but in opposition to the precepts of the New Testament. Among the late converts to this belief we may mention the respectable names of Dr. Pye Smith, Mr. Harris, author of "Mammon," Mr. Williams, South Sea Missionary, and Mr. Medhurst, Missionary from China. The fact is, after the dreadful convulsions of the last war of twenty years were brought to a consummation, men began to pause and reflect. They witnessed around them a perpetual desolation; the noble and the mighty fallen from their high places; the poor made poorer, and ground into dust by taxation; families of all ranks mourning the loss of husbands, brothers, sons; the culture of the earth interrupted, and the once happy cottage and its vineyards all laid waste. And they very naturally asked, why is all this? Why have we been destroying each other, and making ourselves miserable? Their eyes were opened, in some degree, to their own dreadful infatuation; they saw and they lamented their exceeding folly and crime. We may now assert with confidence, although there is an infatuated party in Europe in particular, who are doing all in their power to urge nations once more into the dreadful career of violence and bloodshed, that the great mass of reflecting and judicious men are in favor of peace; they shudder at the thought of a renewal of the horrors of war; they behold, in such renewal, unsearchable misery to the great multitude of mankind, without the compensation of a single benefit to any one, excepting a few ambitious chieftains, who are heartless enough to place the paltry glitter of their opaquets in the balance against the sighs, and groans, and tears, and blood of agonizing millions. We are glad to perceive that the Press is becoming more and more opposed to war; and it is not but with feelings of the greatest satisfaction that we now introduce our readers to a noble appeal on the subject. It is from a late number of the *Quebec Gazette*, a paper distinguished for the moderation of its tone, and is entitled—

PROSPECTS OF WAR.

"The English and French newspapers by the *Royal William* give note of preparation of war. Europe, with a few exceptions, has enjoyed nearly a quarter of a century of peace, and it would seem that the rulers and the people have forgotten the sacrifices of the twenty-three preceding years. They have forgotten them, while industry is yet loaded with taxes to pay the interest of the debts then incurred; the dead and the maimed, and the mental and corporal sufferings of families and friends, are forgotten, while millions of human beings are yet living who have been consigned to beggary and vice by the effects of war; and the ruins of towns, villages and hamlets, remain silent but ever-present monuments of the destructive fury of war.

"What did any of the belligerents gain by the wars of the French revolution? Nothing to compensate for the loss of life and treasure which was incurred. Are the rulers more secure, in their seats? Are the people of any one country happier than they were before? The war, on the one side, was professedly for extending popular freedom, and on the other, for the security of the altar and the throne. Are the people of Europe more free than they were before the war? and are altars and thrones more secure? Why then is there a cry of political slavery from the Mediterranean to the Baltic? Irreligion has spread itself more than ever, over numerous countries, and there is hardly a monarch who does not totter on his throne, or who confides in any other support than that of bayonets, which are become the ordinary instruments of Government, the chief security against anarchy, which has proved a greater curse than even despotism itself.

"Why then are the rulers and the people again preparing for war? Instead of making his own forty millions of people happy, the Emperor of Russia seems desirous of making a number of his Turkish and Persian neighbours unhappy. England is alarmed for her Indian empire, in which, probably, it would be wiser to endeavour to improve the condition of a hundred and twenty millions of souls, her subjects or tributaries, rather than to extend her dominions. France is wasting her resources to subdue a people in Africa, who, so long as they exist will be her enemies; to acquire a territory which, should she be engaged in war, will be a source of weakness rather than of strength. Shall we speak of the murderous contest in Spain, in which a nation, at one time among the first in Europe, is returning to a state of barbarism? Shall we speak of South and Central America, where a people occupying immense and fertile regions not a hundredth part of which is brought into cultivation, have been cutting one another's throats, fighting for "liberty and independence," during twenty years, every one of which has left them less free and independent than they were before.

"We dare hardly venture to come farther North. Texas has one pretension at least to be considered as the embryo of a great Empire, for, like the greatest in ancient times, it has been founded by thieves and robbers; and the country where it was hoped that liberty and law had taken their stand for ages, begins to see her liberty turned into licentiousness, and her laws and the power to enforce them, mocked at, endangering internal peace, or exposing North America to a more cruel and destructive war than any which it has yet been visited.

"Is this the age of reason, of enlightenment; of what has been called the *movement* and the *progrès*? All real improvements for which science and industrious ingenuity have opened such immense prospects, are to be laid aside for the purpose of cutting one another's throats, wasting and destroying the wealth which human labour and care had provided, for further advances in civilization, general prosperity, individual comfort, happiness and support.

"If the present prospects of the political world are to be realized, we are afraid that the nations and their rulers have "hardened their hearts," and are laying themselves open to that "VENGEANCE" which is denounced against those who violate the divine law, of which the history of the world offers so many dreadful examples."

"FOR ALL THIS HIS ANGER IS NOT TURNED AWAY, BUT HIS HAND IS STRETCHED OUT STILL."

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—On Wednesday evening Dr. Cogswell read a paper on Physiology. With a slight cold upon us, we were unable to hear the contents of the paper, but Dr. Sawers, who sat close by the lecturer, pronounced the address to be "well arranged in its parts, classical in its style, and truly philosophical in its spirit." G. R. Young, Esq. will lecture next Wednesday evening ON STEAM NAVIGATION, AND THE PROPRIETY OF ESTABLISHING LINES WESTWARD FROM HALIFAX.

The question has often been mooted at our Institute, *How far the discussions of science are to be separated from religion?* And in other Mechanics' Institutes also, difficulties have arisen in the settlement of this question. Now we apprehend that the propriety of uniting science with religion would never have been doubted, certainly would never have embarrassed the operations of scientific societies, but that religion has been regarded as synonymous with *sectarianism*. We have listened to a number of conversations on this subject at different meetings of the Institute, and

the amount of every discussion has been this—Sectarianism must not enter within these walls! We commend the wisdom of this determination. Allow the dogmas of the sects to be agitated in a society devoted to the interests of literature and science, and it would not be long before such a society would be turned into a *bear garden*! But it never was intended by the exclusion of sectarianism from the Institute, to shut out all references to the perfections of the great Creator. In fact nothing is more common with us, than for a lecturer to extol the wisdom, or power, or goodness of God, as displayed in his works. On many occasions we have admired the glowing eulogies of this kind which have been uttered by various lecturers, in their allusions to the Maker of all worlds. And such references aptly introduced, we cannot but think, render a lecture more popular at the Halifax Mechanics' Institute. There is a growing taste for tracing

Nature, up to Nature's God,

and the individual who indulges this wise disposition will not be without his meed of praise.

One other difficulty we will now advert to on the connection of religion and science. Comments on the Bible have become so common, that with many persons no distinction is made between the *comment* and the *text*, and to dispute the correctness of the comment is with them to deny the inspiration of the text! Nor is this absurd notion confined to matters of pure theology, it is extended to matters of science. Take an example:—formerly it was believed that the sun and all the planets moved round our earth, and not the earth and planets round the sun; of course, the comments on a numerous class of scripture passages agreed with this mistaken system of philosophy, and at the period referred to, to call in question the propriety of such interpretations was to denounce the Bible as false. In the estimation of many persons it was infidelity to oppose a fallible, human comment on the word of God. That the above case is not a mere supposition—that it is grounded on historical fact, all our intelligent readers know well. GALILEO maintained the doctrine of Copernicus concerning the motion of the earth round the sun, and although he essayed to prove that his opinion was not contrary to the text of scripture, yet he did not escape the imputation of heresy. Galileo was cited to Rome to answer for his alleged infidelity. On the 15th of February, 1633, he appeared before a tribunal summoned to try him for doubting the infallibility of fallible expositions of Scripture. Concerning his defence before this body he says, "My reasonings were cut short by bursts of zeal; they spoke to me only of the scandal which I had occasioned; and always opposed to me the passage of Scripture on the miracle of Joshua as the victorious piece of my process." The sentence pronounced on Galileo, is one of the most remarkable records of intolerant ignorance and bigotted folly to be found in the history of science. We can quote only the first part of it—"Whereas you Galileo, aged seventy years, were denounced to this holy office, for holding as true a false doctrine taught by many, namely that the sun is immovable in the centre of the world, and that the earth moves, and also with a diurnal motion; also, for having pupils whom you instructed in the same opinion; also, for publishing certain letters on the solar spots, in which you developed the same doctrine as true; also, for answering the objections which were continually produced from the Holy Scriptures, by glozing the said Scriptures according to your own meaning; and whereas thereupon was produced the copy of a writing, in form of a letter, professedly written by you to a person formerly your pupil, in which, following the hypothesis of Copernicus, you include several propositions contrary to the true sense and authority of Scripture: therefore this holy tribunal, being desirous of providing against the disorder and mischief which was thence proceeding and increasing to the detriment of the holy faith, by the desire of his holiness etc. The two propositions of the stability of the sun, and motion of the earth, were qualified by the theological qualifiers as follows. 1st, The proposition that the sun is in the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to the Holy Scripture. 2dly, The proposition that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but that it moves, and also with a diurnal motion, is also absurd, philosophically false, and theologically considered, at least erroneous in faith" etc. etc.

Poor Galileo was condemned to suffer imprisonment for an indefinite period, and the venerable philosopher was made to say "I abjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the motion of the earth, etc." It is said that, after having pronounced his abjuration, Galileo as he rose from the kneeling posture, indignant at the monstrous injustice of his age, stamped on the ground, and said in an under tone, *It moves notwithstanding*. Now we think it must be clear to every mind, that this persecution originated in confounding a human comment with a divine text. The same difficulty was felt by Ray in his treatise *On the Wisdom of God in the Creation*. Speaking of the motion of the earth he says—"Howbeit, because some pious persons may be offended at such an opinion, thinking it inconsistent with divine revelation, I shall not positively assert, only propose it as a hypothesis not altogether improbable." The motion of the earth round the sun is now universally believed, and hence this difficulty has passed away. But not so with some other sciences, more particularly with re-

gard to Geology. With some persons the old notion of the recent origin of the earth is still current, and of course, they interpret the Bible in accordance with it. Others believe that the earth is millions of years old, and they furnish us with their comments on Scripture suited to their belief in the antiquity of the globe. The former class have been in the habit of regarding the latter as infidels, or at least as *semi-infidels*. Examples without end might be cited in proof of this assertion. But why should not the latter class condemn the former as heretical in their views of the age of the earth—surely they have an equal right to bandy about the epithets of infidel, and infidel philosophy, etc.? But enough, we hope has been advanced, to show the folly of making a question of interpretation, one of the inspiration of the sacred scriptures. But if men cannot, or will not, distinguish between a comment and the text, in public bodies the discussions of science must be separated from religion. And this to maintain peace and order—to avoid bickerings and wranglings as to the genuine sense of the Bible. If one person may attempt to confirm his views on certain points in Phrenology, Geology, etc. by his interpretations of inspired truth, another of opposite views on those subjects may make his appeal to the same standard, and thus we shall have specimens in abundance of the *odium theologicum*. But if the distinction we have now contended for were recognized in all its force, no difficulties could ever arise from the discussion of any branch of science in a Mechanics' Institute.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

THURSDAY JAN 31.

HON. MR. DODD rose to move a resolution, which he hoped would pass unanimously. It authorized His Excellency to forward the sum of £1000, to Sir John Colborne, for the relief of the wives and children of those who had fallen in the late disturbances in Canada.

After a few observations, among which it was explained that the sum was to be applied *not exclusively* to any party, but to all the sufferers as far as it would extend, the resolution passed unanimously.—*Recorder*.

ACCIDENTS.—Friday morning, in a house nearly opposite Mr. W. F. Black's wharf, a girl about 11 years of age, while huddling over some cinders, with a sister and two brothers, set fire to her clothes; her mother was away from home and no assistance at hand. She ran all in flames to the next room, where there was only a blind man, who did not succeed in stifling the flames till the clothes were literally burned from her body. The poor man, and one of her brothers, a boy of 13, were both severely burnt in attempting to relieve the sufferer.—*Rec*.

On Friday evening last, a man who attempted to cross the harbor, to Dartmouth, in a small flat, with his wife and child, got jammed in the ice, and in all probability would have perished, had it not been for the active and persevering exertions of Messrs. Wm. Fultz, John Barnes, Murphy, and Morris, who succeeded in reaching them in another boat. They were much exhausted when brought on shore.

We copy the above paragraph from the Journal. The men who have done this meritorious action, must be fine fellows. The best way to encourage the feelings of courageous humanity which they have displayed, is to show they are valued in the community. We will subscribe to a Medal for each—who else will?—*Novascotian*. [We will.—*Ed. Pearl*.]

THE DELEGATION.—The instructions to the Delegates were taken up, discussed, and passed yesterday—nearly all the clauses without discussion.—*Nov*.

THE HARBOUR has been frozen across for two or three days. Persons cross opposite the Ferry, and the ice extends this morning to Maugher's Beach.—*ib*.

Accounts from the United States show that much damage in various parts has resulted from the late storm. In New York several of the streets were overflowed and two or three persons lost their lives.—At Albany property to the amount of a million of dollars, it is said, has been destroyed.—A serious fire has taken place in Boston—loss estimated at \$60,000.

We have dates from England via New York to the 20th of December. There is no political or commercial news of much interest.

The Kingston U. C. Herald contains an account of an atrocious attempt to prison the Militia force stationed at Brockville.—The Toronto Patriot states that five soldiers of the 35th Regiment who were attempting to desert on the ice, to the American side, were fired on by the artillery—three were killed at the first discharge, the other two went back and surrendered.

Physiology—No 3. next week.

The concluding Lecture on the Divine Origin and Authority of Christianity will be delivered by Thomas Taylor, next Lord's Day evening, at 7 o'clock.

MARRIED,

At River Philip, on 26th January, by the Rev. John E. Cogswell, Mr. Timothy Copp, to Pamela Davison.—At the same place, by Donald MacFarlin, Cathbert C. Oxley, to Cleora Schureman.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. E. A. Crawley, A. M. Rufus S. Black, Esq. M. D. to Mary Theresa, only daughter of Mr. John Ferguson.

DIED,

At Wilmot, near Lawrencetown, January 25th, Mrs. William Merry, aged 73 years, entirely resigned to her Divine Master's will, in full hope of meeting her Redeemer at the Right hand of God.

Drowned at Lunenburg, on Thursday the 17th Jany. Master James Godfrey Rudolf, eldest son of Mr. Michael Rudolf, in the 15th year of his age, leaving a numerous circle of friends and relatives to mourn his loss.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Sunday, February 3rd—H. M. Ship Crocodile, Capt Polwhole, (acting) late Polkithorne who died at Barbadoes, 8th ult., Barbadoes, 31 days, with 2 companies 69th Regt.

Monday, 4th—brig William, Jost, St. Thomas, 18 days, ballast, bound to Lunenburg; Am. brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 52 hours, general cargo, to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others.

Thursday, 7th—H. M. Frigate Inconstant, Capt. Pring, Cork, 23 days, 310 men of the 37th, and 69th Regts. 11 days to Sable Island.

REAL ESTATE.

SALE AT AUCTION, by order of the Governor and Council, the lot of LAND, belonging to the Estate of the late John Linnard, Esqr., situate in the Town of Windsor, measuring on King's Street 60 feet, from thence to the rear 125 feet, with the Dwelling HOUSE, BARN, &c. &c., thereon. Will be Sold on MONDAY 1st April next, at 11 o'clock, in front of the said Premises.

This PROPERTY will be sold subject to a Mortgage of £100; ten per cent of the purchase money must be paid at the time of Sale and the remainder on the delivery of the Deed.

Windsor, Feb. 8.

THOMAS LINNARD,

Sole Administrator.

BANK OF NOVA-SCOTIA,

Halifax, 2nd February, 1839.

A DIVIDEND of Five per Cent on the Capital Stock paid in has been declared for the half year ending the 31st of January, and will be paid at the Bank on or after the 6th March next.

By order of the President and Directors.

JAMES FORMAN, Cashier.

ASK YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT CHINA, OR EARTHENWARE.

THE Subscriber has removed his China and Earthenware establishment to the new store at the north corner of the Ordnance head of Marchington's Wharf, where in addition to his present stock, he has received per barque Tory's Wife, from Liverpool, a general Assortment of Earthenware, etc. consisting of,

CHINA TEA SETS, Dinner Services—of neatest shapes and patterns, Tea, Breakfast, and Toilet Sets, and a general assortment of Common ware, which will be Sold wholesale and retail at low prices.

—A L S O—

40 Crates of assorted Common Ware, put up for Country Merchants.

February 1.

BERNARD O'NEIL.

BANK OF NOVA-SCOTIA,

Halifax, 22nd January, 1839.

THE Stockholders are hereby called upon for the balance remaining unpaid on the Shares held by them in the Capital Stock of the Bank of Nova-Scotia, in two several instalments, viz—

Twenty-five per cent, or Twelve Pounds Ten Shillings on each Share, to be paid on or before the Fifteenth March next; and Twelve and one half per cent, or Six Pounds Five Shillings on each share, to be paid on or before the 1st May next.

By order of the President and Directors.

J. FORMAN, Cashier.

EDWARD LAWSON,

AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER, Commercial Wharf. Has for sale,

50 hhds Porto Rico SUGAR,

200 barrels TAR,

30 Tierces Carolina RICE,

50 bags Patna RICE,

200 firkins BUTTER,

10 puns Rum, 10 hhds Gin,

10 hhds BRANDY,

10 hhds and 30 qr. casks Sherry WINE.

January 18, 1839.

UNION MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH STARR, ESQ. PRESIDENT.

AT the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company, the following Gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year—viz.

James A. Moren, Joseph Fairbanks, J. Strachan, Wm. Stairs, David Allison, John U. Ross, Daniel Starr, Hugh Lyle, John T. Wainwright, James H. Reynolds, S. B. Smith, and Wm. Roche, Esqrs.

The Committee of Directors meet every day at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the office of the Broker, directly opposite the Custom House.

Jan. 18.

GEO. C. WHIDDEN, Broker.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for Sale by the Author, and the respective Booksellers. Price 7d. UNIVERSALISM explained and defended, or the Death of Christ the only and sufficient basis for the World's Salvation. A discourse on John, x: 17, 18.

Preached at Halifax, on Sunday, November 18th, 1838; and published by request. By W. F. TUDOR, Author of *Sacramental Exercises*. January 4.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CELESTINA.

"When I was in Italy, some years ago, I knew a young Englishman who was in the habit of seeking places to reside in, little frequented by his countrymen. He was a lover of solitude and study, and addicted to reverie; and much of his life was a gentle and shimmering dream that glided to the music of romantic traditions. At the time I must now refer to, he had selected as his abode one of the deserted palaces of the Venetian nobility on the banks of the Brenta. But he had no acquaintance with the owners to interrupt his solitude, for he had hired it from the steward to whom their affairs were entrusted. It had attracted his fancy, though it was much out of order, from having a gallery of pictures, chiefly portraits, still remaining, and in good preservation. There was also a large neglected garden, with a terrace, along the river, and in its shady overgrown walks the Englishman sat or wandered for many hours of the day. But he also spent much time in the picture-gallery, conversing with the grave old senators, saturating his mind with the colours of Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese, and contemplating, like a modern Paris, the goddesses of Titian's pencil. But there was one picture which gradually won his very heart. It was a portrait by Giorgione, of a young Venetian lady; and the old servant of the house called her La Celestina. She had the full and luxurious Venetian form; but, unlike any of the other female portraits, there was a profusion of rather light brown hair flowing down her back, as one sees in some of the early Italian pictures of the Virgin, and the sunny stream fell from a wreath of bay leaves. Her dress was of dark green silk. An antique bust of an old man was represented on a table before her, and her right hand and raised forefinger seemed to indicate that both she and the spectator on whom her divine eyes were fixed, must listen to some expected oracle from the marble lips. She might have served as a lovely symbol of the fresh present world listening to the fixed and Sibylline past. Her eyes were large and dark, but not lustrous; they seemed rather heavy, with an inward thoughtful melancholy, as if there was something in her situation or character more solemn than her years or circumstances could have led us to expect. There was, however, no tradition of her story, except that she was a daughter of the family which still possessed the palace and the picture, and that she had died in early life.

"Before this figure the young Englishman would remain for an hour or two at a time, endeavouring to shape out for himself some distinct view of her being and story. This was idle work, as it led him to no definite and lasting creation, but it occupied him for the time as well as anything else that he was likely to have done. By and by his fancy so gained upon him that he had the chamber next to that part of the gallery where the picture was, arranged as his bed-room, that so he might be near his incorporeal mistress even during the hours of sleep. One night, soon after this change had been made, while he was lying in bed, and musing of Celestina, he thought he heard a noise in the gallery consecrated to her, low voices, and a light step. He felt, I believe, may cherish, some dash of superstitious fear in his character, and he did not rise to examine into the matter. The next night was that of the full moon, and again he heard the same sound; and again, for the third time, on the night following. Then it ceased, and for some days he was in much perplexity. The gallery, by day-light, presented no appearance of change. He brooded over the remembrance, whether founded in fact or imagination, till it struck him that, perhaps, there was a connexion between the sounds and the age of the moon when they were heard, and that, if so, they might possibly return at the next corresponding period. He grew thin and nervous with anxiety, and resolved, at all hazards, to endeavour to clear up the secret. The night before the full moon came, and with it the sounds—the light whispers murmured and sang along the high walls and ceilings, and the steps flitted like fairies from end to end of the galleries. But even now he could not resolve to part with the tremulous pleasure of the mystery. The following night, that of the full moon, he felt worn-out, fretted, and desperate. Again the sounds were heard, the doors opened and closed, the steps throbbed in his heart, the indistinguishable words flew on, till he caught, in a low but clear tone, the name of Celestina. He seized a sword and stepped silently to a door near him, which opened into the gallery, and was in deep shadow. Unclasping it slowly, he looked down the long room, and there, opposite the place of the well-known picture, stood, in the bright moonlight, Celestina herself upon the floor. The right hand was raised like that on the canvass, as if to listen, and the eyes were looking earnestly into the depth of gloom which hid the Englishman. He let fall his sword, let go the door, which closed before him, and when he had again courage to open it, the gallery was empty, and the still clear light fell only on a vacant surface.

"The consequence to him of this event was a severe illness, and a friend and fellow-countryman was sent for from Venice to attend his sick-bed. This visitor gradually obtained an outline of the facts from the sufferer, and then applied to the old Italian servant, in order to arrive at a reasonable explanation. But he stoutly denied all knowledge of anything that could throw light upon the matter. Next day the friend found upon his table a

slip of paper, on which was written in a beautiful female hand, a request that he would present himself in the eastern-most arbour of the garden at the hour of the siesta. He of course did so, and found there a lady in a dark dress, and closely veiled. She said, in fine Italian, that she had begged to see him, in order to repair, if possible, the mischief which had been accidentally done. 'My father,' she continued, 'the owner of this palace, is of a proud but impoverished Venetian family. His son is an officer in an Austrian Regiment, which has been stationed for some years in Hungary; and I am the old man's only companion. He is, perhaps, a little peculiar and eccentric in his habits and character, and all his strongest feelings are directed towards the memory of his ancestors, whose abode is now occupied by your friend. Nothing but necessity would have induced him to let it to a stranger, and to reside in a small house in the neighbourhood which we now inhabit. He still perpetually recurs to the traditional stories of his family's former greatness; and it is a favourite point of belief with him that his daughter closely resembles the Celestina whose picture is in the gallery, and whose name she bears. Owing to this fancy, he is never satisfied unless he sees her dressed in imitation of the idolized portrait. But, as he no longer inhabits the house, and does not choose to present himself to its occupier in a light which he considers so unworthy, he could gratify his love for the pictures only by visiting them at night, at a time when the moon affords a light by which, imperfect as it is, his ancestors appear to him distinct and beautiful beings. Nor could he be long contented with this solitary pleasure, but insisted that I should accompany him. We have more than once entered a door from the gardens, and it was on the last of these occasions that I thought I heard a noise, and while I listened, the door at the end of the gallery was opened and then violently closed again. On this alarm we immediately escaped as we had entered, and the strange consequences to your friend have been to me a source of much regret. We heard of his illness from our old servant Antonio, the only person who knew of our nightly visits. To convince you that this is the whole secret, I have put on the dress I then wore, and you shall judge for yourself of my resemblance to the picture.'

"So saying, she threw aside her veil and mantle, and surprised the stranger with the view of her noble eyes, and of her youthful Italian beauty, clothed in the dress of rich green silk, which closely imitated that of the painted Celestina. Her hearer was amused by the mistake, and delighted by her explanation. He ventured to ask the lady, that when his sick friend should be a little recovered, she would complete her kindness by enabling him to judge for himself of the beautiful resemblance which had so misled him. She said, that she would willingly do so, and only regretted that, from her father's turn of character, it would be almost impossible to make him assent to any meeting with the present occupier of his ancient palace. She, therefore, said that it must be again a private interview, and might take place at the same spot on the third day following. Her new acquaintance was compelled to return to Venice, and so could not carry on the adventure in his own person. But the account which he gave to his friend soon restored the patient to strength and cheerfulness. Immediately after his companion's departure, he had the green and shady arbour prepared for the expected meeting. A collection of choice fruits, sweetmeats, and wits were set out in silver vessels on a marble table. The ghost-seer, dressed according to his own fancy in the garb of a Venetian cavalier of the old time, waited for his guest, who did not fail him. He thought her far more beautiful than the picture. They sat side by side, with the glowing feelings of southern and imaginative youth. She sang for him, and played on a guitar which he had taken care to place at hand; and he felt himself gifted with undreamt-of happiness. They met again more than once, and walked together along the gallery, where he could at leisure, compare her with Giorgione's Celestina, and give his own the deliberate preference. But he was at last dismayed by hearing from her, that she was designed by her father for a conventual life, in order to preserve the remnant of his fortune exclusively for his son. The Englishman's decision was soon taken. He, too, was of noble birth, and had wealth enough to make fortune in his wife unimportant. He gained the father's consent to their marriage, and she is now the mistress of an old English country-house. She looks on the portraits by Vandyke on its walls with as much pleasure as she ever derived from those of Titian, for she now tries to find in them a likeness to more than one young face that often rests upon her knee. Of this new generation, the eldest and the loveliest is called, like herself, Celestina.

cultivate a nearer acquaintance. Such men are hunters-after old editions, and scarce copies. They dote on bad paper, faded ink, and black letter; and will live on an "original edition" for a week. They value books as we do wine, for their age; and as the orientals do slaves, for their ugliness. But although these instances of proficiency in an art, more proper to dealers in books than to readers of them, are proofs of attention misdirected, and time misemployed, yet a general knowledge of the changes which time has wrought, in the form and materials of those implements of learning, is not only unobjectionable, but highly desirable.

As we have mentioned old books, we may as well say a word or two on old titles. I dare say you have heard of the book entitled—"Crumbs of Comfort for Zion's Chickens." I have before me a few titles, indited in a similar strain. In the reign of Elizabeth, great attention was excited by a series of pamphlets, directed against the ecclesiastical measures of the time, by an author who was never discovered; but who wrote under the assumed name of Martin Mar-prelate. They called forth numerous replies; of which I shall quote three. The first is entitled,— "An Almond for a Parrot; or an Alms for Martin Mar-prelate. By Cuthbert Curry-knave." The next is a short specimen of a practice very prevalent in old books; in which it was often attempted to combine title, preface, and table of contents, all in one. It runs thus:—"Pasquill's Apology. In the first part whereof he renders a reason of his long silence; and gallops the field with the treatise on Reformation. Printed where I was; and where I shall be ready, by the help of God and my muse, to send you a May-game of Martinism." The last has no less than four titles, all strung together; thus,— "Puppe with a Hatchet; alias, a Fig; for my Godson; or Crack me this Nut; that is, a sound Box of the Ear for the idiot Martin, to hold his Peace. Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog. Imprinted by John Anoke: and to be sold at the sign of the Crab-Tree Cudgel, in Thwack-Coat Lane."

It is impossible to read these titles, without being reminded of the quaint, but deservedly popular works of Bunyan; "in which there flourish" many gentlemen like Cuthbert Curryknave, but with much longer names;—such as "the trumpeter, Mr. Take-heed-what-ye-hear;"—"Mr. Penny-wise-and-pound-foolish;"—and "Mr. Gain-ye-the-hundred-and-lose-ye-the-shire."

I have a few more titles, which belong to the age of Cromwell; and have mostly a devotional character. The first is entitled,— "A most delectable sweet-perfumed Nosegay, for God's Saints, to smell at." The next is,— "High-heeled-Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." The third is,— "Salvation's vantage ground; or a Leaping-Stand for Heavy Believers." We then have one of a martial character; being entitled,— "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Head-Quarters; through the tube of a Cannon of the Covenant;" and then comes one of a more plaintive description:—"A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion; breathed in a Hole of the Wall in an Earthen Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." A still sadder tone pervades the next:—"Seven-Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto also are annexed William Hamnis's Handful of Honeysuckles; and divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now newly augmented." The next is a continued string of allegories; heaped in merciless profusion, one upon the other:—"A Reaping-Hook well tempered or the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity; carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." You will perceive that the authors of those days, (who evidently thought there was a great deal "in a name,") resorted to every possible quarter for a taking title. In their search for quaintness, they did not disdain even to visit the kitchen; so that we have,— "A pair of Bellows, to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry;"—"The Snuffers of Divine Love;"—and an author seems to have reached the acme of outre-ism, when he gives us the delectable title of,— "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot; to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion."

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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OLD BOOKS AND OLD TITLES.

BY NATHANIEL ROGERS, M. D.

Many persons who are deeply skilled in the history and other contingent circumstances of books, seem to have paid very little attention to their use. Those affected with bibliomania, form a tolerably large class. They will recite, for your edification, the intricate genealogy of a work of ancient extraction; pointing to some venerable folio as the ancestor, and to a crowd of spruce little duodecimos as the progeny; but they too often neglect to