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# COLONIAL PEARL.

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From a New Work, entitled "Travels in Town."  
SCENES AT EPSOM RACES.

Epsom Races were instituted in 1779. Lord Derby gave the stakes which still go by the name of the Derby, immediately on establishing the races. On the following year he instituted the Oaks race, calling the prize by that name because it was the name of his country seat. It is curious enough that his own horse Bridget won the first Oaks. Epsom races take place only once a year. An attempt was made a few years since to establish a race at Epsom in September, but there being no prospect of succeeding, the idea was abandoned.

Epsom races last four days. They take place in June, commencing on Tuesday and ending on Friday. Thursday, being the day of the Derby, is the great, the important day, always big with the fate of thousands of gamblers, some on a large, some on a smaller scale. Friday is the next greatest day in point of importance. On that day the Oaks is run for, but the attendance on that day is not at all to be compared with that which graces the contest for the Derby, in regard to the amount of betting on the result. Beyond the mere circle of the confirmed and recognised Turfites themselves, betting on the result of the Oaks is scarcely known. What the extent of the betting on the Derby is, is a point to which I shall afterwards have occasion to refer. For a full fortnight before the Derby day, you hear of little else than the race that is to be run on that day. Among all classes of society, from the highest aristocrats down to the humblest mechanics in the metropolis, is the Derby the subject of conversation, and among all are bets laid, to a greater or less amount, according to the circumstances of the parties, on the issue of the contest. The morning of the day arrives, and for once in their lives the cockneys get out of bed before six o'clock in the morning. From four to ten, continued streams of persons, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, are seen pouring in the direction of Epsom. At so early an hour as from four to five, you see nearly the whole of London in commotion, consequent on the determination of its population to be present at the races at Epsom. You see them hovering about you in every direction, previous to a regular start, all busily engaged in making the necessary preparations for the contemplated journey. Some are loading their coach, or phaeton, or gig, or other vehicle, with those provisions which the cravings of their appetites may render necessary before they return home. Others are taking the precaution of filling their vehicles with cloaks, Mackintoshes, umbrellas, and other et cetera, in case St. Swinith should take it into his head to give them a little taste of what he can do in the way of marring holiday enjoyments in the open air. Others are anathematising themselves and everybody else, because there is something wrong in the harness of the cattle which are to drive them to the race-course, or because some other unexpected untoward incident occurs to disconcert their plans or delay their starting. In a word, there is no diversity of circumstances in which the parties are not placed who are preparing to set out for Epsom. So general is the bustle and motion around you, that you can scarcely resist the conviction that every body is out of bed, and that the entire population of London are preparing for a trip to the race-course. How striking the contrast which the appearance of the streets presents on the morning of the Derby, to what it does on any other day, when you only see here and there some lazy apprentice creeping towards his employer's; or, it may be, some solitary chimney-sweep, crawling along, with brush in hand and soot bags on his back. And see the aspect of the various streets and roads which lead to the great road which conducts you to Epsom. See the lines of carriages, cabriolets, carts, and every conceivable vehicle; the rows of horsemen and the streams of pedestrians. You are surprised at as well as gratified with the sight. You ask yourself, where can all the horses and vehicles, to say nothing of the human beings you see before you, have come from? Do not press just yet for an answer to the question. Repeat it when you have got into the great road, a mile or two beyond Brixton, into which all the branch roads have, like tributary streams to a vast river, poured their respective complements of men, women, horses, donkeys, dogs, and vehicles of every kind. When you have fairly got out of town, you will have plenty of time to ask yourself the question. Such is the crowded state of the road, that you will often have difficulty in forcing your way onwards. Such a scene you never before witnessed; and you never dreamt that such a sight was to be seen. You see nothing before or behind you, but a vast promiscuous mass of vehicles, horses, pedestrians, etc., all moving in one direction. The scene has all the appearance of a procession, except that it wants regularity and arrangement. You already feel as if you were in a great measure compensated for the unpleasantness of getting out of bed at so early an hour, and for any

pecuniary sacrifice you may have made to procure a horse or vehicle. And not the least interesting feature in the scene is the motley character of the bipeds and quadrupeds before you. The party in the splendid carriage on your right hand consists of two young noblemen and two dashing cyprians. In the go-cart on your left are three Whitechapel butchers, in the employ of Mr. Alderman Seales. Observe the dandified aristocratic airs of the youthful sprigs of nobility, and see the prudish demeanour and affected modesty of the couple of 'frail fair ones' who sit beside them. Then contrast with this the blunt, unceremonious, 'blow-me-tight' manner of the cattle-slayers in the go-cart. They have no more polish, no more refinement, no more affectation in their deportment, than had the half-dozen bullocks they slaughtered on the previous day. Not less marked is the contrast in the appearance of the horses of the two parties. The steeds in the aristocratic carriage look quite as haughty and as full of airs as their masters. They are the high-mettled sort, and, as if spurning the ordinary speed, the driver finds it a difficult task to restrain them. They are just as pampered in their own way as their masters, and a drive down to Epsom is only diversion to them. Far otherwise is it with the animal that drags the vehicle which contains the trio of butchers. He has all the appearance of a hard-working horse. The 'shine is taken out of him.' His head hangs down, and his whole appearance indicates that his spirits are broken by the conjoint agency of the whip and too much labour. If horses do soliloquise, there can be no question that he is congratulating himself on the crowded state of the road, which prevents his being driven at a more rapid pace. Take care you don't tread on the donkey with the little urchin on its back, which is immediately before you. Donkeys are proverbial for their reluctance to quicken their pace. This one is no exception to the rule.

'He is a donkey wot won't go.'

and, therefore, the little fellow who sits astride on his back, is as busy as he can be in

'Walloping him, so, so, so.'

You little rascal, don't be so cruel. What a pity some one does not seize the cane with which you beat the poor long-eared creature so hard, and apply it to your own shoulders! It would do one's heart good to witness the transfer. A taste of the 'walloping' process applied to himself would teach the young rogue to lay it a little more leniently on the sides of the unfortunate donkey. But where are the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? Where are they? echoes every humane bosom. They ought to muster strong along the road to Epsom on Derby-day. Do you see that country-looking man in a plain gig, drawn by a still plainer horse? He is a retired gentleman with 100,000*l.* You observe that dashing mustachioed personage in his handsome phaeton, with two beautiful grays? he is not only a beggar in circumstances, but was confined in the Queen's Bench prison so late as last week. That is the Earl of —, two or three yards before you. He is an inveterate gambler on the Turf, and has probably bets to the amount of 20,000*l.* depending on the result of the present Derby. You see a poorly-clad pedestrian on the side of the road about a yard from him: he is a journeyman shoemaker, who, though unable to muster the wherewith to pay for any conveyance down, has staked five shillings against some other son of St. Crispin on the issue of the contest. You are struck with the diversity you observe in the appearance of the crowds who are wending their way to Epsom: far greater is the difference which exists, could we only perceive it in all its extent, in the circumstances of the parties. But I shall have occasion to glance again at this topic when I come to speak of the aspect of the assemblage on the Downs immediately before and after the running of the leading races.

As everybody, always excepting the inveterate gambler, who is bent on plundering as many of his fellow-men as he possibly can, thinks of nothing else; as everybody but him has left London for the purpose of enjoying a holiday, you see nothing but smiling, contented, happy faces around you. They have by this time conquered the drowsiness and want of spirit with which they had to contend—owing to their rising at so unusually early an hour—when setting out on their journey; and now they have all the appearance of persons who are determined to be merry and comfortable. It is true that many of them, besides the systematic gambler, have pretty considerable sums dependent on the issue of the races; but somehow or other they either forget all pecuniary cares and anxieties for the moment, or they all lay the flattering unction to their souls, that they are to be gainers. It never occurs to them that somebody must be a loser. Oh, happy absence of thought! It is only a pity that the blessed delusion does not last a little longer.

Is the reader fond of contrasts? See then the altered aspect of the crowds who have been to Epsom, as they return to town in the evening. You can hardly believe them to be the same persons you saw proceeding to the Derby in the morning. Where is all their gaiety? Where the loud laugh and the felicitous joke? Where the liveliness of manner—where the abundant flow of spirits? They are all gone. See how sad and dissipated, with comparatively few exceptions, the streams of people seem. Loss of money in many cases, and exhaustion in others, have worked the change. But I am partly anticipating what will be said with greater propriety in an after part of the chapter.

Until twelve o'clock crowds continue to arrive on the race-course, not only from London, but from all parts of the country within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles. What an immense course of human beings! There cannot be less than 250,000 persons there. And see how well dressed the vast majority of them are! Ragged coats or faded silks are but rarely witnessed. Whatever may be the condition of the pocket or the belly, there is no cause of complaint, with very few exceptions, on the score of the back. If there be a lack of money or of food, there is no lack of raiment. And how elegantly dressed are a very large proportion of the immense assemblage! The women are gorgeously so. You would find it a task of some difficulty to point out a score of ill-dressed females within a moderate distance of the place at which you stand. Witness the forest of waving plumes of feathers. You wonder where they all came from; you had no idea before, that London could have furnished such a supply. How brilliant the aspect which the vast numbers of ladies who are present give to the immense assemblage! Their attire is elegance and splendour combined—their persons are handsome—and the charm caused by such display of beauty and fashion would be complete, but for the unpleasant fact obtruding on your mind, that a very considerable portion of them are of exceptionable character. But let that pass. The face of the adjoining hill, extensive as is the space it embraces, appears as if instinct with life. Persons of all ranks and classes are there crowded together as densely as it is possible for them to be. See also both sides of the race-course, fully a mile and a half in length. Carriages, coaches, phaetons, cabs, carts; vehicles of all sorts, in short, are there ranged as closely as they can be, three or four deep, from nearly one extremity of the course to the other. And so thickly tenanted are they chiefly with elegantly-attired ladies, that it is with difficulty the parties can find standing-room.

The people on the ground are so closely wedged together along the margins of the course, that one might as soon hope to make his way through a stone erection as to force through them. On the outside are donkeys without number, some of them with and others without carts, but all are there with the view of being, in some way or other, turned to profitable account. Many of them draw fruit, gingerbread, and other eatables to the stand; while others carry the materials out of which stalls of various kinds and for various purposes are constructed. The 'show' party muster strong. There is not a sight on earth you could wish to see which you may not see here; or rather which the showmen do not assure you is to be seen. Prodiges of nature are so numerous, that one could have had no idea before, that she had ever made so many, even had all been collected from the time of Adam downwards, and from all parts of the world. As for legerdemain tricks, there is literally no end to them. The conjurers do so much, and promise such a great deal more, that one is surprised they cannot, by some slight of hand expedient, convert the stones or the grass under their feet into money, and by thus enriching themselves at once, do away with all future necessity of asking the public to pay for their exhibitions. In the theatrical world, great things are always done at Epsom on the Derby day. Macbeth, or anything else you please, either in the tragic or comic department of the drama, will be performed before your wondering eyes in about five minutes' time. And see the actors and the actresses: the scenes and the dresses! Did any one ever witness anything half so theatrical? I never did. Then see a great many small tables, of very plain appearance, scattered about you in all directions; and see those tables, surrounded by twelve or fifteen persons. Don't these persons look very simple like? Do you not fancy you see stupidity in their countenances? They are very simple and stupid, for they are playing at the game called thimble-rigging, and the rogues who are the owners of the tables are victimising them; in other words, are cheating them of their money with astonishing expedition. Those large tents you see here and there, and everywhere, are so many portable hells or gambling places, in which the work of plunder is going on at a fearful rate. Thousands are on the eve of ruin by

the result of the impending race; the ruin of the foolish persons who are throwing the dice there, is already proceeding at a most rapid pace.

The horses about to start appear on the field, and the work of betting, as people see them with their own eyes, begins afresh. In a few minutes more, the bell rings to summon the animals to the starting point and the starting position. That moment there is a rush on the part of the tens of thousands who were occupied in amusing themselves in various ways outside, towards the dense masses of men, women, horses, vehicles, etc., which line the margins of the course. A few minutes elapse between the ringing of the bell and the issue of the race being declared. And what an important fraction of time is that to thousands who are present! Their prosperity or ruin—their future happiness or misery in this world—their affluence or beggary—the weal or the wretchedness of their wives and children, are all wrapt up in the events of five or six minutes. Imagine, then, the corroding, the consuming anxiety of such persons in the brief interval between the ringing of the bell and the decision of the contest. O the agonies of the suspense endured in those few minutes! The world affords but few instances of an equal amount of mental torment being suffered in so limited a space. See how pale many a countenance suddenly turns. See the absorbed mind as indicated by the fixed eye and unmeaning stare. And were you near enough you might almost hear, you might certainly feel, the palpitations of the beating heart. The signal is given for starting. 'Go!' shouts a loud voice at the starting-post. The horses are all off. Now commences the frightful tempest of conflicting feeling in the breasts of multitudes before you. The horse which a party has backed against the field, starts fair; he is a-head. Imagine, he who can, the hope and joy mingled with fear which agitate such a person's bosom. The animal is distanced by some fleetest steed; the demon of despair seizes the party in a moment, in his iron grasp. He is a ruined man; his wife and family are in one moment hurled from the heights of affluence, to the lowest depths of poverty. He can scarcely support himself; he would fall prostrate on the ground, but that he is kept up by the pressure of the crowd. Had he the means and the opportunity, the probability is that he would, in the agony of his remorse and despair, that moment destroy himself. This is no imaginary picture—no exaggerated description of the tempest which rages in a man's bosom, when he has been infatuated enough to stake his all on the result of a horse-race, and that result has been adverse. It is only a few years since a case was brought before the public which fully equalled the one I have here supposed. An hon. gentleman, one belonging to a noble family of distinction, and his own name well known to all the fashionable world, not only staked but lost on the Derby of the year to which I allude, more by some thousands than he was able to pay. To such a state of excitement was his mind worked up before he knew that the event was against him, that he was heard audibly, though nervously to utter—though the fact was unknown to himself—while the race was being run, 'The D— wins!—The D— wins!—The D— wins!' The horse he had backed lost; he was a ruined man. He had not the means of committing suicide on the spot, and besides, the bustle around would have deterred him from the attempt; but, on his return home, the very first act he did as soon as he retired to his own room, was to take a pistol and blow out his brains.—To be concluded next week with remarks on the impropriety of the Turf.

#### FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

There is no art in the world demanding so many personal acquisitions for its graceful practice as that of riding on horseback. That it is an exercise fitting the grace, and even the gentleness, of a lady there can be no doubt, seeing that if philosophers held the opinion that it was not, and ladies themselves were disinclined to venture to indulge in the perilous indulgence of the saddle, Fashion declares that it is, and to the opinion of the mighty and fickle goddess the opinions of all others must give way. Whatever Fashion says is right, is right—her commands are as indisputable as the Berkeleyan argument or the affirmative compulsions of the northern autocrat. This being the case, one of the primary objects of the ambitions of all the fair sex of this country is, not only to stand well in the eyes of the world, but to sit well on horseback in the eyes of the opposite sex. Great is the advantage possessed by her who can rule with despotic yet affable and easy sway the animal bearing the precious burden of her dainty self—singular must be the disadvantage of her whom no practice or tuition can empower, with any propriety or comfort or skill, to subjugate to the sweet will of her mind the noble and generous animal so worthy the honour to be her supporter. Example, we believe, is always a stronger agent of instruction than precept, and when, therefore, humbly and with that diffidence so perfectly in character with the well-known modesty of our natures, we would here attempt to make our fair friends learned in equestrianism, we might judiciously point out to them many of the gifted and beautiful of their own sex among our aristocracy, whom, as equestrians, they would best have to imitate to achieve excellence in the desirable and attractive art. We shall content ourselves, however, in this short chapter, with pointing out to their notice one

lady alone who has acquired a perfect knowledge of the practical portion of the accomplishment—her majesty the queen. Her majesty possesses all those attributes which so admirably qualify a lady to become a graceful and skilful horsewoman—moral qualifications as well as physical, for firmness and self-possession, and a power of controlling emotions, are as necessary to the perfect government of a horse, as elegance of shape and lightness of figure are essential to the graceful aspect of the person whom it bears. Her majesty also evinces great taste in the style and character of the horse she selects for her use. Generally fourteen or fifteen hands high, her animal is always one of the very highest courage and breeding, well broken in, in the very best condition, of symmetrical figure, aerial bearing, and of the gentlest temper—a gentlemanly horse, in fact, one that is conscious of the delicacy and rarity of its charge, and who seems, as he paws the ground, to take a pride in assisting to make her appear to the very best advantage. Her majesty, indeed, is at heart a horse-woman, since she judiciously thinks that no lady can have so befitting an aspect as when seated on a charger. With regard to the dress of a lady equestrian there is little to object to that style which is at present in fashion. The hat, indeed, affords almost the only object of complaint. Against this we have already, some few months back, entered our protest, as we would and will against any article of dress which, inasmuch as the usage of it implies the desire to imitate the ill-fitting *brusquerie* of the man, is out of keeping with that feminine softness and diffidence which should still characterise the lady, even at moments when she is engaged in a pastime not distinctly feminine. Boadicea—only, as the song says, hats "were not invented at the time at which she lived—might have worn one of Mr. Franks's Ascots on horseback—so might Christine of Sweden, Joan of Arc, and we cannot help thinking somehow that even Mrs. Trollope would not look badly in a hat, but in our minds there cannot be a better head-dress for a lady on horseback than a velvet cap, made in the shape of a coronet—ornamented or otherwise, of black or crimson, or green, or any other colour, provided it suited the complexion of the lady, and were not ugly in itself, or out of keeping with the texture of her attire. The riding habits we admire especially when they are not too loose, and the figure of the wearer is itself to be admired. They are both modest and becoming. In another paper we may return to this subject again, to point out a few examples of ladies who are perfect equestrians, for the edification and profit of those among our readers who are learners and who wish to be proficient.—*Court Journal*.

#### GLIMPSES OF WAR.

*Causes of War.* These, says Dr. Knox, are often such as would disgrace any animal pretending to the least degree of rationality. James tells us their real character. "Whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts?"

*Suwarrow's War Catechism.* This teaches the soldier's duties! And here is a part of them. "Push hard with the bayonet. Stab once! and off with the Turk from the bayonet! Stab the second! stab the third! A hero will stab half a dozen! If three attack you, stab the first, fire on the second, and bayonet the third!" Such is war. Is it like the Sermon on the Mount?

*Waste of property by War.* It is incalculable, because we can estimate only its expenses, a mere fraction of what it wastes; but these alone are enormous, even in a time of peace. The expenses of the United States in one form or another for war in 1832, were \$30,554,000, and for all other purposes only \$3,702,000. From 1816 to 1834, a period of 18 years, our national expenses were \$463,915,756, an average of \$25,773,097 a year, all of which, except about three millions and a half, were for purposes of war! Of the whole sum, more than 398,000,000, were for war, and only about 64,000,000, less than one sixth, for the necessary operations of government! The war-debt of Great Britain is nearly \$4,000,000,000. From 1797 to 1817, she raised by revenue \$6,192,866,666, and borrowed \$2,160,000,000; in all \$8,352,866,666; an average of 1,143,414 every day for twenty years, and full fifty-nine-sixtieths of it all for war!

*Loss of life by War.* Julius Cæsar once annihilated an army of 363,000; of another, he slew 400,000; and on another occasion he massacred more than 430,000! Jenghiz-Khan once shot 60,000 men in cold blood. At another time he massacred full 200,000, and sold 100,000 more for slaves. In a single district he butchered 1,600,000, and in two cities with their dependencies, 1,760,000! During the late wars of Europe, no less than 5,800,000 lives are supposed to have been lost in twelve years; and the Spaniards are said to have destroyed in 42 years, more than 12,000,000 of the American Indians! How long will Christians connive at such a custom?

*Napoleon's sacrifice of life.* "Never was there a conqueror," says an European paper, "who fought more battles or overthrew more thrones than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quality of his glory, without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play from the

rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804 down to his eventful exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Wentworth, an army on foot of 480,000 men; and from 1804 to 1814, he levied, at least, 2,965,965. This statement is deficient; but, even if we deduct the casualties, as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be much under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered two millions and a half of human beings, and these all Frenchmen. But we have yet to add the thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles, and, at a moderate computation, these cannot have fallen short of half a million. It is obviously just to assume that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they were brought. Here, then, are our data for asserting that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less an expense than six millions of human lives!"

*Atrocities incident to War.* It is not very uncommon for the outposts of two armies, encamped near each other, to be on terms of friendly intercourse; and, after having messed together one day, they have the very next, when called forth to battle, imbrued their hands in each other's blood. In some cases, professed disciples of the Prince of peace, belonging to the two armies, have attended the sacrament together, and then gone, in a few days or hours, to the field of mutual slaughter. In the famous battle of Bennington, members of the same church fought on both sides,—actually butchered one another!

*A definition of Murder applied.* The shrewd editor of the N. Y. Observer, examining Wis's flimsy, cold-blooded vindication of himself before his constituents against the charge of murder for the part he took in the duel at Washington with Cilley, asks, "Why is it not murder? What is murder? Killing, 'with malice afore-thought.' Malice in law is not that 'animosity' which these duellists disclaimed, but an intention to kill. The highwayman who kills the traveller for his purse, has no 'animosity' against the victim; he only wants his money; but he intends to kill him, and that intention is 'malice afore-thought,' and therefore the killing is murder. Mr. Cilley, therefore, was murdered."

Very good logic; but, applied to war, it would prove every death to be a murder, and every warrior a murderer in the eye of reason and of God. If "an intention to kill" is the only "malice afore-thought" necessary to constitute murder, what shall we say of the wholesale butcheries in war, offensive or defensive? Do not armies always intend to kill? Does not every soldier seek the life of his enemy? Is he not required to kill? Does not every nation, on going to war, design to kill? Does not every kind of war, whether offensive or defensive, consist mainly in killing men? Are not all the preparations for war designed to kill? Is not the butchery of mankind by thousands the grand aim, well nigh the whole business of war? If this be not murder, tell us what is; and if it be, can you tell us the sum total of guilt incurred by Christian nations in continuing such a system of wholesale murder, in spending every year \$800,000,000 for the sole purpose of murder, in keeping four millions of men under pay to commit murder by wholesale, at the bidding of rulers who have no more authority from God to license this species of murder than they have duelling, idolatry or blasphemy?—*Friend of Peace*.

THERE was a great master among the Jews, who bid his scholars consider and tell him what was the way wherein a man should always keep: One came and said that there was nothing better than a good eye, which is, in their language, a liberal and contented disposition. Another said a good companion is the best thing in the world. A third said, a good neighbour was the best thing he could desire; and a fourth preferred a man that could foresee things to come; that is, a wise person. But, at last, came in one Eleazar, and he said, a good heart was better than them all. True, said the master, thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said. For he that hath a good heart, will be both contented, and a good companion, and a good neighbour, and easily see what is fit to be done by him. Let every man then seriously labour to find in himself a sincerity and uprightness of heart at all times, and that will save him abundance of other labour.—*Bishop Patrick*.

EVEN in a moral point of view, I think the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications, which have not been neglected by pious entomologists. The three states—of the caterpillar, larva, and butterfly—have since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being—its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly—that an inhabitant of the dark and fetid dunghill should in an instant entirely change its form, rise into the blue air, and enjoy the sun-beams,—than that a being, whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of Unbounded Power and Infinite Wisdom—*Davy's Salmonia*.

## IMPROVEMENT IN CHRISTIANITY.

"The Bible is the *only* religion of Protestants." Such is the universal maxim of the churches, and yet it may be doubted whether one Christian out of a hundred who adopts this trite saying, is aware of its solemn import—of the exceeding length and breadth of its spirit and intention. To be consistent with the above motto a Christian should believe nothing in religion but what is taught in the Scriptures, and he should do nothing but what his Bible warrants. And if all books except this were lost from the earth, every church ought to be able to find its entire constitution sanctioned and supported by the facts and principles recorded there! To this effect are the following able remarks of Rev. Richard Burgess, which we copy from a Sermon delivered in Trinity Church, London, on November 4th, 1838.—"There is one way in which the profession of Christianity may be rendered more pure; and that is, by clearing away all those errors and traditions, which either the ignorance or malice of men has introduced:—to restore the Gospel to its original purity, and to reform all that is amiss in the doctrine and the practice of its professors. This is the only alteration, which we can admit in matters of religion. To add to or diminish aught from the word of God is presumption; to clear it from the glosses which an affected criticism or a false philosophy have put upon it, is necessary. "Let that abide in you," says John, "which ye have heard from the beginning." When we have cleared our way through the clouds and darkness, which men have attempted to throw around the pure light of the word; when we have listened rather to the voice of God than to that of men; when we have ceased to call any man master on earth, and so have arrived at the genuine light of truth as it stands in the revealed Word; then we have made all the progress, which is in our power—then we have done all that is permitted to man to do towards improving the profession of the Christian faith. To go further, and to refine on the word itself, would be like any one by the light of a candle attempting to improve the light of the Sun. When we have got to the source of all truth, we have got to the utmost limit of religious improvement. Let others, who dive into the secrets of science, advance our condition by discoveries and new inventions; but let all, who desire to advance true religion among men, "hold fast the form of sound words," which they have read in the Holy Scriptures. There are, my brethren, just two opposite ways towards improvement in worldly things, and progress in the knowledge of God's word. The one goes forward to grasp at something more, and to make daily additions to the stock already acquired; the other goes back, and throws off the dross with which succeeding generations have covered the Word. We speak not of practical holiness and Christian attainment—we are ever reaching forward to the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus: but we speak of the foundation of the truth, and declare that it is only to be discovered by going to the Fountain we have left, and when once discovered never more to be abandoned. Thus much we have thought it necessary to say on the *fixity* of Divine truth, compared with the ever-revolving speculations of men."

TRUTH.—Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth: but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.

If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning.

Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed.

A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend.

He who gives way to an angry invective, furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument. The love of truth, refusing to associate itself with the selfish and dissocial passions, is gentle, dignified, and persuasive.

The understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence, but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion, is generally proof against argumentative reasoning; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it.

Many of our speculative opinions, even those which are the result of laborious research, and the least liable to disputation, resemble rarities in the cabinet of the curious, which may be interesting to the possessor, and to a few congenial minds, but which are of no use to the world.

Many of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and in a future age their futility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they no longer retain a hold on the prejudices and passions of mankind. —Mackenzie's *Literary Varieties*.

ADVERSITY.—Adversity brings forth parity of character, as the purest water flows from the hardest rock.

## CONTRASTED SONNETS.

## Nature.

I strayed at evening to a sylvan scene  
Dimpling with nature's smile the stern old mountain,  
A shady dingle, quiet, cool, and green,  
Where the moss'd rock poured forth its natural fountain,  
And hazels clustered there, with fern between,  
And feathery meadow—sweet shed perfume round,  
And the pink crocus pierc'd the jewell'd ground;  
Then was I calm and happy: for the voice  
Of nightingales unseen in tremulous lays  
Taught me with innocent gladness to rejoice,  
And tuned my spirit to unformal praise:  
So, among silvered moths, and closing flowers,  
Gambolling hares, and rooks returning home,  
And strong-wing'd chafers setting out to roam,  
In careless peace I passed the soothing hours.

## Art.

The massy fane of architecture olden,  
Or fretted minarets of marble white,  
Or Morish arabesque, begem'd and golden,  
Or porcelain Pagoda, tipp'd with light,  
Or high-spann'd arches,—were a noble sight:  
Nor less you gallant ship, that trends the waves  
In a triumphant silence of delight,  
Like some huge swan, with its fair wings unfurl'd,  
Whose curved sides the laughing water leaves,  
Bearing it buoyant, o'er the liquid world:  
Nor less you silken monster of the sky  
Around whose wicker car the clouds are curl'd,  
Helping undaunted men to scale on high  
Nearer the sun than eagles dare to fly:—  
Thy trophies these,—still but a modest part  
Of thy grand conquests, wonder-working Art.

## Country.

Most tranquil, innocent, and happy life,  
Full of the holy joy chaste nature yields,  
Redeem'd from care, and sin, and the hot strife  
That rings around the smok'd unwholesome dome  
Where mighty Mammon his black sceptre wields,—  
Here let me rest in humble cottage home,  
Here let me labour in the enamell'd fields;  
How pleasant in these ancient woods to roam  
With kind-eyed friend, or kindly-teaching book;  
Or the fresh gallop on the dew-dropt heath,  
Or at fair eventide with feathered brook  
To strike the swift trout in the shallow brook,  
Or in the bower to twine the jacinth wreath,  
Or at the earliest blush of summer morn  
To trim the bed, or turn the new-mown hay,  
Or pick the perfum'd hop, or reap the golden corn:  
So should my peaceful life all smoothly glide away.

## Town.

Enough of lanes, and trees, and vallies green,  
Enough of briary wood, and hot chalk-down,  
I hate the startling quiet of the scene,  
And long to hear the gay glad hum of town:  
My garden be the garden of the Graces,  
Flowers full of smiles, with fashion for their queen,  
My pleasant fields be crowds of joyous faces,  
The brilliant rout, the concert, and the ball,—  
These be my joys in endless carnival!  
For I do loathe that sickening solitude,  
That childish hunting-up of flies and weeds,  
Or worse, the company of rustics rude,  
Whose only hopes are bound in cloths and seeds:  
Out on it! let me live in town delight,  
And for your tedious country-mornings bright  
Give me gay London with its noon and night.

A CHAPTER ON LADIES' HAIR.—Expressive as the eyes and the mouth are, how much is the expression of each of them affected or altered by the manner in which the hair is dressed; so that, after all, every feature in the face is a subsidiary sovereign to the crinatory influence of the whole facial aspect. Now, as far as young ladies are concerned, (for there is a satire about discussing the question as how an old lady should dress her hair, which we are gallant enough not even to allude to,) we are bold enough to declare it to be our opinion that the mode of wearing hair most suited to by far the greater number of faces, is that which allows a profusion of long and ample ringlets to fall over the shoulders, and to attire them, as it were, entirely behind, with just a ringlet or two curving down in front of each shoulder, as Miss Fanny Wyndham, many of our readers will remember, dressed her hair in the part she so exquisitely played in Lord Burghersh's lately produced opera, *Il Torneo*. The fashion commonly denominated a *la Chinois* we hereby enter our especial protest against, firmly believing, as we do, that the face would look scarcely less pleasing, in every respect, were the head completely shaved. Those huge curls, only three or four in number, on each side of the head, and first worn by our French neighbours, we also object to, unless the face is a small one, giving it, as they do in the reverse case, a look not sufficiently gentle and self-possessed and feminine. Plaited hair we admire and regard as judicious when the wearer possesses altogether but a little, but this is an extremely inferior mode of dressing it to the one we first mentioned, and that one, therefore, we demand and command shall be the mode practised by all the beautiful beings in the human botany of England.—*Court Journal*.

GOD SEEN IN ALL THINGS.—It is a poor philosophy and a narrow religion, which does not recognise God as all in all. Every moment of our lives, we breathe, stand, or move in the temple of the Most High; for the whole universe is that temple. Wherever we go, the testimony of His power, the impress of His hand are there. Ask of the bright worlds around us, as they roll in the everlasting harmony of their circles; and they shall tell you of Him, whose power launched them on their courses. Ask of the mountains, that lift their heads among and above the clouds; and the bleak summit of one shall seem to call aloud to the snow-clad top of another, in proclaiming their testimony to the Agency, which has laid their deep foundations. Ask of ocean's waters; and the roar of their boundless waves shall chant from shore to shore a hymn of ascription to that Being, who hath said, "Hitherto shall ye come and no further." Ask of the rivers; and, as they roll onward to the sea, do they not bear along their ceaseless tribute to the ever-working Energy, which struck open their fountains and poured them down through the valleys? Ask of every region of the earth, from the burning equator to the icy pole, from the rock-bound coast to the plain covered with its luxuriant vegetation; and will you not find on them all the record of the Creator's presence? Ask of the countless tribes of plants and animals; and shall they not testify to the action of the great Source of life? Yes, from every portion, from every department of nature, comes the same voice: every where we hear thy name, O God; everywhere we see Thy love. Creation, in all its length and breadth, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of thy Spirit, and without Thee the world were dark and dead. The universe is to us as the burning bush which the Hebrew leader saw: God is ever present in it, for it burns with His glory, and the ground on which we stand is always holy. How then can we speak of that Presence as peculiarly in the sanctuary, which is abroad through all space and time?—*Francis*.

There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall, without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for Nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain, into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.—*Constantinople*.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.—The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III.: a tailor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among his workmen there was a fellow who was always singing "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the journeyman joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and, placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "Nancy Dawson." The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.—*Scrap-book*.

LIFE.—A man may change his life into a desert, wherein his eye will rest on nothing but the infinity of earthly littleness and of heavenly grandeur. But is not such an Arabian desert, which contains nothing but the transition from countless grains of sand by day, to countless stars by night, inferior in beauty and fruitfulness to a landscape, wherein are some shadows thrown by trees and clouds?

POETRY.—Tell us, thou bee, why makest thou thy wax, for masks or for candles—for concealment or enlightenment? The bee answered, "For neither; only for cells to hold my honey." Ask the poet. "Just like me," rejoined the poet; "I seek neither to deceive nor to undeceive; but to give sweetness."

THE VEIL OF THE FUTURE.—Thou standest before the mighty veil which shrouds eternity, and askest, Is it a veil of mourning or that of Isis? that of a murderer or a beauty? that of a radiant visage, like Moses's, or of a corpse? I answer, thou wilt one day lift it, and such as thy heart has deserved, such wilt thou lift.

GOD'S SLUMBER.—"The Almighty is resting, or asleep," says the heart of man, when his dim eye can no longer follow his footsteps. Thus did men once dream that the sun had sunk to sleep in the ocean, when he was waking and moving over a new world.

## ODE TO A LEAFLESS TREE IN JUNE.

BY SIR LYTTON BULWER.

Desolate Tree, why are thy branches bare?  
What hast thou done,  
To win strange winter from the summer air,  
Frost from the sun?

Thou wert not churlish, in thy palmier year,  
Unto the herd;  
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,  
Home to the bird.

And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,  
Thy smiles were gay;  
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love  
To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,  
Around thee gleam;  
Peaster and darling of the gilded things  
That dwell in th' beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped,  
How lonely now!  
How bird and bee, late parasites, have fled  
Thy leafless bough!

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?  
What hast thou done,  
To win strange winter from the summer air,  
Frost from the sun?

"Never," replied that forest-hermit, lone,  
(Old truth and endless!)  
"Never for evil done, but for one frown,  
Are we left friendless."

"Yet wholly, nor for winter, nor for storm,  
Doth Love depart:  
We are not all forsaken, till the worm  
Creeps to the heart!"

"Ah! nought without--within thee, if decay--  
Can heal or hurt thee!  
Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,  
Who may desert thee!"

Book of Beauty for 1839.

## JUVENILE TALES.

## MARIA HOWE;

## OR THE EFFECT OF WITCH STORIES.

I was brought up in the country. From my infancy I was always a weak and tender-spirited girl, subject to fears and depressions. My parents, and particularly my mother, were of a very different disposition. They were what is usually called gay: they loved pleasure, and parties, and visiting; but, as they found the turn of my mind to be quite opposite, they gave themselves little trouble about me—but upon such occasions generally left me to my choice, which was much oftener to stay at home, and indulge myself in my solitude, than to join in their rambling visits. I was always fond of being alone, yet always in a manner afraid. There was a book closet which led into my mother's dressing-room. Here I was eternally fond of being shut up by myself, to take down whatever volumes I pleased, and pore upon them, no matter whether they were fit for my years or no, or whether I understood them. Here, when the weather would not permit my going into the dark walk—my walk, as it was called—in the garden; here, when my parents have been from home, I have stayed for hours together, till the loneliness which pleased me so at first, has at length become quite frightful, and I have rushed out of the closet into the inhabited parts of the house, and sought refuge in the lap of some one of the female servants, or of my aunt, who would say, seeing me look pale, that Maria had been frightening herself with some of those nasty books. So she used to call my favourite volumes, which I would not have parted with, no, not with one of the least of them, if I had had the choice to be made a fine princess, and to govern the world. But my aunt was no reader. She used to excuse herself, and say, that reading hurt her eyes. I have been naughty enough to think that this was only an excuse; for I found that my aunt's weak eyes did not prevent her from poring ten hours a day upon her prayer-book, or her favourite Thomas a Kempis. But this was always her excuse for not reading any of the books I recommended. My aunt was my father's sister. She had never been married. My father was a good deal older than my mother, and my aunt was ten years older than my father. As I was often left at home with her, and as my serious disposition so well agreed with hers, an intimacy grew up between the old lady and me, and she would often say, that she loved only one person in the world, and that was me. Not that she and my parents were on very bad terms; but the old lady did not feel herself respected enough. The attention and fondness which she showed to me, conscious as I was that I was almost the only being she felt any thing like fondness to, made me love her, as it was natural: indeed, I am ashamed to say, that I fear I almost loved her better than both my parents put together. But there was an oddness, a silence about my aunt, which was never interrupted but by her occasional expressions of love to me, that

made me stand in fear of her. An odd look from under her spectacles, would sometimes scare me away, when I had been peering up in her face to make her kiss me. Then, she had a way of muttering to herself, which, though it was good words and religious words that she was mumbling, somehow I did not like. My weak spirits, and the fears I was always subject to, always made me afraid of any personal singularity or oddness in any one. I am ashamed, ladies, to lay open so many particulars of our family; but indeed it is necessary to the understanding of what I am going to tell you, of a very great weakness, if not wickedness, which I was guilty of towards my aunt. But I must return to my studies, and tell you what books I found in the closet, and what reading I chiefly admired. There was a great Book of Martyrs, in which I used to read, or rather I used to spell out meanings; for I was too ignorant to make out many words: but there it was written all about those good men who choose to be burned alive, rather than forsake their religion, and become naughty papists. Some words I could make out, some I could not: but I made out enough to fill my little head with vanity, and I used to think I was so courageous I could be burned, too—and I would put my hands upon the flames which were pictured in the pretty pictures which the book had, and feel them; but you know, ladies, there is a great difference between the flames in a picture, and real fire, and I am now ashamed of the conceit which I had of my own courage, and think how poor a martyr I should have made in those days. Then there was a book not so big; but it had pictures in. It was called Culpepper's Herbal: it was full of pictures of plants and herbs—but I did not much care for that. Then there was Salmon's Modern History, out of which I picked a good deal. It had pictures of Chinese gods, and the great hooded serpent, which ran strangely in my fancy. There were some law books, too; but the old English frightened me from reading them. But above all, what I relished, was Stackhouse's History of the Bible, where there was the picture of the ark, and all the beasts getting into it. This delighted me, because it puzzled me; and many an aching head have I got with poring into it, and contriving how it might be built, with such and such rooms to hold all the world, if there should be another flood, and sometimes settling what pretty beasts should be saved, and what should not—for I would have no ugly or deformed beast in my pretty ark. But this was only a piece of folly and vanity, that a little reflection might cure me of. Foolish girl that I was! to suppose that any creature is really ugly, that has all its limbs contrived with heavenly wisdom, and was doubtless formed to some beautiful end, though a child cannot comprehend it. Doubtless, a frog or a toad is not uglier in itself than a squirrel or a pretty green lizard; but we want understanding to see it.

These fancies, ladies, were not so very foolish or naughty, perhaps—but they may be forgiven in a child of six years old: but what I am going to tell, I shall be ashamed of, and repent, I hope, as long as I live. It will teach me not to form rash judgments. Besides the picture of the ark, and many others which I have forgot, Stackhouse contained one picture which made more impression upon my childish understanding than all the rest. It was the picture of the raising up of Samuel, which I used to call the Witch of Endor picture. I was always very fond of picking up stories about witches. There was a book called Glanvil on Witches, which used to lie about in this closet; it was thumbed about, and showed it had been much read in former times. This was my treasure. Here I used to pick out the strangest stories. My not being able to read them very well, probably made them appear more strange and out of the way to me. But I could collect enough to understand that witches were old women who gave themselves up to do mischief—how, by the help of spirits as bad as themselves, they lamed cattle, and made the corn not grow; and how they made images of wax to stand for people that had done them any injury; and how they burned the images before a slow fire, and stuck pins in them; and the persons which these waxen images represented, however far distant, felt all the pains and torments in good earnest, which were inflicted in show upon these images; and such a horror I had of these wicked witches, that though I am now better instructed, and look upon all these stories as mere idle tales, and invented to fill people's heads with nonsense, yet I cannot recall to mind the horrors which I then felt, without shuddering, and feeling something of the old fit return.

This foolish book of witch stories had no pictures in it, but I made up for them out of my own fancy, and out of the great picture of the raising up of Samuel, in Stackhouse. I was not old enough to understand the difference there was between these silly improbable tales, which imputed such powers to poor old women, who are the most helpless things in the creation, and the narrative in the Bible, which does not say that the witch, or pretended witch, raised up the dead body of Samuel by her own power, but, as it clearly appears, he was permitted by the divine will to appear, to confound the presumption of Saul; and that the witch herself was really as much frightened and confounded at the miracle as Saul himself, not expecting a real appearance; but probably having prepared some juggling, slight-of-hand tricks, and sham appearance, to deceive the eyes of Saul: whereas, she, nor any one living, had ever the power to raise the dead to life, but only He who made them from the first. These reasons I might have read in Stackhouse itself, if I had been old enough, and have read

them in that very book, since I was older, but at that time I looked at little beyond the picture.

These stories of witches so terrified me, that my sleeps were broken, and in my dreams I always had a fancy of a witch being in the room with me. I know now that it was only nervousness; but though I can laugh at it now as well as you, ladies, if you knew what I suffered, you would be thankful that you have had sensible people about you to instruct you and teach you better. I was let grow up wild like an ill weed, and thrived accordingly. One night that I had been terrified in my sleep with my imaginations, I got out of bed and crept softly to the adjoining room. My room was next to where my aunt usually sat when she was alone. Into her room I crept for relief from my fears. The old lady was not yet retired to rest, but was sitting with her eyes half open, half closed—her spectacles tottering upon her nose—her head nodding over her prayer-book—her lips mumbling the words as she read them, or half read them, in her dozing posture—her grotesque appearance—her old-fashioned dress, resembling what I had seen in that fatal picture in Stackhouse: all this, with the dead time of night, as it seemed to me (for I had gone through my first sleep), joined to produce a wicked fancy in me, that the form which I had beheld was not my aunt, but some witch. Her mumbling of her prayers confirmed me in this shocking idea. I had read in Glanvil, of those wicked creatures reading their prayers backwards, and I thought that this was the operation which her lips were at this time employed about. Instead of flying to her friendly lap for that protection which I had so often experienced when I have been weak and timid, I shrunk back terrified and bewildered to my bed, where I lay in broken sleeps and miserable fancies, till the morning, which I had so much reason to wish for, came. My fancies a little wore away with the light; but an impression was fixed, which could not for a long time be done away. In the day-time, when my father and mother were about the house, when I saw them familiarly speak to my aunt, my fears all vanished; and when the good creature has taken me upon her knees, and shown me any kindness more than ordinary, at such times I have melted into tears, and longed to tell her what naughty foolish fancies I had had of her. But when night returned, that figure which I had seen recurred—the posture, the half-closed eyes, the mumbling and muttering which I had heard—a confusion was in my head, who it was I had seen that night: it was my aunt, and it was not my aunt. It was that good creature who loved me above all the world, engaged at her good task of devotions—perhaps praying for some good to me. Again, it was a witch—a creature hateful to God and man, reading backwards the good prayers; who would perhaps destroy me. In these conflicts of mind, I passed several weeks; till, by a revolution in my fate, I was removed to the house of a female relation of my mother's, in a distant part of the country, who had come on a visit to our house, and observing my lonely ways, and apprehensive of the ill effect of my mode of living, upon my health, begged leave to take me home to her house, to reside for a short time. I went, with some reluctance at leaving my closet, my dark walk, and even my aunt, who had been such a source of both love and terror to me. But I went, and soon found the grand effects of a change of scene. Instead of melancholy closets, and lonely avenues of trees, I saw lightsome rooms and cheerful faces: I had companions of my own age. No books were allowed me but what were rational and sprightly—that gave me mirth or gave me instruction. I soon learned to laugh at witch stories; and when I returned, after three or four months' absence, to our own house, my good aunt appeared to me in the same light in which I had viewed her from my infancy, before that foolish fancy possessed me, or rather, I should say, more kind, more fond, more loving than before. It is impossible to say how much good that lady, the kind relation of my mother's that I spoke of, did to me by changing the scene. Quite a new turn of ideas was given to me: I became sociable and companionable; my parents soon discovered a change in me, and I have found a similar alteration in them. They have been plainly more fond of me since that change, as from that time I learned to conform myself more to their way of living. I impute almost all that I had to complain of in their neglect, to my having been a little, unsociable, uncompanionable mortal. I lived in this manner for a year or two—passing my time between our house and the lady's, who so kindly took me in hand, until by her advice I was sent to this school, where I have told you, ladies, what, for fear of ridicule, I never ventured to tell any person besides, the story of my foolish and naughty fancy.

**PUNISHMENT BY DEATH IN AUSTRIA.**—During the time that Ferdinand has been on the throne of his ancestors, the blood of not one of his millions of Austrian subjects have flowed upon the scaffold. One man was condemned to death for murder, in the second year after his accession; but his heart revolted against the barbarous punishment which the law still retains for that offence and he commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life—a punishment equally coercive with death, but which gives the offender opportunity and inducement to repentance; and does not destroy in the minds of the people the salutary notion of the sacredness of life which princes and legislators should ever cultivate and guard.

## A CHAPTER FROM OLIVER TWIST.

## WHEREIN IS SHOWN HOW THE ARTFUL DODGER GOT INTO TROUBLE.

"And so it was you that was your own friend, was it?" asked Mr. Claypole, otherwise Bolter, when, by virtue of the compact entered into between them, he had removed next day to the Jew's house. "Well, I thought as much last night!"

"Every man's his own friend," replied Fagin. "Some conjurers say that number three is the magic number, and some say number seven. It's neither, my friend, neither. It's number one."

"Ha! Ha!" cried Mr. Bolter. "Number one for ever!"

"In a little community like ours," said the Jew, who felt it necessary to qualify this position, "we have a general number one; that is, you can't consider yourself as number one without considering me too as the same, and all the other young people."

"You see," pursued the Jew, "we are so mixed up together, and identified in our interests, that it must be so. For instance, it's your object to take care of number one—meaning yourself."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bolter. "Yer about right there."

"Well, you can't take care of yourself, number one, without taking care of me, number one."

"Number two, you mean," said Mr. Bolter, who was largely endowed with the quality of selfishness.

"No, I don't!" retorted the Jew. "I'm of the same importance to you as you are to yourself."

"I say," interrupted Mr. Bolter, "yer a very nice man, and I'm very fond of yer; but we ain't quite so thick together as all that comes to."

"Only think," said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders, and stretching out his hands, "only consider. You've done what's a very pretty thing, and what I love you for doing; but what at the same time would put the cravat round your throat that's so very easily tied, and so very difficult to unloosen,—in plain English, the halter!"

Mr. Bolter put his hand to his neckerchief, as if he felt it inconveniently tight, and murmured an assent, qualified in tone, but not in substance.

"The gallows," continued Fagin, "the gallows, my dear, is an ugly finger-post, which points out a very short and sharp turning that has stopped many a bold fellow's career on the broad highway. To keep in the easy road, and keep it at a distance, is object number one with you."

"Of course it is," replied Mr. Bolter. "What do yer talk about such things for?"

"Only to show you my meaning clearly," said the Jew, raising his eyebrows. "To be able to do that, you depend upon me; to keep my little business all snug, I depend upon you. The first is your number one, the second my number one. The more you value your number one, the more careful you must be of mine; so we come at last to what I told you at first—that a regard for number one holds us altogether, and must do so unless we would all go to pieces in company."

"That's true," rejoined Mr. Bolter thoughtfully. "Oh! yer a cunning old codger!"

Mr. Fagin saw with delight that this tribute to his powers was no mere compliment, but that he had really impressed his recruit with a sense of his wily genius, which it was most important that he should entertain in the outset of their acquaintance. To strengthen an impression so desirable and useful, he followed up the blow by acquainting him in some detail with the magnitude and extent of his operations; blending truth and fiction together as best served his purpose, and bringing both to bear with so much art that Mr. Bolter's respect visibly increased, and became tempered, at the same time, with a degree of wholesome fear, which it was highly desirable to awaken.

"It's this mutual trust we have in each other that consoles me under heavy losses," said the Jew. "My best hand was taken from me yesterday morning."

"What, I suppose he was —"

"Wanted," interposed the Jew. "Yes, he was wanted."

"Very particular?" inquired Mr. Bolter.

"No," replied the Jew, "not very. He was charged with attempting to pick a pocket, and they found a silver snuff-box on him,—his own, my dear, his own, for he took snuff himself, and was very fond of it. They remanded him till to-day, for they thought they knew the owner. Ah! he was worth fifty boxes, and I'd give the price of as many to have him back. You should have known the Dodger, my dear; you should have known the Dodger."

"Well, but I shall know him I hope; don't yer think so?" said Mr. Bolter.

"I'm doubtful about it," replied the Jew, with a sigh. "If they don't get any fresh evidence it'll only be a summary conviction, and we shall have him back again after six weeks or so; but, if they do, it's a case of lagging. They know what a clever lad he is; he'll be a lifer: they'll make the Artful nothing less than a lifer."

"What do yer mean by lagging and a lifer?" demanded Mr. Bolter. "What's the good of talking in that way to me; why don't yer speak so as I can understand yer?"

Fagin was about to translate these mysterious expressions into the vulgar tongue, and, being interrupted, Mr. Bolter would have been informed that they represented that combination of words, "transportation for life," when the dialogue was cut short by the entry of Master Bates with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and his face twisted into a look of semi-comical woe.

"It's all up, Fagin," said Charley, when he and his now companion had been made known to each other.

"What do you mean?" asked the Jew with trembling lips.

"They've found the gentleman as owns the box; two or three more's a coming to identify him, and the Artful's booked for a passage out," replied Master Bates. "I must have a full suit of mourning, Fagin, and a hatband, to visit him in, afore he sets out upon his travels. To think of Jack Dawkins—Jummy Jack—the Dodger—the Artful Dodger—going abroad for a common two-penny-halfpenny sneeze-box! I never thought he'd ha' done it under a gold watch, chains, and seals, at the lowest. Oh! why didn't he rob some rich old gentleman of all his wables, and go out as a gentleman, and not like a common prig, without no honour nor glory!"

With this expression of feeling for his unfortunate friend, Master Bates sat himself on the nearest chair with an aspect of chagrin and despondency.

"What do you talk about his having neither honour nor glory for!" exclaimed Fagin, darting an angry look at his pupil. "Wasn't he always top-sawyer among you all?—is there one of you that could touch him, or come near him, on any scent—eh?"

"Not one," replied Master Bates, in a voice rendered husky by regret,—“not one.”

"Then what do you talk of?" replied the Jew angrily; "what are you blabbering for?"

"Cause it isn't on the rec-ord, is it?" said Charley, chafed into perfect defiance of his venerable friend by the current of his regrets; "cause it can't come out in the indictment; 'cause nobody will never know half of what he was. How will he stand in the Newgate Calendar? P'raps not be there at all. Oh, my eye, my eye, wot a blow it is!"

"Ha! ha!" cried the Jew, extending his right hand, and turning to Mr. Bolter in a fit of chuckling which shook him as though he had the palsy; "see what a pride they take in their profession, my dear. Isn't it beautiful?"

Mr. Bolter nodded assent; and the Jew, after contemplating the grief of Charley Bates for some seconds with evident satisfaction, stepped up to that young gentleman, and patted him on the shoulder.

"Never mind, Charley," said Fagin soothingly; "it'll come out, it'll be sure to come out. They'll all know what a clever fellow he was; he'll show it himself, and disgrace his old pals and teachers. Think how young he is too! What a distinction, Charley, to be lagged at his time of life!"

"Well, it is a honour,—that is!" said Charley, a little consoled.

"He shall have all he wants," continued the Jew. "He shall be kept in the Stone Jug, Charley, like a gentleman—like a gentleman, with his beer every day, and money in his pocket to pitch and toss with, if he can't spend it."

"No, shall he though?" cried Charley Bates.

"Ay, that he shall," replied the Jew, "and we'll have a big-wig, Charley,—one that's got the greatest gift of the gab,—to carry on his defence, and he shall make a speech for himself too, if he likes, and we'll read it all in the papers—'Artful Dodger—shrieks of laughter—here the court was convulsed'—eh, Charley, eh?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Master Bates, "what a lark that would be, wouldn't it, Fagin? I say, how the Artful would brother 'em, wouldn't he?"

"Would!" cried the Jew. "He shall—he will!"

"Ah, to be sure, so he will," repeated Charley, rubbing his hands.

"I think I see him now," cried the Jew, bending his eyes upon the pupil.

"So do I," cried Charley Bates—"ha! ha! ha!—so do I. I see it all afore me—upon my soul I do, Fagin. What a game! what a regular game! All the big-wigs trying to look solemn, and Jack Dawkins addressing of 'em as intimate and comfortable as if he was the judge's own son, making a speech arter dinner—ha! ha! ha!"

In fact, the Jew had so well humoured his young friend's eccentric disposition, that Master Bates, who had at first been disposed to consider the imprisoned Dodger rather in the light of a victim, now looked upon him as the chief actor in a scene of most uncommon and exquisite humour, and felt quite impatient for the arrival of the time when his old companion should have so favourable an opportunity of displaying his abilities.

"We must know how he gets on to-day by some handy means or other," said Fagin. "Let me think."

"Shall I go?" asked Charley.

"Not for the world," replied the Jew.

"That wouldn't quite fit," replied Fagin, shaking his head.

"Then why don't you send this new cove?" asked Master Bates, laying his hand on Noah's arm; "nobody knows him."

"Why, if he didn't mind," observed the Jew

"Mind!" interposed Charley. "What should he have to mind?"

"Really nothing, my dear," said Fagin, turning to Mr. Bolter, "really nothing."

"Oh, I dare say about that, yer know," observed Noah, backing towards the door, and shaking his head with a kind of sober alarm. "No, no—none of that. It's not in my department, that isn't."

"Wot department has he got Fagin?" inquired Master Bates, surveying Noah's lanky form with much disgust. "The cutting away when there's anything wrong, and the eating all the wittles when there's everything right; is that his branch?"

"Never mind," retorted Mr. Bolter; "and don't yer take liberties with yer superiors, little boy, or yer'll find yerself in the wrong shop."

Master Bates laughed so vehemently at this magnificent threat, that it was some time before Fagin could interpose and represent to Mr. Bolter that he incurred no possible danger in visiting the police-office; that, inasmuch as no account of the little affair in which he had been engaged, nor any description of his person, had yet been forwarded to the metropolis, it was very probable that was not even suspected of having resorted to it for shelter; and that, if he were properly disguised, it would be as safe a spot for him to visit as any in London, inasmuch as it would be of all places the very last to which he could be supposed likely to resort of his own free will.

Persuaded, in part, by these representations, but overborne in a much greater degree by his fear of the Jew, Mr. Bolter at length consented, with a very bad grace, to undertake the expedition. By Fagin's directions he immediately substituted for his own attire a waggoner's frock, velvet breeches, and leather leggings, all of which articles the Jew had at hand. He was likewise furnished with a felt hat, well garnished with turnpike tickets, and a carter's whip.

These arrangements completed, he was informed of the necessary signs and tokens by which to recognise the artful Dodger, and conveyed by Master Bates through dark and winding ways to within a very short distance of Bow-street. Having described the precise situation of the office, and accompanied it with copious directions how he was to walk straight up the passage, and, when he got into the yard, take the door up the steps on the right-hand side, and pull off his hat as he went into the room, Charley Bates bade him hurry on alone, and promised to bide his return on the spot of their parting.

Noah Claypole, or Morris Bolter, as the reader pleases, punctually followed the directions he had received, which—Master Bates being pretty well acquainted with the locality—were so exact that he was enabled to gain the magisterial presence without asking any question, or meeting with any interruption by the way. He found himself jostled among a crowd of people, chiefly women, who are huddled together in a dirty, frowsy room, at the upper end of which was a raised platform railed off from the rest, with a dock for the prisoners on the left hand against the wall, a box for the witnesses in the middle, and a desk for the magistrates on the right; the awful locality last-named being screened off by a partition which concealed the bench from the common gaze, and left the vulgar to imagine (if they could) the full majesty of justice.

Noah looked eagerly about him for the Dodger, but although there were several women who would have done very well for that distinguished character's mother or sister, and more than one man who might be supposed to bear a strong resemblance to his father, nobody at all answering the description given him of Mr. Dawkins was to be seen. He waited in a state of much suspense and uncertainty until the women, being committed for trial, went flaunting out, and then was quickly relieved by the appearance of another prisoner, whom he felt at once could be no other than the object of his visit.

It was indeed Mr. Dawkins, who, shuffling into the office with the big coat sleeves tucked up as usual, his left hand in his pocket and his hat in his right, preceded the jailer with a rolling gait altogether indescribable, and taking his place in the dock requested in an audible voice to know what he was placed in that disgraceful situation for.

"Hold your tongue, will you?" said the jailer.

"I'm an Englishman, an't I?" rejoined the Dodger. "Where are my privileges?"

"You'll get your privileges soon enough," retorted the jailer, "and pepper with 'em."

"We'll see wot the Secretary of State for the Home Affairs has got to say to the beaks, if I don't," replied Mr. Dawkins. "Now then, wot is this here business?—I shall thank the magistrates to dispose of this here little affair, and not to keep me while they read the paper, for I've got an appointment with a gentleman in the city, and as I'm a man of my word, and very punctual in business matters, he'll go away if I ain't there to my time, and then p'raps there won't be an action for damage against them as kept me away. Oh no, certainly not!"

At this point, the Dodger, with a show of being very particular with a view to proceedings to be had thereafter, desired the jailer to communicate "the names of them two old files as was on the bench," which so tickled the spectators that they laughed almost as heartily as Master Bates could have done if he had heard the request.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18, 1839.

LEISURE HOURS; A collection of Original Poems, etc. By John K. Laskey. Printed for the Author, by Durant & Co. St. John, N. B. It has been a high gratification to us to perceive the favourable terms in which our contemporaries have commended the above unassuming little volume. As a provincial work and invested with so many of the graces of poetry, it merits a more extended notice at our hands than our limited space will permit. Two or three features of the work, however, we feel bound to notice, and with the hope that our recommendation of these qualities, will tend to assist its circulation. Many of the subjects introduced are scriptural—thus we have Abraham offering his son Isaac, the birth of the Saviour, the sleep of death, the land beyond the tomb; and in most of the descriptive poems, we have sentiments brought forward which are well calculated to produce a salutary impression on the mind of the reader. Here is an instance to the point—after eulogizing Byron for his commanding talents, our poet sums up all in the following words,—

“Though one should sweep the Muses’ Lyre,  
With all Apollo’s charm and fire,  
Without a heart that angels love  
To worship Him enthroned above  
The loftiest flight of seraph’s wing,  
Mean is the harp he tunes to sing!”

Many such instances might be pointed out, but we now proceed to remark that in the ‘Leisure Hours,’ we have the mark of condemnation stamped upon some most vicious practices. How popular has it been for poets to employ their talents in favour of the votaries of Bacchus! What are many of the Songs of Burns and Moore, and a hundred others, but invitations to foolish men to cast down the throne of reason within themselves, and to become more stupid than irrational creatures? Not so with our author—in a paraphrase from the Greek, he says

“Then shame to the bard, who would mingle his strains  
With the mirth-stirring bowl, where Bacchus now reigns!  
With its red sparkling wine, and its banqueting loud,  
To join in the songs of the Bacchic crowd!  
Forsake the vain wassail, the feasting of glee,  
The board spread with dainties, where the full Bowl is free,  
For too sacred the Lyre, and too sweet is its song,  
Which the children of Psyche profanely prolong!!”

We do not find in one of Mr. Laskey’s poems any thing in the character of the martial spirit, and this fact with us, is no small praise. No person from reading the ‘Leisure Hours’ will long to figure in connection with the foul and bloody deeds of war. And indeed a number of the smaller pieces are fitted to teach the value and sacredness of man, the pleasures of domestic life, the importance of the cultivation of the social affections, etc. and in this manner tend to strip battle fields of their false glory and ambition. Our author finds no music in the dying groans of besotted men who have rushed into the arms of death at the command of earthly rulers, nor does he once lift up the ‘Battle Cry’ to urge senseless mortals to pursue a course which is productive of the greatest curses which can possibly inflict mankind. Poets have often done incalculable injury by clothing the pomp and the heroic achievements of war in the enchantments of verse, and thereby encouraging a military spirit; happy will it be, when their lyre, so full of delight and so potent in its influence, shall be attuned to the celebration of the arts of benevolence and peace; and happier will it be than it now is, when they paint the sufferings and blighting influences, rather than the factitious charms and glories of international strife. Military glory, however, at present is held forth, in our most valued literature, as the noblest object of ambition. To kindle desire, and excite respect for the warrior’s excellence, have been employed all the powers of the mind,—has been prostituted the genius of the world. Who can estimate the influence of one single poem, the Iliad, that immortal, transcendent epic? Alas! how many Alexanders has it called into being! In how many bosoms, for nearly three thousand years, has it enkindled the fires of wrong ambition! What mighty effect has it had in turning the esteem of mankind from the humble, the beneficent, and the good, to the turbulent, the rash, and the un pitying! And of nearly all the Greek and Roman classics, the influence is similar. They generally create sympathy for deeds of military prowess. They are directly opposed to the mild, benignant spirit of Christianity. So it is with the popular literature of all countries. That which has come into existence even in the present century, often excites the love of warlike distinction. The imperishable works of Hume and Zenoophon do not set forth the glory of the warrior in a more exciting manner, and are not more calculated to produce a martial ardor in the mind, than Scott’s Marmion, or Southey’s Nelson. Every thing which pertains to heroic action is still, as in ancient times, received with popular enthusiasm. Who is not familiar with Ivanhoe? What nation does not prize its heroic poems, its martial airs and ballads? To this day the Spanish peasant loves to repeat the exploits of the Cid. Even the Venetian gondoliers sing with the same enthusiasm the ‘Jerusalem Delivered,’ as the countrymen of Burns do his ‘Scots, wha ha’ wi’ Wallace bled.” In every country poetry chants the glory of the warrior. He is

exalted to the pinnacle of renown. His glories screen from the public eye the noblest and the best. He is styled the ‘patron of mankind.’ He lives the fond object of popular idolatry; and when he dies, we are told that “his intrepid spirit rises triumphantly from the field of glory to its kindred heavens!” Then his image is handed down to posterity in the animated marble, and his virtues in the poet’s immortal lay. The volume before us, we are glad to say, does not furnish one such lay. ‘It is issued,’ we are informed ‘as a precursor of something less concise.’ We hope the author will receive such encouragement in the extensive sale of his first attempt as will induce him to put forth the larger work.

GREAT BRITAIN.—London dates to the 14th of December have been received at New York, by the Steamer Royal William. We give such news as we conceive will be most interesting to our readers.—Sir John Colborne has been appointed Governor General of the Canadas, with the same powers which had been exercised by Lord Durham.—Mention is made of the unpopularity of the British naval service—we wish that it and all other services of blood might become a thousand times more unpopular, until not a man could be found upon the earth who at the command of an earthly government would lift up his hand to kill his brother.—The state of England is represented as having become most alarming. ‘The recommendations,’ it is said, ‘of the men of violence are producing their natural effects. At Ashton-under-line a factory, in which nearly four hundred people were employed, has been totally destroyed by fire, and the circumstances leave no room for doubting that the conflagration is the work of incendiaries. Torch light meetings have been held in many places by the populace, with banners, music, and tumultuous proceedings—and the Queen had issued a proclamation against them.’ When will men learn that more is gained by suffering in the cause of right, than by any deeds of violence, and that it is better to suffer than to sin. NEVER, we fear, while nations set them the example of vengeance, and teach by their warring and vengeful conduct that it is right to resist evil rather than suffer wrong.—Lord Durham has been presented with an address from the Westminster Reform Association. The address makes no allusion to the affairs of Canada but merely invites Lord Durham to take the lead in measures of reform.—A compensation has been made upon the government of Texas for a claim of £1500, but the Texan government although admitting the justice of the claim has not sufficient funds to make the payment.—Of the two millions of protested bills against the United States, sent out for collection by the Bank of England, all has been paid except £400.—The Countess of Durham has resigned her place of lady in waiting to the Queen, and the resignation has been accepted. All parties are agreed that the resignation was tendered on account of the marks of disfavor shown to Lord Durham.—An item for the ladies! ‘The ladies of Paris are introducing the old fashion of the times of Louis the XVI, in the hoop petticoats, which are creating quite a sensation.’ Nova Scotia should take the advantage of the trade of hoops which must result from this beautiful fashion.—An expedition of British troops was preparing to leave Bengal, to go against Cabul and Herat. British rule in the East Indies has been connected with such monstrous injustice, (and which we shall take occasion at some future time to develop,) that any movement of troops etc. makes us fear that it is only for the purpose of extending the reign of misrule and wrong.

CANADA.—A shameful outrage has been committed on the Rouville frontier. A party of ten or twelve armed men, headed by a rebel named Gorgan, have set fire to several houses and barns. Seven buildings were totally destroyed. Gorgan’s neighbours followed his wicked example, and set fire to his house, outbuildings etc. Sir John Colborne, it is said, has demanded the invaders from the Governor of Vermont, on the charge of arson, but we have nothing official on the subject.—The sum of two thousand dollars has been subscribed, by the inhabitants of Detroit, as a premium to any person or persons, who will take Col. Prince alive and bring him over to that city, or fifteen hundred for his dead body. Col. Prince is the person who shot down four prisoners like so many hogs, without trial or any thing of the kind, and for which un-british conduct, he has received the plaudits of most of the Canadian papers. This summary punishment, or rather lynching has enraged the Americans on the frontier, and hence their diabolical offer to any men of blood.—Some of the papers state that the sum subscribed for the invasion of Canada amounts to \$70,000, but we can give no credence to so high an estimate.—The Sandwich Herald notices in a very affecting manner the burial of Dr. Hume who was shot and mutilated at Sandwich. The mutilation of his corpse is placed beyond doubt, and it furnishes a sad proof of the savage lengths to which men are led when they appeal to steel and gunpowder.—The Brentford Sentinel says that a detachment of artillery men of the 73rd. who have been engaged in the suppression of the rebellion in Lower Canada, “give painful accounts of the atrocious conduct of the Glengarrys in plundering and firing the houses of all whom they imagined were either engaged in or were favorable to the rebellion. In some instances whole families were driven out of their homes to see them plundered and burnt.” One of the Cavalry stationed on the Chateauguay river was severely beaten and disarmed by six Canadians who were

“Silence there!” cried the jailer.  
“What is this?” inquired one of the magistrates.  
“A pick-pocketing case, your worship.”  
“Has that boy ever been here before?”  
“He ought to have been a many times,” replied the jailer.  
“He has been pretty well everywhere else. I know him well, your worship.”

“Oh! you know me, do you?” cried the Artful, making a note of the statement. “Very good. That’s a case of deformation of character, any way.”

Here there was another laugh, and another cry of silence.  
“Now then, where are the witnesses?” said the clerk.  
“Ah! that’s right,” added the Dodger. “Where are they?—I should like to see ‘em.”

This wish was immediately gratified, for a policeman stepped forward who had seen the prisoner attempt the pocket of an unknown gentleman in a crowd, and indeed take a handkerchief therefrom, which being a very old one, he deliberately put back again after trying it on his own countenance. For this reason he took the Dodger into custody as soon as he could get near him, and the said Dodger being searched had upon his person a silver snuff-box, with the owner’s name engraved upon the lid. This gentleman had been discovered on reference to the Court Guide, and being then and there present, swore that the snuff-box was his, and that he had missed it on the previous day, the moment he had disengaged himself from the crowd before referred to. He had also remarked a young gentleman in the throng particularly making his way about, and that young gentleman was the prisoner before him.

“Have you anything to ask this witness, boy?” said the magistrate.

“I wouldn’t abase myself by descending to hold any conversation with him,” replied the Dodger.

“Have you anything to say at all?”

“Do you hear his worship ask if you’ve anything to say?” inquired the jailer, nudging the silent Dodger with his elbow.

“I beg your pardon,” said the Dodger, looking up with an air of abstraction. “Did you address yourself to me, my man?”

“I never see such an out-and-out young wagsabond, your worship,” observed the officer with a grin. “Do you mean to say anything, you young shaver?”

“No,” replied the Dodger, “not here, for this ain’t the shop for justice; besides which, my attorney is a-breakfasting this morning with the Vice President of the House of Commons, but I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a werry numerous and respectable circle of acquaintance as’ll make them beaks wish they’d never been born, or that they’d got their footman to hang ‘em up to their own hat-pegs afore they let ‘em come out this morning to try it on upon me. I’ll see ‘em.”

“There, he’s fully committed?” interposed the clerk. “Take him away.”

“Come on,” said the jailer.

“Oh, ah! I’ll come on,” replied the Dodger, brushing his hat with the palm of his hand. “Ah! (to the Bench) it’s no use your looking frightened; I won’t show you no mercy, not a hair’s breadth of it. You’ll pay for this, my fine fellers; I wouldn’t be you for something. I wouldn’t go free now, if you wos to fall down on your knees and ask me. Here, carry me off to prison. Take me away.”

With these last words the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar, threatening till he got into the yard to make a parliamentary business of it, and then grinning in the officer’s face with great glee and self-approval.

Having seen him locked by himself in a little cell, Noah made the best of his way back to where he had left Master Bates. After waiting here some time, he was joined by that young gentleman, who had prudently abstained from showing himself until he had looked carefully abroad from a snug retreat, and ascertained that his new friend had not been followed by any impertinent person.

The two hastened back together, to bear to Mr. Fagin the animating news that the Dodger was doing full justice to his bringing-up, and establishing for himself a glorious reputation.

[The above chapter we have introduced to the notice of our readers as a specimen of the process of hardening which must be continually going on amongst thieves and pickpockets. The Jew tries to make the case of the Dodger one of great triumph, but though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished. What a perversity of our nature to make that which should prove a warning to felons, a cause of congratulation and an inducement to proceed in a career of vice.—Ed. Pearl.]

The sensitive mind discovers poetry everywhere. As it is touched with whatever is affecting in the chances of life, so does it taste whatever is picturesque in the objects of nature. All that is majestic and lovely here, is to it a source of delight, and helps it to form a more just conception of Him who is the author of so much beauty. It is thus that in the images of earth may be recognized the tokens of eternity,—in the canopy of heaven, and the expanse of the ocean,—in the setting glories of the sun, and the melting colours of the rainbow,—visions and emblems of a brighter world.—Mrs. John Sanford.

afterwards made prisoners.—Two of the 85th Regt. while attempting to make their escape in a boat from Chippewa were fired on by the coloured guard, and killed.—Six more prisoners at Kingston, were to be killed by the Sheriff according to human laws made in the dark ages.—The Brigands and Rebels, it is reported, had crossed the Lines from Alburgh and were burning all before them. The mail courier states that he saw ten or twelve fires when he was at Phillipsburg. Late papers do not confirm this account.

According to the Missisquoi Standard, the burning of the houses and barns at Ronville, was marked with the most savage barbarity. The inmates of some of the dwellings were not allowed the time necessary to clothe themselves, but were driven into the wilds without shoes on their feet and scarce a garment on their bodies.—And such diabolical conduct is called retaliation!

FROM THE BRITISH COLONIST POSTSCRIPT.—Intelligence has been received in town this morning, of another attempt on the part of the pirates, to effect a landing in Canada. On Monday evening last, while Col. Kerby was walking along shore, from Fort Erie Baracks towards Point Abino, he observed some persons approaching him on the ice. He immediately returned to the barracks, and having got his men under arms, marched against the invaders, who turned about and retreated.

About fourteen sleighs came out from their hiding place in the woods, when they saw the others retreating, and followed them very quickly. Col. Kerby ordered his men to fire upon them, but with what effect we have not heard. It is supposed that the intention of the party was to approach the garrison during the night, and fire it—Dec. 27.

UNITED STATES.—The Governor of Maine in his Message to the Legislature on the boundary question speaks most favourably for American interests as to the late exploring expedition of the Commissioners and surveyor. 'There is no difficulty' he says, 'in tracing a line westwardly along distinct and well defined highlands, dividing waters according to the words of the treaty.'—A large mob at Oswego prevented a file of soldiers from taking two brass field pieces. After the mob had repeatedly fired the cannon, they burnt the Collector and the U. S. Marshall in effigy! What an enlightened age we live in! What with effigies in Canada, and effigies in England, and effigies in the United States, we begin to think the present period is the sensible era of effigies.—The troubles at Harrisburgh have ended, and the mob has triumphed. Six of the Whig senators, following the example of the three traitors in the lower house, have either sold themselves to the administration, or been bullied into their ranks. So says an *anti-administration* American paper.—The steam ship Royal William was to sail from New York on the 16th inst.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The announcement of Dr. Sawers, as lecturer on Physiology, raised within us expectations of a high order. We remembered his former most instructive lectures before the Institute, and we felt assured that, in the present instance, we should enjoy a rich intellectual feast. Nor were we in the least disappointed—every part of the lecture on last Wednesday evening bore traces of deep thought and patient investigation. Perhaps, indeed, the general tenor of the lecturer's remarks was too recondite for a promiscuous assembly; but in these days of superficial knowledge a fault of that kind may admit of toleration. A combination of talent must meet in the individual who would aspire to be a distinguished lecturer,—such a combination as rarely falls to the lot of one individual. Many of those qualifications we think, are found in Dr. Sawers. To a mind capable of grasping his subject, is joined in that gentleman, an easy, expressive mode of communicating solid instruction to an audience. There is a friendliness in his tone of speech, and an evident desire to benefit you, which insensibly wins upon you as he proceeds, and which in a little time effectually fastens your attention. He has no airs, no *hauteur*, no pomposity, but his whole demeanor before you impresses you favorably towards him. There is a simplicity of manner about the Doctor which we cannot well describe, but which to us is always peculiarly fascinating in a public speaker. He has the tact in a remarkable degree of simplifying what is abstruse; he will introduce a difficult position, he will dwell upon it—and in the course of his observations you will have a change of words, or a variation of the *form* of the idea, so that before he passes on to another topic he will have presented the position in a number of different lights. Such a talent is indispensable for a good lecturer. To lay down one abstract proposition after another, without dwelling upon each with a sufficient variety of illustration, etc. may dazzle the ignorant, but will never instruct the student. As the late lecture consisted mostly of general observations on matter, space, time, heat, electricity, etc. as introductory to his science, an opportunity was not furnished to bring fully into play this peculiarity of Dr. Sawers' plan of lecturing, and indeed the only plan which can effect any lasting good from the mere delivery of lectures. As the Doctor proceeds in the present course of his lectures, and enters into the interesting details of the several parts of his subjects, we have no doubt that we shall receive as

much gratification in this way as we did in listening to his former course. On next Wednesday evening Dr. Sawers will continue his lecture on Physiology.

#### OPENING OF THE SESSION.

Mr. President and Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council,

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

The loyalty for which Nova Scotia has always been conspicuous, was never more cordially expressed than in your joint Address congratulating Her Majesty on her accession to the Throne; nor more pleasingly exhibited than in the rejoicings which took place in all parts of the Province on the occasion of her Coronation.

Such being the general feeling towards our beloved Sovereign, I could not open the present Session in a more acceptable manner than by acquainting you that Her Majesty received with gratitude and satisfaction the assurances of your devoted attachment to Her person and government, and that in promoting the interests of her faithful subjects in this Colony, the Queen will discharge one of the most grateful duties of the station to which it has pleased Divine Providence to call her.

I am happy to be able to congratulate you on the continued prosperity of the Province. At the present moment we have ample cause to be thankful to the Almighty for an abundant Harvest—a successful Fishery—an improving commerce and revenue—and for uninterrupted tranquillity. In full enjoyment of this last and great blessing, we cannot but deeply lament that our loyal brethren in the Canadas are not equally favoured, and I am assured that, while admiring the noble stand which they have successfully made against the late nefarious attempts to sever their connection with the Parent Kingdom, you will sincerely feel for the sufferings of the Families of those brave men who have fallen while defending the authority of their Sovereign, and their own dearest rights.

You cannot have failed to observe with high satisfaction that every act of Her Majesty's Government relating to these colonies, has clearly indicated her firm resolve to withstand all attempts to destroy or weaken her supremacy over them.

It affords me gratification to state, that it is contemplated to substitute Steam Packets for the sailing vessels now employed in the conveyance of the Mails between Great Britain and Halifax. To secure the attainment of all the advantages anticipated from this arrangement, the co-operation of the Legislatures of the several Colonies to be benefitted by it is essential, and I obey Her Majesty's commands in submitting the matter to your consideration, and inviting you to assist in improving the mail routes, and to afford such other facilities as may depend on you, with a view to increased expedition between this place, New Brunswick, and Quebec.

Her Majesty trusts that this measure, involving as it does considerable additional expenditure by the Mother Country, will prove beneficial to the Public, and give satisfaction to the Colonies.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

I have ordered the accounts for last year, and the estimates for the present year, to be laid before you, and I have the fullest reliance on your readiness to make due provision for the several branches of the Public Service.

Mr. President and Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.

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

Your Address complaining of the habitual violation by American citizens, of the treaty subsisting between Great Britain and the United States, on the subject of the Fisheries, has engaged the serious attention of Her Majesty's Government, and you will be happy to learn that it has been determined for the future to station an armed force on the coast of Nova Scotia, to enforce a more strict observance of the provisions of the treaty on the part of the Americans, and that Her Majesty's Minister at Washington has been instructed to invite the friendly co-operation of the Government of the United States for that purpose.

The most attentive consideration has also been given to your several other Addresses of last Session, and it will be my duty to lay before you the replies which Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to return to them.

As many of the members who come from a distance must be inconvenienced by being detained long in Halifax, I rely on your continued assiduity in the discharge of your respective duties, and you may be assured of my ready concurrence in all measures which may appear conducive to the real advantage and welfare of this happy Province.

#### HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

The Hon. SPEAKER having taken the chair, his Excellency's Speech was read by the Clerk of the House.

The SPEAKER suggested that a Committee should be appointed to prepare an Address in answer to the Speech.

Mr. Howe said, that perhaps some members might wish to

have the Speech delivered at the close of last Session read, so that both might be answered at the same time.

Mr. DOYLE said he would second such a proposition. Mr. HOWE—after a moment's delay—said that as the Speech alluded to would become matter of some discussion, he thought it might as well be before the House, but he had no intention of embarrassing proceedings. He would now move that a Committee be appointed to prepare the Address.

A Committee consisting of five gentlemen was appointed—Messrs. Huntingdon, Unack, Howe, Doud, and Young.

A Committee on Public Accounts was appointed, as follows:—Honorable Mr. Dewolf, Messrs. Goudge, Chipman, Taylor, and Annand.

A Committee on expiring laws was also appointed.

An adjournment was proposed, to give opportunity to the Committee on the Address to sit, when Mr. DOYLE rose and said, that he wished to know whether one of the gentlemen on that Committee, Mr. Huntingdon, continued a Member of the Executive Council, and if not, whether he had been removed or had resigned; if the latter, what were his reasons.

Mr. HUNTINGDON, in a low voice, was understood to say, that he had not expected to be called on publicly, in the House, to state particulars on that subject,—but since the question had been put, he would answer it;—he did not belong to the Executive Council,—he had resigned; one reason was, that he was dissatisfied with its present form,—he doubted that it was properly constituted; in accordance with the Royal instructions.

The 9th of February was fixed as the last day for the reception of private Petitions.

The House adjourned.—*Novascotian*.

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

The Mail for England, by H. M. Packet Star, will be closed to-morrow evening, at 5 o'clock.

#### MARRIED.

On Sunday morning last, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Joseph Wilson to Miss Mary Ann Bolton.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. Matthew Walker, to Miss Mary Anne Laurillard, of this town.

#### DIED.

At the 7½ Mile House, Windsor Road, on Saturday last, Ann, wife of John McGrigor in the 54th year of her age.

#### SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

##### ARRIVED.

Sunday, 13th—schr. Stranger, McDonald; Boston, 3 days, homp. to T. & L. Piers, and others.

Monday, 14th—Am. brig. Acadian, Jones, Boston, 3 days; general cargo to S. Cogard, and others; schr. Morning Star, Walker, New York, 6 days; etc. to J. Allison, and others; packet Stranger, Crawford; Lunenburg, 1 day; Edward & Samuel, Balcomb, Liverpool, N. S. 1 day; Waterlily, do.

Tuesday, 15th—Endeavour, Houghton, Liverpool, N. S. 1 day; brig Sarah, Williams, St. Lucia, 29 days, ballast—to J. Leishman; brig Condor, Lanigan, Kingston, 36 days—ballast, to J. & T. Williamson.

Wednesday, 17th—schr. Vernon, Cunningham, Shelburne, 4 days, ballast.

##### CLEARED.

Saturday, 12th—Dove, McNeil, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. by D. & E. Starr & Co. 14th, Mary, McFarlane, Souris, herrings, by D. McLennan; brig Hypolite, Morrison, B. W. Indies, fish, shingles, etc. by C. West, & Son. 15th, brigs Herald, Berwick, New Orleans, pickled fish, butter and grindstones, by Fairbanks & Allison; Rival, McNutt, Kingston, fish, lumber, etc. by W. Pryor & Sons. 27th—Spanish brig Conception, Medun, Malaga, codfish, Creighton & Grassie. 18th schr. Cinderella, McNeil, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. by D. & E. Starr & Co.

#### EDWARD LAWSON,

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

50 hds Porto Rico SUGAR,  
200 barrels TAR,  
30 Tierces Carolina RICE,  
50 bags Patna RICE,  
200 firkins BUTTER,  
10 puns Rum, 10 hds Gin,  
10 hds BRANDY,  
10 hds 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 F. 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 7½d. 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. FULOX, Author of Sacramental Exercises.

January 1.

## MEDICAL INSTRUCTOR.

## OF THE COMPARATIVE POWERS OF MINERAL, AND VEGETABLE MEDICINES.

There seems to be an universal disposition, among all descriptions of medical quacks, to abuse, decry, and most foully slander, all medicines obtained from the mineral, while they at the same time extol the properties of those belonging to the vegetable kingdom. To accomplish an unworthy, or unlawful, purpose with the community, it often, if not always, becomes necessary to inflame existing prejudices, and where they are wanting, to excite, and foster such as may best subserve the desired end. That there has been a general prejudice against a few of the mineral medicines—some remains of which are yet too frequently met with—past experience bears ample testimony. Calomel is the great bug-bear—the raw head and bloody bones—that has been used by designing knaves, and others who deserve compassion for their weakness, to frighten those who have been selected as fit subjects for imposition. With Calomel, all minerals have been dragged in, and receive the same sentence of condemnation, for no reason but belonging to the same family—for being found in bad company; or, perhaps, for another reason, deemed sufficient by the ignorant; viz. that they are medicines of great power; and, therefore, are capable of doing injury. That medicines of the mineral kingdom have done mischief by not having been judiciously administered, may be true; and that a prejudice should arise in consequence, is very natural. Such misfortunes have been turned, by quacks, to their own account; they have raised a hue and cry against all minerals, and in the hope of throwing ridicule upon the profession they term us, "Mineral Doctors." They cry *mal dog*, and set out upon the chase; and happy are they if they can succeed in deluding a few weak sisters to join with them in the pursuit, and chime in with their cry. The reason of this uncompromising hostility on the part of quacks, and some of their disciples, to mineral medicines, is, that they are efficacious when employed—and that when misused, they do injury. The same argument, if such a notion can be dignified with the appellation of argument, can be applied to any thing that we eat or drink; or to any power that we employ in the ordinary concerns of life. Fire destroys our dwellings—water drowns us—steam boilers explode, and destroy life—horses take fright and run away—excess in eating the simplest viands, produces disease and death; and, therefore, according to the logic of quackery, all these things are to be condemned. If medicines have been misapplied, it would be the dictate of true wisdom to learn a lesson from error, and profit from misfortune, rather than condemn the thing for a fault which justly belongs to the hand that administered, or the head that prescribed it.

And if medicines obtained from the mineral kingdom possess such tremendous potency, pray what are vegetable medicines? If minerals are poisonous are vegetables any the less so?

With the word vegetable, are associated many delicious articles of food; and when we are told of a vegetable pill, the idea, perhaps insensibly occurs, that it is something eatable. "Vegetables are nutritious, they are wholesome articles of food; every body eats them, we eat them every day—these are vegetable pills—no minerals here, no poison—they can't hurt you, because they are vegetable." This is the language and logic of empiricism; and with those who are not at the trouble of thinking for themselves—who close their eyes, and swallow whatever is thrust into their mouths—it is believed with the greatest sincerity. Let the pill be what it may—whether it be the most active, acrid, irritating poison, so it only be called "vegetable," no further questions are asked, and nothing more is desired. Before we proceed further on this subject, we will just state here, that nothing of the mineral kingdom possesses any thing of the activity, or power, that vegetables do—that while minerals require hours, or perhaps, days, to produce fatal effects, vegetables will cause the same result in a far less space of time, or even in a few moments.

We shall now mention a few of the most active of the mineral medicines, and some of those of the vegetable class, and the reader can judge for himself which possesses the greatest activity—in other words which are the most poisonous.

**Arsenic.** This is, occasionally, prescribed in various diseases, and is one of the most violent of the mineral poisons. In Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, the earliest time of which he speaks of death from taking arsenic is "five, six, or ten hours;" and this is probably the shortest period at which it can take place. It kills by exciting an intense inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the throat and the whole alimentary canal, which terminates in mortification. Death may ensue without this inflammation; but this is its general operation.

**Mercury.** The most active and poisonous of the preparations of this metal is *corrosive sublimate*; but many others may, if too freely administered, induce diseases that may in a short time, or after weeks or months of suffering, terminate in death. *Corrosive sublimate* destroys life, according to Dr. Christison, in "ordinary cases, in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours;" but it may produce death much sooner.

**Antimony.** Against this remedy there was once so strong a

prejudice that the faculty of Paris procured an edict of the French Parliament prohibiting the use of all its compounds; and they were not restored to favor till one of the kings was cured by its means. Its use was again permitted in 1666.

Tartar emetic may produce death, but not as speedily as corrosive sublimate, or arsenic; it acts by exciting irritation and inflammation. Other preparations of antimony produce the same effect as tartar emetic, though in a much less degree.

**Copper.** This mineral is but little used, in any of its forms, as an internal remedy. It may produce death within twenty-four hours. It acts as an irritant and causes inflammation.

**Zinc.** The sulphate of zinc, or white vitriol, is occasionally used as an internal remedy, and is capable of destroying life in the same manner as the one last named.

**Nitrate of Silver, Chloride of Gold, and Subnitrate of Bismuth,** are irritating poisons, and cause death. They are seldom used internally.

**Iron.** The Sulphate and Muriate, are irritating poisons, and may destroy animal life in twenty-six hours.

**Lead.** Only one preparation of this mineral, the acetate, or sugar of lead, is used in medical practice; and those who have used it most deny its ever producing, or being capable of producing unpleasant results.

To this catalogue may be added *Sulphuric, Nitric, and Murialic acids*; and these constitute the most active mineral remedies in the practice of the healing art. Let us look now at the VEGETABLE REMEDIES, which are said to be so very harmless, and which, at the same time, are capable of destroying life.

**Oxalic Acid.** This acid exists in the common sorrel. In its medicinal preparation it has destroyed life in ten minutes. It operates like the other irritating poisons; and, if not taken in sufficient quantities to produce death, it may leave a diseased state of the alimentary canal similar to that induced by the mineral poisons.

**Prussic Acid.** This is the most deadly poison known. One or two drops has killed a strong dog in a few seconds. Hufeland relates that a man, about to be taken up as a thief, took prussic acid, staggered a few steps and fell. The pulse could not be felt, and there was no trace of breathing. In a few minutes there was a single violent expiration.

Orfila states that a servant girl swallowed a small glass-full of alcohol saturated with prussic acid. In two minutes she fell dead.

A chemist in Paris applied a bottle of the acid to his nose. Alarming symptoms immediately commenced, which continued throughout the day.—(Beck.)

**Bryony.** "Pyl mentions a fatal case from taking two glasses of an infusion of the root to cure an ague."

**Elatarium.** (Wild cucumber.) This is so violent a cathartic that medical men seldom use it.

A case is related in the Boston Medical Magazine, and quoted by Dr. Beck, of a female in that city who took six pills of elatarium and rhubarb by the advice of a quack, making in all, 2½ grains of the extract of elatarium, and 16 of rhubarb. She died in thirty-six hours after taking the last pill.

**Colocynth.** (Bitter Apple.) This produces violent and incessant vomiting and purging, and death in twenty-four hours.

**Castor Oil.** The seeds from which this oil is extracted are capable of producing inflammation, ulceration, and death.

**Croton Oil.** A half a drop of this operates as a violent cathartic. Two or three drops rubbed over the skin of the abdomen will also cause purging.

**Jalap** in large doses is an acrid poison.

**Savin.** This excites inflammation and causes death.

**Poison Oak.** (Ivy.) When applied to the skin this excites a violent inflammation accompanied with an eruption of pustules. We have seen its effects remain in the system for years.

**Poison Sumach** is still more deleterious than the last named vegetable. It almost equals in virulence the Upas-Tree; for it causes inflammation of the face and eyes, terminating in blindness by only handling it, or being in a room where it is burning on the fire.

**Lobelia.** (Indian tobacco.) An acrid poison. Horses and cattle are killed by it; and it often destroys life in the hands of botanic quacks.

**Opium.** This drug and its various preparations belong to the class of narcotic poisons. They cause death in a few hours. Every one knows that the habit of taking opium acts upon the system like a slow poison, destroying the health, undermining the strength, annihilating the mental faculties, and rendering the individual a mere vegetative animal—incapable of thinking, and scarcely of moving. It is incredible to what extent this drug may be taken by those who have been long accustomed to its use. A single grain is an ordinary dose when taken medicinally; and the effects of this remain for twenty-four hours or upwards. But, after a time, the quantity may be increased to drams, or to an ounce, and even to a large amount still—and this is persevered in for years, perhaps, before the system finally succumbs to its poisonous influence. It is related of the celebrated Coleridge, that, for a long time, he took daily a pint of laudanum; this is

equivalent to one ounce of solid opium, and a pint of ardent spirits. It is stated by Madden in his travels in the East that a regular opium eater, seldom lives to be more than thirty years of age.

**Hycosciaums.** (Henbane.) A narcotic poison; and like opium kills in a few hours.

**Solanum.** (Nightshade.) A narcotic poison.

**Strong Scented Lettuce.** The same as the last named.

**Cherry Laurel, Peach Blossoms and Leaves,** and bitter almonds are poisons. Their deleterious property being the prussic acid which they contain.

**Wild Cherry, and Black Cherry,** both contain the prussic acid and occasionally kill animals.

**Wild Orange** is poisonous, and cattle that feed on its leaves are killed.

**Bitter Almonds.** The essential oil destroyed a cat in five minutes.

**Peach Kernels.** These are distilled for the purpose of impregnating the *noyau cordial*. Beck says the late Duke of Lorraine nearly lost his life by swallowing a small quantity of the liquor.

**Belladonna.** (Deadly nightshade.) Very properly named *deadly*. A detachment of one hundred and eighty French soldiers ate of the berries of this plant, many of whom died.

The following articles are ranked by Dr. Beck, in his Medical Jurisprudence, among the poisons; and he gives instances of fatal results from the use of each one.

**Datura Stramonium.** (Thorn Apple.)

**Nicotiana Tabacum.** (Tobacco.)

**Conium Maculatum.** (Hemlock.)

**Cicuta Virosa.** (Water Hemlock.)

**Cicuta Maculata.** (Snake Weed.—American Hemlock.)

**Enanthe Crocata.** (Hemlock dropwort. Dead tongue.)

**Ethusa Cynapium.** (Common fool's parsley.)

**Chaerophyllum Sylvestre.** (Wild Chervil.)

**Sium Latifolium.** (Procumbent water-parsnip.)

**Aconitum Napellus,** (Monkshood, Wolfsbane, Aconite.)

**Helleborus Niger.** (Black hellebore.)

**Veratrum Album.** (White hellebore.—Indian poke.)

**Colchicum Autumnale.** (Meadow Saffron.)

**Digitalis Purpurea.** (Purple Foxglove.)

**Scilla Maritima.** (Squill.)

**Ipecacuanha.**

**Ruta Graveolens.** (Rue.)

**Anagallis Arvensis.** (Meadow pimpernel.)

**Aristolochia Clematitis.** (Common Birthwort.)

**Nerium Oleander.** (Common Oleander.—Rose Bay.)

**Asclepias Gigantea.** (Milkweed.)

**Mercurialis Perennis.** (Mountain Mercury.—Dog's Mercury.)

**Strychnos Nux-Vomica.** (Vomica Nut.—Quaker Buttons.) Sometimes called "hop up." It is used to poison dogs, and kills in a very short time.

**Strychnos Ignatii.** (Bean of St. Ignatius.) Its operation is similar to *nux-vomica*.

**Laurus Camphora.** (Camphor.)

**Cocculus Indicus.** (Indian Cockle.)

**Coriaria Myrtifolia.** (Myrtle leaved Sumach.)

(Mushrooms.)

**Secal Cornutum.** (Ergot.—Spurred Rye.)

(Spurred Maize.—Indian Corn.)

(Disensed Wheat.)

(Darnel.)

(Alcohol.)

The essential oils of tansy, winter-green, cedar, and others of this class.

There is also obtained from the common potato vine, by evaporating the expressed juice, a most powerful narcotic, which is used as a substitute for opium, and which, doubtless, is capable of producing death in no very large dose. There is a narcotic principle in the *hop* also, deleterious, and fatal to life.

A very active cathartic is obtained from the common butternut. The catalogue of poisons, and active remedial agents, belonging to the vegetable kingdom, might be increased to infinity; and the one here given, though somewhat extensive, is extremely limited.

It has not been our intention, by presenting this, to frighten the reader by showing him that *medicine* is but another name for *poison*. But we did intend to teach him that the cry in favour of "vegetable" medicine was the song of the syren; and we hope he has learned that "vegetables" are not the innocent, harmless things that some persons would fain make the people believe. They are as useful and as valuable as any medicinal agents; and to prescribe them requires great skill and more science than usually falls to the lot of an ignorant empiric.

## 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.