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COLONIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The history of European Colonization is one of the darkest chapters in the annals of human crime. It is written throughout with weeping, lamentation, and blood. It discloses a series of atrocities, perpetrated on a larger scale, and inflicting a greater sum of misery than any other event on record. Hitherto it has been but illegibly written; the truth has been told but in part; a dark mantle has been thrown over the misdeeds of European colonists, and the work of oppression, treachery, and murder, has in consequence proceeded unchecked. Few have troubled themselves to inquire after facts which could be gathered by laborious diligence only. The benevolent have been occupied by more palatable and better understood cases of grievance. Evils occurring beneath their eye and claiming their daily notice, have engaged their sympathy and exertion, while the wrongs of distant tribes, the worse than Machiavelian policy to which they have been subjected; the unblushing invasion of their rights; and the murderous rigor with which the outbreaks of their resentment have been checked, have been palliated and justified under a thousand pretexts. The progress of discovery has in consequence been marked by the misery and waste of human life. Every step which civilized man has taken in advance of his former position has augmented the sum of social misery, and brought new victims to the shrine of mammon. A dark line may be traced between the barbarous and the civilized;—a fit emblem of the sufferings of the one party and the crimes of the other.

Prior to experience it might have been anticipated that the presence of a civilized people on the confines of a barbarous tribe, would have been to the latter a harbinger of unmixed good;—that the contact of the one with the other would have been so much clear gain to the cause of human happiness and virtue;—that the denizens of the forest would have been raised in the scale of intelligent existence, and have gathered from their visitors the arts which embellish social life, and the principles and hopes which give dignity to man. The reverse of all this, however, has been the fact. The white man's presence has been the omen and pledge of coming woe. Dark shadows have been thrown upon the future, and history, has soon told, in brief and disjointed fragments, of numerous tribes that have wasted away, heart-broken, yet unpitied, beneath his sway. So uniform has been the result, that, as is not uncommon—a theory has been devised to account for and justify, the wide-spreading calamity. The ordination of Divine Providence,—a providence, ever just and kind—has been represented as meeting its fulfilment in the erection of an altar to Moloch, at which millions of human victims have bled. Man has impiously appealed to the purposes of his Maker in vindication of his own atrocities. He has pointed to the squalid forms, and sorrow-stricken countenances, and decreasing numbers of Aboriginal tribes, as a practical illustration of the design of that Being who is 'the Father of the spirits of all flesh.' Inhuman and revolting opinions have been uttered on this subject by men standing high amongst us;—opinions that bear a character it is painful to designate, and from which every humane and honorable mind must recoil with horror. It has not often been our lot to meet with a passage of more barefaced and cold-blooded barbarity than the following; which occurs in the account of Sir John Ross's Second Voyage to the Arctic Regions. The man who could pen the language is not likely to have been a benefactor of any uncultivated tribes he visited. 'Our brendy was as odious as our pudding to our Esquimaux visitors, and they have yet therefore to acquire the taste which has, in ruining the morals, hastened the extermination of their American neighbours to the Southward. If, however, these tribes must finally disappear, as seems their fate, it is at least better that they should die gradually by the force of rum, than that they should be exterminated in masses by the fire and sword of the Spanish conquest, since there is some pleasure, such as it is in the mean time, while there is also a voluntary but slow suicide in exchange for murder and robbery? Is it not the fate of the savage and the uncivilized on this earth to give way to the more cunning and the better informed, to knowledge and civilization? It is the order of the world, and the right one; nor will all the lamentations of a mawkish philanthropy, with its more absurd or censurable efforts, avail one jot against an order of things as wise as it is assuredly established.' The spirit which dictated this passage has been extensively prevalent amongst our countrymen, but few have had sufficient hardihood to avow it in an equally unblushing manner.

A new era, however, has recently commenced. It has had its origin in various causes, among the most prominent of which we place, the agitation of the slave question, and the fuller and more accurate information respecting the condition and wrongs of Aboriginal tribes, obtained from the agents of different Missionary bodies. Placed on the outskirts of civilized life the Christian missionary has been a witness of the misdeeds of his countrymen, and has faithfully reported them at home. This has been equally the case in the West Indies, in Africa, and the South Sea. Wherever commerce has pushed her speculations, the untired missionary has trod, and as an earnest of the spiritual blessings he painted to communicate, has raised a protesting voice against the perfidy and oppression practised on the natives. 'In every distant scene of our crimes,' Mr. Howitt truly remarks, 'the missionaries have stepped in between us and the just vengeance of heaven, between us and the political punishment of our own absurd and wicked policy, between us and the miserable natives.' For a long time their reports were disregarded. Interested witnesses appeared against them. Their motives were impugned, their actions were misrepresented. They were spoken of as the enemies of their countrymen, and the disturbers of colonial peace. The audacity with which their statements were denied, shook for a time the confidence even of their friends, while the danger which was threatened to the permanence of their labors, induced many temporizing supporters to express a wish, that they would be more reserved in their communications, and confine themselves more strictly to their spiritual functions. Happily they spurned the unworthy counsel. Their remonstrances became more frequent and more loud. They were repeated through evil report, and through good report, until at length a nation's ear was gained, and even sluggish statesmen were compelled to bestir themselves. Of this improved state of things the volume before us is an earnest. We are somewhat at a loss to know how to treat it. Its multifarious and deeply interesting details, together with the healthful and high-toned spirit which pervades it, entitle it to a far more extended notice than our limited space admits of. In our despair of doing it justice we are half disposed to content ourselves with a brief and most hearty recommendation of it to our readers. But we shrink from this summary procedure as unjust to our own feelings and unsuitable to a Journal which is specially devoted to whatever promises to advance the well-being,—social, political, and religious,—of every section of the human family. We shall therefore endeavour however inadequately, to make our readers acquainted with the work in question. Mr. Howitt's volume is designed to lay open, in a popular and attractive form, the evils with which European colonization has been fraught to the Aboriginal tribes in whose neighbourhood we have settled. He limits himself expressly to this object, and in doing so has acted wisely. The system reprobated 'has been in full operation for more than 300 years, and continues yet in unabating activity of evil.' An exposure of colonial enormities,—a laying open to public inspection, of the dark deeds of our countrymen in various quarters of the globe, is therefore the first thing at which British philanthropists should aim, and this has been nobly accomplished by our Author. Let the extent of the evil be once apprehended, and as Mr. Howitt remarks, 'in this great country there will not want either heads to plan or hands to accomplish all that is due to the rights of others, or the honor and interest of England.'

The wide range contemplated by Mr. Howitt embraces the colonial enterprises of all the European states. His volume, therefore, opens with a historical notice of the discovery of the New World, and its earlier chapters supply a rapid, condensed, and deeply afflicting narrative of the proceedings of the Spaniards and Portuguese in their intercourse with the native tribes to whom they were introduced by the discoveries of Columbus and his successors. The general character of this intercourse is well known. The brute passions of the adventurers, released from the restraints of civilized life, and goaded to madness by a base appetite for gold, were let loose upon the unoffending natives with murderous effect. 'A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness,' broke violently on the Indians, when European visitors landed on their shore. Like the locusts of the East, their progress was marked by desolation. Before them the land was as the garden of Eden, but behind them a desolate wilderness. But we must not dwell on these facts, having other matters before us, in which, as Englishmen, we are more nearly interested, and to which we wish to direct the special attention of our readers. There is one point, however, in the history of Spanish colonization on which we must detain attention for a moment. We refer to the operations of the Jesuits in Paraguay, which stand out in singular and most honorable contrast, to the

general character of their order, and to the sordid and brutal policy universally adopted by their countrymen towards the natives of the New World. It is the one chapter in the history of this politico-ecclesiastical fraternity which serves to redeem it from unmitigated reprobation, and to shed around it a halo not wholly obscured by its intrigues and crimes in other quarters of the globe. Mr. Howitt acknowledges that in a former work,—The History of Priestcraft we presume,—he had classed the operations of the Jesuits in Paraguay with the worst deeds of an unholy ambition; but that more extended inquiry had convinced him that their conduct was one of the most illustrious examples of Christian devotion—Christian patience—Christian benevolence, and disinterested virtue on record.

'I do not mean to say,' he adds, 'that they exhibited Christianity in all the splendour of its unadulterated truth;—no, they had enough of the empty forms and legends, and false pretences, and false miracles of Rome, about them; but they exhibited one great feature of its spirit—love to the poor and the oppressed, and it was at once acknowledged by them to be divine. I do not mean to say that they adopted the soundest system of policy in their treatment of the Indians; for their besetting sin, the love of power and the pride of intellectual dominance, were but too apparent in it; and this prevented their labors from acquiring that permanence which they otherwise would; but they did this, which was a glorious thing in that age, and in those countries—they showed what Christianity, even in an imperfect form, can accomplish in the civilization of the wildest people. They showed to the outraged Indians, that Christianity was really a blessing, where really embraced; and to the Spaniards, that their favorite dogmas of the incapacity of the Indians for the reception of divine truth, and for the patient endurance of labor and civil restraint, were as baseless as their own profession of the Christian faith. They stood up against universal power and rapacity, in defence of the weak, the innocent and the calumniated; and they had the usual fate of such men—they were the martyrs of their virtue, and deserve the thanks and honorable remembrance of all ages.—pp. 121, 122.

The Jesuits were invited to Paraguay by the Spaniards, in 1586, from that craving after something that bears the semblance and promises the fruits of religion, which is instinctive in the human mind. They were received with unbounded exultation. Triumphant arches were erected, their path was strewn with flowers, and solemn thanksgivings for their arrival were addressed to heaven. Their popularity, however, was short-lived, but its decline is their imperishable honor. It redounds to their glory, and adds a yet deeper tinge to the infamy of their persecutors. The following is our Author's account of their proceedings:

The Jesuits found, wherever the Spaniards had penetrated, the Indians groaning under their oppressions and licentiousness, ready to burst out, and take summary vengeance at the first opportunity; and they were on all sides surrounded by tribes of others in a state of hostile irritation, regarding the Spaniards as the most perfidious as well as powerful enemies, from whom nothing was to be hoped, and against whom every advantage was to be seized. Yet amongst these fierce tribes, the Jesuits boldly advanced, trusting to that principle which ought always to have been acted upon by those calling themselves Christians, that where no evil is intended, evil will seldom be received. It is wonderful how successful this system was in their hands. With his breviary in his hand, and a cross of six feet high, which served him for a staff, the Jesuit missionary set out to penetrate into some new region. He was accompanied by a few converted Indians who might act as guides and interpreters. They took with them a stock of maize as provision in the wilderness, where the bows of the Indians did not supply them with game; for they carefully avoided carrying fire-arms, lest they should excite alarm or suspicion. They thus encountered all the difficulties of a wild country; climbing mountains, and cutting their way through pathless woods with axes; and at night, if they reached no human habitation, they made fires to keep off the wild beasts, and reposed beneath the forest trees. When they arrived amongst the tribes they sought, they explained through their interpreters, that they came thus and they themselves into their power, to prove to them, that they were their friends; to teach them the arts, and to endow them with the advantages of the Europeans. In some cases they had to suffer for the villainies of their countrymen—the natives being too much exasperated by their wrongs to be able to conceive that some fresh experiment of evil towards them was not concealed under this peaceful show. But, in the far greater number of cases, their success was marvellous. They speedily inspired the Indians with confidence in their good intentions.

towards them for the natives of every country yet discovered, have been found as quick in recognising their friends as they have been in resenting the injuries of their enemies. The following anecdote given by Charlevoix, is peculiarly indicative of their manner of proceeding.—Father Monroy, with a lay-brother Jesuit, called Juan de Toledo, had at length reached the Omaguacas, whose cacique Piltipicon had once been baptized, but, owing to the treatment of the Spaniards, had renounced their religion, and pursued them with every possible evil; massacred their priests; burnt their churches; and ravaged their settlements. Father Monroy was told that certain and instant death would be the consequence of his appearing before Piltipicon; but armed with all that confidence which Jesus Christ has so much recommended to the preachers of his gospel, he entered the house of the terrible cacique, and thus addressed him: 'The good which I desire you, has made me despise the terrors of almost certain death; but you cannot expect much honor in taking away the life of a naked man. If, contrary to my expectation, you will consent to listen to me, all the advantage of our conversation will be yours; whereas, if I die in your hands, an immortal crown in heaven will be my reward.' Piltipicon was so amazed, or rather softened by the missionary's boldness, that he immediately offered him some of the beer brewed from maize, which the Omaguacas use; and not only granted his request to proceed further up his country, but furnished him with provisions for the journey. The end of it was, that Piltipicon made peace with the Spaniards, and ultimately embraced Christianity, with all his people.—pp. 127, 129.

Numerous settlements, termed Reductions, were formed by the Jesuits, in which the Indians were taught the arts of civilized life, and were associated for mutual improvement and defence.

'In process of time they had established thirty of these Reductions in La Plata and Paraguay, thirteen of them being in the diocese of the Assumption, besides those amongst the Chiquitos and other nations. In the centre of every mission was the Reduction, and in the centre of the Reduction was a square, which the church faced, and likewise the arsenal, in which all the arms and ammunition were laid up. In this square the Indians were exercised every week, for there were in every town two companies of militia, the officers of which had handsome uniforms laced with gold and silver, which, however, they only wore on those occasions, or when they took the field. At each corner of the square was a cross, and in the centre an image of the Virgin. They had a large house on the right-hand of the church for the Jesuits, and near it the public workshops. On the left-hand of the church was the public burial-ground and the widows' house. Every necessary trade was taught, and the boys were taken to the public workshops and instructed in such trades as they chose. To every family was given a house and a piece of ground sufficient to supply it with all necessaries. Oxen were supplied from the common stock for cultivating it, and while this family was capable of doing the necessary work, this land never was taken away. Besides this private property, there were two larger portions, called Tupamba, or God's Possession, to which all the community contributed the necessary labour, and raised provisions for the aged, sick, widows, and orphans, and income for the public service, and the payment of the national tribute. The boys were employed in weeding, keeping the roads in order, and various other offices. They went to work with the music of flutes and in procession. The girls were employed in gathering cotton, and driving birds from the fields. Every one had his or her proper avocation, and officers were appointed to superintend every different department, and to see that all was going on well in shops and in fields. They had, however, their days and hours of relaxation. They were taught singing, music, and dancing, under certain regulations. On holidays, the men played at various games, shot at marks, played with balls of elastic gum, or went out hunting and fishing. Every kind of art that was innocent or ornamental, was practised. They cast bells, and carved and gilded with great elegance. The women, beside their other domestic duties, made pottery, and spun and wove cotton for garments. The Jesuits exported large quantities of the Caa, or Paraguay tea, and introduced valuable improvements in the mode of its preparation.—pp. 130, 131.

These Reductions constituted so many cities of refuge, whither the oppressed Indians repaired in search of repose and civilization. They afforded a brief respite to the children of the forest, but the spoiler broke in upon them, and their budding civilization was checked, and their inmates were consigned to the tomb, or the yet more cheerless house of bondage. The success which attended the efforts of the Jesuits to civilize the Indians was a practical refutation of the theory prevalent among the Spaniards. It proved the right of the former to take rank in the human family, and to claim as their inalienable property the attributes of an intelligent existence. Hence the great mass of the settlers became enraged against them, and as has happened in other cases much nearer home, their calumnious reports were credited by the supreme government in Spain. Fraud, violence, and cruelty were arrayed against them, and when sanctioned by the authority of the home government were too powerful to be resisted. Their banishment

was ultimately ordered, and with their departure the hope of the Indians perished.

Chapter the fourteenth details the proceedings of the Dutch in India, and the scenes disclosed bear a revolting resemblance to those perpetrated in America. We shall not dwell on them, but pass on to the following chapters which take a review of the conduct of our own countrymen. Chapters 15—19 are devoted to India, and we wish our space permitted us to do justice to their details. We must, however, do our best, and refer to the volume itself to supply all deficiencies. Our countrymen little think what atrocities have been practised in their name. 'We talk,' says our Author, 'of the atrocities of the Spaniards, of the deeds of Cortez and Pizarro, as though they were things of an ancient date,—things gone by, things of the dark old days; and seem never for a moment to suspect that these dark old days were not a whit more shocking than our own, or that our countrymen, protestant Englishmen of 1838, can be compared for a moment to the Red-Cross knights of Mexican and Peruvian butcheries. If they cannot be compared, I blush to say that it is because our infamy and crimes are even more wholesale and inhuman than theirs.' This is strong language, and we should be glad to have it disproved, but we fear the attempt would prove hopeless.

On the continent of India, our crimes have assumed a gigantic magnitude, and have been acted out with a consistency and force characteristic of the father of all evil. We must not be misled by the phraseology which is current amongst us respecting our Eastern possessions. It is common with religious people to speak of them as conferred for some important and religious end,—as given to our nation by the Disposer of all events, in order to the conversion of their inhabitants to the Christian faith. In such language truth and error are mixed, and its tendency is to keep out of view the awful amount of guilt contracted by our Eastern policy. The Divine Being has permitted the supremacy of the British crown to be established on the plains of India, just as Satan was permitted to desolate paradise, or the Goths and Vandals to obliterate for a season the marks of civilization from Europe. He was no farther active in the one case than in the other; and we must not, therefore, lay the flattering unction to our souls. Our Indian possessions constitute the most splendid prize which crime has ever won, and the just retribution which has befallen Spain and Portugal, must be ours, unless the prayers of the righteous avail on our behalf. In other quarters of the globe, we have acted in an equally atrocious manner; but in India we found a theatre, the extent of which was proportioned to the magnitude of our crimes.

'The most masterly policy, regarded independent of its *morale*, and a valour more than Roman, have been exhibited by our governors-general and armies on the plains of Hindostan: but if there ever was one system more Machiavelian—more appropriate of the show of justice where the basest injustice was attempted—more cold, cruel, haughty and unrelenting than another—it is the system by which the government of the different states of India has been wrested from the hands of their respective princes and collected into the grasp of the British power. Incalculable gainers as we have been by this system, it is impossible to review it without feelings of the most poignant shame and the highest indignation. Whenever we talk to other nations of British faith and integrity, they may well point to India in derisive scorn. The system which, for more than a century, was steadily at work to strip the native princes of their dominions, and that too under the most sacred pleas of right and expediency, is a system of torture more exquisite than regal or spiritual tyranny ever before discovered; such as the world has nothing similar to show.'—pp. 209, 210.

'From the moment that the English felt that they had the power in India to 'divide and conquer,' they adopted the plan of doing it rather by plausible manœuvres than by a bold avowal of their designs, and a more honest plea of the right of conquest—the ancient doctrine of the strong, which they began to perceive was not quite so much in esteem as formerly. Had they said at once, Mahomedan princes are arbitrary, cruel, and perfidious—we will depose them, and assume the government ourselves—we pretend to no other authority for our act than our ability to do it, and no other excuse for our conduct than our determination to redress the evils of the people: that would have been a candid behaviour. It would have been so far in accordance with the ancient doctrine of nations that little would have been thought of it; and though as Christians we could not have applauded the 'doing evil that good might come of it,' yet had the promised benefit to more than eighty millions of people followed, that glorious penance would have gone far in the most scrupulous mind to have justified the crime of usurpation. But the mischief has been, that while the exactions and extortions on the people have been continued, and in many cases exaggerated, the means of usurpation have been those glozing and hypocritical arts, which are more dangerous from their subtlety than naked violence, and more detestable because wearing the face, and using the language, of friendship and justice. A fatal friendship, indeed, has that of the English been to all those princes that were allured by it. It has pulled them every one

from their thrones, or has left them there the contemptible puppets of a power that works its arbitrary will through them. But friendship or enmity, the result has been eventually the same to them. If they resisted alliance with the encroaching English, they were soon charged with evil intentions, fallen upon, and conquered; if they acquiesced in the proffered alliance, they soon became ensnared in those webs of diplomacy from which they never escaped, without the loss of all honour and hereditary dominion—of every thing, indeed, but the lot of prisoners where they had been kings. The first step in the English friendship with the native princes, has generally been to assist them against their neighbours with troops, or to locate troops with them to protect them from aggression. For these services such enormous recompence was stipulated for, that the unwary princes, entrapped by their fears of their native foes rather than of their pretended friends, soon found that they were utterly unable to discharge them. Dreadful exactions were made on their subjects, but in vain. Whole provinces, or the revenues of them, were soon obliged to be made over to their grasping friends; but they did not suffice for their demands. In order to pay them their debts or their interest, the princes were obliged to borrow large sums at an extravagant rate. These sums were eagerly advanced by the English in their private and individual capacities, and securities again taken on lands or revenues. At every step the unhappy princes became more and more embarrassed, and as the embarrassment increased, the claims of the Company became proportionably pressing. In the technical phraseology of money-lenders, 'the screw was then turned,' till there was no longer any enduring it. The unfortunate princes, felt themselves, instead of being relieved by their artful friends, actually introduced by them into

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges.

'To escape it, there became no alternative but to throw themselves entirely upon the mercy of their inexorable creditors, or to break out into armed resistance. In the one case they found themselves speedily stripped of every vestige of their power—their revenues and management of their territories given over to these creditors, which still never were enough to liquidate their monstrous and growing demands; so that the next proposition was that they should entirely cede their territories, and become pensioners on their usurpers. In the other case, they were at once declared perfidious and swindling,—no faith was to be kept with them,—they were assaulted by the irresistible arms of their oppressors, and inevitably destroyed or deposed.'—pp. 212—214.

We cannot enter into details; for those we must refer to the volumes before us, where they are plentifully supplied. One only shall be adduced as an example, and lest our readers should suppose that its atrocity is unparalleled, we simply remark that it is selected almost at random from a large number of similar cases.

'The atrocities just recited had put Benares into the entire power of the English, but it had only tended to increase the pecuniary difficulties. The soldiery had got the plunder—the expenses of the war were added to the expenses of other wars;—some other kingdom must be plundered, for booty must be had: so Mr. Hastings continued his journey, and paid a visit to the Nabob of Oude. It is not necessary to trace the complete progress of this Nabob's friendship with the English. It was exactly like that of the other princes just spoken of. A treaty was made with him; and then, from time to time, the usual exactions of money and the maintenance of troops for his own subjection were heaped upon him. As with the Nabob of Arcot, so with him, they were ready to sanction and assist him in his most criminal views on his neighbours, to which his need of money drove him. He proposed to Mr. Hastings, in 1773, to assist him in *exterminating the Rohillas*, a people bordering on his kingdom; 'a people,' says Mill, 'whose territory was, by far the best governed part of India: the people protected, their industry encouraged, and the country flourishing beyond all parallel.' It was by a careful neutrality, and by these acts, that the Rohillas sought to maintain their independence; and it was of such a people that Hastings, sitting at table with his tool, the Nabob of Oude, coolly heard him offer a bribe of forty lacs of rupees (£400,000) and the payment of the troops furnished, to assist him to destroy them utterly! There does not seem to have existed in the mind of Hastings one human feeling: a proposition which would have covered almost any other man with unspeakable horror, was received by him as a matter of ordinary business. 'Let us see,' said Hastings, 'we have a heavy bonded debt, at one time 125 lacs of rupees. By this a saving of near one-third of our military expenses would be effected during the period of such service;—the forty lacs would be an ample supply to our treasury; and the Vizir (the Nabob of Oude) would be freed from a troublesome neighbour.' These are the monster's own words; the bargain was struck, but it was agreed to be kept secret from the council and court of Directors. In one of Hastings' letters still extant, he tells the Nabob, 'should the Rohillas be guilty of a breach of the agreement (a demand of forty lacs suddenly made upon them—for in this vile affair everything had a

ruffian character--they first demanded their money, and then murdered them), *we will thoroughly exterminate them*, and settle your excellency in the country." The extermination was conducted to the letter, as agreed, as far as was in their power. The Rohillas defended themselves most gallantly; but were overpowered,—and their chief, and upwards of a hundred thousand people fled to the mountains. The whole country lay at the mercy of the allies, and the British officers themselves declared that perhaps never were the rights of conquest more savagely abused. Colonel Champion, one of them, says in a letter of June 1774, published in the Report alluded to below, 'the inhumanity and dishonour with which the late proprietors of this country and their families have been used, is known all over these parts. A relation of them would swell this letter to an enormous size. I could not help compassionating such unparalleled misery, and my requests to the Vizir to show lenity were frequent, but as fruitless as even those advices which I almost hourly gave him regarding the destruction of the villages; with respect to which he always promised fair, but did not observe one of his promises, nor cease to overspread the country with flames, till three days after the fate of Hafez Ramet was decided.' The Nabob had frankly and repeatedly assured Hastings that his intention was to *exterminate* the Rohillas, and every one who bore the name of Rohilla was either butchered, or found his safety in flight and in exile. Such were the diabolical deeds into which our government drove the native princes by their enormous exactions, or encouraged them in, only in the end to enslave them the more.---pp. 234--236.

Every Englishman is familiar with the names of Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, and the present Marquis Wellesley. These are the great heroes of our Indian wars, of whose military enterprises and political sagacity we are accustomed to hear so much. Our nefarious system attained its maturity under the administration of the last of these governors, and has been characterised in every stage of its progress by an utter disregard of human happiness and life. It has been a compound of ambition and of avarice,—of the lust of riches and the lust of power. The merchant and the soldier, the needy adventurer and the crafty statesman, have combined to enrich and dignify themselves at the cost of the suffering millions of India. But we must not dwell on this topic. The subsequent chapters of Mr. Howitt's volume (excepting the twentieth, the twenty-fourth, and the twenty-fifth, the first of which reviews the conduct of the French, and the other two, that of the United States) are devoted to a review of our procedure towards the Indians of America, the Hottentots and Caffres of South Africa, and the Aborigines of New Holland, and of the Islands of the Pacific. As we purpose shortly directing the attention of our readers specifically to the case of South Africa, we shall not dwell on these concluding chapters. We cannot, however, dismiss the volume without expressing our deep sense of its value, and of the service its publication will render to the cause of humanity. Its appearance at this critical moment is most opportune. It is just such a volume as was needed, such as the existing state of the public mind called for, and as is adapted,—eminently adapted—to make a deep and lasting impression. It breathes the healthful tone of the pure English spirit, ennobled in its character, and widened in its sympathy, by the influence of the Christian Faith. The following passage in which honorable testimony is borne to the labors of Christian missionaries in South Africa is not more eloquent than just:—

'Let our profound statesmen, who go on from generation to generation fighting and maintaining armies, and issuing commands, look at this, and see how infinitely simple men, with but one principle of action to guide them—Christianity—outdo them in their own profession. They are your missionaries, after all the boast and pride of statesmanship, who have ever yet hit upon the only true and sound policy even in a worldly point of view; who, when the profound statesmen have turned men into miserable and exasperated savages, are obliged to go and again turn them from savages to men,—who, when these wise statesmen have spent their country's money by millions, and shed blood by oceans, and find troubles and frontier wars, and frightful and fire-blackened deserts only growing around—go, and by a smile and a shake of the hand, restore peace, replace these deserts by gardens and green fields, and hamlets of cheerful people; and instead of involving you in debt, find you a market with 200 to 500 per cent. profit!

'It was apparent,' says Captain Stockenstrom, 'to every man, that if it had not been for the influence which the missionaries had gained over the Griquas we should have had the whole nation down upon us. What a humiliation to the pride of political science, to the pride of so many *soi-disant* statesmen, that with so many ages of experience to refer to, and with such stupendous powers as European statesmen have now in their hands, a few simple preachers should still have to show them the real philosophy of government, and to rescue them from the plundering and ruinous positions in which they have continually placed themselves with uneducated nations! 'If these Griquas had come down upon us,' continues Captain Stockenstrom, 'we had no force to arrest them; and I have been informed, that since I left the colo-

ny, the government has been able to enter into a sort of treaty with the chief Waterboer, of a most beneficial nature to the Corannas and Griquas, themselves, as well as to the safety of the northern frontier.'—pp. 440, 441.

SHE LIVED IN BEAUTY.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

She lived in beauty, like a flower
That blooms uncull'd in some lone bower,
Breathing around a fragrance rare
To charm and sanctify the air.
She lived in beauty, like some gem
Set in a monarch's diadem,
Shedding around a radiance bright,
At once to dazzle and delight.

But as the flower, when plucked, is gone,
And as the gem, struck, in its pride,
Is crushed, though late so bright it shone—
So she, alas! in beauty died!

She lived in beauty, like some star
That shines in summer-night afar,
As if it loved those realms of peace
Which bid all earthly turmoils cease.
She breathed in beauty, like some song,
Oft heard the greenwood shades among—
A gladness formed to charm—to cheer—
To fancy and to Memory dear!

But as the meteor falls to earth,
And as the song, to heaven allied,
Fleets in the moment of its birth,
So she, alas! in beauty died!

Monthly Magazine.

THE QUAKERS AND THE INDIANS.

'While the Friends retained the government of Pennsylvania it was governed without an army, and was never assailed by a single enemy. The Indians retained their firm attachment to them; and, more than a century afterwards, after the government of the state had long been resumed to England, and its old martial system introduced there, when civil war broke out between the colonies and the mother country, and the Indians were instigated by the mother to use the tomahawk and the scalping-knife against the children, using—according to their own language, which so roused the indignation of Lord Chatham—"every means which God and Nature had put into her power," to destroy or subdue them,—these Indians, who had laid waste the settlements of the colonists with fire, and drenched them in blood, remembered the treaty with the *sons of Onas*, AND KEPT IT INVIOLOTE!—They had no scruple to make war with the other colonists, for they had not been scrupulous in their treatment of them, and they had many an old score to clear off; but they had always found the Friends the same,—their friends and the friends of peace, and they revered in them the sacred principles of faith and amity. Month after month the Friends saw the destruction of their neighbours' houses and lands; yet they lived in peace in the midst of this desolation. They heard at night the shrieks of the victims of the red men's wrath, and they saw in the morning where slaughter had reached neighbouring hearths, and where the bloody scalp had been torn away; but their houses remained untouched. Every evening the Indians came from their hidden lairs in the woods, and lifted the latches of their doors, to see if they remained in full reliance on their faith, and then they passed on. Where a house was secured with lock or bolt, they knew that suspicion had entered, and they grew suspicious too. But, through all that bloody and disgraceful war, only two Friends were killed by the Indians; and it was under these circumstances: A young man, a tanner, had gone from the village where he lived to his tan-yard, at some distance, through all this period of outrage. He went and came daily, without any arms, with his usual air of confidence, and therefore in full security. The Indians from thickets beheld him, but they never molested him. Unfortunately, one day he went as usual to his business, but carried a gun on his arm. He had not proceeded far into the country, when a shot from the bush laid him dead. When the Indians afterwards learned that he was merely carrying the gun to kill birds that were injuring his corn, 'Foolish young man,' they said; 'we saw him carry arms, and we inferred that he had changed his principles.'

'The other case was that of a woman. She had lived in a village which had been laid waste, and most of the inhabitants killed, by the Indians. The soldiers, from a fort not far off, came, and repeatedly intreated her to go into the fort, before she experienced the same fate as her neighbours. For a long time she refused, but at length fear entered her mind, and she went with them. In the fort, however, she became wretched. She considered that she had abandoned the principles of peace, by putting herself under the protection of arms. She felt that she had cast a slander on the hitherto inviolate faith of the Indians, which might bring most disastrous consequences on other Friends who yet lived in the open country on the faith of the Indian integrity. She therefore determined to go out again, and return to her own house. She went forth, but had scarcely reached the first thicket when she was shot by the Indians, who now looked upon her as an enemy, or at least as a spy.

These are the only exceptions to the perfect security of Friends through all the Indian devastations in America; for wherever there were Friends, any tribe of Indians felt bound to recognize the sons of Father Onas: they would have been ashamed to injure an unarmed man, who was unarmed because he preserved peace as the command of the Great Spirit. It was during this war that the very treaty made with Penn was shown by the Indians to some British officers, being preserved by them with the most sacred care, as a monument of a transaction without a parallel, and equally honourable to themselves as to the Friends.—William Howitt.

INDIAN SCALP DANCE.—The following description of an Indian scalp dance is extracted from Mr. Schoolcraft's *Journey to the Source of the Mississippi* :—

Among the mixed group of men, women, and children, who, from the Indian village, thronged our encampment, I observed a widow of a Chippewa warrior, who was killed a few weeks previous, in the fray of the Leech Lake war party, in the Sioux country. She was accompanied by her children, and appeared dejected. I asked one of the Indians who her husband was, and where she resided; in answer to which he said, that she resided at the village; and that her husband, who was a brave warrior, went, on the call of the Leech Lake Chief, with a number of volunteers, to join a party consisting of about a hundred, led by the Gouille Plai. Having met the enemy south of the head of Leaf River, an action took place, the result of which was, that they took three scalps on the field, and lost but one, who was the husband of the widow. After the action had continued some time, with frequent changes of position, the enemy having fled to a village for a reinforcement, the Chippewas took this opportunity to retreat: and, after a consultation, returned, bringing back the three scalps, as memorials of their prowess. These trophies, having been exhibited in the customary dances at Leech Lake, one of them was forwarded to Oza Windibs' band, to undergo a like ceremony, after which it was presented to the widow. It was now exhibited by the young men on her behalf, for the purpose of soliciting alms. It was exhibited with all the circumstances of barbarian triumph. Shouts and dancing, intermingled with the sounds of the rattle and the Indian drum, formed the conspicuous traits of the scene; while short harangues terminated by a general shout, filled up the pauses of the dance. On a neighbouring eminence, near some bark enclosures, which marked the locality of a Chippewa burial-ground, was erected a sort of triumphal arch, consisting of bent and tied sapplings, from which depended an object that was said to be the remains of decaying scalps, which every time it waved, seemed to give a new impulse to the shouting of the crowd that surrounded it. The widow and her children, as well as the whole group of spectators, Canadians, and Indians, appeared to regard the ceremony with much interest. During the brief pause which separated each dance, presents were thrown in for the benefit of the widow.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.—A blind man having contracted a violent passion for a certain female, married her, contrary to the advice of all his friends, who told him that she was exceedingly ugly. A celebrated physician at length undertook to restore him to sight. The blind man, however, despised his assistance. "If I should recover my sight," said he, "I should be deprived of the love I have for my wife, which alone renders me happy." "Man of God," replied the physician, "tell me, which is of the most consequence to a rational being, the attainment of happiness, or the attainment of truth?"

SPINSTERS.—Some of our fair readers, perhaps, are ignorant of the origin of this term: will they allow us to enlighten them? Among our industrious and frugal ancestors, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation which they still retain in all law proceedings,

IMPORTANCE OF ECONOMY IN TRIFLES.—Two commercial men were lately disputing about the extent and importance of the houses which they represented, when one adduced as an instance of the extent of the correspondence of "his house," the fact that they saved two hundred pounds a year in ink by not putting strokes across the t's. "Oh," said the other, "that is nothing; our house saves upwards of three hundred pounds a year by not putting dots over the i's."

BURNS AND WOMEN.—Burns was a sort of male coquette, his desire to please women, and to gain their notice, never slept, and on this subject he betrayed too much vanity in his conversation. He found beauty in many of those to whom he paid attention, which was solely created by his own imaginations. His earnestness of manner, and the power of his eye, made him a general favourite with females. Many of his songs were on the lips, and in the heart of every Caledonian nymph. The knowledge of this fact seemed to please him more than any other subject of his ambition.

From the Herald of Peace.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE PAINTED HALL AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Oh! when shall the daughters and sons of our Isle,
Growing wise in the wisdom that is from above,
Adorn with the laurel, and cheer with the smile,
The hero renown'd for achievements of love.

Full long and full oft, has the high meed of praise
Been piled up in heaps on false glory's dread shrine,
But scant, or ignoble the tribute we raise,
To place on the altar of glory divine.

Do we visit the halls of our buildings of state,
Or repair to the chief of our houses of prayer,
We are struck with the terrible feats of the great,
Or their busts, or their statues, astonish us there.

Oh shame for the species to which we belong,
That the wholesale destroyers, and pests of the race,
Are display'd in our temples, and blazon'd in song,
Whilst religion and morals their actions disgrace.

Sure the savage that roams in the islands afar,
While he reads the best Book we profess to revere,
Will start with amazement that Christians should war,
And e'en draw their defence from a record so clear.

And many who never the gospel have known,
Will rise up in judgment this sin to condemn,
For to whom this clear record has never been shown,
The light of the Spirit shines even to them.

Then think, oh ye statesmen, and kings of the earth,
Far fam'd for your wisdom, far fear'd for your power,
When the King of all kings to the judgment comes forth,
What plea will avail in that terrible hour.

And will not our priests, rich in classical lore,
Whose tongues or whose pens have been lent to the sword,
Their guilt or their folly most deeply deplore,
When arraign'd before Jesus and judged by his word.

All peace, and all joy be to those who aspire,
By pure Gospel precepts their conduct to guide,
Who prefer to their Lord, the unfeigned desire
That the mind which was His, in their breasts may preside.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.*

A STORY.—BY MRS. H. DECHLER STOWE.

CHAPTER III.

In time, Caroline became a mother, and a new and pure fountain was unsealed in her heart. "Till then, she had never really disinterestedly loved. The most selfish, the most worldly, are capable of a transient excitement of fancy and feeling, which may be termed being "in love"—and there is nothing more exacting, more intensely centering in self than what is called love in such persons. But the feeble cry, the soft, helpless hand, the tender infant face of the poor child, who could do nothing for her—who was thrown in utter weakness upon her care and love, stirred within her emotions of self forgetting tenderness such as she had never known before. "Oh, my own mother," she said, as her tears dropped on the soft unconscious face, "how little have I ever felt what I owed you." And a blessed thing it is for woman, that when by common consent the influences of early life tend to make her frivolous and selfish, that Providence has invested with such a redeeming power, the feelings and sorrows of a mother. Many a thoughtless young heart has been taught to know itself, and to thrill with a trembling sense of new responsibilities, by feeling that the present and the eternal good of a helpless and beloved being was committed to its care.

In this softened, chastened state of feeling, Hamilton saw in his wife more than the beauty that had won his youthful fancy, and their softened feelings flowed towards each other in a new channel; and now—now—was the whole trial over? did the sky brighten? did the young pair find an end to all their difficulties?

No—the first step towards better things had been taken—but it was yet necessary to undo the work of years. With returning health, returned to Caroline an increase of difficulties. To the care of a family, before badly managed, was added the care of the little one so lately come into it. Caroline was so far amended that she could not enact the thoughtless or negligent mother, and their limited means did not allow of the relief which might have been gained by the assistance of a nurse, and she who for the greater part of her life had never encountered a difficulty or known a trial, could scarcely be expected to come at once under the severe yoke of nursery cares. Though she dearly loved her little daughter, still, like all of the baby-race, she found it extremely unaccommodating and exacting; always waking up when it was most important that it should sleep, and crying when it was essential it should be still, and apparently laying out its whole line of conduct with a view to prevent its mother from attending to any thing but itself. When the first novelty of maternal pride and affection had passed off, Caroline could not but find the daily monotony and consequent of her employments exceedingly irksome, and her unskillfulness in her new duties made them doubly heavy. Discouragement, despondency, and irritability were the result.

*Concluded from our last.

"I was always good tempered until I was married," she remarked petulantly one day to her husband.

"You thought you were, because you had nothing to try you," was the severe reply.

"True enough," said Caroline, "young girls are fools for getting married."

"They are so," said Hamilton, "if not prepared for their duties as wives and mothers—they had better live single."

Hamilton was now as far wrong as his wife. He had married from romantic fancy without an inquiry what circumstances such as his own would require from a wife, or whether the glittering, brilliant creature on whom he had fixed his affection, would sustain and carry out those relations. The discoveries he made of incapacity provoked severe censure and sarcasm—nor did he suitably allow for the severity of the trial which had been brought upon his wife, or give due credit to the exertions which she had endeavored to make. He had not the forbearance and self-possession to point out to Caroline her faults and support her through the painful process of remedy. It is not one friend in a hundred who will make allowances for faults that render them uncomfortable, and not one in two hundred who will have the steadiness and moral determination to undertake the task of rectification. It is so much easier to be out of humour with our offending friends and to indulge ourselves in saying so, than to assume a responsibility for their improvement, that the majority of society are partial to the former course. Besides, it is much easier to undertake the cure of one tangible, definite fault, than to build over an entire character which has been constructed wrong in every step of its progress.

It was no single fault that caused the difficulties of Caroline; but a character which unfitted her entirely for her situation and duties. So at least it seemed to her, when, brought at length to reflection, she cast her discouraged eye inward, to see what she was, and why she was unhappy. "I see it all," said she to herself, "I have been spoiled by flattery, weakened by indulgence, and have come entirely untaught and unpractised into a place for which I am not fitted, and for which it is too late to fit myself." This last "too late" was the weight that hung upon the destiny of Caroline, preventing that energy by which she might yet have recovered her chance of happiness; and who could blame her for the feeling—when from hour to hour the hands are tied by employment from which there is no escape, while a thousand little things are to be done or attended to every day, in all of which, the hand and mind are entirely unpractised, who can blame a woman for feeling that she did not know where to begin, or what to do first. In the course of four years, Caroline had sunk down into a desponding, discouraged woman. She had learned to reflect indeed—learned bitterly to feel her own incapacity, and had at times, made very commendable efforts to be equal to her duties, efforts remitted and given over in discouragement, as she found she had become mother to another child, and the pecuniary affairs of her husband had become increasingly involved. It is true, Caroline had desired and endeavored to economize; but economy is a science of difficult acquisition, requiring a practised judgment and a skilful hand, and all that important dexterity, which consists in making a little serve the place of much, which extracts substantial comfort and respectability from very limited means, was an entirely sealed book to her. She had only learned that such a faculty did exist in some people, and sighed at the want of it in herself. As to domestic affection between the two, there was very little of it—both were perplexed and embarrassed—both had been disappointed, and each was conscious of having, at times, failed in temper and duty towards the other, and each willing to find faults in the other, which should excuse their own—yet, of the two, the wife was the most to be pitied. Hamilton found resources in his business, and recreation in classical reading and literary effort; but Caroline, with just knowledge enough to know her own deficiency, with sensibility awakened too late, was confined from day to day to the same round of discouraged unsuccessful exertion. Her health failed, but her husband, who had become familiar with the language of complaint, when the cause was imaginary, neglected it, now that it was real, and many a dejected, wearisome day passed over her, unpitied and alone, amid the solitary labours of her nursery.

And who was most to be blamed for this unhappy result of what might have been a happy marriage? Was it Caroline, or was it the mother, who had suffered her to grow up in entire ignorance of all that would fit her to be happy in future life? Surely if a mother—who knows, by experience, what is expected of a wife and the mistress of a family—has not forethought enough to control and discipline a child with reference to it, such forethought cannot be expected of the buoyant inexperienced young creature herself.

Caroline might, as many others have done, have availed herself of the comfort of her mother's experience and advice in her domestic difficulties, had not that mother been confined by ill health, for the greater period since they were married. But a friend was raised up from another quarter.

We have once alluded to Hamilton's mother. An invitation had often been urged on her to make them a long visit; but various causes prevented its acceptance. Circumstances, however, occurred which placed her at liberty, not merely to visit, but to make the house of her son a permanent home. Mrs. Hamilton was a

woman no less remarkable for superior understanding and attainments than for every day judgment and sense—a woman accustomed to the exertion of influence, one of those buoyant encouraging persons who seem to have impulse and motive enough to carry all around them onward in the path of improvement. She had been but a few days in the family of her son, before her discriminating eye read the entire state of the domestic history, and her warm and true affectionateness gave her power with both parties to interpose.

"Now, mother, you can't but see just what Caroline is," her son pleaded in answer to some remonstrance from her.

"I see one thing that you seem to have forgotten," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"And what is that?"

"That she is your wife—the mother of your children—the woman who, after all, holds your whole domestic happiness in her hands—for all that you might have done to form her mind and fashion her character, you are accountable—and to God and to your children, you must answer it, if you have neglected any means in your power to make your wife what she should be. If, any thing, my son, I think you most blameable."

"I'm sure I can't see why," rejoined Hamilton.

"Because you have the stronger and the more cultivated mind, and a wider range of resources and enjoyments. You ought to exhibit superior self command and patience."

"I'm sure," said Hamilton, "no man ever loved a woman more than I did her, at first."

"Well, my son, you did as many another has done, choose a wife, like a picture from a gallery, as a matter of taste—you find her unfit for her situation—but, do you, therefore, owe her no duties? may you dismiss all responsibility for her improvement? Can you say that you have made one regular systematic effort to correct her faults? Can you be sure that your careless and sarcastic remarks on her deficiencies, have not often discouraged her when she was really endeavouring to improve?"

Hamilton looked thoughtful and was silent. Something in his heart smote him as he remembered the animated, graceful being, that he married, contrasted with the pale, worn, and despondent woman that was his wife now.

"Indeed, poor girl," he replied, "it is not all her fault—she was spoiled by her parents, to begin with—and I have not had the patience that I should, I know."

"Well, my son, you are her husband—her guide—her protector—now see what you can do, if you really and disinterestedly seek her good. Give her credit for every effort; treat her faults with tenderness; encourage and praise whenever you can, and depend upon it you will see another woman in her."

"No, no, my dear mother," said Caroline; "I did not begin right—I never shall be right. My husband does not respect me—he can't, I suppose—and my children will not respect me when they get old enough to find me out. I have no cultivation of mind—and no time for it. I have no capacity for order and system—I have no energy—in short, I am nothing at all."

"No, no, my dear," said Mrs. Hamilton; "you must not make such thorough work with yourself as all that—you need only one thing."

"And what is that?" said Caroline.

"Hope!" replied Mrs. Hamilton.

"Ah! that indeed!" said Caroline, with a sigh. "Well, I am discouraged—and what is worst of all, I see my husband thinks I never shall be any thing, or do any thing. Now, I really think—I could have energy—I might do quite well, if he would only believe I should."

"Well, Caroline, indeed I will believe," said Hamilton, who had entered the room unperceived, during this sentence.

Caroline started, and the vivid blush of olden times lit up her cheek, while quick tears sprung in her yet beautiful eyes.

"Dear Caroline, I have done you much wrong," said Hamilton, kissing the little hand which she involuntarily gave him.

"No, no, no, it has all been my fault," said Caroline; who, woman like, was ready to unsay any thing and every thing at the first kind word.

"Ah, well," said Hamilton, "we must both put ourselves to school to our good mother here, and brighter days may yet come."

CHAPTER IV.

Our Readers must now take a jump of some ten years with us, and then look in for a sociable evening chat by the fire-side of William Hamilton.—William Hamilton is reading aloud, and the soft light of the astral lamp falls upon a circle of young faces, that gather round the centre table. You may trace the brilliant eyes and the warm, bright complexion of Caroline, in the faces, of the young girls, that you there see, yet there is more of mind and expression than ever lit up her youthful features. But, that graceful, mature woman, who presides with so much dignity and tenderness in the little circle—can recognise in her the gay young belle with whom our story began! But it is Caroline, indeed, surrounded by the children who are her pride—her treasure; and this is their social evening party, when father and mother unite to render home a place so happy that not one young wish shall stray beyond it.

"Do you know Caroline," said I, in the course of the evening, "what Mrs. Lennox was saying of you, no longer ago than this morning?"

"No, surely—what?"

"Why, she was saying to me—after all this talk about training and teaching girls, I can't see that education makes much difference. If a girl has good sense, it comes out at last, bring her up as you will. Now, there was Caroline Staples, one of the flightiest girls in —, see how she has settled down into a fine woman; she could not have done better if she had been lectured, and hacked, and hewed all the way up, as these very educational people would do."

"Mrs. Lennox does not know the hacking and hewing I have been through," said Caroline. "No, indeed; and, for my part, I am determined my daughters shall never suffer what I have done. They shall be early accustomed to exertion and responsibility, and trained to self denial, and they shall have that expertness in domestic management that nothing but early practice can give."

"Well, take care, Caroline," said I, "that you do not go to the extreme, of making your daughters mere housekeepers, and not accomplished women."

"I think," replied Caroline, "that the foundation for intellectual improvement in girls must be laid by cultivating their moral feelings. Bring up a girl to feel that she has a responsible part to bear in promoting the happiness of the family, and you make a reflecting being of her at once, and remove that lightness and frivolity of character which makes her shrink from graver studies. My mind doubled in energy and power of application from the time I became a mother—and why? Because, the responsibility made me think—and having thought on one subject, I found it easy to think on others. So with a young girl—make her responsible in certain respects for the care of her brothers and sisters—the managing household accounts—the providing and care of her own wardrobe, and you daily exercise her judgment and give her the patience, steadiness, and reflection, which she will need in pursuing any course of mental improvement, or gaining any elegant accomplishment."

"Would not she make a pretty public speaker, now?" said Hamilton. "You see that Caroline has not merely learned to think, as she says, but has become very apt in oratory."

"Come now, Hamilton!" said Caroline, laughing—and reader, lest we should bore you with too much wisdom at once, we will put down no more of the evening's conversation, though there was a great deal of instruction in it, we assure you.

MARCH.

"Lady wrap thy cloak around,
Pale consumption's in the sky."

This month is positively trying to feeble constitutions. The bleak winds of March wither the hope and destroy the life of many a precious and delicate blossom, which parental love had fondly thought to cherish till the warm breath of summer could give it strength, and freshness of health. Consumption is the Minotaur of our country, which selects the best and brightest of our young men and maidens for its yearly tribute. And no Theseus has yet been able to stay the lot. The labyrinth of fashion seems more difficult of escape than that of Crete, for there is no clue, save the unromantic one of good sense, which few are willing to follow.

While young ladies will walk abroad in winter, wearing thin-soled slippers, and often leaving their delicate throats uncovered to the chill air, they must incur sudden and often violent colds—and then comes the "slight cough," which is never to be cured. The disease is "only a cold"—but its process is consumption, and its end death!

The main source of that predisposition to consumptive complaints, manifested by young men as well as maidens in our country, doubtless arises from the feeble constitution of their mothers, which they inherit. The sex are too delicately reared. Female children are treated like tender exotics, not natives of the climate. We should strenuously protest against females of any station being employed in out-of-door labour, except the care of the garden, or of silk worms. The Creator never imposed on women the duty of toiling to "subdue the earth"—nor has he endowed her physically for such a work. But females should be accustomed to exercise in the open air; playing abroad when children; and walking and riding in maturer years should be considered a duty as well as pleasure, never to be neglected. And then, in our Northern climate, warm clothing in winter should always be the fashion—and shoes that will, when walking abroad, effectually protect the feet from damp and cold. India-rubbers are odious looking things to be sure, and many a lovely girl has sacrificed her life, rather than wear abroad what would disfigure her beautiful foot. One instance is most painfully impressed on our memory. A few winters ago, a young lady called on us—it was a bitter day, and her feet were only shielded from the cold icy pavement, by thin slippers and silk stockings. The young lady was about eighteen; she looked the personification of health; and that enjoyment of life which almost seems to hold exemption from care and disease. How gaily she bid defiance to the winter air, she never felt the cold, and her merry laugh almost persuaded us that over-shoes for her were as unnecessary, as we could not but acknowledge they were

disfiguring. And thus brightly passed the vision away forever. That walk was the last the fair girl ever took. The same night she was seized with a brain fever, occasioned by the sudden and severe cold caught in her morning ramble, and in less than a week she was laid in the tomb, a martyr to the vanity of display which fashion has sanctioned.

But we trust these absurd modes are giving place, among our countrywomen, to more rational ideas of the beautiful in fashion, which can only be seen in its best aspect when sustained by the fitting and appropriate. Comfort is essential to grace. A constrained posture, tight lacing, garments unsuited to the season, all detract from that pleasure which youth and beauty are naturally calculated to excite in the beholder. And then the duty of preserving the health and constitution is most imperative on woman. We hope none of our fair readers will neglect the motto we have chosen, and that when another spring is approaching we shall not have to say, on the remembrance of any of our young friends who have perished by that insidious destroyer, the consumption,

"Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down."

TO MY SISTER—ON HER TWENTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

Thine eye is radiant still: thy silken hair
Curls just as darkly o'er thy radiant brow;
Still is thy cheek as soft, thy hand as fair,
Thy forehead was not smoother than now,
And yet two years, two busy years, have past,
Sweet sister! since I sang thy birthday last.

Two changeful years! since then two hoary heads
Have from our home been pillowed in the grave,
And we have known full many an hour that sheds
A double darkness on life's troubled wave,
Friends have been cold, and fortune's sunshine brief:
Sister! those years have had their hours of grief.

And, saddest far, from our own chain of love,
One gentle sister of our hearts is taken,
No more her fairy footsteps round us move,
No more her smile a kindred smile doth waken;
She faded but as dew-drops fade—to rise,
And paint a rainbow in the gloomy skies.

Even so her spirit passed from earth, is yet
Seen like a star in its ethereal light,
And on the misty clouds of our regret,
Rigell Hope's bow of promise, pure and bright;
She hath departed for the holler sphere,
Mourn we, but never wish that she were here.

And I am changed, sweet sister,—even thou
Knowest not the waves of feeling and of thought,
That o'er my heart have passed in troubled flow,
And channels in its wilderness have wrought—
Suffice it that one spot unchanged I see,
The spot whereon is fixed my love for thee.

A love that changeth not, save as the young
And tender sapling, 'tis the firm set tree;
Fresh branches from its stem there may have sprung,
Matured and deeper rooted it may be;
O that it might have power to grow and spread,
A three-fold shield above thy precious head!

Vain hope! thou hast a better shelter proved,
A changeless refuge from the heavy storm,
A shadow from the heat. He who hath loved,
And chosen, and saved thee, will His vows perform,
And bind thee in His sheltering mantle fast,
And bring thee to His glorious Home at last!

THE BLIND GIRL.

The blind Agnes was sitting by a clear brook—I can never forget that evening; the brook glittered along the winding valley, and the stars and the moon played in the pearly waters at the feet of the blind girl, and either bank was fringed with a thicket, the bowery home of the nightingale. As I came nearer—how was it, Hermione?

"You heard that a friend was reading to her by moonlight, out of Thomson's Seasons."

"And sweetly she read, but soft and low. At my voice—physiognomy to the blind—the dark one knew me, and presented her friend to me, who immediately lifted up her long veil. I had seen her once before; you must know where, reverend sir?"

"In a convent at —, which the emperor afterwards suppressed. The recommendations of an abbot, to whom I had introduced a priest, who could read mass more rapidly than any other priest living, opened my path to the refectory, where, out of all the nuns, who were generally too fat, only one pleased me; and she was neither the one nor the other, for she was a novice—this very friend of the blind girl. I shall never forget that gentle, pale, serene face, with a wooden trencher on which were only lentils, set before it for mortification sake."

"So strange are we men; I should rather much more willingly see a lovely creature suffer, sigh, and weep bitter tears from fruitless love of me, for two whole days, than endure that she should have to eat a miserable piece of ashen bread, or wear a

garment of humiliation, or a girdle of hair-cloth, for do penance by a walk of three miles on my account."

"Do you relate the rest, Hermione, you had it from me." "You told me, further, that the good Agnes was more cheerful than the nun, and willingly alluded to her misfortune which you could not have expected."

"Yes, for women speak, and we men are silent, about griefs; we always turn over the leaves of our lives, to get at the pleasantest engravings and the last chapter; but, go on."

"The good girl hung a black gauze over her dead eyes, out of consideration for others. She always looked at you when you spoke, but it was only the voice she sought. You asked her what the British scene-painter of nature, (that was your expression,) or, indeed, what a fine evening could be to her. She said she enjoyed a cheerful day as much as any one—that the air was purer and fresher—the song and call of the birds clearer—and the gurgling and rustling of the brook and leaves more pleasant; and, when all this entered her watchful soul, she rejoiced to its inmost depths, without knowing wherefore."

"Who then can help being, as I am, ashamed and repentant at the murmurings in which we often pass a few cloudy days, when he thinks of the contented spirit which is blessed through all its wholly benighted ones? But blindness, though a polar winter without day, in this resembles the night, that softens and stills; the blind is a child, whom its mother, Nature, has fashioned darkling for the deepest tranquillity. Like a man in a balloon, high above the clouds, the hermit blind knows only voices and sounds; but the bewildering, gaudy shows of life, the low, the hateful and hating forms, full of scars and wounds, are hidden under the thick cloud which enwraps him."—Jean Paul.

DEFINITION OF FAITH.

BY DR. CHALMERS.

Let us look to the apostolical definition of faith, as being the "substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen"—let us look to it, not as the mere acquiescence of the understanding in the dogmata of any sound or recognized creed, but as that which brings the future and the yet unseen of revelation so home to the mind, as that the mind is filled with a sense of their reality, and actually proceeds upon it. Conceive it to be that which places the unseen Creator by the side of what is visible and created, and so gives the predominancy to his will over all those countless diversions of influence, where-with sense hath enslaved the vast majority of this world's generations. Or conceive it to be that which places eternity by the side of time, and so regards the one as a mere path or stepping-stone to the other; that the man whom it possesses actually moves through life in the spirit of a traveller, feels his home to be heaven, and all his dearest hopes and interests to be laid up there; walking, therefore, over the world with a more light and unencumbered footstep than other men, just because all its adversities to him are but the crosses of a rapid journey and all its joys but the shifting scenery of the land through which he is travelling, and visions of passing loveliness. Keep by this definition of faith, and bear it round as a test among all the families of your acquaintance. Go with it to the haunts of every-day life, and see if it can guide you to so much as one individual, whose doings plainly declare that he is pressing onwards to an immortality, for the joys and exercises of which he is all the while in busy preparation; and we fear, that even in this our professing age, faith is rarely to be found; that nearly a universal species are carried through life in one tide of overbearing carnality; that the present world dominates over almost every creature that breathes upon it; and were the Son of man now to descend in the midst of us, we know not how few they are who would meet and satisfy his inquiries after faith upon the earth.

For let there pass under our review that mighty host who live in palpable ungodliness; who, if you cannot say of them that they are against God, are at least without God in the world; who spend their days, not perhaps in positive hostility, but certainly in most torpid apathy and indifference towards the Father of their spirits—who feelingly alive to all the concerns of time, are dead and insensible to all those beyond it. These indisputably are children without faith. Eternity is a blank in their imagination. They are alike unmoved by its hopes and by its fears, and it bears as little influence to move them as does that dark and unpeopled nothingness which lies beyond the outskirts of creation.

The thought of a distant planet that rolls afar in space, carries in it no practical operation on their business or their bosoms. And the thought of some distant misery or happiness that may cast up in eternity, has just as little of practical operation over the minds of the vast majority of this world. That which lies between acts as an insuperable barrier between the things of faith and their principles, whether of feeling or of action; and so it is that they can fetch, from the region which lies on the other side of the grave, no moving force which might practically tell on their hearts or on their history upon this side of it.

It were certainly premature and presumptuous to make these affirmations of all; but we leave it to your observation, whether it does not apply, and in its full extent, to many of your friends or familiars in society—to many, and very many, who daily throng

our markets, and sit around our boards of festivity, and labour from morning to night among the cares of family management, and exchange the calls and salutations, and the inquiries of civil companionship; and whether in the pursuits of science, or merchandise, or amusement, are severally busy, each with a world of his own, from which God is shut out, and in which eternity is forgotten. Nothing can be more wide of apostolical faith than the spiritual frame and habit of these. They mind earthly things. They have no conversation in heaven. The world is their all, and it is within the compass of its visible horizon that their every wish and every interest lies. The terrors of another world do not agitate them. The hopes of another world do not enliven them. To both they are profoundly asleep: and that, too, at the very time when all within them is restless, and anxious, and a-stir about the matters of the short-lived day that is passing over them. This is the general description of all those who live without God and without hope. Does it apply to any of you? Then you may have honour, and decency, and kindness, and courtesy, and agreeable manners, and even exemplary morals, but you have no faith.

THE GATHERER.

OCEAN ROLLERS AT ASCENSION ISLAND.—One of the most interesting phenomena, (observes a recent writer,) that occurs at the Island of Ascension, is that of the rollers; which consist of a heavy swell producing a high surf on the leeward shores of the island, occurring without any apparent cause. When all is tranquil in the distance, and the sea-breeze scarcely ripples the surface of the water, a high swelling wave is suddenly observed rolling towards the island. At first it appears to move slowly forward, till at length it breaks on the outer reefs. The swell then increases, wave urges on wave, until it reaches the beach, where it bursts with tremendous fury. The rollers now set in and augment in violence, until they attain a terrific and awful grandeur, affording a magnificent sight to the spectator. A towering sea rolls forward on the island, like a vast ridge of waters, threatening, as it were, to envelope it; pile on pile succeeds with resistless force, until, meeting with the rushing-off-set from the shore beneath, they rise like a wall, and are dashed with impetuous fury on the long line of coast, producing a stunning noise. The beach is now mantled over with foam, the mighty waters sweep over the plain, and even the houses of George Town are shaken by the fury of the waves. But the principal beauty of the scene consists in the continuous ridge of water, crested on its summit with foam and spray; for, as the wind blows off the shore, the over-arching top of the wave meets resistance, and is carried back against the curl of the swell, as it rolls furiously onward, which gives it the appearance of a bending plume, while, to add to its beauty, the sunbeams are reflected from it in all the varied tints of the rainbow.

SAGACITY OF THE OSTRICH.—It is commonly supposed that the ostrich is a very stupid bird, that when hard pressed it conceals its head in a bush, and because it cannot see the hunters it imagines they cannot see it, that it is careless about its eggs, etc.; but it appeared to me that the ostrich has quite as much intelligence, and, with the exception of leaving its eggs for some hours, in the heat of the day, for the purpose of feeding—has as much care for its offspring as others of the feathered tribe. What befell Elliot about this time proves all this.

One evening he came to me with his face flushed, and out of breath. "What's the matter now?"

"Sir, I've had such a chase after a sick ostrich, and the beast got away from me after all, sir—it got out of a lush, and ran off lame of a leg; and with its wings flapping, for it was mortal sick or badly wounded. I did not stop to fire till I got close to it; two of the dogs and myself chased it to make sure of it—it lay down sometimes, and the dogs could make no hand of it; then it got up again, but so bad was it, that I thought it would tumble over and break its long neck every minute; but I ran three miles after the thief of the world, and it bothered me entirely."

I told him it must have been playing the same trick which partridges practice at home when they have eggs or young, viz., going off as if crippled to allure the foot of the stranger from their charge. But Elliot maintained that the ostrich was sick or wounded, and could not help its limping off; till Henrick the hunter came up, carrying half a dozen eggs, and reported he had shot the ostrich which we were talking about.

"I saw it start," said he, "and Elliot after it; I looked about and found its nest with fifteen eggs in it; as it was near sundown, I knew it would soon come back to the nest after decoying Elliot to a distance, so I made a screen of bushes near the nest. I sat down behind it for half an hour, and shot the ostrich on the eggs."—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

STAINED AND PAINTED GLASS.—Great, sublime, and beautiful was the accession to architecture by the glass of many colours, which intercepted not only the light of heaven, as it pierced through the windows, but cast upon the painted surface of the walls a rich variety of tints, so admirably in unison with the glazed floor and high, uplifted roof.

Gothic tracery had, about the reign of Edward III., reached its

zenith of excellence; and, at this period, the architects bestowed much care, as well in designing their windows, as in depicting subjects on them. They were divided by mullions, and finished in their heads by segments of circles and rosettes; in which there were elegance of form and graceful flow of outline. In the divisions produced by its ramifications, escutcheons, or coats of arms, were diapered in their proper colours, and mosaics, foliage, and grotesques, on a ruby or other ground. The vertical compartments were generally filled with the figure of a prophet, patriarch, king, or ecclesiastic of the higher orders, shrouded in a niche, beneath a canopy; while a pedestal, or the armorial bearings of each, occupied the space below; the whole being bordered by roses, fleurs-de-lis, oak or vine leaves.

The exact period when stained-glass was first introduced into the houses of kings and nobles is uncertain. Our morning star, Chaucer, in his *Drime*, v. 312, describes the story of the siege of Troy, as painted on the windows of his own house; and from this we may infer, that such embellishments were not confined to ecclesiastical edifices of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But we have an authority which removes all doubt, if any exists, on this point. Le Noir informs us, that Charles V. of France, who lived in the time of Chaucer, ornamented not only his chapels, but his apartments in his castles, with stained-glass.—In the year 1405, the great east-window in York Minster was executed by Thornton, of Coventry, which he was to finish in less than three years. For his own work he received 4s. a week; and the glass, which he supplied, cost 1s. a square superficial foot, before it was formed into figures and put up.—*Architectural Magazine.*

The following touching incident, relating to the trial of a mulatto girl, who wished her mistress to love her, appeared a short time since in an American paper:—A poor mulatto girl, a slave, has been recently tried at New Orleans, on a charge of having attempted to poison her mistress and the family. It was proved that she sprinkled some powder upon a dish of oysters, which made some members of the family sick. It came out in the course of the trial, however, that the poor girl was innocent of any evil design; for, on the powder being analyzed, it was found not to be poisonous; and, at the same time it was stated that the girl, in her simple innocence, having been told that it had the charm of love-powder, had sprinkled it upon the food, in order to make her mistress love her. W. G. C.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1839.

AMERICAN INSANITY DESCRIBED BY AN AMERICAN.—On Wednesday evening the 4th inst. the 'Massachusetts Harmonic Society' gave a concert of sacred music in the city of Boston. By special invitation, William Lloyd Garrison, the celebrated abolitionist, made a brief address during the interlude. We wish that all men of every clime and nation under heaven were actuated by the kindly spirit which breathes in the following remarks, made on the occasion alluded to:—

"I would to God that there were nothing but strains of melody to be heard over the whole earth; that there was not one note of discord to jar upon the ear of Humanity; that all mankind were as happy as they are now miserable; that it might be evermore as it was at the birth of the Saviour, when suddenly was heard a multitude of the heavenly host praising God—

Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung;
While God disposed in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

Hail, hail, auspicious morn!
The Saviour Christ is born;
(Such was the immortal seraph's song sublime);
Glory to God in heaven;
To man sweet peace be given,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time!"

But it is not so. There are few happy, there are many miserable in the world. Every where are seen the ruins which evil has made—on every breeze are borne the sighs, and groans, and wailings of bleeding, outraged humanity. Grim-visaged WAR stalks through the earth, a bloody-minded demon, who lives like the vampire upon human blood, and whose work and purpose it is to devastate nations, and offer upon its horrid altar whole hecatombs of victims, from the gray-haired sire to the blooming maiden and the innocent babe. Strange that men are not content with those sufferings and calamities which naturally occur in the providence of God—from the upheaving of the earthquake, shaking down the strongest towers of man's invention and skill, and engulfing in a moment some village or city—from the perils ever attendant upon those who do business upon the great deep—from the destructive influences of hail, and fire, and storm—from accident, sickness, helplessness;—strange, I say, that men, instead of being content with the ordinary calamities of life, should seek to increase them

a thousand fold by hellish artifices, and with more than fiendish delight. What shall be put in competition with the life and the soul of man? Shall honors, or riches, or houses, or lands? Nay, 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Yet there is nothing held so cheap in our world, as the liberty and life, the body and soul of the being whom God created but a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor. See with what eagerness and unanimity the people of Maine are now preparing for a fierce and bloody conflict with their neighbors, the British colonists—all brothers by creation, and one in Christ Jesus. And why all this? Simply because there is an insignificant strip of land at stake, which is not worth the shedding of one drop of human blood.

'And there is rushing in hot haste—the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car
Go pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.'

This is the height of moral insanity, and furnishes conclusive proof that the people of Maine, (as well as of the provinces,) know not God, and will not have the Messiah to reign over them, though his yoke is easy, and his burden light. He has told them, as the condition of their salvation, to forgive men their trespasses as they hope to be forgiven. Do they regard at all what he says? Not in the least—no more than brute beasts. They say there are trespassers upon a portion of territory which in equity belongs to them. It may be so, but what then? Christ commands them to forgive those trespassers, and to overcome their evil with good. Are they disposed to rally under the white banner of the Prince of Peace, and to obey his commands? No—they brand him as a coward and traitor. They recognise no other flag than the blood-stained stars and stripes of hypocritical, tyrannical, flesh-devouring America. They prefer that Gen. Scott should be their leader, rather than JESUS OF NAZARETH. O horrible infatuation, called by the name of *patriotism*—as southern men-stealers call the impious system of slavery a *domestic institution*. Christ warns them, that all those who take the sword shall perish with the sword. Nothing daunted by this, they are arming themselves with every deadly weapon—swords, muskets, cannon, powder, bombs, and all the implements of war. And now, should war actually ensue, what torrents of blood would be shed—what multitudes of wives made widows—what throngs of children made fatherless—what horrible sights, what ghastly wounds, would be witnessed—what groans and cries, mingling with the clash of steel and the roar of artillery, would shock the listening ear! 'Know ye not,' says the voice of inspiration, 'that your body is the temple of the HOLY GHOST which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirits, which are God's.' Now, think of men levelling a masket, or discharging a cannon, to destroy the temple of the Holy Ghost, in order to obtain more land! Is it not a horrible thought? Is this committing the keeping of our souls to God, in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator? Is this giving heed to the all-sufficient promise of Christ—'For every one that forsakes houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or LANDS, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life'?

O, surely, there are calamities enough, in the providence of God, independent of human agency, that ought to satisfy the most voracious appetite for misery. 'The ills that flesh is heir to' need not be multiplied. Yet it seems to be the chief employment of mankind to see how much injury they can do to each other—how many hateful divisions they can excite among themselves—how many partition walls they can erect to separate each other—how much they can oppress, and defraud, and covet, and crush one another. O, Lamb of God, how few partake of thy innocent, peaceful, divine spirit! O, Jesus of Nazareth, how few are engaged, as thou wast, in doing good—in comforting those who mourn—in proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound—in beating swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks—in rebuking principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places—in seeking to save that which was lost! O, Son of the Highest, I thank, and bless, and praise thee, for that good and glorious example which thou hast set me, in being obedient even unto death. With joy I take up the cross which thou didst bear, and count all things as dross for the excellency of the knowledge that is in thee. Thy gentleness, goodness, compassion—thy lowliness of mind and purity of character—thy exhaustless benevolence and ever active philanthropy—thy yearning desire and unwearying endeavours to reconcile man to his fellow-man, and all to God—the indignities which thou didst meekly endure, though possessed of all power—the crown of thorns which thou didst wear—and thy dreadful crucifixion as one more to be detested than Barabbas, a robber and a murderer—the spear, the nails, the bleeding side—but, above all, the spirit of forgiveness which thou didst manifest toward thy murderers, in the awful agonies of a lingering death—all these, O blessed Immanuel, inflame my love for thee, and make me willing to endure all things for thy sake.

War is among the greatest of crimes, and the most terrible of calamities—it being a total abrogation of all the principles and re-

quirements of christianity. But man, demoniac man, even in times of peace, is still bent upon mischief and crime. One would think that when the noise of war has been stifled, and the green earth is robing itself in a mantle of beauty, and buds, and blossoms, and ripened fruits, are springing forth spontaneously,—at such a time, I say, one would think that concord and good-will would prevail among those who are by nature equal; that they would remember their common origin, common accountability, common destiny; that all violence would cease, and there would be none to molest or make afraid. Alas! alas! for the evil that is in man, and for the judgments that are to come, because of his wickedness. For many years God has blessed this nation with peace, (except those murderous skirmishes which have taken place, from time to time, with the wronged and almost exterminated red men of the wilderness.) We profess to be a free, republican, humane people—above all, a christian people. But what people are so cruel, so impious, so blood-thirsty, so tyrannical, as ourselves? We are wolves preying upon innocent lambs.”

We have been highly gratified with the noble sentiments contained in the letter of the British Minister at Washington to His Excellency Sir John Harvey. And Sir John's reply to the letter is worthy of all praise. When Peace is proclaimed from the high places of the world, we may expect its annunciation will be attended with the greatest success. From the letter of His Excellency, H. S. Fox, we make the following extracts:—

“In this state of the affair, I think it best becomes us, as the servants of a Sovereign whose generous forbearance is unequalled in the history of nations, to refrain from further action until time shall have been afforded to Her Majesty's Government, to attempt the adjustment of the difference by friendly means.

“Governed by these feelings, I have this day signed with the Secretary of State for the United States, the inclosed memorandum, containing terms of accommodation, which we have agreed to recommend to the adoption respectively, of your Excellency and the Governor of Maine.

“I am aware, considering the nature of your instructions, of the grave responsibility which you will incur, by acceding to the proposed terms of accommodation; but I think that in the present conjuncture, such responsibility ought to be fearlessly met; and any share thereof that may fall upon me for the advice which I am now giving, I will cheerfully accept.

“We shall be making a large and generous concession to the pretensions of the people of Maine, by admitting the question of present jurisdiction to be in any way open and debateable; but I deem the concession worth making, if it enable us to preserve peace honourably between the two countries.

“The question of present jurisdiction is at all, from its nature, subordinate and provisional; it will cease to be any question at all, as soon as the boundary controversy is determined. Surely it would be a lamentable act of imprudence, if, while the two governments are gravely and in a friendly spirit, negotiating the general question of disputed boundary, the nations should rush to war in order to decide the inferior point which of them shall in the mean time, exercise temporary jurisdiction within the district in dispute.”

We trust that the pacificatory “recommendation” contained in the message and in the memorandum, above alluded to, will have a beneficial effect upon the belligerents, and that we will be spared the horrors of a national war with all its miserable consequences.—*Quebec Gazette.*

“Letters from Upper Canada state, that Col. Prince has shot Charles Baby in a duel. It is a PITY to see loyal men shooting one another in these times. [Pity! What a gentle term.]

“Things are tolerably quiet on the frontiers. The fringes at each other near the lines, mentioned in the Newspapers, is the effect of quarrels among neighbours, and are greatly exaggerated. The two Nelsons, Cote and some others, still hang on beyond the frontiers.”

HAMILTON, Feb. 23.—The Toronto Patriot says, “Six persons have recently crossed the Niagara Frontier, for the purpose of assassinating Sir Allan McNab, Mr. Hagerman, and Col. Wm. Chisholm.”

It is stated in the Albany Advertiser of the 6th inst. “that a train of waggons, carrying twenty-four field pieces, left the Water-livet Arsenal this morning, for Maine, under the charge of Lieut. G. H. Tallcott, in obedience to orders from Washington.”

THEIR FEET ARE SWIFT TO SHED BLOOD.—We learn that the first division of Pennsylvania militia, under the command of Major General Patterson, promptly volunteered their services to the President, under the Act recently passed by Congress, to raise fifty thousand men.

The Legislature of New Brunswick have, by a unanimous Resolution, placed the whole available Revenue of the Province at the disposal of Sir John Harvey for purposes of defence.

ST. JOHN, N. B. MARCH 16.—The proposition agreed to by the American Secretary of State and the British Minister at Washington, and subsequently acted upon by Sir John Harvey, is likely, for the present, at least, to prevent actual hostilities between the two countries.—In reply to Sir John's note to Governor Fairfield, we learn, the latter functionary states in substance that he had had the honour to receive Sir John's note,—that he had not power to enter into the communication desired by Sir John on the subject of the Memorandum between Messrs Fox and Forsyth, but he would immediately lay the same before the Legislature, and he had no doubt their reply would “follow close,” and should it be favourable to Sir John's proposal, he should be happy to comply therewith.

FREDERICTON, March 16.—We learn by last night's mail, that Gov. Fairfield sent a message on Tuesday last to the Legislature, accompanied with numerous documents, together with a note from Sir John Harvey. The tenor of the message amounts to this—that the State of Maine has a right to the disputed territory, and the jurisdiction of course he considers as belonging to that State, in which they are supported by the General Government; and he recommends, that if the British troops are withdrawn from the territory in dispute, then the militia of Maine will retire, leaving a sufficient force, under the direction of the Land Agent, armed or unarmed, to carry into effect the original resolutions of the Legislature.

We ask the people of Maine, whether they suppose that Great Britain and the United States are silly enough to be brought into a cruel, unnecessary and bloody war, for the sake of a few acres of pine timber land? What would the world say, if the two nations which proclaim themselves to be the most enlightened and civilized on the face of the earth, should be guilty of so much folly and wickedness.—*New York Albion.*

A most valuable report “Upon the Expediency of introducing Steam Boats from Halifax to Yarmouth, submitted to the Committee of Trade and Manufactures, and approved by them,” has been circulated in the papers of the week. It is too long for insertion in our journal, but we cannot omit to express our conviction of the great utility of commercial documents of this precise and statistical character, being occasionally presented for public notice.

It is proposed in the Legislature of Michigan to abolish capital punishment.

STEAM TO THE WESTERN PORTS.—An able Report from the Committee of Trade and Manufactures on this subject, was laid before the Assembly last week, and a grant has since passed, giving £300 a year for three years, to encourage the running of a Steamer for 9 months out of the 12, between Halifax and Yarmouth, calling at Lunenburg, Liverpool and Shelburne. The Report itself, together with another from the same body on the Currency, which embraces much valuable information, will be printed in The Novascotian when we have room.—*Novascotian.*

FIRE.—The brewery and Nail Manufactures of Robert Lawson, Esq. at the North West Arm, were consumed by fire at an early hour on Wednesday morning. Although there was some insurance on the property, the loss of an Establishment created by great enterprise, industry and perseverance, which employed many hands, and went to prove that some domestic manufactures can be safely established in Nova Scotia, may be regarded as a common misfortune.—*Ibid.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The Rev. T. Taylor delivered a very interesting lecture, on the Bones of the Human Body, last Wednesday evening. Dr. Teulon will lecture next Wednesday evening on the Prevention of Disease, being a continuation of his former lecture.

We are glad to perceive that exertions are about to be made to erect a House of Industry in Halifax. There is scarcely, we believe, another town of the same size any where, where beggars more do congregate, or where the inhabitants are more annoyed by the able-bodied and lazy pauperism of men, women, and children.—*Times.*

MARRIED,

At Onslow, by Mr. Barnaby, John Higgins, Esq. to Miss Mary, second daughter of Robert C. Higgins, both of Onslow.

At St. John, N. B. on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Harrison, Mr. John Zwicker, of Halifax, N. S. to Miss Susan Jane Norwood, of the Parish of St. John.

DIED,

On Sunday the 3d inst, Mrs. Margaret Townley, a native of New Brunswick, aged 30 years.

On Saturday morning last, after a lingering illness, Robert, son of the late John Davis, in his 15th year.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE

ARRIVED.

Saturday, March 16th—brigt. Effort, Whitman, Canoe, 25 hours, deals; schr Stranger, Lunenburg, 9 hours.

Sunday, 17th—Bachelor, Shelburne, fish and oil.

Monday, 18th—schr Rival, Liverpool, do; Am. schr Robert Bruce, Cook, Philadelphia, 10 days, flour, meal, and corn, to W. Pryor & Sons, and R. Noble.

Friday, 22d—brig Ambassador, Clark, Ponce, 23 days, sugar and molasses, to D. & E. Starr & Co.

CLEARED,

Saturday, March 16th—schr Armide, Kenny, St. John, N. B. flour, beef, etc. by W. M. Allan. 18th—Rifleman, Clarke, St. John, N. B. sugar and molasses, by J. & M. Tobin, and others. 19th—Mariner, Gerrard, Philadelphia, herrings and plaister, by S. Binney and others. 20th, brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. by J. Fairbanks; brig Parragon, Lovett, Havana, do. by Creighton & Grassie. 21st—schr President, Odell, St. John, N. F. tea, etc. by Charman & Co, and others.

EVENING BOOK SALE.

BY D. & E. STARR & CO.

WILL sell by Auction, at the Halifax Bazaar, opposite the West front of the Province Building, on the Evenings of Friday and Saturday next, the 22d and 23d insts.

A LARGE AND VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, ILLUSTRATED WORKS, ANNUALS, &c.

Catalogues of which are preparing.—The Sale each Evening will commence at seven o'clock.

TERMS—As at former Sales—Cash before Delivery. March 22.

REAL ESTATE.

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

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

THOMAS LINNARD,

Windsor, Feb. 8. Sole Administrator.

ANNUALS FOR 1839.

A. & W. MACKINLAY have received per the Crier, from Liverpool, the following ANNUALS, viz:—Friendship's Offering, Forget Me Not, The Keepsake, The Book of Beauty, The Oriental Annual.

Like-wise, the third number of Potley's Illustrations of Nova Scotia, containing the following views:

- View of the Cobequid Mountains,
- Fredericton, N. B.
- Windsor from the Barracks,
- Stream, near the Grand Lake,
- Indian of the Mic Mac Tribe,

With an additional view to be given gratis to all those who subscribed for the first two numbers. 4w March 6.

JUST PUBLISHED,

THE DEBATES ON THE DESPATCHES.—In a Pamphlet form.

THE above is for sale at the Novascotian Office, at the Stationers' Stores in Town, and at the Agents' for the Novascotian throughout the country. Price, 1s 3d.

The interest excited by these Debates, and the many important subjects discussed in them, have caused this mode of presenting them to the Public. March 8.

ASK YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT CHINA, OR EARTHENWARE.

THE Subscriber has removed his China and Earthenware establishment to the new store at the north corner of the Ordnance head of Marchington's Wharf, where in addition to his present stock, he has received per barque Tory's Wife, from Liverpool, a general Assortment of Earthenware, etc. consisting of, CHINA TEA SETS, Dinner Services—of neatest shapes and patterns; Tea, Breakfast, and Toilet Sets, and a general assortment of Common ware, which will be Sold wholesale and retail at low prices.

—A L S O—

40 Crates of assorted Common Ware, put up for Country Merchants. BERNARD O'NEIL.

February 1.

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.

BANK OF NOVA-SCOTIA,

Halifax, 22nd. January, 1839.

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

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

By order of the President and Directors.

J. FORMAN, Cashier.

CUSTOMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

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

LETTER VII.

Mount Discovery, 3d month, 1826.

Among the Christians, there are many who are much engaged to spread their religion throughout the world. They think it to be by far the best religion that ever was known on earth—a religion suited to the wants of every people; and some of them suppose that without a belief in this religion, no people can be happy in a future state. Missionary Societies, are formed in this country, in Great Britain, and in several other countries for sending the gospel to such nations as ours, which they denominate heathen nations. Several hundred missionaries have been sent from Christendom, to Asia, Africa, and the Isles of the Pacific Ocean.

In commending their religion, the Christians venture to speak of it as distinguished from all other religions, by its benevolent and pacific character, and its tendency to produce love and peace wherever it is embraced. This I say, they venture to do, while they must know that for a long period of time the Christians have been the most warring people in the world!

I hope I shall go through my examination of the New Testament and send you a true account of it before any of the Christian missionaries shall reach our peaceful isle. But should they arrive among you before you hear from me again, I would recommend that you receive and treat them with the same hospitality and kindness that you showed to the Britons who visited you in ships of war. In this way you may convince them that the way of love and peace is not unknown to you, and you may also make them ashamed of the warring spirit of the Christian nations. You will forbear to treat them with any disrespect, or to prejudge their religion or their motives.—But should they attempt to introduce among our people the principles of war, or to recommend preparations for war as a means of preserving peace, I hope you will state to them clearly how long you have lived in love and peace without any resort to such principles or such preparations; and that you cannot think of changing your religion for one that permits its votaries to teach war as a science, to murder men for fame, or to employ the time of peace, in preparing to fight.

The Hindoo customs of offering human sacrifices by falling before the car of their idol to be crushed by its wheels,—throwing children in alive into the Ganges to be devoured by sharks or other monsters, and the burning of widows with their deceased husbands, are urged by the Christians as powerful reasons for sending missionaries to India, to teach the poor Hindoos a more excellent religion—a religion which is adapted to “save men’s lives,” and to prepare them for future happiness. But what are the deplored sacrifices of the Hindoos when compared with the popular sacrifices of Christians in war? Which are the more calamitous, the more inhuman, or the more criminal? How small the number of human sacrifices offered to their idols by the Hindoos, compared with the hundreds of millions which Christians have offered to their own idols.—Ambition, Avarice, and Revenge. In the Hindoo sacrifices, we see nothing of the malignant passions of revenge or hatred; but the Christian sacrifices are offered in the indulgence of the worst passions of human nature; and they are associated with the practice of almost every crime of which man is capable.

In the Sacred Book of the Christians I observed this proverb—“Physician heal thyself;” and I have been inclined to apply it in this case. Indeed, so far as the abolition of human sacrifices is a proper motive to missionary exertions, I verily think there is a louder call for such exertions to abolish the war sacrifices of Christians than to abolish the superstitious sacrifices of the Hindoos.

If in excuse for the human sacrifices of Christians, it shall be pleaded that their religion requires them, the same excuse may be made for the Hindoos.

Were it not for the self-sufficiency of Christians, I might propose that some of our meek and benevolent priests should be sent as missionaries to this land to teach the way of peace. I have thought much on this subject since I have been among the Christians. But on mature reflection, I cannot advise any of our priests to come here as missionaries. For the Christians, like other religionists, are very sure that their own religion is the best, and their priests think themselves more learned than the priests of any other religion. This, in some respects, is undoubtedly true, though as yet many of them seem to be very ignorant of the laws of love and the way of peace. While such shall be the facts, should some of our most pious and learned priests come here as missionaries, they would probably not be treated with any more respect than the Christian missionaries received from the learned Bramins of Hindostan.

The principle of our religion, “that a meek temper, soft words, and beneficent actions, prevent insults and turn away wrath,” is but little understood among Christians. The rulers of Christian nations have generally acted on opposite principles. They have appeared to think that a haughty tone and an attitude of menace and defiance are the best means of security against aggression, violence, and war.

If our Islanders had acted on this principle when the Britons visited us, I have little doubt that war and bloodshed would have been the consequence. But our friendly attitude and pacific feelings, disarmed them of their usual haughtiness, and thus prevented even private quarrels between our men and theirs. This was a useful lesson to such of the Britons as were capable of much reflection, and it might be useful to the rulers of Christian nations.

L. C.

LETTER VIII.

Mount Hope, 4th month, 1826.

My dear brethren,

I am now to inform you that I have faithfully examined the Gospel or the New Testament,—from which I have learned the character of that God whom the Christians professedly adore. After what I have said of the wars of Christian nations, you may be surprised to hear that the moral character of their God is the reverse of what might naturally have been expected from the fighting character of his professed worshippers. He has revealed himself to Christians in their Sacred Book, as possessing every amiable and adorable attribute. In him there is nothing of the hateful military character, which delights in violence and bloodshed, or which kills for fame. He is exhibited as the Almighty, Omniscient, Omnipresent, Immutable, and Invisible Being, from whom all other beings have their existence, their life, their powers, and all their enjoyments; as just and merciful, slow to anger, long suffering, and ready to pardon the greatest offenders, if they repent and seek his favor. He also reveals himself to the Christians as the only true God, and as a Father, who is more ready to bestow favors on his offspring than earthly parents are to give good things to their children. In approaching him, his creatures are required to believe not only that he is, but that he is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him. To express the benevolence of his nature, the Sacred Book says, “God is LOVE.”

I am inclined to believe that the God of the Christians is indeed the God of the Loo Choo, and that it was he who impressed on the minds of our ancestors, those precepts of love, hospitality, justice, and mercy, which have been handed down from age to age—which are still inculcated by our priests,—and by obedience to which we are so distinguished from warring nations. We, indeed, have not had the Sacred Books of the Christians; but God may have other methods of communicating to men than by books. I think it must have been so, for there doubtless was a time when there were no books in the world.

You will wonder, as I have done, how a people believing in such a benevolent God, could ever glory in war, or imagine that he can be pleased with their works of hatred one towards another. To account for these extraordinary facts, you may be led to suspect, that the Messiah, the Founder of the Christian religion was, like Mahomet, of a character opposite to that of the God whose Ambassador he professed to be, and that through his influence the Christians became a fighting people. But, my brethren, no supposition could be farther from the truth than this. No character was ever exhibited on earth more perfectly the reverse of the military character, than that of the Messiah. Instead of possessing a disposition opposite to that of the God whose Ambassador he professed to be, he appeared as the Son of God, the image of the invisible God, and the brightness of his glory. God gave to him his spirit not by measure—in him dwelt the fulness of Deity, and by him was manifested in the clearest manner the love of God to mankind. He came to save sinful men, to open to them the way of pardon, and to persuade them to become reconciled unto God. He possessed miraculous or divine powers; these he employed for the most benevolent purposes. He healed the sick, the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and in several instances, raised the dead. He literally went about doing good. He preached the gospel to the poor as well as to the rich. He was many times reviled, insulted, and maltreated; but he never rendered evil for evil, nor reviling for reviling. He was the friend of all, and ready to do good to all. Yet as he was faithful in reproving the hypocritical rulers of the Jews, among whom he lived, and explained the Divine laws in a manner different from what they had done, their prejudices were excited against him. Besides, they had expected in him a military Prince, who would lead them to war and to conquest—and deliver them from their subjection to the Roman government. Finding him of a meek, pacific character, not answering to their martial dispositions, they rejected him, conspired against his life, and finally procured a decree from the Roman governor for his crucifixion. While he hung in agony on the cross, they reviled and insulted him in a manner most injurious; but he answered their insults by this prayer:—“Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” After he was dead, his body was embalmed and entombed; but God raised him from the dead. He appeared again to his disciples, gave them further instructions,—and in their presence, he ascended up to heaven, and was seated on the right hand of God.—For God hath highly exalted him—given him a name which is above every name—made him to be both Lord and Christ—a Prince and a Savior, and the Judge of the living and the dead.

L. C.

DEATH’S DOINGS.—“I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds,” said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, which commanded a full prospect of an estate he had just purchased; “I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, and here,” said he, “I’ll plant an orchard; and on that spot I’ll have a pinery.—Your farm-house shall come down,” said old Gregory, “they interrupt my view.”—“Then what will become of the farmers?”—asked the steward who attended him.—“That’s their business,” answered old Gregory. “And that mill must not stand up the stream,” said old Gregory.—“Then, how will the villagers grind their corn?” asked the steward.—“That’s not my business,” answered old Gregory. So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber—and awoke no more; and the farmers reside on their lands—and the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers rejoice that death did “business with old Gregory.”

A GOOD PARLIAMENT MAN.—“I think,” said a farmer, “I should make a good parliament man, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment: the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months!”

In the churchyard of Clackmannan, there is a tombstone with the initials C. G. engraved upon it, and an inscription that is nearly obliterated, from which it appears, that the poor man interred there, having one day gone to the castle to ask charity, the lord of the mansion, who happened to be at an open window, upon hearing the supplicant’s petition, called out to him:—“Go to hell! you shall na come in here.”—“I need na go there,” replied the poor man; “having just come from that.”—“What’s doing there?” said the chief.—“Why, my lord,” answered the applicant, “they are playing the same game there as here, they are taking in the rich and holding out the poor.” This reply cost the poor man his life; the tyrant of the castle having caused him to be tortured to death.

W. G. C.

A laughable circumstance took place upon a trial in Lancashire, when Mr. Wood, sen., father of one of the present members for Preston, was examined as a Witness. Upon giving his name, Otwell Wood, the Judge asked him how he spelt it? The old gentleman replied—

O double T,
I double U,
E double L,
D double U,
D double O D.”

The law giver said it was the most extraordinary name he ever met with.

THE FOOL’S REPROOF.—A certain nobleman kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him: his sick Lord said unto him, “I must shortly leave you.” “And whither are you going?” said the fool, “Into another world,” replied his Lordship. “And when will you come again? within a month?” “No.” “Within a year?” “No.” “When then?” “Never!” “Never!” replied the fool; “and what provisions hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?” “None at all!”—“No!” said the fool, “none at all! there, then take my staff; for with all my folly, I am not guilty of such folly as this.”

A MUSICAL DOG.—An amateur flute-player had a terrier dog that would sit listening to his master’s performance for an hour together; but if he played “Drops of Brandy” rather rapidly, the animal would jump upon his knees, and push the flute from his mouth. The Temperance Society ought to have presented this sober dog with a silver collar.

DEFERRED SENSIBILITY.—A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming, “I did not think I suffered half so much till I heard it this day.”

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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

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Bridgetown, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.
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