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From Friendship's Offering for 1839.

THE RETURN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROVOST OF BRUGES," ETC.

WITHIN a hall of princely ornament
A maiden sits; and hourly waits the coming
Of him whose love shall make those splendours hers,
And hail her mistress there;—whose ardent haste,
Fretted by distance and his sovereign's service,
O'erleaps cold ceremony, and with eager prayer
Calls her to meet him here.—The Lord of Varens
Is first in the world's gaze;—the hero, statesman,
The royal favourite, the laurel crowned,
Fresh from the field of glory—and yet here
The Lord of Varens writes himself her slave!
And, as she reads again the burning line,
Pride lights her eye and mantles o'er her cheek,
And swells her woman's breast.—Yet even then,
Even in that glowing moment, pales again
The flushing cheek, and sinks the glance of pride,
As some strange current of unbidden thought
Calls up another love, in gone-by years,
When poor Eugene sat at the young girl's feet;
And, with his thoughtful eye intent on hers,
Asked for no other world, than so to sit
And gaze for ever!—Didst thou sigh, Louise?
Ay, those were days of pure and thrilling joy!
Hand joined to trembling hand, young love's first kiss,
The vow that plighted those two hearts for ever,—
That vow forgotten now!—no, not forgotten—
Witness those trembling lids and that pale cheek!
But he is lost;—he sought, in the hot press
Of the world's struggle, to deserve her hand,
Left his youth's home, and ne'er was heard of more.
Five years she mourned him with a widowed heart,
And then the Lord of Varens, [but once seen
Some two years since, when parting for the wars,
And little noted then,] renewed his suit
By missives sent from foreign lands, which told
How her rare beauty dwelt upon his soul;
Vouching his truth with gifts of wondrous price,
While tidings of his still more wondrous fame
Grew daily louder,—Oh the heart of woman!—
Why is it thus?—So strong, so weak a thing,
So exquisite in all, its very faults
Grow fascinations?—like the amber drops
Which straws invade, yet are no blemish then,
But take a charm from being so enshrined!—
The Lord of Varens triumphed;—the scarce seen,
Scarce known except of fame,—his suit was heard,
And all the memory of Eugene forbid
As a past dream.—And now De Varens comes,
And she shall meet him here, to spare some days
Of an ill brooked delay.—"I am not false—
"Blanche, say I am not!—thou, my childhood's friend,
"Still my companion here—Blanche! speak to me!—
"Confirm my failing heart!"—But Blanche is mute:
The oft told tale of deep and constant love
Dwells in her breast, and though she will not blame,
She sighs in silence.

"Lady, at the gate
"One from the Lord of Varens seeks your presence."
"Admit him—yet no—stay—'twere better thus
"I honour one who comes from such a master."
Forth from the hall she passed, and on the steps
Received the messenger; who with doffed cap
And grave but courteous reverence, stood before her.
He was a man upon whose open brow
Was written "gentleman,"—whose mien and dress
Spoke one of trust, well chosen for such errand.—
Silent he stood, while, with averted look,
Blanche turned her from the scene she little loved;
But on Louise his thoughtful, calm, clear eye
Fixed, till her own shrank from its steady gaze;
And something sinking, trembling at her heart,
Oppressed its utterance. At last he spoke:
"Lady, my master, the great Lord of Varens
"Greets you by me, his servant."—At the voice
Her changing colour fled, her eye grew wild,
And from her quivering and parted lips
A struggling breath that seemed an unformed word
Came murmuring forth—It sounded like "Eugene!"—
He marked her not—but added, "With this ring
"He bids me greet the lady of his choice,
"And say, that this, once passed in pledge of love,
"Within its emblematic circle, then
"Two hearts are knit for ever."—"Oh no! no!
"No, not that ring, Eugene! 'twas mine to thee!"
"Lady, forgive my awkward haste—I erred!"
"No—'twas no error, 'twas a just reproach,
"And I deserve it—but I thought thee dead,
"I mourned thee, mourned thee truly—yes, for years,
"Until—oh shame, oh shame!—But it is past—
"Go! tell this Lord, Louise mistook her heart;
"It will not be twice perjured.—Say, the love
"He seeks is—yes—enjoy thy triumph—say
"'Tis thine!—And now, farewell"—The half-spoke word
Trembled on her white lips, and the quick tears
Would not be hid.—"Louise! my own Louise!
"Dost thou then love me still?"—"Demand the proof!"
"Oh should I bid thee share my humble lot?"—
"I would—I will?"—"Think of De Varens' power!"
"I'll brave it all!"—"The king's command?"—"We'll fly!
"The world has other lands!—Eugene, with thee
"I will be poor, despised, an exile, all,
"So thou forgive!—Oh can I more atone?"
And then, her maiden modesty at strife
With her full heart, she sank into his arms;
And her pale cheek assumed a paler hue,
And o'er her eyes drooped down the heavy lids,
Until a lovely and unconscious weight
She lay, death's counterfeit. "Look up, Louise!
"Oh I was much to blame—look up and smile!
"It is thine own Eugene—thine own *De Varens!*
"Nay, not so wildly!—see, 'tis only I,
"And I am both, and both are only thine.—
"He whom thou knew'st of old as Lord of Varens,
"A traitor, perished by a traitor's doom.
"His lands and name were given to Eugene,
"And in that name again I wooed Louise,
"As in the name more fitted to deserve her.
"Canst thou forgive my folly? speak to me!"—
She did not speak—but over her fair brow
The crimson spread, and from the brightening eye
Raised to his own, a beam of thrilling joy
Gave the reply.—In his she placed her hand—
Not for the Lord of Varens, but for him,
Her early love, Eugene.—And so it was;—
To fame, and state, and to the gazing world,
He was De Varens still—but for Louise
He had a dearer name; her latest faith,
Still constant to her first, knew but Eugene.

MATERNAL MONITOR.

IMPORTANCE OF THE FIRE SIDE.

As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if in pain, she relieves it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or wo, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is its heaven. The mother is the deity of infancy.

Now reflect a moment upon the impressible, the susceptible character of this little being, and consider the power of this mother in shaping the fine clay that is entrusted to her hands. Consider with what authority, with what effect, one so loved, so reverenced, so adored, may speak!

Thus, in the budding spring of life, infancy is the special charge, and subject to the special influence, of the mother. But it soon advances to childhood. Hitherto, it has been a creature of feeling; it now becomes a being of thought. The intellectual eye opens upon the world. It looks abroad, and imagination spreads its fairy wing. Every thing is beautiful, every thing is wonderful. Curiosity is perpetually alive, and questions come thick and fast to the lisping lips. What is this? Who made it? How? When? Wherefore? These are the eager interrogations of childhood. At this period, the child usually becomes fond of the society of his father. He can answer his questions. He can unfold the mysteries which excite the wonder of the childish intellect. He can tell him tales of what he has seen, and lead the child forth in the path of knowledge. The great characteristic of this period of life is an eager desire to obtain new ideas. New ideas to a child are bright as gold to the miser, or gems to a fair lady. The mind of childhood is constantly beset with hunger and thirst for knowledge. It appeals to the father, for he can gratify these burning desires.

How naturally does such a relation beget in the child both affection and reverence! He sees love in the eyes of the father, he hears it in the tones of his voice; and the echo of the young heart gives back love for love. He discovers, too, that his father has knowledge which to him is wonderful. He can tell why the candle goes out, and though he may not be able to satisfy the child where the beautiful flame is gone, he can at least explain why it has vanished, and how it may be recalled. He can tell why the fire burns, why the stream flows, why the trees bow in the breeze. He can tell where the rain comes from, and unfold the mysteries of the clouds. He can explain the forked lightning and the rolling thunder. He can unravel the mighty mysteries of the sun, the moon, and the stars. He can point beyond to that Omnipotent Being who in goodness and wisdom has made them all.

What a sentiment, compounded of love and reverence towards the father, is thus engendered in the bosom of the child! What a power to instruct, to cultivate, to mould that gentle being, is thus put into the hands of this parent! How powerful is admonition from his lips, how authoritative his example! The father is the deity of childhood. The feeling of the child towards the father is the beginning of that sentiment, which expands with the expanding intellect, and, rising to heaven on the wing of faith, bows in love and reverence before the Great Parent of the universe.

Let us go forward to the period of youth. The mother holds the reins of the soul; the father sways the dominion of the intellect. I do not affirm that there is an exact or complete division of empire between the parents. Both exert a powerful influence over the mind and heart. I mean only to state generally, that the natural power of the mother is exercised rather over the affections, and that of the father over the mind. It is a blended sway, and if exerted in unison, it has the force of destiny. There may be cases in which children may seem to set parental authority at defiance; but these instances, if they actually occur, are rare, and may be regarded as exceptions, which are said to prove the rule. Remember the impressible character of youth, and consider its relation to the parent. Is not the one like the fused metal, and has not the other the power to impress upon it an image ineffaceable as the die upon steel? Nay, is it not matter of fact, attested by familiar observation, that children come forth from the hands of their parents stamped with a character, that seldom deserts them in after life? Are they not impressed with manners, tastes, habits and opinions, which circumstances may modify, but never efface? If the countenance of the child often bears the semblance of the father or mother, do we not still more frequently discover in the offspring the moral impress of the parent?

Is it not true, then, that parents are the law-givers of their children? Does not a mother's counsel, does not a father's example, cling to the memory, and haunt us through life? Do we not often find ourselves subject to habitual trains of thought, and if we seek to discover the origin of these, are we not insensibly led back, by some beaten and familiar track, to the paternal threshold? Do we not often discover some home-chiseled grooves in our minds, into which the intellectual machinery seems to slide as by a sort of necessity? Is it not, in short, a proverbial truth that the controlling lessons of life are given beneath the parental roof? I know, indeed, that wayward passions spring up in early life, and, urging us to set authority at defiance, seek to obtain the mastery of the heart. But, though struggling for liberty and license, the child is shaped and moulded by the parent. The stream that bursts from the fountain, and seems to rush forward headlong and self-willed, still turns hither and thither, according to the shape of its mother earth over which it flows. If an obstacle is thrown across its path, it gathers strength, breaks away the barrier, and again bounds forward. It turns, and winds, and proceeds on its course, till it reaches its destiny in the sea. But in all this, it has shaped its course and followed out its career, from bubbling infancy at the fountain to its termination in the great reservoir of waters, according to the channel which its parent earth has provided. Such is the influence of a parent over his child. It has within itself a will, and at its bidding it goes forward; but the parent marks out its track. He may not stop its progress, but he may guide its course. He may not throw a dam across its path, and say to it, hitherto mayest thou go, and no farther; but he may turn it through safe, and gentle, and useful courses, or he may leave it to plunge over wild cataracts, or lose itself in some sandy desert, or collect its strength in a torrent, but to spread ruin and desolation along its borders.

The fireside, then, is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and colour to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honours of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and out-live the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age, holding fresh in his recollection the events of

childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blessed and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay.

Such is the fireside---the great institution furnished by providence for the education of man. Having ordained that man should receive his character from education, it was also ordained that early instruction should exert a decisive influence on character, and that during this important period of existence, children should be subject to the charge of their parents. The sagacity and benevolence displayed in this design afford a striking manifestation of that wisdom and goodness which we behold in all the works of God. It appears that, in every stage of society, parental education adjusts itself to the wants of children. In the savage state, where there is no division of property, no complicated system of laws and relations, no religion, save the naked idea of a God who rewards the good and punishes the wicked, education has a narrow scope; but such as is needed is supplied. As society advances into civilisation, duties multiply and responsibilities increase; there is then a demand for higher moral and intellectual culture. Providence has foreseen and provided for this necessity, for with the advance of refinement and knowledge the family circle is drawn closer together, and the solicitude of parents for their children, and their influence over them, are proportionably increased. Thus, while in a rude age children are left, almost like the untutored animals, to make their own way, when knowledge is diffused, and the light of religion spread abroad, then it is that enlightened education becomes necessary, then it is that parental education becomes vigilant, and then it is that children are most completely subjected to the influence of parents.

In a state of society like ours, it involves a fearful responsibility, but we cannot shrink from the fact: parents usually decide the character of their offspring. It is ordained by heaven; children will obey the lessons given them at the fireside. As the stone hurled from the sling takes its direction and finds its resting-place at the bidding of the arm that wields it, so the child goes forward, and finds its grave in peace or sorrow, according to the impulse given at the fireside.---*From "Fireside Education."*

Concluded from our last.

CONGREGATIONAL PSALMODY.

In animadverting on the tunes which enjoy a traditional popularity, we connot pretend to give a complete index expurgatorius. Perhaps we have not signalised the greatest criminals. Let every body turn informer for himself, and they will soon be denounced. Let him see how often whining insipidity has been mistaken for pathos—pertness and familiarity for gracefulness—and bombast for majesty—while sometimes nothing but the supposition of a fortuitous concourse of notes will account for the tunes in which they occur. But it must be remembered that there can be no discrimination exercised if the attention is still to be exclusively occupied by the same tunes. It must be by familiarity with those not ordinarily heard in our chapels, that a taste can be created for them; and this may come to have an expulsive power fatal to the popularity of many of our present favourites.

We have said that the principal effect of psalmody depends on the belief entertained by those who engage in it of their common sincerity. The liability to impression in each member being in proportion to the mass he believes to be sympathising with him. It might safely be said that psalmody can have no faults except those which impair this community of feeling or prevent its recognition. All that we have instanced do one or both of these, as a little reflection will make evident. The harsh predominance of one voice straining itself, often in a vain effort to keep a congregation to the tune is likely to operate both ways. The censurable attempts of many persons to sustain a part, for which they have not the requisite musical skill, nor perhaps the right quality of voice, must mar the effect of the whole on all who are unfortunate enough to be within their range. Countertenors uncertainly flickering over the scale, till a happy accident confirms their confidence by bringing them in tune—basses jarring the ear by unallowable discords—and the well-meant but not benevolent attempts of those to whom nature has given neither voice nor ear for music, are all disturbing causes to every body but those who present them.

We judge of a man's earnestness, in great part, by the 'expression' he gives to his enunciation. A friend professing his regard with as little emphasis, as if he were giving his opinion of the weather or asking the time of day—a multitude testifying their loyalty to a present sovereign by lisped and heartless tokens of welcome; would be ludicrous hypocrisies. We may make ourselves certain, that devotion is dying when hosannas languish on our tongues. But beyond vigorous shouting, or occasionally an almost inaudible monotony, what 'expression' do the generality of our choral efforts exhibit? And what is expressed by these more than the fact that the congregation does or does not enjoy the tune? It would be credulous to think emotion of any kind was manifested. '*Expression*' is resolvable into *degrees of quickness* or slowness, loudness or softness. The two first, must of course, be maintained uniformly through the whole tune: though it may be altered to accommodate the sense of the next verse if necessary, according as that may be calculated to animate us or to soothe the voice into a slow and pensive cadence.

We may distribute the force of our voice as we please over the whole melody—throwing it into whatever bars or even notes we choose; as best suits the sentiment to be conveyed. But we are writing as though people required to be taught all this. As if mothers depended on the instruction of professors for the mode in which they might best indicate their love for their children—as if no man knew when to speak fast or loud, or on what words to lay stress, until he had qualified himself by pains-taking and tuition. As in reading or speaking, let us know what we mean, speak distinctly and be in earnest, and we may trust to nature for all besides. These things are not artifices, or elocutionists and rhetoricians would do something more than name their tools—they would earn the credit of making them. How is it, then, that our practice does not exemplify the same great instincts which concern both singing and speech? It would be indecent and manifestly false, to explain this by the absence of sincerity. The great majority of those who sing in our congregations may fairly be supposed to adopt, for the time at least, the sentiments they utter, and, therefore, might be expected to evince the ardor and depth of their feelings by their manner of declaring them. The deficiency in our opinion may be accounted for, by the obstacles which radically bad tunes oppose. They express no feeling, and, therefore, need no 'expression.' The cure then is to be found in the substitution of the good for the bad. By the use of those which admit and invite expression, the taste and skill will unconsciously develope themselves. Nevertheless, until that time arrive, there will be a great advantage in pursuing the means we have to recommend

We believe the ancient objection to the use of organs is wearing away in our denominations. They are felt to be not only appropriate from the very quality of their tones, but a great assistance to the psalmody of congregations too large to allow their voices to be drowned by the volume of their sound. They lead great numbers more effectually than can be accomplished by any one man. We think there is another advantage to be derived from their use—they would operate beneficially on the taste of those who employed them. Tunes which we are content to sing, would become intolerable when their jingling passages and meagre harmonies were heard from an instrument that would so plainly reveal their real character. Athough, it must be confessed, that bad taste has often continued to preside in defiance of them.

Reformations rarely if ever begin in the multitude. Defects however enormous are submitted to for ages without suspicion until perceived by those who have the power of influencing the mass. In no other way we conceive can our psalmody undergo a complete reform. It is, therefore, to those whose character and position give them weight in our congregations, that we address ourselves. The few bright examples of what may be done to rescue our psalmody from the censures passed upon it by all qualified judges out of our pale, have been thus created. It might be invidious to name them. The practicability and aptness of the means we have to recommend have been proved in the instances we allude to, where success in the next degree to perfect has crowned the efforts of the few.

The principal features of the plans adopted in these cases have been, the banishment of the volumes which have so long maintained an injurious supremacy—the employment of the collection under review—and the establishment of meetings for the practice of psalmody during the week. A sufficient number of people have thus been rendered familiar with the new tunes, and capable of singing all with accuracy. The gentlemen who have assumed the direction of these meetings have proceeded gradually. Correctness in time and tune were the first points insisted on and secured. 'Expression' was afterwards attended to, and in a great measure attained. If in any thing they have failed it is owing to no fault of theirs, but to a prevailing insensibility to the claims this duty of praising God has upon our best efforts to render it not unworthy of the Being who must condescend even to listen to the anthems of heaven. Praise is graciously accepted, we are encouraged to believe—but only when it is 'comely.' We have been content to bring the lame and the sickly for offerings. We have seemed to think that it is not worth while, much less an obvious duty, for the people to qualify themselves for the only part that falls upon them in the worship of God. They may do this as well as they can, or not all; if they so choose. This case is an exception to the general rule; 'no voice can be improved by cultivation—every body reads music by the light of nature, and forms an harmonious bass or tenor by the spontaneous suggestion of his untutored ear.' We should not tolerate the same marks of want of care and study in the ministrations of the pulpit. The heart and understanding we know are chiefly to be looked to, for it is these alone that God regards. The harshest whooping that could be heard from a hut-full of converted Hottentots—if it proceeded from no spurious feeling, is of higher account than the most finished performances of the vain and self-respecting. But is it evidence of a right state of the heart, or indeed of the understanding, to leave imperfect what might be improved? Neglect in this matter, when it is not the result of ignorance, closely resembles presumption and profanity.

There is a point in the progress of such attempts as we are advocating, when the psalmody may possibly exhibit somewhat of a cold and artificial character. It may be expected to occur just before a sufficient number of people have qualified themselves to bear a part in the new and better mode of performing the duty, before the mass of the congregation is accustomed to the wide transition and familiar with the newly introduced melodies. But time will cure this—and there will be the less to cure, the more zealously the congregation co-operate in whatever methods of reform may be pursued. It may be thought by some, that we desire a degree of perfection in the singing of our congregations which is not attainable, nor if it were, desirable---that we wish to render it a musical performance which may gratify the ear and taste of the fastidious. The tenour of our observations ought to repel this charge. It is the perfection of psalmody which we would promote, not that which belongs to the concert-room. Could we, by one stroke of our pen, realize all we desire---instead of a smaller number of singers, there would be many more than at present. For almost every body might use his voice at some pitch or other with addition to the general effect, as well as profit to himself. It is not travelling out of our record, to refer to the great advantage which the rite would receive, were the announcement of the hymn and tune, and the recitation of the former which is customary amongst us, committed to those who would not shock us by a style of delivery either formal or flippant, irreverent or pompous. We could instance congregations that have been great gainers by relinquishing the services of those whose only qualifications are, perhaps, loudness of voice and a superficial knowledge of music, for the unpaid superintendence of men of education, taste, skill in music, and best of all for our purpose, piety. In most of our chapels one or two uniting these attributes might surely be found; are they ashamed to use them in such service?

It would contribute not a little to the future perfection of psalmody, were facilities afforded in our colleges for instruction in the science of music, and those principles of taste which have respect to it. This would secure at least one man of influence in each congregation, competent to repair the defects we at present deplore. We say repair, because it must be recollected, that it was not always as it is now; psalmody had a brighter era, and to that standard we desire to return.

The laudable and successful attempt which is being made in a suburban hamlet to introduce a knowledge of music and a love of its pleasures, into classes of society which we have hitherto been content to leave a prey to debasing appetites and sordid engagements, albeit ready enough to exasperate the evils by legislating against them, should it provoke imitation, will tell favorably on psalmody itself. In the instance we refer to, this forms a prominent part of their choral performances, which considering the short time since the experiment was begun, reflect the highest credit on the zeal and ability of the gentleman to whom the public is principally indebted, for practically bringing this means of civilization before its notice.

We refer our readers to the very able preface of the Psalmist for a summary of the sacred history of music, with a copious citation of authorities from which there is no appeal to justify its religious use; if that can be thought necessary. It also contains a succinct account of the rise and progress of psalmody. The scheme of the work is perspicuously declared, and reflects the highest credit on those who devised it. The principles which have guided the compilers in the choice of tunes are plain, and will approve themselves to every one who allows himself the pleasure of reading their preface. The result is a collection unrivalled in the number of unexceptionable tunes it contains, and in the beauty of their arrangements, in which the harmonies are rich and full, without being abstruse or intricate. This of itself is a very great improvement on the popular collections, which are notoriously poor and deficient in arrangement; no slight fault when it is recollected that chords of simultaneous sounds affect us precisely as sounds in succession do. Harmony is a power of expression, often equal and sometimes superior to melody. It gratifies more than the appetite of the ear. It can be made to excite the imagination and stir the heart.

The case of performers of ordinary skill has been consulted by every simplification consistent with musical propriety. The tenor and also cleffs, which few are acquainted with, are discarded. A few of the arrangements, especially in the first part of the work, are in a style altogether too chromatic. The basses have more of the florid and instrumental character than should be found in compositions for popular use, and that on occasions when devotion and not display is regarded. But the great majority of the tunes are not open to this objection.

The collection is enriched by many beautiful adaptations from the greatest masters, made on principles to which nothing can be objected. The objects are unknown to the generality, and therefore, although some of them were not designed for the service of religion by their authors, they were not likely to suggest ideas of a contrary tendency. The evil of many of our adaptations is, that the tunes were popular before they were consecrated. We have made priests of the meanest of the people. But the better and more deservedly popular any secular tune is, the more strongly will it be surrounded by associations foreign to and by contrast repellent of devotional feelings. Forgetfulness of this fact made the great religious leader ask, 'why the devil should be suffered to keep all the good tunes to himself? straightway enriching the psalmody of his chapel by the abduction of 'Rule Brittania,' 'Away with Melancholy,' and a few others. He should have been cautious—we have plenty of tunes that might tempt reprisals on the part of the enemy. Let our subjects be taken from the untravelled depths of musical literature, and we may adapt as largely as we choose without offence.

The list of those who have contributed to fill the three numbers already issued, includes the most classical composers of all ages. Nor is there a name of eminence in the present musical world that is not creditably represented by one or more tunes, some of surpassing beauty. Among so much excellence it would be difficult as well as invidious to particularize. Nor would our limits permit it. The work, when completed (a fourth number is promised) will be a splendid, and, in many cases, a voluntary offering from the highest genius to the service of religion—rich beyond any precedent in faultless beauty of melody, and the most finished resources of harmony—a volume full of the loftiest style of music—that of the passions.

We intend to lay before our readers a series of extracts from the late work on UNION, by the Rev. John Harris. The first quotation which we give in our present number is, on modern religious controversies; and it will be seen by a reference to it, how nearly the writer coincides with the editor of the Pearl on this subject. The first part of our citation refers to the *backbiting of the pulpit*; we wish we could say that our author had erred in preferring such a charge, but some late most glaring instances of the kind, and in which no excuse of haste or sudden passion can be urged, forbid such a supposition. One might suppose that the sacredness of the sabbath, and the hallowed purposes of divine worship, would banish from the house of God all inflammatory appeals, all evil-speaking against Christians of different sentiments. But no, partizanship will sometimes dash through a phalanx of restraints. When will Christians learn to love one another?

CHRISTIAN UNION.—No. I.

Religious Controversies—Party Reading.

"The very exceptionable manner in which ecclesiastical controversies are conducted in the present day, *necessarily tends* to inflame division. And here we might advert to the growing frequency with which the pulpit is made the vehicle of inflammatory appeals. That hallowed spot which, like another Calvary, should be sacred to the cross, is lighted up with the strange fires of the wrath of man. When the minister should pour out nothing but the result of his closet devotions, and scriptural meditations, he boils over with the unholy excitement of newspaper and pamphlet appeals. Where the private Christian comes for the pure bread of life, he receives it, if at all, mixed with the gravel and thorns of ecclesiastical debate. And there, where the perturbed should come to be tranquillized, the peaceful leave in a state of alarming apprehension of some impending calamity.

"Another circumstance to be greatly deplored is, that the religious controversy should have fallen so completely into the hands of men whose principal qualification for conducting it lies in their pugnacity; and who have acquired the office chiefly by the reckless extravagance of their statements, and the energy of their abuse. These are the Circumcelliones of the third century, and the Montanarii of the fourteenth—the mercenaries and bludgeonmen of the war, who are comparatively regardless whether party triumphs over principle or the reverse, *provided they continue* to enjoy their notoriety and to receive their pay. Bacon remarked concerning the Church controversies of his day, 'that to search and rip up wounds with a laughing countenance; to intermix scripture and scurrility in one sentence; the majesty of religion and the contempt and deformity of things ridiculous; is a thing far from the reverence of a devout Christian, and hardly becoming the honest regard of a sober man.' There are now lying before the writer numerous extracts from pamphlets, magazines, essays, tracts, and newspapers, in which all that Bacon deprecated is done, and much more. Here, on both sides, historical facts are distorted, Scripture is misquoted and misapplied, faults are blackened and magnified into startling crimes, the rules of argumentative justice are grossly violated, obvious mistakes are eagerly seized and aggravated into intentional falsehood, candid admissions are taken advantage of and turned into grave accusations, the sanctity of private friendship is profaned, old and one-sided information is received and employed in preference to that which is more recent and complete, seeming inconsistencies enlarged on as real contradictions, parts of statements quoted as the whole, and citations perverted so as to convey a meaning contrary to the intention of the author, and of truth; and all this is done too in the name of the God of truth and love—with a plausible affectation of sincere concern for the prosperity of religion! The consequence is that the calm and christian reasoner shrinks from the unholy conflict; the voice of the aged counsellor is drowned in the clamors of party; the meek and prayerful retire from the strife of tongues; and the arena is left comparatively to men whose only object is to return blow for blow—men, whose element is a tempest, and their chief distinction that, like a certain bird of prey, they can fly only in a storm. The world meanwhile looks on amused; the partisan heartens and cheers on his champion to the next onset; the unwary Christian spectator himself insensibly encourages and imbibes the factious spirit; and, in some instances, an individual who only meant to step between the hostile ranks as a mediator, has soon sided with a party, and joined in the fray. While many periodical publications, commenced on Christian principles, have quickly discovered that their own friends mistook their freedom from passion for want of spirit; and therefore in order to maintain their ground, they inflame where they ought to have extinguished, and add to the conflagration of a temple already on fire.

"And then the conduct of a large proportion of the religious public aggravates this evil considerably, by confining its reading and intercourse exclusively to its own party. If *truth* were preferred to triumph, men would remember that it is not the monopoly of a party; and, on enlarging the sphere of their reading and observation, they would find so much to question where they had hitherto placed implicit confidence; and so much to approve where they had previously bestowed all their suspicions and censures, that the evil complained of would in a great measure neutralize itself. Instead of this, however, they are content to hear faults imputed to others without any examination, and praise lavished on themselves with little qualification; *until, having heard for years of nothing concerning their own party but its excellence, nor of their opponents but their errors and evils, it ceases to be wonderful that they should identify all goodness with the former, and feel as if the greatest virtue next to loving and applauding it, must consist in vilifying and opposing the latter.*"

From "Union."

THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

From th' twilight we borrow
Fit solace for sorrow,
When the aged and weary lie down in their west:
And the sunset in splendour
Is touching and tender,
Where the dews of our sorrow fall warm on their rest.

But mighty's the anguish
Where beauty must languish,
And the young from the young in life's morning are riven;
When the dear spell is broken
Of vows fondly spoken,
And the form is recalled that in rapture was given.

Oh, vainly we linger
Where silence her finger
Has laid upon lips that no more may enclose:
Where sad leaves are sighing,
Where blossoms are dying,
O'er the young and the lovely in mortal repose.

The form that came lightly,
Like morn breaking brightly,
With hopes as from Eden, all faded and o'er:
The presence endearing,
The smile that was cheering,
And step that was music, are with us no more.

Metropolitan.

AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.—On what *authority* are we to believe? On the authority of God *alone*. Each one is bound under a sacred obligation, to go to the Bible for his system of divinity, and so far as any man is governed by a regard to any human creed, in the formation of his religious opinions, so far he is deficient in the very principle of christian faith; and pays that homage to human authority, that is due only to Divine. What a shame it is for any man, after God has spoken to him, to found his faith, not on what his heavenly Father says, but to believe various doctrines, because they were believed and taught by father A. and father B. and father C. In exact proportion as this bigotry is mixed with any man's faith, it injures his whole christian character; and in many, too many sad instances, it has caused a *human bible* to triumph over the revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him.—*Asa Shinn.*

Doctors Hardy and McKnight were colleagues in the Old Church of Edinburgh. On a Sunday, when it was Dr. McKnight's turn to preach, he got drenched in the rain, on his way to service. Whilst in the session room, Dr. Hardy came in, and, as he had escaped a drenching, was requested by his colleague to go in and preach in his place. "No, sir," replied Hardy, "*you will be dry enough* in the pulpit."

THE MYSTIC HABITATION OF THE SOUL.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

The mystic habitation of the Soul!
The mortal home of Immortality!
The doubt of ages! Ages still may roll
And man still question thy locality.
Philosophy its highest flight may soar,
Nor reach the knowledge of thy viewless rest;
Presumption, proud in metaphysic lore,
Still doubt and draw conclusions most unblest;
Research lead on to Infidelity;
The spirit of the Soul, the Soul deny.

Yes, thus is man disquieted for naught;
Thus comes destruction as Presumption's meed;
Thought cannot solve the mystery of thought,
Nor man the secret of man's essence read.
What, if the Soul inhabits heart or brain,
Or circles 'mid the vivifying stream,
Pouring its influence through every vein?
It is enough that e'en by Reason's gleam
We read its Immortality and know
Eternity its goal for weal or woe.

And shall not revelation's holy flame,
Lit on the sacred pyre of ages past,
Beaconing our hopes to heavenly mansions, claim
Our veneration? Say! have we not cast
Philosophy's deep sea-line but to find
Truth's ocean fathomless? Then why depend
The Soul's high destiny on powers of mind?
Woe to the hand whose finite grasp would rend
The veil that shrouds Infinity, or war
Till Faith expires, condemned at Reason's bar!

WORTH OF THE SOUL.

The worth of an immortal soul—where shall we begin and where shall we conclude? The subject is so expansive that no finite mind can traverse it,—so sublime that no human tongue can do it justice. Look into yourselves, brethren, explore your own spirit, attempt to span its dimensions, weigh it in the balance of revelation. Divine in its origin, radiant aforetime with the similitude of the Diety—capacitated for the fruition of God, majestic though in ruins, retaining awful vestiges of the divine likeness, endowed with indefinite capabilities of knowledge, endued with an unfathomable susceptibility of anguish, possessed of a no less unfathomable susceptibility of enjoyment, and beyond all and above all, having interwoven with its very essence the dread and inconceivable attribute of immortality,—can we think of it without amazement, or contemplate it without awe? Then let it be realized that such soul lies entombed in every breast of all the mighty multitude of the outcast, the ignorant, and the debased portion of our rural and urban population; that the most drunken, degraded and profligate among them, the bond-slave of Satan, drinking in iniquity like water, working all lasciviousness with greediness, incloses, nevertheless, a soul so costly, that no finite arithmetical calculation can compute its value; a soul which far outweighs every unintelligent object, the most magnificent, the most stupendous, that creation can supply. Shall we take the sun shining in his strength and filling the heavens with his splendour? Shall we balance him against the most humiliated of human souls? Weigh both in the balances of eternal truth, and which is the most momentous? Yonder sun has no consciousness of its own existence—knows not his origin or his destiny; neither is the period remote when his glories shall be quenched, and himself have passed away like the morning vapour which he now exhales from the face of the firmament. But that degraded soul which we are poising against the lamp of heaven, has a consciousness of its own existence; has faculties which if developed to their perfection might approximate, yea, equalize it to the angels of God; has a being which shall survive the extinction of the sun, and, amid the dissolution of the visible universe, shall stand forth in all its indestructibility, even then only commencing a career interminable as His "who inhabiteth eternity." Can we then, over-estimate human nature? Can we be too mightily moved to convert the sinner from the error of his way, to compel him to hasten to that feast which God has prepared for our own imperishable spirits—a feast of the bread and water of eternal life?

Hugh Stowell, A. M.

PLAINNESS OF THE BIBLE.—If, then, the scriptures be in themselves so perspicuous, and sufficient of themselves to make men wise unto salvation through faith, through what infatuation is it that even Protestant divines persist in darkening the most momentous truths of religion by intricate comments, on the plea that such an explanation is necessary; stringing together all the useless technicalities and empty distinctions of scholastic barbarism, for the purpose of elucidating those scriptures which they are continually extolling as models of plainness? as if scripture, which possesses in itself the clearest light, and is sufficient for its own explanation, especially in matters of faith and holiness, required to have the simplicity of its divine truths more fully developed, and placed in a distinct view, by illustrations drawn from the abstract of human science, falsely so called.—*Milton.*

For the Pearl.

TO ——, ——, ——.

The flag floats aloft from the tapering spar;
And seaward the light-hearted sailor doth gaze,
As he paces the deck, and with joy sees afar
The clouds shoot along on the favouring breeze.
And soon the proud bark under weigh, I shall view:
Her moorings she'll leave ere the red Sun is gone;
And then from the shore, I will *wave* thee adieu,
As o'er the green surges she slowly moves on.

My bosom will seem like a wilderness then,—
Where no sweet blooming flow'r, or tender plant green
In the summer breeze waves, or looks up to the Sun,—
But where dark desolation and barrenness reign,
At the thought that the friend I may never see more;
For whom the first love of my youthful heart burned;
Who hath ever in mirth, or in sorrow's dark hour,
To me with a smile of tenderness turned.

And when evening goes down o'er the sea and the land;
And o'er the lone waters thou'st faded from sight:
With reluctance, I'll turn from the rude rocky strand,
With my eyes dim with tears, and sighing "good night."
And homeward with sorrowful heart I'll return,—
To the hearth which thy smile of affection did cheer:
Where, in times that are past, all my sorrows were gone,
When thy converse, like music, fell sweet on my ear.

When I'm in the gay circle, where oft we have met,—
Where life's early pleasures unsullied we've seen;
Unknown to those round me, I'll deeply regret
That thou'rt not there to enliven the scene.
And tell me, when others thy sunny smile share;
And the light of enjoyment illumines thy heart,
Wilt thou think of the friend who is sighing afar
For the joy which the smile unto *him* would impart?

O yes: the bright tear that so tremblingly flows
O'er the soft tints of thy beautiful cheek,—
Like a dew-drop in silence o'er the leaf of the rose
When the zephyrs of morning begin to awake—
More sweetly than words, give the wish'd for reply;
And joy, thro' the gloom that envelopes my heart,
Will shine like the sunbeam, so sweet to the eye,
When the storm's sable spirits begin to depart.

When I sweetly shall think thou'lt remember me still,
Tho' on others thine eyes winning lustre may shine—
That when mirth thy virtuous bosom shall fill,
Thou'lt regret that its light is not kindled in mine.
Then over the ocean's dark solitude, blan,
Be the wind that from heaven's deep azure vault blows,
Until safe, on old Albion's "wave-girdled" land,—
The Temple of Freedom,—thy foot shall repose.

May, 1837. ANSELMO.

For the Pearl.

LUCY CLARKSON.

A TALE OF SIMPLE LIFE.

Chapter III.—The Town.

Lucy was elated at her father thus giving his sanction to her flight from home,—by agreeing to accompany the fugitives. It was an unlooked-for incident, and she felt, what has been often experienced, that anticipated evil sometimes results in actual good:—her father's pursuit, and the probability of being overtaken by him, were, a few minutes before, the great fears of her existence,—now, she found that only for such overtaking, she would be yet a guilt-burdened fugitive, instead of one about becoming a bride under the auspices of her only parent. One or two pangs still lingered to mar her satisfaction;—her sister, her beloved but ill-used sister, was distant, unconscious of her fortunes since they parted,—and her late lover had been dismissed with a rudeness which did not become her character, which he did not deserve, and which she well knew would cause him torture, that she indeed should be the last to inflict. The only excuse for the evil, was, that it was done to prevent greater,—done in the hurry and excitement of the moment. Yet was it not the less cruel; bitterly ungrateful and ungenerous it seemed to be,—thus to plant a barbed arrow in the heart which best loved,—and all on the plea of expediency. Her husband-that-was-to-be, indeed, escaped violence, perhaps, by the act,—and she was saved some mortification,—but he, the discarded, was the poor sacrificed victim,—insulted, despised, taunted,—tortured, beyond endurance. So it is with the world,—as the sportsman shoots down the pheasant, or the wood-dove, and dyes the exquisite plumage in the heart's blood, that an idle hour may have its excitement,—so men and women sacrifice one another, for interest or pleasure, or from wayward habit. Few, comparatively, are the events over which Justice presides,—while caprice and wrong unnoticed, rule the incidents which form the destinies of the great mass of the world. These ideas were soon banished, partially, if not wholly, from Lucy's breast. Nature gave her sophistry enough to turn the edge of remorse, and the addition of animal spirits which late events inspired, helped to cast aside the cause of blank thoughts. They occasionally started up, when least desired, like cynical intruders at banquets,—but a mental effort threw off the infliction, and resource was sought in a greater play of pleasurable appearances.

At the little border town of Zoar, Lucy was married to Reynall. Experiencing feelings tinged with some astonishment and sadness, at the unexpected rush of late incidents, she put off the graces, and attractions, and light-heartedness of maidenhood,—and entered, as a wife, on a new stage of existence. Marked, most interesting, and serious, is the step, to all who think aright,—and the flow of natural tears which coursed down her fair cheek, as she prepared for her bridal in the small chamber of the village inn, expressed the anxiety, and apprehension, and strangeness, with which old duties and cares were given up, and new undertaken. She felt, indeed, the zone which bound her past existence, give way to the touch of circumstances,—and she eyed the dim future, timidly-hopeful, but altogether uncertain, how it would compensate for the loss of old endearments.

Months rolled over the sons and daughters of men, and brought changes greater than those of the seasons to many a heart.

The scene was no longer that of prairie, or forest, or barren,—a small, lofty chamber, in the rear of a house in B——, looked out on a little well-like yard, which was surrounded by high gloomy looking walls, formed of the sides of other buildings. Some attic windows peered over the inclosure, and one or two which admitted light to stair-case or lobby,—but they only made the loneliness animated, and gave no cheerfulness to the confined scene. The windows of several stores opened into this area, but these were now closed, and their blank shutters looked like the rigid eyelids of the dead, reminding of activity and life, but now typical of silence and cold abstraction. Down this artificial gulph, the beams of a declining January sun, softly and yet coldly streamed, enlightening up, but scarcely enlivening, some parts of the walls, and throwing other parts into deep shade. In the small chamber, before mentioned, Lucy sate, and looked out, and up, wistfully, seemingly attracted by the evening beams. As her eye rested on the blank walls, and anon glanced over the small portion of cloudy sky which was visible above, she appeared to be filled with thoughts, or feelings, in accordance with the dull scene. Lines of sad expression deepened over her face, while she gazed;—as the shadows crept slowly up the enclosing walls, and the fading hues of the winter evening prematurely tinted surrounding objects.

Did she contrast that narrow gloomy scene—neither the work of nature nor of refining art, but of clumsy necessity and convenience—with the broad fragrant Prairie,—which was bounded only by the distant forest, and the solitary shining river, and the skyey horizon? Did she contrast her life of simplicity and innocent enjoyment there,—with the artificial shackles of the city, and the whisperings of remorse, and the yearnings after the sister of her youth? Did she sigh for those days of leaves and flowers and streams and maidenly endearments, now made doubly delightful by the dim town and its cares,—and its apparent neglect, also. Yes,—the novelty had worn away,—the few gleams of society which business admitted had passed,—the enjoyments of domestic life had rather palled on her husband, and he semed strongly attracted again by the recreations of his bachelor's days,—while the whole world seemed to have forgotten the girl from the Prairies whom he had made his wife. Too true proved the saying of Maria, that Reynall had the characteristics of fickleness,—too true the remark, that changes against old habits, and not founded on good principles, slide deceptiously and mockingly from the erring mind,—too true the almost denunciation of Osburn, that when sorrow came, as come it would, she would think of her harsh treatment of him; of him who would have had her to bless his cottage, and with whom she might continue to enjoy the blessings of simplicity, sincerity and rural love.

The deepening shades of night, found the young wife still in her narrow chamber, her cheek flushed, and her bright eye glistening through a briny suffusion. "This will not do," said she half audibly,—"it is not correct, I have more to be thankful for, than to lament over,—and I will not be conquered by these trifling annoyances." Her natural vivacity came to her assistance, and having banished the traces of care from her blue eyes and ivory brow, she summoned Julia, to relieve the dullness of the evening by the little attentions which now claimed her service. The tea-table was laid, but the single cup, and the slender refreshments, did not promise the social cheer which so usually attends that peculiarly social meal.

"Well, Julia, are you tired of the Town yet?"

"I have scarcely seen it yet, Ma'am."

"Would you give it for the Prairie again, Julia, or do you really prefer its narrow streets and dull houses, to the sweet walks and trees of the Farm?"

"I like the town's gaiety and life, though I am almost frightened at the poverty and wretchedness that I'm told is in it; but somehow, take it altogether, one can be more cheerful here, and I am willing to stay."

"What does Eben say?"

"Why he says that he does not want ever to go out of sight of a house again,—and you know what that is, for a person born and reared in the back-woods as he was. But he was called idle there, because the work did not suit him, he was intended for the town Ma'am,—he already has begun to save some money as a groom, and dealer in horses,—and hopes, soon, it may be, to keep a tavern and stabling, and get me to assist him to mind it, what do you think of that, Ma'am?"

"Think it very reasonable, Julia,—no wonder you are so partial to the town,—you reckon its convenience, also, no doubt, for educating children, and all that."

"Why yes, perhaps so, how could we, poor folk, get little ones brought up, except like ourselves, on the borders of a Prairie? But here, I'm told, people no better than ourselves, have made ladies, and gentlemen of their children. We may look forward, I hope, as well as others."

"Yes, and may find, that you do not add to their happiness or your own, by making them poor gentlemen and ladies, and teaching them to despise their parents. But those are all distant matters at worst, and there is no use in damping present prospects, by croakings of the future,—you will have, in your way, a long course of fondling, and rearing, and hopes and brilliant anticipations,—and, if the evil day come, it may find you ripe, and ready to fall from the tree, without a pang, at the first blast of the heart's winter. You have no former friends or scenes to languish for, Julia."

"No indeed, and if I had, I do not see that I would take the trouble,—why should I,—the past is past, the time to come is what we have to look for. I recollect nothing but hardship of my early life, until I entered your father's house, and the less I think of old times the pleasanter,—I owe them but little. Eben and I, supposing that we are wed, will be the whole world to each other, and will start ready to fight for a living against the whole world. We hope to have our own fireside yet, and plenty at it, then why should we be down-hearted?"

The conversation was not in unison with Lucy's feelings,—the mind, sore with disappointment, and gloomy anticipation, and with severed sympathies, has little in common with that which turns gladly from past scenes, enjoys the present, and is almost swallowed up in the promises of the future. Julia retired, and her young mistress again held solitary watch, and sad communings with her own heart. Rally as she would, seek for relief in what she would, still half defined images of sorrow rose to her imagination,—still the frequent, involuntary, sigh, escaped her lips,—and mental effort alone restrained her tears. The night wore away, silence reigned,—if noise still animated the streets it did not come to her apartment, and she appeared as if the only waking object in B——.

All was profoundly still, and all seemed at rest, except that little world in the human breast, which is an epitome of the great world of existence,—and which has its memories, and passions, and anticipations, and sympathies, to crowd its sphere, and to either dignify or degrade, delight or torture, as circumstance give cause. From brooding over "the thick coming fancies" of this miniature world, Lucy was startled by a loud rapping, which, after the intense silence, seemed to shake the house to its foundations. Who could the visitor be, at that most untimely hour? Advanced as the night was, sad experience told it was too early for the return of the master of the little household,—perhaps it was only the senseless freak of some practical joker, who, "filled with insolence and wine," thought any absurdity food for laughter, and never reeked what sick or sad watcher his insulting attempts at merriment might disturb. Julia's approaching footsteps dissipated conjectures, and the good-natured girl, with excited looks, threw open the chamber door and presented a letter to her anxious mistress. The knock then, was that of the Post-man, that welcome visitant to all, except the unfortunates who have no kind correspondents, and who only expect dunning epistles by "the Mail." What "words that breathe, and thoughts that burn" that official's most unsentimental looking bag contains,—what heart-essences, potent as medicines, or mayhap, poisons, to the hearts for which they are directed!

A glance at the superscription told Lucy who the writer was,—and fervent kisses were bestowed on that little packet, which, to a stranger would be so innocent of all such influence. The handwriting was Maria's,—the loved companion of childhood,—the amiable confidant of riper years,—the beloved sister whose value was so enhanced by absence; the packet was from home,—from the prairie cottage,—that scene of innocent delights,—of paternal affection,—of long past sorrow which was sanctified by virtue, and of recent enjoyments unalloyed by any tinge of regret or remorse. Lucy's fervour, her animation, her countenance lighted up by glad sympathies, and her buoyant form, while she gazed on the thrice welcome memento, made a most striking contrast to the languor and sadness which so recently oppressed her. Such is the influence of the imagination, aided by the affections. But who can tell the intelligence enclosed in that small envelope? May not evil and sorrow be its burthen, as probably as happy themes? It is also the first since the flight from home,—and how may that more prudent sister have viewed that breach of family propriety, of sisterly confidence? With a palpitating heart, and a nervous hand, the well-known seal was broken, and the epistle spread to the anxious gazer.

It was one of peace and love. Reproaches were so modified, and so accompanied by expressions of affectionate respect, that

they scarcely appeared,—references to the days of girlhood,—congratulations respecting present circumstances,—suppositions of town happiness,—ardent wishes for the future,—yearnings for a sisterly embrace,—and some hints of an approaching change in her own life, were its topics. It was balm to the wounded heart, and poured over it a gush of holy and tender thoughts, obliterating, at least for the moment, late oppressive feelings;—as the summer sea sends its musical surge, in graceful silvery lines, to smooth the strand which had been furrowed by profaning tracks.—Alas! these renovating floods do not come in stated and regular tides to the human breast,—but rather as phenomena whose recurrence defy calculation, and often mock hope.

To answer this epistle, was only to allow the heart to express its feelings, and the easy task formed engrossing occupation for another hour of the night. The silence was no longer oppressive, nor the scene gloomy, nor anticipations sad,—an enchanter's wand seemed to have touched the mental sphere, and to have invigorated and beautified it with the influences of a higher existence. The answer to Maria ran thus:

"My ever dear Sister,—

"Your letter came to my heart, as the sight of his own cottage to the traveller who has lost his way on the desert. Strange scenes and thoughts indeed saddened me more than usual, in the hour when your affectionate remembrancer came, and shed love and joy around. Many thanks, dear sister, for your forgiveness of my offence in leaving home as I did. Your letter was like yourself in this, and yet I did not expect such kindness. My best excuse is, that my rashness was not predetermined,—and that when the first step was taken, I found retraction almost impossible. It is past, and let that hour be forgotten; may it bring no bad results,—at least none but what I myself may have to meet, and may be able to bear. I have misgivings on this subject,—and you are silent respecting Osburn. His ardent mind, and the way in which I parted with him, too well authorise me to bode some unhappiness, without attaching much value to the object who may have caused it. This, however, is scarcely a fit subject for me now,—and, remorse may be increased by recollecting, that I can take no one step to redeem my fault.

"Charles is as kind as I have any reason to expect, but city business, and, I suppose, amusement, calls him much from home. You need not contrast your more rural life with mine, and think that I have the advantage. City life, if I have seen it, is not much to my inclination,—I wish Charles had a cottage beside Maryville farm, instead of a house in B ——.

"The summer was sickly here, as it frequently is,—and I arrived in time to witness some scenes and hear of others, which have marked my mind with traces unknown before. Just imagine dear Maria,—a family on their way to the far west,—to prairies far beyond our own sweet plain,—the father active and full of hope,—the mother ready to dare whatever duty should call her to, in the path of her husband, and anticipating some happy home for her children beside the great rivers of the wilderness. The devouring pestilence seizes the strong man, and in a few days the terrified wailings of his little ones tell that they have lost him for ever. The mother, stupified with the sudden blow,—is roused be the symptoms of sickness in herself. The destroyer's hand is felt, and in an agony of despair, which is blent with the maternal feeling, she forces herself from her orphans, leaves them to the sympathies of strangers, and goes to the public Asylum, to die; hoping that they may escape the infection which her presence might cause. She avoids bidding her bewildered innocents farewell,—and almost maddened with the picture of their fright, and destitution, and the ills that surround them,—she expires, calling on them, entirely forgetful of her own feelings. Imagine the orphans, not knowing whither to turn, shrinking from strangers, and clinging to one another,—the elder soothing, with tears, the cries of the younger, for father, and mother, whom they can never see, and whose departure has almost frenzied that little band. But if I have been shocked by such incidents, I have been made ashamed of my own weakness by the active charity which some few, who devote themselves to good works, have exhibited. No danger was too great, no scene too direful or too repulsive, for some of our own sex to brave and to ameliorate. I felt that I was a fragile selfish creature, indeed,—and that, in some natures, trouble brings out heroism and exalted virtue, and dignifies and hallows where it would be expected to destroy.

The purifying chills of winter have cleansed us from the pestilence,—and have left me more opportunity of examining the usual life of the city. I am not in love with any of its scenes, as compared with more simple and natural existence. You intimated well, at one time, Maria, that habits were powerful. I am still the Prairie girl, and, perhaps may owe my seclusion in the midst of tumult, to my unfitness for blending in general society. The evening does not group the family about its own fire side, as in the country;—when my dear sister is retiring to her pillow, 'blest with pangless dreams,' then many here are casting off the cares of business, and entering on the pleasures, as they are called; of the *day*. Night appears to be a word scarcely known, and calm enjoyment only heard of to be mocked. Amidst the pride, and form, and display of life,—I have marked traces of care and degradation—and have been informed sufficiently to make me think the 'plodding farmer' more dignified, as well as more happy, than the 'enterprising speculator.' The man of pomp and circumstance is often a slave to Mammon,—he lives on a commercial volcano,—he smiles and boasts while his mind is on the rack for pecuniary means, and he trembles at an approaching hour, when his credit is at stake, as the culprit trembles at the hour of execution. But why should I trouble you about matters which I scarcely understand, and which can only interest you by your sister being thrown in the midst of them?

"I turn with delight to your own approaching union as intimated in your letter. May all its prospects be realized. May the patriarchal peace and plenty which you are fitted for be your portion,—and may I be blessed by seeing it, and by embracing Maria beneath her own happy roof.

"What gratitude I owe you, Maria, for your sweet recollections of early life,—before the maturity of existence brought the shades and cares which, I suppose, are, more or less, inseparable from man's existence. I have not forgotten one of the blooming spots of childhood,—and will now cherish them as remains of some more blessed state which I have enjoyed,—and as mementos of something better, to be obtained in a better world. As a proof that I have recollected old scenes, I copy some lines, penned to soothe a lonely hour. You have hitherto been partial to my foolish efforts, and I know you will not despise this, on account of the affectionate though erring heart whence it emanated.

Farewell, Wandago, gentle Prairie stream,
Farewell, the friends who trod your fragrant braes,—
Farewell, the fancy, free, whose golden beam
With fairy light illum'd those pangless days.

Now, by Missouri's rushing volume placed,
Mid grove of masts, and din of eager trade,—
On banks, by city piles majestic grac'd,
By city care and sorrow vocal made.

Even mid this motley scene, I well recall
Wandago,—with its red-deer at the ford,—
Its snowy heron 'neath the cliff's green wall,
Its lily shoals,—its silvery finny hoard.

Still gently roll, in mem'ry's magic land,
O'er glist'ning pebbles, 'tween thy heathy bower,—
Still cool and soothe my breast with purlings bland,
And bring the past to bless the present hour.

"I need not remind you how much our father deserves from us,—and how the duty of soothing his "down-hill of life" more particularly devolves on you, in consequence of my absence. Tell him, dear Maria, at favourable opportunities, that I revere his name, and yearn, alas vainly, to give him my wonted attentions.

"Another duty, to the memory of another parent, also now becomes your care, solely. Our mother's grave will not want its flowers periodically, I am confident;—place my share on it Maria, and think of me there. It is the passage which we all must go through in quitting this existence. I trust we may look on it even now, as the portal which will lead to a blissful meeting, far from worldly cares and follies. Surely the christian need not attach melancholy, only, to the "narrow house," but may view it as the dark entrance to light and joy,—to the re-union of divided hearts, and to unspeakable extacies of adoration.

"Ever, ever, Maria's,

"Lucy Reynall."

Lucy's effort soothed and dignified her mind,—late disappointments had rather raised her character,—they had dissipated much of her levity, and had, at times, at least, taught her to seek for relief in those more sublime consolations whose principles formed a part of that education which an excellent mother had interwoven with her expanding mind. Yet was she not thoroughly influenced by them—they came like sun-gleams, reflected into ocean caves, not flowing direct,—beautifying, but not warming or vegetating—and intervals of gloom and capriciousness too frequently threw their sickly shades around.

She sunk to rest that night more than usually placid, and had sweet dreams of the Prairie cottage, and its inmates,—but morning brought its cares and anticipations, and the next night half recovered its wonted tones of regret and repining.

(*To be concluded.*)

GEMS OF BEAUTY.

What is the one indispensable quality for a polemic controversialist? Not learning, nor talent, nor orthodoxy, nor zeal. But the spirit of Love, which implies an anxiety to find good in all, and to believe it where we cannot find it. God admits into his courts no advocates hired but to see one side of a question.

We look with wonder at the spectacle which astronomy presents to us, of thousands of worlds and systems of worlds weaving together their harmonious movements into one great whole. But the view of the hearts of men furnished by history, considered as a combination of biographies, is immeasurably more awful and pathetic. Every water-drop of the millions in that dusky stream is a living heart, a world of worlds! How vast and strange, and sad and living a thing he only knows at all who has gained knowledge by labour, experience and suffering; and he knows it not perfectly.

All the ordinary intercourse of life is big and warm with poetry. The history of a few weeks' residence in a circle of human beings is a domestic epic. Few friendships but yield in their development and decay the stuff of a long tragedy. A summer day in the country is an actual idyl. And many a moment of common life sparkles and sings itself away in a light song; wounds as the poisoned barb of an epigram; or falls as a heavy mournful epitaph. But in all he who has an ear to catch the sound may find a continuous underflow of quiet melody, bursting sometimes into chorusses of triumph, sometimes into funeral chants. The reason why these archetypal poems of real life are so often unfit for the use of the poetic artist, is not their want of the true meaning of poetry, but their unsuitableness to the apprehension of any except the few, perhaps the one immediately concerned. The poet must choose such a sequence of images that shall make the harmonious evolution of events and the significance of human life intelligible and manifest to all, not merely to a few recluse or scattered doers and sufferers.

What an image of the transitoriness and endless reproduction of things is presented by the gumcistus plant, covered to-day with fresh white flowers, while the earth around is strewn with those which similarly opened but yesterday. The plant, however, abides and lasts, although its flowers fall and perish.

SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

Nature.—Mighty nature! when we see and love thee, we love our fellow-mortals too, and when we are forced to leave or to lament them, thou still standest unchanged before us. Oh! before the soul on which the gay clouds of fancy have melted away and descended in chilling rains—before the heart, which in the walks of life finds only catacombs, and in those it meets, lifeless mummies—and before the eye, that sees no beloved one on which to rest its glances—before all these dost thou stand, reviving and ennobling nature, with thy flowers and hills and cataracts, speaking peace and comfort, and the forsaken one wipes the tear from his eye that it may gaze undimmed upon thy imperishable glories!

A Scene in the Alps.—What a world lay before him! The Alps stood erect, like giants of another earth, ranked in the distance, and held up their glaciers like glittering shields, to catch the first rays of the morning sun: they were girdled with blue forests, and vineyards and valleys were spread beneath their feet, and the wind played with the cascades as with strips of silver ribbon.

Night.—The contemplation of night should lead to elevating rather than to depressing ideas. Who can fix his mind on transitory and earthly things, in presence of those glittering myriads of worlds; and who can dread death or solitude in the midst of this brilliant, animated universe, composed of countless suns and worlds, all full of light, and life and motion?

Life.—Man's journey through life is like ascending a tower: he mounts with pain and toil one steep step after another, and finds at the top an open space for repose, and a view of the world beneath him, writes his name and descends. Some more soaring reach the very base at the top of the spire, but only to gaze for an instant at the heaven above them and to descend.

The Stars.—The constellations follow in each other's train like the different eras of man's life. The evening star is the herald of youth and joy, the moon is mature age, bright and quiet but cold, and followed by a brief darkness soon to be succeeded by the splendour of the rising sun of immortality.

'LOT'S WIFE.'

Mr. Colman, in his Agricultural Address last week, illustrated the folly of modern fashionable female Education, by an anecdote. A young man who had for a long while remained in that useless state, designated by 'a half pair of sciasors,' at last seriously determined he would procure him a wife. He got the 'refusal' of one, who was beautiful and fashionably accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning that she knew nothing either how to darn a stocking, boil a potatoe or roast a bit of beef, he returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not 'up to the sample,' and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was not binding. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than not to be liberated from such an irksome engagement. 'As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medecis placed in his kitchen,' said the orator, 'as some of the modern fashionable women. 'Indeed,' continued he, 'it would be much better to have Lot's Wife standing there, for she might answer *one* useful purpose: she might *salt his bacon!*'—*Boston Herald.*

For the Pearl.

THE FADED LILY.

Sweet flower, how oft I have wandered to view thee,
When the smiles of enchantment lay soft on thy head;
And the sweet dews of ev'ning, to refreshen, were falling
Around thee—but now thou 'rt withered and dead.

Oh! never again will the brightness of morning
E'er tempt me to rove by the pride of the vale;
Whose sweetest perfume would but welcome the stranger,
And bid him to stay as it scented the gale.

And Woman, dear woman! had faded like you,
But *Rowland* invented a charm;
And bright auburn tresses, and foreheads of snow,
Are preserved by *Rowland's* fumed balm.

Then united for ever, in the annals of fame,
Shall *Macassar* and *Kalydor* stand;
Whose virtue adds graces, and renders more dear,
The Ladies, the pride of our Land!!!

Halifax, 20th November. W. W.

For the Pearl.

BIBLE PRECEPTS.

At a time when the elements of war are rankling in the hearts of thousands, and when men are breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the murderers of their fellow subjects, it may not be amiss to try to soften down the asperity, and to remove the wrath of all such as desire to be avenged of their foes, by a calm appeal to a book which admits of no wrath, no vengeance, no ill-will, against the vilest enemies. A review of the heaven-born precepts of love and mercy, cannot be injurious to any, and may be productive of the greatest good to all who imbibe their spirit and follow their light. We begin with the words of him who never reviled his bitterest foes, who never resisted evil or smote those who smote him, but on the contrary, prayed in the kindest, sweetest terms, even for his cruel murderers.

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill,' and 'Whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment:' but I say unto you That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire. THEREFORE, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also: and if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy:' But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; THAT YE MAY BE the children of your Father in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them that love you what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? and if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more *than others*? do not even the publicans so? Be ye THEREFORE perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged. For WITH WHAT judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam [thorn] that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite; first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.—*Sermon on the Mount.*

"Then came Peter to him and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times; but until seventy times seven." Our Lord here introduces the parable of the unmerciful fellow-servant, and concludes thus:—"So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses. *Matthew 18th chap.*

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.—*Ibid 22nd chap.*

"And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But, if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.—*Mark 11th chapter.*

Such are the holy precepts of our blessed Saviour. And to understand them aright is it not better to read the *divine commentary* which his life affords, than to turn to the glosses of fallible men? How then did our divine Exemplar act? Is there a single instance in which *he* returned anger for anger, smiting for smiting, blow for blow? When his enemies sought his life to destroy it did he kill in self-defence? When hurried by the infuriated multitude to the brow of a precipice did he take any other measures of resistance or of retribution, but simply to escape from them? When his disciples were disposed to employ violent measures in his defence, did he not disapprove of the course they proposed to take? Did he not rebuke Peter when he told him to put up his sword into his sheath? Did he not heal the servant of the High Priest, whom that disciple had wounded? And when they dragged him away to the agonies of crucifixion, was not he led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth? It will not surely be said, that as Christ died as a sacrifice for sin his patience and non resistance in his last tragic moments, form no part of that example which his followers are directed to imitate, for Peter has introduced this particular period of his life as worthy of the attention of the primitive christians in this respect. Addressing the slaves who were in the churches, he tells them that to suffer wrong *patiently* is acceptable with God. And he assigns as a reason "For even hereunto were ye called; BECAUSE Christ also suffered for us, leaving an example, that ye should follow his steps. Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously; who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed." See 1 Peter 2 chap. So also Paul urges upon us to regard the things of others, to be benevolent, to put away all strife and selfishness by the disinterestedness of the character of Christ. Thus—"Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his things, but every man also on the things of *others*. Let THIS mind [a mind to look on the things of others, to be concerned for the interests of others] be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." See Paul's letter to the Philippians. What a noble instance of a preference of other's interests to his own! For the form of God to wear the form of a servant, a being equal with God to appear in the likeness of men, and to humble himself to the death of the cross *for the interests of man*, is disinterestedness indeed! Well might the Apostle fix on this one quality of the mind of Christ, and say Let *this* mind, (this disinterested mind, a mind which is superior to a regard of private, personal advantage,) be in you, which was also in Christ. And when mankind possess this mind, farewell to all strife between man and man, farewell to all international wars, farewell to all "rubrics of blood." To the precepts of the Apostle as furnishing us with another inspired commentary of the laws of their master, we shall refer next week.

PACIFICUS.

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.—We sincerely believe that a much smaller number of innocent persons suffer in our day than formerly: but some must suffer, and will do so to the end of time. The progress of civilization may go on, and the doctrine of evidence, in consequence may become better understood, and better attended to; but till the reason of men reaches the point of infallibility, there will always be some chance of error. Punishment by imprisonment, by fine—even by torture, and mutilation, are not utterly abhorrent to the human reason; for it may be possible, in such cases, to offer to a victim unjustly condemned, some equivalent good in compensation for the injury inflicted. But the infliction of the final and irremediable punishment of death,—assuming, as it does, the absolute infallibility of a human tribunal, and the perfect equality of moral probabilities and mathematical certainties, involves one of the wildest and most terrific hallucinations that ever disturbed the brain of a maniac.—*English Paper.*

STREAMS.—A stream driving a mill is an emblem of man's life; he flows on in his own channel toward the ocean of immensity, yet helps to keep in motion the machinery of the world.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 7, 1838.

ARRIVAL OF THE LIVERPOOL AT NEW YORK.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Nov. 24.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we announce the arrival of the Steam ship Liverpool, Capt. Fayrer, from Liverpool, last from Cork.

The Liverpool took her departure on the 20th, but after making 950 miles, against extremely rough weather and high seas, sustaining, however, little damage, she put back on the 26th, on account of the great consumption of coal, which created what appears to have been a just apprehension, that her stock might fail her if her voyage was then continued. The engines, it would seem, had not been sufficiently tried before starting. The result was that she put into Cork on the 8th day.

There she remained a week, taking in full supplies, and started again on Tuesday the 6th inst. She arrived off Fire Island yesterday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, where she remained for several hours, in consequence of the fog. She reached this city at 9 o'clock this morning.

During the first part of the voyage the wind was favourable. One half the original passengers left the vessel at Cork, among whom were Mr. John Van Buren, Mr. Butler, Mr. McIntosh, of the British legation, and Mr. F. O. J. Smith, of Maine.

In external appearance the Liverpool does not differ much from the Great Western, with the exception that she has two smoke pipes, that her sides are not relieved by the white streak of the latter, and that she has only three masts. We took a hasty view of her cabin this morning, and have only time to say that it is very neatly furnished.

The loss at the great fire at Liverpool is estimated at £120,000—the amount insured in the several offices £119,500.

The Western Luminary says that the rumours of divisions in the cabinet were true. That Lord Glenelg resigned, and his resignation was accepted: that Lord Spencer and the Duke of Richmond were successively offered the Colonial Secretary's portfolio, but both declined it; and that as yet no successor to Lord Glenelg had been found.

Placards were yesterday posted up at the Tower, and on Tower hill, for "petty officers and able bodied seamen," to serve in the Navy on board vessels from 10 to 20 guns.

The London Morning Herald contradicts the report—that the Queen had written an autograph letter requesting Lord Durham to remain in Canada. It says there was no foundation for the report.

The Lady of Lord John Russell is dead from the effects of child birth. His Lordship swooned away when it was announced to him.

Col. Reed of the Royal Engineers is appointed Governor of Bermuda.

AFFAIRS OF THE EAST.—*A letter from* St. Petersburgh of the 15th Oct. published in the Paris Courier Francais, says—"Two aides-decamp of the emperor, charged by his majesty with missions from the cabinet, quitted this day for Odessa, from which place one of them will immediately proceed to Constantinople. [The English embassy has despatched three couriers within 48 hours.] The subject of the mission is the entirely new turn which the affairs of Turkey have taken, and the danger apprehended from the passage of the Dardanelles by a British squadron, all of which were wholly unsuspected by his Majesty. Sultan Mahmoud is called upon to give a categorical explanation. Extraordinary measures are in preparation as to the armies of the north and of Bessarabia, also as to the corps of embarkation and the fleet of the Black Sea. If England should have the audacity to send her fleet into the Dardanelles, the Egyptian army would invade Anatolia, where the Turkish troops are unable to oppose effectual resistance. At all events this conflict must sooner or later ensue; and although Russia will not accelerate matters, she will not recoil from war rather than lose her position.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas there is too much reason to believe that Citizens of the United States in disregard of the solemn warning heretofore given them by the proclamation issued by the Executive of the General Government, and by some of the Governors of the States, have combined to disturb the peace of the dominions of a neighbouring and friendly nation: And whereas information has been given to me, derived from official and other sources, that many citizens in different parts of the United States are associated, or associating for the same purpose: And whereas disturbances have actually broken out anew in different parts of the two Canadas: And whereas a hostile invasion has been made by citizens of the United States, in conjunction with Canadians and others, who after forcibly seizing upon the property of their peaceful neighbour for the purpose of effecting their unlawful designs, are now in arms against the authorities of Canada, in perfect disregard of their own obligations as American citizens, and of the obligations of the Government of their country to foreign nations.

Now therefore, I have thought it necessary and proper to issue this proclamation, calling upon every citizen of the United States neither to give countenance nor encouragement of any kind to those who have forfeited their claim to the protection of their country; upon those misguided or deluded persons who are engaged in them, to abandon projects dangerous to their own country, fatal to those whom they profess a desire to relieve, impracticable of execution without foreign aid, which they cannot rationally expect to obtain, and giving rise to imputations (however unfounded) upon the honor and good faith of their own government; upon every officer, civil and military, and upon every citizen—by the veneration due by all freemen to the laws which they have assisted to enact for their own government—by his regard for the honor and reputation of his country—by his love of order and respect for that sacred code of laws by which national intercourse is regulated—to use every effort in his power to arrest for trial and punishment every offender against the laws providing for the performance of our obligations to the other Powers of the world. And I hereby warn all those who have engaged in these criminal enterprises, if persisted in, that whatever may be the condition to which they may be reduced, they must not expect the interference of this government, in any form, in their behalf; but will be left, reproached by every virtuous fellow citizen, to be dealt with according to the policy and justice of that Government, whose dominions they have, in defiance of the known wishes and efforts of their own Government, and without the shadow of justification or excuse, nefariously invaded.

Given under my hand at the city of Washington, the twenty-first day of November, in the year of our Lord 1838, and the sixty-third of the Independence of the United States.

By the President. M. VAN BUREN.

JOHN FORSYTH, Secretary of State.

PRESCOTT, Nov. 16, 1838.

Sir,—I have the honor to acquaint you for the information of his Excellency the commander of the forces, that I came down here yesterday from Kingston, with four companies of the 83rd Regiment, two 18 pounders, and a howitzer, and moved up from the town to a position about 400 yards from the wind mill, and adjoining the houses occupied by the brigands. They did not move or come out of the houses to oppose my advance. The 18 pounders opened, with good effect, upon the stone buildings near the mill. Capt. Sandom, with two gunboats, in which he carried two 18 pounders, took up a position below the wind mill, which he cannonaded, but not with much effect.

After cannonading these buildings for an hour or rather more, and observing the brigands to be quitting them, and endeavouring to escape, I ordered the troops to advance. Very little resistance was offered by the party occupying the wind mill, but a smart fire was opened upon us from the buildings. It being dark before the troops got round the buildings; and the brigands in the wind mill having displayed a white flag, they were summoned to surrender themselves unconditionally, which they did. Eighty-six prisoners were immediately secured, and sixteen others who were wounded, were removed from the mill as soon as conveyances could be found. A large supply of arms, 26 kegs of powder, and 3 pieces of ordnance fell into our hands.

Some of the brigands effected their escape from the buildings when darkness came on, and hid themselves in the brush-wood on the bank under the mill. I directed the militia to scour the bank, and several prisoners were thus secured. Among others, a Pole, calling himself General Van Sault, who, it is understood, was the principal leader. All the buildings adjoining the mill were destroyed, but the latter I directed to be occupied by a company of militia, and propose that it should continue to be so, or entirely demolished.

I am happy to say, this service was performed with the loss of one man only, of the 83d Regiment.

I have the honor to remain, sir,
Your most obedient servant.
H. DUNDAS.
Lt. Col. 83d Regt. Commandant.

Captain Goldie, A. D. C., Montreal.

STEAM NAVIGATION.---A more useful or fascinating lecture than that pronounced before the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening last by G. R. Young, Esq. we do not expect to hear for some time to come. The importance of the subject discussed, the value of the facts adduced, and the genuine earnestness evinced by the speaker, all tended to give the greatest *eclat* to the lecture. With steam navigation the interests of this country are identified. If steam ships continue to run from England direct to the United States—if their number should be greatly increased, (and multiply, we think, they must and will) and if such splendid modes of conveyance for passengers and goods are not to be established at this port, the sooner the inhabitants of Halifax decamp for some more favoured place the better. How will our merchants be able, without the advantages of steam navigation, to compete with those who enjoy its benefits? The enterprise and good fortune of other towns, in such a case, must of necessity ruin the interests of this community. And what wise man would remain here to be ruined? But we must not allow our zeal for steam navigation to transport us beyond the subject of the admirable lecture of Mr. Young. That subject, the importance to this town of steam navigation from England to Halifax, was treated in the most lucid and convincing manner. After the fair inferences from undoubted facts, with respect to other countries, were drawn, not a doubt could remain in any mind but that such steam navigation is the *sine qua non* of our provincial prosperity. From a letter which was read by Mr. Young at the meeting, it appears that the directors of the British and American Steam Navigation Company are prepared to entertain the project of conveying the mails by steam ships to Halifax, when Government desire it, and that the board is anxious to ascertain if our merchants and other monied men are willing to take Stock in the Company. The views which Mr. Young so energetically expressed as to the folly of those sectional feelings which have too long prevailed in our midst, we could wish, were realized by every inhabitant of this province. Of politics we cannot say much, but this much we can say, that if there is as much party feeling, and jealousy, and shyness, in the politics of the land, as we have witnessed in its religion, most miserable is the condition of the country. A better state of things, however, we hope has dawned upon us, and we trust the time is at hand when our esteem for an individual will not be abridged, because his views in politics are the antipodes of our own, and when we shall not have the infinite littleness of soul to consider a man in the light of a fool or a hypocrite because he reads not the Bible according to our standard and system. Acting in the spirit of the motto, "UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL," and exerting our best energies for its accomplishment, the great, the indispensable requisite to our elevation and prosperity, steam navigation, will be secured and perpetuated to this community. The subject of the lecture for next Wednesday evening is, ON CREATION by REV. C. CHURCHILL.

We have been requested by Dr. Creed to correct two particulars mentioned in our notice of his lecture on the Ear; and as there are some words in our article which might induce the belief that we gave an abstract of the lecture, employing the precise terms and descriptions of the lecturer, we are most happy to attend to the suggestion. Whatever errors we may at any time commit, when pointed out to us, we shall consider it a duty, and we trust, feel it a pleasure, to retract. Of the mistakes in the present instance, Mr. C. remarks, "the first is that 'across the membrane of the drum a fine thread of a nerve is drawn'—this is incorrect—the membrane alluded to is in common with all the other parts supplied *with an infinite number of minute filaments* of a nerve, from whence their sensibility is derived—but not from a *single* thread." The word *thread* we employed as synonymous with *cord*, but Mr. C. has taken it as a synonyme of *filament*. And in the latter sense, perhaps, the greater part of our readers would understand it, although by a reference to works of practical anatomists we find they sometimes employ it when writing on the nerves, in the former. We adopted the term *thread* in preference to that of *cord*, because the latter term conveys, at least to popular readers, an idea that a nerve is a very large object. Our piece was written in great haste, and we must admit, in this particular part, is devoid of that precision of style which is one charm in all good composition. Of course no person can suppose that a nerve is a *single* thread or filament, and hence if we had said, a fine thread or cord of a nerve was *distributed* on the inner side of the drum head, instead of "drawn across it," it would have been more proper. A more correct description of the part, however, would have been as follows:—a fine thread of a nerve, (or if you will,) a nerve crosses the tympanum somewhat as a cord crosses the bottom of drum, and is therefore called, *chorda tympani*, which nerve covers, or is distributed on the inner side of the membrane.

The second point noticed by Mr. C. is where we termed the bones of the drum, *sticks*. The military drum is refered to on account of familiar illustration, and to carry out the simile, we introduced the sticks of the military drum. Among the uneducated, however, the popular notion is that the hammer and anvil, etc. are *outside* of the drum-head, and that their use is precisely similar to that of the sticks of a military drum; to shew the fallacy of such an idea in the most convincing manner possible, we called the bones of the ear *sticks*, and stated that they were *inside* of the drum. With respect to *form*, the resemblance of the tympanum to a drum barrel, is not very striking: and certainly the malleus is more like a bludgeon, or even a drum stick, than a common hammer, and the incus resembles a molar tooth rather than an anvil. And with respect to their *use*, perhaps we may as well call them sticks, as a hammer and anvil. To Dr. C. we return our thanks for directing our attention to parts of our article which might have promoted incorrect views in the minds of the uninformed.

We are most happy to find that at St. John N. B. a Mechanics' Institute is to be formed.

CANADA INTELLIGENCE.—A court martial for the trial of prisoners, consisting of seven field officers and seven captains has been formed. May these distinguished individuals act so as to secure the approval of HIM, before whose bar, judges and prisoners must one day appear!

Of the wicked men who were engaged in the Prescott expedition 102 it is said were killed, and 162 taken prisoners. One of the Captains of the volunteers was shot in mistake by his own party.

Two of the Judges of Lower Canada (Judges Panet and Bedard, decreed on Nov. 21, that John Teed, a political prisoner, was entitled to the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act, on the ground of the illegality of the late ordinance of the Governor and Council. The judges in their decision speak in the most positive terms on the subject, and Judge Bedard says, "in point of principle there is no difference between the *disallowed* ordinance and that with which our attention is now occupied.

A late Montreal Courier contains an account of the fight at Odelltown by Rev. R. Cooney.

The Montreal Herald says, "We have seen the new gallows, made by Mr. Brondson, and believe it will be erected this day in front of the new gaol, so that the Rebels may enjoy a prospect which will no doubt have the effect of encouraging sound sleep and pleasant dreams. The gallows can accommodate six or seven at a time, comfortably, but more at a pinch." To us who profess to serve the God of love and peace, and not to worship at the shrine of Mars, the god of war and bloodshed, the above effusion appears most unseemly, and we add, that the Bible says, "He that *loveth not* his brother abideth in death. WHOSOEVER [whether rebel or royalist, brigand or subject] *hateth* his brother, is a murderer."

Sir John Colborne has ordained by proclamation, as a day of fast and humiliation, the 7th of December.

J. H. in the Fredericton Sentinel, will please accept our thanks, for the imposition pointed out in the lines on "To-morrow" which appeared as original in the Pearl, but which it appears are more than thirty years old. Individuals who impose on editors in this manner are sufficiently careful to keep their persons out of view, and it is so in the present instance.

In the last voyage of the Great Western, our Pictou coals were used, and it appears, were proved to be very much superior to the best coals of the old country, as a much smaller quantity of them will generate the necessary amount of heat.

We have great pleasure in giving insertion to the following card from Lieut. Stoddard and the Officers of the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, and we embrace this opportunity to return the thanks of the People of Halifax to those gentlemen, for the uniform urbanity and kindness with which all classes of the community were welcomed on board the Hamilton, during her stay in this port.—[Gazette.

The Officers of the United States Revenue Cutter Hamilton, tender their sincere thanks to the Inhabitants of Halifax, for the kindness with which they were welcomed on their arrival for the first time in this harbor, and the marked attention they have received during their stay; and exceedingly regret that circumstances have been such as to render it impossible for them to accept of the many polite invitations they have received, but trust that the time is not far distant when they will be enabled to show their gratitude for past favours in something superior to mere words. [Signed.]

THOMAS STODDARD,
Lieut. Commanding,
JOHN L. PROUTY.
WILLIAM BRODHEAD.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. John Martin, Miss Mary Ann Pettegrew, to Mr. George Turnbull.

DIED,

On Thursday last, in the 19th year of her age, after a short illness, Maria, eldest daughter of Mr. John Chamberlain of Dartmouth.

On Saturday evening last, Margaret Heffernan, widow of the late Patrick Heffernan of this town, aged 61 years.

On Saturday last, Mr. George Cunningham, in the 54th year of his age, late Sergeant Major of the 52d Regiment.

In Cheaspeake Bay, off Black River, about the 8th ult. Mr John James Larkin, of Yarmouth, N. S. seamen on board ship Ulysses, at Baltimore from Rotterdam. He fell from the foretopsail yard upon deck and survived but a few hours.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday December 1st—Schr Hazard, Crowell, St. John, NB. via Barrington, 10 days—fish, oil and salt, to T. C. Kinnear; Shannon, Boudroit, Montreal, via Arichat, 18 days—flour, meal, etc. to S. Binney; Dove, McNeil, Cape Ray, 8 days—fish and oil to W & I McNeil.

Sunday 2nd—Schr. Elizabeth, Shelnut, Miramichi, 9 days—lumber to J. & M. Tobin; Spanish Ketch Toma, Negrete, Boston, 4 days—ballast to Creighton & Grassie; Brig Fanny, Brown, Barbadoes and St. Thomas, 18 days—ballast to A. A. Black, Mail Boat Lady Ogle, Stairs, Bermuda.

Tuesday, 4th—Schr Defiance, Currie, Miramichi, 15 days—lumber to S. Cunard & Co.; Govt. schr Victory, Darby, Sable Islands, 3 days—saw on Sunday, 60 miles E. of Halifax, barque Louisa; brigt Persa, Pengilly, New York, 72 hours to Sambro light—wheat, etc. to T. C. Kinnear and others; H. M. Steamer Medea, Quebec and Pictou.

Wednesday, 5th—Schrs. George Henry, Shelnut, Miramichi, 16 days—lumber to S. Cunard & Co.; Ranger, Feran, Newfoundland, 23 days—fish to S. Binney; Albion, Belfountaine, Montreal, 31 days—flour, pork, etc. to T. C. Kinnear and others; Uniacke, Landry, Shediac, 21 days—lumber, to Fairbanks & Allison; new schr. Welcome Return, Vandenburg, Pugwash—do, to ditto.

Thursday, 6th—Barque Louisa, Milgrove, Antigonish; schr. Transcendant, Kimble, St. John's, N.F, 22 days—fish, to Fairbanks & Allison.

Friday 7th,—brig William 4th, McDonald, Annatte Bay, 36 days—ballast, to Joseph Allison & Co.

CLEARED,

Dec. 1st—schr Adelle, O'Brien, Boston, potatoes and barley, by Wier & Woodworth, and Master; Maid of Erin, Kirkpatrick, ballast, by J. & M. Tobin; brigt Bermudiana, Newbold, Bermuda. 4th—Spanish Galliot Pubio, Barasorda, Spain—by Creighton & Grassie; brig Symmetry, Allan, Sunderland, timber, etc. by A. Murison, and W. Stairs; schr Triumph, Potter, St. John, N. B. sugar, etc. by J. Fairbanks, S Binney and others. 5th—Duck, Heartz, Charlotte Town, general cargo; brigt Lady Chapman, Gilbert, Bermuda, fish and pork, by J. & M. Tobin and others; Rob Roy, Smith, ballast, B. W. Indies, by Frith, Smith & Co. 6th—schr Sable, Clark, Boston, herrings and horns, by G. P. Lawson and J. Allen; brigt William, Boudroit, Arichat, ballast,

From Fisher's Christian Keepsake.

THE LAND OF REST.

O land of rest, we look to thee
When darkness round our pathway lies,
When tempests blow
And waters flow,
Sweeping the lovely from our eyes:
No storm thou know'st, or treacherous sea,
And therefore do we look to thee!

O land of rest, we look to thee
Whene'er iniquities prevail,
When all within
Is dark with sin,
And Satan's wiles our peace assail;
Where thou art, nought impure shall be,
And therefore do we look to thee!

O land of rest, we look to thee,
As exiles homeward bound may turn,
Where to their eyes
The cliffs arise,
Of the dear land for which they yearn;
Our home thou art, sad exiles we,
And therefore do we look to thee!

SUFFERINGS OF GUADELUPE VICTORIA.—Guadelupe Victoria was one of the most distinguished of the leaders in the first Mexican Revolution. At the head of a band of co-patriots, he performed, in 1815, several exploits not less remarkable for daring and success than those related respecting Wallace and other heroes of that class. At length, in 1816, the superior numbers of the Spanish forces, under Miyares and Apodaca, overpowered the patriots of Mexico, and the strength of Victoria became much reduced. To pursue the interesting narrative presented in Mr. Ward's *Mexico in* 1827—"Notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Victoria's men, their courage was of no avail against the superior discipline and arms of their adversaries. In the course of the year 1816, most of the old soldiers fell; those by whom he replaced them, had neither the same enthusiasm nor the same attachment to his person. The zeal with which the inhabitants engaged in the cause of the revolution was worn out; with each reverse their discouragement increased; and as the disastrous accounts from the interior left them but little hopes of bringing the contest to a favourable issue, the villages refused to furnish any further supplies, the last remnant of Victoria's followers deserted him, and he was left absolutely alone. Still his courage was unsubdued, and his resolution not to yield, on any terms, to the Spaniards, unshaken. He refused the rank and rewards which Apodaca proffered as the price of his submission, and determined to seek an asylum in the solitude of the forest, rather than except the *indullo*, on the faith of which so many of the insurgents yielded up their arms. This extraordinary project was carried into execution with a decision highly characteristic of the man. Unaccompanied by a single attendant, and provided only with a little linen and a sword, Victoria threw himself into the mountainous district which occupies so large a portion of the province of Vera Cruz, and disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen. His after history is so extremely wild, that I should hardly venture to relate it here, did not the unanimous evidence of his countrymen confirm the story of his sufferings, as I have often heard it from his own mouth. During the first two weeks, Victoria was supplied with provisions by the Indians, who all knew and respected his name; but Apodaca was so apprehensive that he would again emerge from his retreat, that a thousand men were ordered out, in small detachments, litterally to hunt him down. Wherever it was discovered that a village had either received him or relieved his wants, it was burnt without mercy; and this rigour struck the Indians with such terror, that they either fled at the sight of Victoria, or were the first to denounce the approach of a man whose presence might prove so fatal to them. For upwards of six months he was followed like a wild beast by his pursuers, who were often so near him, that he could hear their imprecations against himself, and Apodaca too, for having condemned them to so fruitless a search. On one occasion he escaped a detachment, which he fell in with unexpectedly, by swimming a river which they were unable to cross: and on several others he concealed himself, when in the immediate vicinity of the royal troops, beneath the thick shrubs and creepers with which the woods of Vera Cruz abound. At last, a story was made up, to satisfy the viceroy, of a body having been found, which had been recognised as that of Victoria. A minute description was given of his person, which was inserted officially in the Gazette of Mexico, and the troops were recalled to more pressing labours in the interior.

But Victoria's trials did not cease with the pursuit; harassed and worn out by the fatigues which he had undergone, his clothes torn to pieces, and his body lacerated by the thorny underwood of the tropics, he was indeed allowed a little tranquillity; but his sufferings were still almost incredible: during the summer, he managed to subsist upon the fruits of which nature is so lavish in those climates; but in winter he was attenuated by hunger; and I have heard him repeatedly affirm, that no repast has afforded him so much pleasure since, as he experienced, after being long deprived of food, in gnawing the bones of horses or other animals that he happened to find dead in the woods. By degrees he accustomed himself to such abstinence, that he could remain four, and even five days, without tasting any thing but water, without experiencing any serious inconvenience; but whenever he was deprived of sustenance for a longer period, his sufferings were very acute. For thirty months he never tasted bread, nor saw a human being, nor thought, at times, ever to see one again. His clothes were reduced to a single wrapper of cotton, which he found one day, when, driven by hunger, he had approached nearer than usual to some Indian huts, and this he regarded as an inestimable treasure. The mode in which Victoria (cut off as he was from all communication with the world) received intelligence of the revolution of 1821, is hardly less extraordinary than the fact of his having been able to support existence amidst so many hardships, during the intervening period. When, in 1813, he was abandoned by all the rest of his men, he was asked by two Indians, who lingered with him to the last, and on whose fidelity he knew that he could rely, if any change should take place, where he wished them to look out for him? He pointed, in reply, to a mountain at some distance, and told them that, on that mountain, perhaps they might find his bones. His only reason for selecting it was its being particularly rugged and inaccessible, and surrounded by forests of a vast extent.

The Indians treasured up this hint, and as soon as the first news of Iturbide's declaration reached them, they set out in quest of Victoria; they separated on arriving at the foot of the mountain, and employed six whole weeks in examining the woods with which it was covered, during this time they lived principally by the chase: but finding their stock of maize exhausted, and all their efforts unavailing, they were about to give up the attempt, when one of them discovered, in crossing a ravine, which Victoria occasionally frequented, the print of a foot, which he immediately recognised to be that of a European. By European, I mean European descent, and consequently accustomed to wear shoes, which always give a difference of shape to the foot, very perceptible to the eye of a native. The Indian waited two days upon the spot; but seeing nothing of Victoria, and finding his supply of provisions completely at an end, he suspended upon a tree near the place, four tortillas, or little maize cakes, which were all he had left, and set out for his village, in order to replenish his wallets, hoping that if Victoria should pass in the meantime, the tortillas would attract his attention, and convince him that some friend was in search of him. His little plan succeeded completely; Victoria, on crossing the ravine two days afterward, perceived the maize cakes, which the birds had, fortunately, not devoured. He had then been four whole days without eating, and upwards of two years without tasting bread; and he says himself, that he devoured the tortillas before the cravings of his appetite would allow him to reflect upon the singularity of finding them on this solitary spot, where he had never before seen any trace of a human being. He was at a loss to determine whether they had been left there by a friend or a foe; but feeling sure that whoever had left them intended to return, he concealed himself near the place, in order to observe his motions, and to take his own measures accordingly. Within a short time the Indian returned; Victoria instantly recognised him, and abruptly started from his concealment, in order to welcome his faithful follower; but the man, terrified at seeing a phantom, covered with hair, emaciated, and clothed only with an old cotton wrapper, advancing upon him with a sword in his hand from among the bushes, took to flight; and it was only on hearing himself repeatedly called by his name, that he recovered his composure sufficiently to recognise his old general. He was affected beyond measure at the state in which he found him, and conducted him instantly to his village, where Victoria was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The report of his re-appearance spread like lightning through the province, where it was not credited at first, so firmly was every one convinced of his death; but it was soon known that Guadelupe Victoria was indeed in existence, and all the old insurgents rallied around him. In an incredibly short time he induced the whole province, with the exception of the fortified towns, to declare for independence, and then set out to join Iturbide, who was at that time preparing for the siege of Mexico. He was received with great apparent cordiality; but his independent spirit was too little in unison with Iturbide's project, for this good understanding to continue long. Victoria had fought for a liberal form of government, and not merely for a change of masters; and Iturbide, unable to gain him over, drove him again into the woods during his short-lived reign, from whence he only returned to give the signal for a general rising against the too ambitious emperors."

Benoit de Sainte.—More wrote a long poem in Anglo-Norman on the siege of Troy, in which he speaks of Homer as but a contemptible authority, and gives us a curious anecdote, for which we may look in vain elsewhere. "Homer," says he, "was a wonderful poet; he wrote on the siege and destruction of Troy, and why it was deserted, and has never since been inhabited. But his book does not tell us the truth, for we know without any doubt, that he was born a hundred years after the great army was assembled, so that he certainly was not a witness of the events he describes. When he had finished his book, it was brought to Athens, there was a wonderful contention about it. They were on the point of condemning him, and with reason, because he had made the gods fight with mortal men, and the goddesses in the same manner; and when they recited his book, many refused it on that account; but Homer was such a great poet, and had so much influence, that he ended by prevailing on them to receive his book as good authority."

In April, 1745, a wager for a very large sum of money was laid, that a Mr. Cooper Thornhill did not ride three times between his house at Stilton and Shoreditch, London, in 15 hours, a distance of 213 miles. He was allowed as many horses to do it with as he pleased. He accomplished the feat in 11 hours and a half, and, unquestionably, the state of the roads at the period being taken into account, it was a very remarkable performance. It will probably be under the estimate, including accidental delays from changes and casualties of passage through a long line of country, and those required for the purpose of refreshment, if we deduct an hour and a-half from the space actually spent in the saddle. This would make the rate a continuous speed of better than 21 miles an hour—probably as rapid travelling by animal conveyance as under similar circumstances and distance we should be able to match.—*Sporting Magazine.*

Anecdote of Lord St. Vincent.—While on his West India expedition there were some circumstances attending the procedure of a convoy to Europe on which the Admiral wished to consult the different skippers. A signal was made to this effect: the masters of the merchantmen attended on board the flag-ship; he stated to them the motives which had influenced him to convene them, and requested their sentiments on the subject. Finding that each delivered his opinion as his respective interest dictated, the Admiral endeavoured to show the expediency of unanimity, but without effect; at which, much irritated, he hastily paced the deck, loudly snapping his fingers, singing with a voice of no common strength, "Sing tantararara, rogues all, rogues all; sing tantararara, rogues all;" and repeated it with such vehemence, that the masters, dreading some more impressive marks of the Admiral's displeasure, hastened into their boats and shoved off.—*United Service Journal.*

A Catch.—The following description of a catch by Dr. Callcott, is given in the Musical World; the words run thus:—

"Ah! how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave!
Go, fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
Yet, richer far, than that, your bloom;
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than one, I fear, have part."

Now, in *reading* the above, there is nothing particular to be *seen*; but when the words are sung as Dr. Callcott intended they should be, there is much to *hear*; for one singer seems to render the first three words thus—"*A house on fire*," repeating phia, phia, with a little admixture of cockneyism, fire! fire! Another voice calls out, lustily, "Go fetch the *engines*, fetch the *engines*;" while the third coolly says, "I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger," etc.; consequently, he does not care whether the house be burned down or not. This elucidation will give a pretty good idea of the real meaning and character of a musical catch.

Strange Worldly Advice.—Erasmus, in a letter to his friend Andrew Ammonius, gives him the following advice, as the most effectual method of advancing his fortune, designed to satirize the usual methods that are adopted for this purpose; viz: "In the first place, throw off all sense of shame; thrust yourself into every one's business, and elbow out whomsoever you can; neither love nor hate any one; measure everything by your own advantage; let this be the scope and drift of all your actions. Give nothing but what is to be returned with usury, and be complaisant to every body. Have always two strings to your bow. Feign that you are solicited by many from abroad, and get everything ready for your departure. Show letters inviting you elsewhere, and with great promises."

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