

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1839.

NUMBER NINE.

THE RADISH GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"A maiden never bold
Of spirit, so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at itself. Her smoothness—
Her silence and her patience
Speak to the people and they pity her."

"Radishes—tea radishes?" An overstrained but sweet voice uttered this familiar cry in one of the upper streets of our city, and a little girl, who was toiling beneath the weight of an overflowing basket, drew back to the railing of a lofty mansion, that its mistress, a superb young woman, might pass from her carriage to the street door. The pavement was damp, and the lady hesitated for a moment before she left the carriage. The small, satin-clad foot lingered on the first step as she was about to descend, when the glad voice of a child broke from the drawing-room window above.

"Bobby, Bobby, I say, come, open the door this minute. Mamma is here, all in the rain!"

Mrs. Staples looked up. A beautiful young head covered all over with short brown curls was thrust out into the rain, and a hand, scarcely larger than a good-sized rose-leaf, was busy as a young humming-bird wafting kisses from one of the sweetest little mouths that ever answered the kiss of a mother.

"Come, mamma, I'm in such a hurry!"—cried the dear little rogue, leaning eagerly over the eill and lavishing her kisses more profusely on the damp air—"Oh! I do wish you—there Bobby's opened the door—run up quick—papa is here!"

A fine boy had opened the door, and stood in the passage waiting his mother's approach. Mrs. Staples descended from her carriage with a careless but very graceful movement, and hurried across the wet stones, holding up the folds of her dress, but with her eyes raised to the cherub-face bending in its beauty above her. In the hurry of her movements a superb cashmere shawl had fallen loosely from her shoulders and swept along the muddy pavement as she passed.

"Lady, your shawl will be spoiled," said the soft, humble voice that had so feebly cried radishes a moment before.

The little girl had set down her basket, and stood half shrinking at her own boldness, holding up the rich and soiled drapery. There was something in the voice that appealed forcibly to the generous heart of the lady. She flung the shawl over her arm, and bent her eyes with a feeling of benevolent interest on the little maiden. She was very young, gentle and timid in her appearance, and altogether more delicate and lovely than those poor children usually are who follow her wearisome calling. Her dress might be described by the emphatic word poverty-stricken, yet it was tidy, and a natural grace dwelt about her person, which the frock of striped worsted and coarse woolen shawl rendered but the more remarkable. Two braids of rich black hair fell on either shoulder from beneath a little quilted hood which scarcely shadowed a face of such gentle and touching loveliness, that the heart ached while looking on it. There was privation and suffering in every sweet lineament. Mrs. Staples dwelt on the large sad eyes that sunk beneath her gaze, on the moist lashes and the tremulous spirit that lived around the small mouth, till her heart warmed toward the humble child.

"Poor thing," she said, drawing forth her purse, "take this, and go down into the basement; you seem half perished."

The girl looked wistfully on the piece of silver extended to her, but she did not take it.

"I—I would rather not take the money, lady, but if you will buy some radishes with it, I shall be so glad!"

She ran to her basket and held it eagerly up with both hands as she spoke. The radishes were uncommonly fine, and their slender scarlet spikes lay among the tufted leaves with a most tempting freshness, yet it was almost dark, and her basket teemed to the brim. Not one bunch had the poor child sold through that wet and dreary day.

Mrs. Staples smiled at the earnest way in which the little trafficker lifted her merchandise up the steps, but there was compassion in the smile.

"Go down to the basement," she said, kindly, "and the cook will take some of you. William," she added, turning to the footman, "conduct her down, and see that she is quite warm and comfortable before she goes away."

The man cast a supercilious glance toward the coachman, and turned with a shrug to obey his lady's orders.

"Mother let me take her basket down," cried the boy who had opened the door, his fine eyes kindling at the suppressed insolence of the menial, "I am not ashamed to lift her radishes."

He bounded down the steps as he spoke, and taking the basket from the girl he swung it round with a flourish to his own arm. There was manliness and grace in the action which might have befitted a much older person, and his air of protection was most amusing as he opened the gate and held it, that the humble radish-girl might pass down the area.

"Mamma, why don't you come?" cried the impatient little Sarah, letting herself down the stairs with both hands and feet, that she might hasten her mother's progress.

Mrs. Staples stood thoughtfully in the hall, for her heart yearned strangely toward the forlorn child whom she had just sent from her presence, but when the voice of her own darling aroused her, a beautiful smile lighted up her face, and she hastened toward the stairs with an impatient fondness, which nothing but a warm-hearted mother can appreciate. The lovely child scrambled up from her knees, and with the bound of a young fawn, leaped half way down the stairs into her mother's arms. Her musical laughter rang through the hall while she performed the exploit, broken into a richer sound by the kisses which she lavished over her mother's face, as she bore her to the drawing-room.

In the back basement of a gloomy wooden building, in the lower end of Cherry Street, sat an aged couple at night-fall, on the day when our humble heroine is presented to the reader. The room was damp, low and dark, with no other furniture than a couple of rude chairs, and a deal-table, on which were arranged a half-dozen unmatched cups and saucers, a broken plate or two, and a tea-pot with the spout broken off in the middle, all scrupulously washed and piled together beneath a clean crash towel, as if they had not been called in use for many a day. A brown platter which stood upon a shelf which ran above the table, contained the only appearance of food to be seen in the wretched dwelling, a bone of bacon thrice picked, and retained, probably, from the wretched desire to possess something in the shape of food, though that something were but a mockery. A straw bed was made up on one corner of the floor, and partook of the general neatness of the room. The sheets were of linen, and the covering, a patchwork quilt formed of rich, old-fashioned chintz, was nicely turned under the edges. One might have known how precious that quilt was in the eyes of the possessor, by the care taken to preserve it.

The old couple drew their chairs closer together on the hearthstone, and looked wistfully into each other's faces as the darkness gathered around about them, while the rain beat upon the walks without with increasing violence.

"Come, cheer up," said the woman, with a vain effort at cheerfulness, pressing her withered fingers on the hand of her partner, which had fallen with listless apathy on his knee. "Poor Lucy would have been home long before this if she had done any thing; she will be cold and wet; don't let us look so—so hungry when she comes in."

"Yes poor child, she will be wet and wretched enough," muttered the old man in a broken voice; and he passed his hand over his eyes and flung a handful of shavings and chips on the mouldering fire, from a pile which lay in the chimney corner. The blaze flashed up and revealed the pale, haggard faces which bent over it, with painful distinctness. They were sharp, wrinkled and meager with lack of sustenance. The lips of both were thin and blue, and there was a fixed expression about them, which told how firmly they had borne with suffering. The man looked anxiously into the face of his wife, and turned his head away again with a groan. There was a look of intense keenness about her sunken eye—of suffering and hunger that bowed the old man's fortitude to the earth. It was a picture of terrible famine, and yet patience and affection flung a thrilling beauty over it.

The man gave one more agonized glance at his wife, and rose to his feet.

"God of heaven!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands and looking wildly about the room, "you are starving to death, and I have nothing to give you!"

The poor woman lifted her head and tried to smile, but the effort was heart-rending.

"No, no, I am not very hungry; you remember the bread, yesterday. Let us try the bone again; if we could but get the least morsel, we might stand it till morning."

The husband went to the table and scraped the bone till it was white as ivory beneath his knife. With all his effort, but a few dried particles of meat were obtained; but he bore them to her with something of cheerfulness; there was more than he had expected.

"There is scarcely a mouthful, but it will keep you alive," he said.

She kept her eyes resolutely turned from the plate. "Take a part yourself, and give me what is left; I can wait."

The old man's bony fingers quivered for a moment over the scant morsel, and then he dashed his hand away and thrust the plate into his wife's lap.

"I don't need it. I am not hungry; eat, if you would not die."

The famished woman turned her eyes on the fragments and clutched them like a bird of prey. In one instant they were devoured; then, as if frightened at her voracity, she lifted her glowing eyes to her husband's face with a look of touching appeal.

"I could not help it. I meant to have left some, but there was so little!—If we had but one mouthful more!"

She looked engerly about the room, for the taste of food had made her almost ravenous. Suddenly she sunk back to her chair and laughed hysterically.

"The radishes, John; if she don't sell any we can eat them; there will be enough for all. I wish she would come."

"You forget that the kind woman in the next room lent us the money to buy them with; how can we pay her?" replied the man, looking sorrowfully upon the eager face of his wife. The poor woman buried her thin face in her hands, and tears stole silently through her fingers.

"You may sell the quilt to-morrow," she said, again lifting her face piteously to his, "I will not say a word against it again. It was my mother's, but we cannot starve to death—that poor child and all."

As she spoke, footsteps were heard in the passage. She started up with the eagerness of a famished hound and flung open the door. A tall man, marked by that most unfit badge of servitude for an American, a hatband of woven silver, pushed by her, and setting a basket down on the floor, stood gazing with a look of mingled arrogance and pity about the comfortless room. The little radish-girl, whose light footsteps had been lost in his heavier tread, stood just within the door, with the rain dripping from her hood down the heavy braids of her hair; her little hands were clasped, and her large, glad eyes wandered alternately from her grand parents to the basket, while her lips trembled with eagerness to speak the joy which she was yet too shy to express before a stranger. The man gave another look at the old couple, who stood with their keen eyes riveted on the basket, then turning carelessly on his heel he left the room, whistling an air and brushing the rain from the sleeve of his livery-coat. We inveigh against the arrogance of the rich levelled against the poor; but the insolence of the poor to the poorer is far more common and a thousand times less excusable; it is like quarrels in the same household, which even a community of interest cannot always prevent.

The moment Mrs. Staples' servant left the room, all the delight which had kindled up the little radish-girl's features broke from her tongue. She sprang forward and flung back the covering from the basket. Her eager little hands shook, her eyes grew beautifully bright, and no fairy telling down gold and rubies to a favorite, ever looked half so lovely as that happy child when she revealed the contents of her basket before her famished grandparents, who had fallen on their knees beside it. Her voice broke through the room like the melody of birds rejoicing together when the trees are in blossom.

"See, grandpapa, see!—a beef steak—a great large thick beef steak!—and pickles and bread. Oh, dear! that nice little gentleman has put back a bunch of radishes, the very best. Do look, grandma, here is some tea in this paper—real good green tea—and sugar and—why, grandpa, is that you crying so? Dear, dear grandpa, don't sob in that dreadful way. How can you?—I'm so happy. Why, as true as I live, if I an't crying myself all the time! Now an't it strange that we should all cry because we've got something to eat. I can't help it tho'—indeed I can't; can you, grandpa? I—I believe I shall die, I'm so happy!"

The excited little creature dropped the paper of tea from her trembling hands as she uttered the last words, and flinging herself on the old woman's bosom, lay bathed in tears and shaking like an aspen leaf, literally overcome with happiness. While her clinging arms were about the grandame's neck, the poor woman contrived to break a piece of bread from one of the loaves, and greedily devoured it, amid her caresses. Joy is as restless as grief; Lucy soon started to her feet again.

"But I have not shown you all. I have got money to pay Mrs. Miles, and a dollar besides. Don't eat much, because we will have such a supper in a few minutes. I'll get three cent's worth of charcoal, and borrow a gridiron, and—don't eat half enough before I come back, because of the supper."

The little girl ran out of the room as she uttered this last injunction, and her step was heard like the leap of a deer as she bounded through the passage. When she returned, a loaf of the bread had disappeared; the old couple were in each other's arms, weeping and uttering fragments of prayer and blessing—and thanksgiving. It was a beautiful picture for the best feelings of the human heart—gratitude to God and to his creatures, shed a holiness over it.

Lucy bustled about, and a delicious meal was soon spread. The table was drawn toward the fire, and a tallow candle which she had purchased, together with the charcoal, shed a comparatively cheerful light over the humble group, as they partook of the first regular meal after many weeks of privation. Lucy was by far too happy for thoughts of her own hunger. Though she tried to eat quietly, at every second mouthful she would lay down her fork, and lift her face with a sweet look of affection to her grandparents, who were partaking eagerly of the food before them. Her little hand was ready as a humming-bird among a clump of flowers, in heaping the empty plate, and in filling the exhausted cup as fast as the old woman could drain it.

"Does it taste good, grandpa—oh, grandma, is it not nice to have tea once more?" she was continually inquiring, with the eager happiness of a child as she was, till the old people began to eat leisurely, and to select their food as those whose appetites are fully satisfied.

"Now Lucy, my child, let us hear how you came by all these things," said the old man, at last, pushing back his plate and supporting his elbow on the table, while his chin rested in the palm of one hand, and his eye dwelt fondly on the sweet young face of his grand-daughter, "come, your grandmother will listen now."

The little girl tried to school her face to the dignified seriousness of a story-teller, but spite of herself, the little mouth would tremble, and tears and smiles struggled in her large black eyes, like clouds and sunshine on an April sky.

"Well," she said, shaking back the braids of her hair, and folding her hands resolutely in her lap, "don't ask me any questions till I have done, and I will tell you all about it just as it happened. I did not like to tell you how much afraid I was to go out this evening, for I thought may be you might want to go out instead of me, and I thought perhaps that walking in the damp and calling out so loud might set you to coughing again. So I made believe to hold as a lion, till I got out of sight of the house, and then I could hardly keep from crying, I felt so strangely. I believe it just the sort of feeling that the 'Babes in the Woods' had, only I had no brother with me, and it is a great deal more lonesome to wander round among lots of men and women that you never saw before, than to be lost among the green trees where the sunshine comes laughing through the leaves, and flowers peep up from the soft moss, where birds are hopping about, singing and chirping in the bushes—dear little birds—such as covered the poor babes over with leaves, and—and—finally, grandpa, as I was saying, I think that I felt a great deal worse off than they did, for when they grew hungry, there were plenty of blackberries that they had as much right to pick as any body; but I was dreadful hungry—I was, indeed, though I would not own it to you, and every step I took there were nice cakes and tarts and candies in the windows, just as if the people had put them there to see how bad they could make me feel. Well, I tried to call out radishes, but the tears almost choked me, and I could hardly make the least noise at first, and when I did it was such a strange hoarse scream, just like a frightened bird. But I began low, and called out louder and louder, till I am certain somebody must have heard me, besides, I went close to the basement windows sometimes, and screamed radishes, radishes, till I could not call any longer; but no one took the least notice. I was very full and tired with carrying the basket, and may be my voice sounded louder to myself than to any body else. Once a lady knocked on the window. My heart sprang into my mouth, for I thought she wanted me to stop, but a great stout woman, with such a voice, turned a corner just that minute, and she pushed by me as I was going down the area, and the lady bought four bunches of her. I felt the tears come up from my heart, but I would not let the radish-woman see me cry, she looked after me in such a hateful manner, and laughed so when I dragged along with my heavy basket.

It was a long afternoon, and I had gone down Madison Street and across clear to the North River side, without selling one single bunch of radishes. My heart grew heavier and heavier, till it lay like a stone in my bosom, for I thought of you, so hungry and in such trouble, and of the money which you had borrowed of Mrs. Miles. I was getting more faint and hungry every minute, and I thought my heart would break at last, for I was so tired that I had to hold to the iron railings to keep from falling on the pavement. I don't know exactly where I was, but somewhere near Broadway a young gentleman went by me very fast, for it was beginning to rain. He looked hard at me, but a great many had done so before, and I should not have minded it, but he turned in a slow, thinking way, and after looking at me a minute, very kindly told me to go with him a little while, and he would take me out of the rain.

"I thought perhaps, that the gentleman kept a house, and wanted some radishes for tea; so I was very glad to follow him to the

sides, he had such a kind, pretty way of speaking, that I could not have helped it, if I had wanted to; it seemed natural to do as he bade me. Well, he walked on till we came to a block of new buildings in a street near Broadway. All around the lower windows and the doors was solid stone. A little black plate was by the side of the door which he took me through, and on it was written in beautiful yellow letters the name of C. Ver Bryck, Portrait Painter. I did not know what it meant at first, but afterward I found out it was the name of the young gentleman who took me there, Mr. Ver Bryck—a queer name, isn't it? I should not have known how to pronounce it, but that I heard it so many times after I got in. We went up a great row of stairs, and along a passage, till we came to a door which had another piece of black like that on the outside, with the same name on it, and a little slate hung by it covered over with writing.

Mr. Ver Bryck opened the door. Oh, what a grand room it was! There was a fine carpet on it, and nice tables covered over with brushes and little boxes and dear beautiful images, white as snow, and flinging their arms up, as if they wanted to play with one; and all around the walls were places where it seemed as if you were looking out of doors. You could see mountains that looked as if they melted away into the blue sky, and trees with large heavy limbs, that seemed as if they would break down with heaps of leaves, with soft grassy places about the roots, besides rivers that wound toward you, so deep and clear, and cows lying—the lazy things—on the banks. I can't give you the least idea how beautiful it all was. I should have thought myself in the woods, but for the ladies and gentlemen that stood round the edges of the floor, so handsome; and dressed so beautifully with square things that looked like gold all around them. They every one, seemed staring at me as I went in. This frightened me so that I ran into the passage to come away, but Mr. Ver Bryck followed me, and wanted to know what I was afraid of; I began to cry, and told him I did not like to go among so many grand people. He looked at a young gentleman who came to the door to see what the matter was, and they both smiled, and told me not to be afraid, for the gentlemen and ladies I had seen were only pictures. I did not know how that could be, for the pictures in books don't look like breathing people as they did, but I was afraid they would think me babyish to be frightened when they were so good natured, so I followed them into the room.

He took me up to an old gentleman with a bald-head, who sat reading a great book through his spectacles. A nice old gentleman he was, and so still, he did not once lift his eyes from the book, though I stood between him and the light. I was not in the least afraid of him, for he looked kind and pleasant; but when I was told to touch his hand, I held back, for it did not seem right for a little girl like me to take such a liberty. They both laughed when I told them so; but they would make me touch the hand which lay on the book, and as true as I live, grandpa, it was like touching a board! That was what they called a picture too, but it looked as much like a living man as you do this minute. I did not think so much of the others being pictures when I come to look at them very close. But that old gentleman with the book and spectacles, I don't really know what to think of it. Yet—but if I stop to tell you all I saw, it will be twelve o'clock before I get through. Mr. Ver Bryck came to me while I was looking about, and made me stand just where the light came in from the upper part of a window. He sat down by a couple of shining sticks that stood up from the floor like a great A, and put something that looked like a wide lace-frame with a cloth nailed over it, on the little pegs that were fastened to the sticks, then he looked in my face so long that I grew almost ashamed and wanted to turn my head away; but he began to draw marks on the cloth, and after the first I did not mind it, for he only looked up quick once in a while, and then marked away like any thing. I had forgotten all about being tired or hungry till then; but standing still so long put me in mind of it, and I began to grow faint and dizzy, till the room went round and round. I did not remember any more till Mr. Ver Bryck was lifting me from the carpet.—When I told him that I was tired and very hungry, he looked serious, as if he pitied me, and the other gentleman said, 'Poor thing! poor thing!' and went out of the room as fast as he could. In a little while he came back with a handful of cake and a cranberry-tart. He was almost out of breath, and his hand trembled like any thing, when he put them in my lap. I cried so that I could not thank him. He did not seem to mind it, though; but smiled and looked happy when he saw how fast I eat. I wanted to have saved some for you, but they were looking at me and I was ashamed.

In a little while stood up again, as strong as could be. You can't think how fast Mr. Ver Bryck worked with a little brush, which he took from the table. His eyes grew brighter and brighter every time he looked up. I am sure it must make people very happy to paint pictures—don't you think so, grandpa?

At last he gave me this half dollar, and told me to come again sometime when you could spare me. My heart jumped into my mouth when I saw the money, but I did not know as it was right to take it for doing nothing, but stand still in a beautiful room. He would not hear what I had to say, but put the money into my hand, and told me to be a good girl and to come again.

When I went out, my basket did not seem half so heavy as it had; and though I had money enough to pay Mrs. Miles, I was

determined to sell some radishes. You can't think how much courage that cranberry tart and the cake gave me. I called loud enough, I am sure, but nobody seemed to want radishes for tea; and I was getting down-hearted again, when a carriage stopped at the pavement just when I was passing; and one of the most beautiful ladies that ever you set eyes on, came down the steps and was going into a house; but a dear little girl put her head out of the window, and while looking up, the lady forgot her shawl, and it dragged into the mud. I can't think how I ever come to be so bold; but before I thought what I was doing, the shawl was in my hand, and I was saying something, but I can't remember what. The lady spoke very, very kindly to me, and sent me down stairs, where I found four or five women at work. One of them was buying some of my radishes, when the lady sent for me to come up to her room. I never saw so many beautiful things in my life as I saw in that room. The carpet looked as if bushes and bushes of daisies and tulips and roses had been matted into it, and my feet sunk down softly, as I walked. It was like treading on Spring moss, when the May blossoms are just beginning to peep through it. I saw things to sit down on, covered over with silk and green leaves, and bunches of grapes seemed growing all over them. There were stools and cushions and chairs, all of silk and beautiful wood, and a bunch of fruit lay on each one of them. You know I had been cheated with pictures once, or I should certainly have thought the grapes and the peaches, and the apricots, were good to eat, they looked so natural. Four of those things which the gentleman called landscapes, hung on the walls, and it seemed like sundown in the room, for it appeared to me that more than a hundred yards of the thickest and heaviest silk hung about the windows. Oh, grandma, I do wish you could see that room, I am certain you would stare as much as I did.

After all, the most beautiful thing in the room was the lady herself, and the sweet little girl, who lay with her curly head on one of the cushions I have told you of, at her mother's feet. I remember it very well, for her cheek lay against the picture of a rose, and it was so red you could hardly tell the difference. A gentleman was sitting in a great easy chair, but I did not like to look at him, he was so tall and had such a proud way when he moved. And there was a nice boy, almost a young gentleman, so handsome and so polite; but I had seen him before—he carried my radishes into the basement for me. There they all sat, looking as happy and contented as if they had not frightened me to death by sending for me to go up there. Oh, how I trembled, when I first went in! But the lady called me to her so softly, and smiled in a sweet way, which made her look a thousand times more beautiful while she talked to me; and in a few minutes I was not in the least afraid to speak. She made me tell her all about you, and about my father and mother's dying, and—and—I don't like to talk it all over again, but I told her every thing. She almost cried once or twice, and the young gentleman did cry in real earnest. When I had done, he went to his mother, and put his arm round her neck, I heard him say—'Do take her, mamma, she is so pretty, and there is so much feeling in her story.'

The mother looked at the gentleman, who sat in the easy chair, and then he asked me a few questions. At the first sound of his voice, I began to tremble all over, like a leaf; but somehow, he did not seem so proud when he was speaking, and I made out to answer him very well. He turned to the lady and made a motion with his hand, which seemed to say, 'she is a nice, honest little girl, and you may take her.' The lady then told me to bring you and grandma to see her, to-morrow; and if you liked, I should stay with her, to 'help about house'; and she would give me good wages, and be kind to me, if I deserved it. She said, that if you and grandpa proved the kind of people that I had told her of, you should have a room in one of her husband's houses, all for nothing, and that she would help me support you. A great many kind things she said, but I was so full of happiness, that I scarcely heard them. I am sure I don't know how I got down stairs, but the woman had taken all my radishes. The money was ready for me, done up in a paper; and there the basket stood, filled just as you see it—so heavy I could not have carried it home for the life of me. I suppose the lady had ordered the footman—I believe they called him that—to come home with me, but he seemed awful surly about it; and I begin to think, from what I have seen to-day, that a real gentleman is a thousand times better natured and more free, than one who don't know whether he is one or not. Why, grandpa, have you gone to sleep while I was talking?"

The old man's face was buried in his hands, and he was lost in deep emotion, such as the grateful Christian alone can feel. At length, he lifted his face and clasping his hands on the table, spoke his gratitude in the solemn and beautiful words of scripture. "I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." There was a depth and fervency in the old Christian's voice, solemn even as the words he uttered. The little radish-girl bowed her head on her bosom, and the grandmother uttered a sweet and gentle amen.

SERMONS.—This department of our sacred literature contains more rubbish and less of any thing valuable in thought and diction than any other. We doubt whether there is so much trash in the form of novels as in the form of sermons.—*Hard's Miscellany.*

CUSTOMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

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

LETTER III.

Mount Discovery, 9th month, 1825.

You will be amazed on learning how early the military spirit, the spirit of violence and murder, is infused into the minds of children by christian parents—and how continually this spirit is cultivated, throughout the land. No sooner are little boys able to go alone, than many of them are furnished with miniature swords or guns, and taught their use. They are also taught to look forward to the time, when, by weapons of death, they will acquire renown! For boys of a larger size, Military Academies or Fencing Schools, are provided, in which various modes of manslaughter are scientifically taught, and the young imbued with a thirst for fighting glory. Indeed no exertions, no expense, and no applause, are spared to keep alive the love of military fame. I have sometimes attended their public trainings, and reviews, and have witnessed what are called *Sham-fights*, designed to familiarize the minds of the young, to the idea of killing one another.

Can you believe that an intelligent people are so bewildered as to suppose that these are the surest means of preventing war? Such, however is the fact. At least, so it is said, and I believe truly; for it is asserted by some of the most eminent men in the country.

But from such an education, I should suppose that wars would very naturally result; and that murder, in various forms, would abound in the land. Nor am I surprised to see the weekly and daily newspapers of this country, much occupied with horrid accounts of murders. They appear to me to be the genuine fruits of the seed so industriously sown. Besides there is in this country, a privileged class of people denominated "Gentlemen of Honor," who for trivial offences, will fight one another, according to established rules—generally with pistols, but sometimes with muskets or swords. Such murderous combats, by way of eminence, are called "affairs of honor." In this way, many lose their lives, and bring great distress on their families. As barbarous and abominable as this practice is, there is not virtue enough in the land to effect its abolition. Nor is it probable that it ever will be abolished while the more atrocious custom of public war shall retain its popularity.

Within thirty years, all the nations of Christendom have been at war with each other, and in some of their battles, from ten thousand to eighty thousand men have been found dead at the close of a conflict, and it is probable that the number of wounded was greater than that of the slain! Surely, if the God of the Christians is delighted with such scenes of violence, and horror among his children, he must be more malignant than any evil being known to the people of Loo Choo. I may add, if the Christian Messiah is a promoter of such strife, or if the religion authorizes and encourages such deeds, the people of our Island have great reason to be thankful for their ignorance of Christianity.

It is however possible that the majority of Christians have been under a mistake in respect of the character of their God, their Messiah, and the religion he came to establish. I have already seen some Christians, who are, like our Islanders, of a pacific disposition. These peaceful men assure me that I cannot with any propriety, judge of the nature of their religion from the warring character of Christian nations. They also affirm, that if the precepts of Jesus Christ, had been duly regarded by all who have assumed the name of Christians, I should never have heard of fighting Christians. When I shall have thoroughly examined their New Testament, I may be better able to inform you respecting the correctness of this opinion. On disputed points, I have often observed the minority to have the right of the question. I hope it will be found so in this case; for to me, it is shocking to think of a God who can be pleased with hatred and war, robbery, murder, and devastation among his rational offsprings.

I believe it to be a fact, that men are much influenced by the views they entertain of their God, whether correct or false. Men who believe that their God is pleased with wars and fightings, will very naturally become warriors, and the contrary belief will produce an opposite effect. I lately observed in the Essays of Lord Bacon, a great man of England, the following remarks:—"It were better to have no idea of God at all than such as are unworthy of him." He quotes Plutarch, a heathen philosopher, as supporting the same opinion by saying, "Surely I had much rather men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than to say, there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born." If the Christians' God is a good being, I am sure that fighting Christians entertain such ideas as are "unworthy of him." But I am not certain which is the more inhuman, for a parent to "eat his children as soon as they are born," or to educate them for butchers of their species. In my view, both practices are horrible and beneath the dignity of a rational being.

L. C.

LETTER IV.

Mount Discovery, 10th month, 1825.

I had not been long in America before I discovered in this people, a remarkable propensity to boast of their liberty, civil and religious. They call their country the land of freedom, and too often speak of it, as the most free if not the only free country in the world. What is still worse, they boast much of their war for liberty. This happened about half a century ago, and was of eight years duration. Many thousands of people perished in the contest, and distress was spread over all the country. Parents were mourning for the loss of children, children for the loss of parents, and wives for the loss of husbands.

Prior to this war, these states were colonies of Great Britain, and Britain was regarded with affection as the *mother country*. Surely it must be a sad thing for children to fight their mother; but so it was in this case; yet the war is now a subject of boasting rather than lamentation. By what I can learn of the affair, there was much blame on both sides. The mother was too arrogant and overbearing, and the children too irritable and violent. The children were fond of tea, and the mother took it into her head to raise a revenue from this inclination. She required that they should pay a duty of three pence a pound on their tea, besides its full value. This the children resented, not so much on account of the magnitude of the duty, as the arbitrary principle on which it was laid. They not only refused to pay the duty, but in a pet destroyed a great quantity of tea, which was sent to them for sale. This was resented by the mother country; and one rash step succeeded another, till open hostilities commenced; the scenes which followed are too horrible to be related. The Americans gained their point, and became an independent nation. Since that period, they have been annually glorying in their bloody conflict, and praising the sages and heroes of the Revolution.

During that disastrous struggle, a young French nobleman came to aid the Americans. He was made a general in their army, and was highly esteemed for his services. Since I have been in the country, that general, grey with age, came from France to pay the Americans a visit, and you would have been astonished to see with what parade and acclamation he was received in each of the States.

As a contrast to this, I will tell you another story. Long since the Revolutionary war, this great nation made war on a little tribe of Indians, called Seminoles. Two British subjects happened at that time to be among the Indians, and seeing their distress, were disposed to aid them. The two unfortunate men were taken by the Americans, and their general caused them both to be hanged! If there was any right in either case, the two Britons had as good a right to aid the distressed Indians, as the Frenchman had to aid the distressed Americans; yet this people have been so inconsistent as to praise the Frenchman and hang the Britons for similar conduct! Some, indeed, blamed the general for hanging the two Britons; but the government probably stood in some awe of the general, or was unwilling to punish a man who had acquired glory by slaughtering his thousands of brethren in time of war. There is still another inconsistency in this people, equally glaring. Notwithstanding all their professed love of liberty, and their fighting for it, they have now almost two millions of their fellow men in absolute slavery who are held as property, to be bought and sold like brute beasts. When I see such glaring disregard of the rights of others, among Christians, who profess a love of liberty, and who evidently understand the rights of men, I cannot but suspect that their wars may be as inconsistent with the principles of their religion as their slaveholding is with their avowed principles of civil freedom.

I ought, however, to say, that there is a great diversity of character among this people. Some of them deeply deplore the inconsistency which I have just stated. They not only see, but feel, that the slaves have much more cause to complain of the tyranny exercised towards them, than ever their masters had to complain of the wrongs of Britain. But the majority of the people are either in favor of slaveholding, or so indifferent about it, that little is done towards its abolition. Many fear that by delaying to remedy the evil, the volcano will explode and overwhelm the country with desolating lava.

L. C.

CHARITY.

Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child;
She makes excuses where she might condemn,
Reveiled by those that hate her, prays for them;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
The worst suggested, she believes the best;
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased;
She rather waives than will dispute her right,
And injured, makes forgiveness her delight.

Cowper's Charity,

A PROMISE "IN FUTURO."—A president of the parliament of Paris, when presenting an address to the duke of Burgundy, then an infant, said, "We come to offer you our respects; our children will give you their services."

Selected from "Lacon."

SUGGESTIONS TO THE THINKING.

I.

With respect to the authority of great names, it should be remembered, that he alone deserves to have any weight or influence with posterity who has shewn himself superior to the particular and predominant error of his own times;—who like the peak of Teneriffe, has hailed the intellectual sun, before its beams have reached the horizon of common minds;—who, standing like Socrates on the apex of wisdom, has removed from his eyes all film of earthly dross, and has foreseen a purer law, a nobler system, a brighter order of things,—in short a promised land! which like Moses on the top of Pisgah, he is permitted to survey, and anticipate for others, without being himself allowed either to enter, or to enjoy.

II.

The drafts which true genius draws upon posterity, although they may not always be honoured as soon as they are due, are sure to be paid with compound interest in the end. Milton's expressions on his right to this remuneration, constitute some of the finest efforts of his mind. He never alludes to these high pretensions, but he appears to be animated by an eloquence, which is at once both the plea and the proof of their justice; an eloquence, so much above all present and all perishable things, that, like the beams of the sun, it warms while it enlightens, and as it descends from heaven to earth, raises our thoughts from earth to heaven. When the great Kepler had at length discovered the harmonic laws that regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies, he exclaimed, "Whether my discoveries will be read by posterity, is a matter that concerns them more than me. I may be well contented to wait one century for a reader, when God himself, during so many thousand years, has waited for an observer like myself."

III.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money for the purpose of circulation.

IV.

Some Scientists have discovered a short path to celebrity. Having heard that it is a vastly silly thing to believe every thing, they take it for granted that it must be a vastly wise thing to believe nothing. They therefore set up for free-thinkers; but their only stock in trade is, that they are free from thinking. It is not so easy to condemn them, nor very easy to convince them; since no persons make so large a demand upon the reason of others, as those who have none of their own; as a highwayman will take greater liberties with our purse, than our banker.

V.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye, for those talk the most who have observed the least, and intrude their remarks upon every thing, who have seen the least of nothing.

VI.

Agur said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches"; and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our incomes should be like our shoes; if too small, they will gall and pinch us; but if too large they will cause us to stumble and to trip. But wealth after all is a relative thing; since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends not upon what we have, but upon what we would have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

VII.

Were a plain unlettered man, but endowed with common sense and a certain quantum of observation and of reflection, to read over attentively the four Gospels, and the acts of the Apostles, without any note or comment, I hugely doubt whether it would enter into his ears to hear, his eyes to see, or his heart to conceive the purport of many ideas signified by many words ending in *ism*, which, nevertheless, have cost Christendom rivers of ink, and oceans of blood.

VIII.

No men deserve the title of infidels so little as those to whom it has been usually applied; let any of those who renounce Christianity, write fairly down in a book all the absurdities that they believe instead of it, and they will find that it requires more faith to reject Christianity, than to embrace it.

AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.—Having the Bible in our hands, we ought to examine it for ourselves, and not to trust to the mere *ipse dixit* of any man whatever. Nor should we exalt any human teacher, only so far as he conducts us to a clearer discernment of the truth it contains. We ought to have no head but Jesus Christ, nor any principles of either faith or practice but what are purely scriptural. If the members of the different sects gain no information from their favourite leaders, but what they can equally receive through the medium of the Bible; and if the different leaders in religion procured all their evangelical tenets, mediately through sacred Scripture from God; if they can even point out the various texts that teach their several principles, why in this case do they hold under man, at second hand, what they acknowledge to be long primarily to God, and what they must shew to be his before they can expect their doctrine to be received as gospel truth? And why, as they all profess to believe every part of the Bible to be equally true, does each sect condemn every other for holding such tenets as square not with its own narrowed system? Is it not notorious that, whatever one sect maintains, another most avowedly opposes? They cannot all be right: they are possibly, to a very considerable degree, all wrong; and it will hereafter be found that Sectarianism is destructive of all true religion. It will be wise therefore to turn from erring man entirely to the Bible to learn, profess and practice, under God, all its truths and precepts. And let every one, who professes the name of Christ, proclaim himself simply a "Bible Christian." If it be asked whether the Bible be really different from the interpretations put upon it by the various denominations of professing Christians, it may be answered: were it not so, how could all the sects find Scripture in direct refutation of each other's notions? And how could the Bible, consistent in itself, sanction all, and refuse all, did they not, in different points, misunderstand it?—Rev. William Cowherd.

MEDICAL ADVISER.

OF CANCER—CANCER DOCTORS, ETC.

This disease takes the Latin name of the crab, from its fancied, or real, resemblance to that animal. It affects many parts of the body, as the breast, lips, skin—particularly of the face—stomach, or rather its pyloric orifice, etc.

The first that is discovered of this disease is, generally, a hard tubercle or tumour, of a greater or less size, sometimes having the feel under the skin of a shot, or not unlike that of a marble. The resemblance to a crab consists in what may be termed prolongations from the central tubercle; they are bands of diseased cellular membrane, and, diverging as they do, a fertile imagination has likened them to the legs of the sea crab.

It is not every lump felt in the breast, or any other part of the body that is a cancer; and, again, tumors that are at first harmless assume a malignant appearance and become cancerous. To distinguish at all times, and with accuracy, between what is originally simple, and what malignant, and to decide with certainty that the simple is not to become malignant, is a degree of perfection to which medical science has not yet attained. This much, however, may be considered as settled—that when a tumour does not disappear under the most appropriate treatment, and particularly if it shows any disposition to increase or to become painful, or otherwise troublesome, it should be at once freely removed with the knife. This is safe, but little painful, and if the disease is local, the constitution being unaffected, is pretty sure of success.

A cancerous tumour is most generally discovered by accident, so that it is probable that it may have existed for a long time, without in any degree disturbing the health. But immediately after discovery, it may commence a rapid march in its progress to maturity. This is, doubtless, accelerated by mental anxiety in regard to the suspicious character of the tumour; and the frequent handling, with, perhaps, stimulating or irritating applications, contributes in no small degree to the same result.

Cancer has, very justly, been considered as one of the *opprobria medicorum*—one, that under all or any circumstances, has small chance enough of being permanently cured. And because it calls for, and too frequently baffles, the skill of the profession, like other diseases it has afforded a most excellent opportunity to the empiric, to enrich himself, without affording to his patient any reasonable hope of benefit. The more certainly fatal, and consequently, the more alarming the disease with which a person is afflicted, the more is he disposed to trust himself to the uncertainties of charlatany. Cancer may be, as it frequently is, cured by extirpation with the knife—the only certain and only safe remedy. External applications have also been used, and sometimes, with temporary, or it may be, permanent good effect; and these are the remedies most constantly employed by the empiric. The cancer-doctor professes to be in the possession of a secret specific for this disease; he works upon the fears of those who have, or believe they have cancer, and who, being desperate, like a drowning person grasping at straws, seize upon the frail hope that is offered by the hand of ignorant charlatany. The empiric decries the surgeon's knife and professional skill; he boasts of his cures, and unparalleled success, and in confirmation of his arrogant pretensions presents certificates of cures signed by names of unquestionable veracity.

The applications most commonly employed by quacks for the extirpation of a cancerous tumour, are plasters into which enter, as a principal ingredient, some one of the mineral escharotics. A preparation of arsenic is more frequently used than any other. The patient is made to believe that the pain arising from the application of a caustic substance, and the consequent suffering, is much less than that caused by the knife, which is just as true as to affirm that the prick of a cambric needle is more dangerous than a stab from a bowie knife, or a thrust from a bayonet.

The "cancers," that are cured by cancer-doctors, are *not* cancers, though they may resemble them, and may have been pronounced such by eminent professional men. Their close resemblance to cancer, and their cure, answer all the purposes of the empiric—to gull the people and obtain their money. A man of gross habit, who is more likely to be affected with tumours in the skin, or other parts usually the seat of cancer, has a lump in the cheek which creates no little anxiety; he consults a physician who assures him that the disease has no appearance of cancer, and prescribes a course that will, in all probability, remove the unwelcome visitor. But not satisfied with this, he hears of some famous cancer-doctor who has wrought most marvellous cures, more especially in those whom *the doctors had given up*, and forthwith, he seeks out the quack to test his skill upon himself. A pretty liberal price, in advance, is always sure to elicit such an opinion and prescription as will harmonize with the preconceived notions of the patient; if he believes it is a cancer, then the cancer-doctor pronounces it so at once; if he thinks otherwise the cancer doctor thinks so too, unless it is for his interest to think differently. If the tumour is decided by the quack to be a cancer, an application of some caustic substance—something that destroys the part to which it is applied—is made; and if the thing be really a cancer there is a possibility that it may be cured, while there is great probability—many chances to one—that it will not only *not* be cured, but that it will be so aggravated that it can

never be successfully removed by a surgical operation. When a cancer is cured by plasters, or when any tumour is thus removed, it is done by the intense inflammation excited either in the tumour itself, or the adjacent parts, or it may be both; this terminates in a sloughing, or casting off the diseased part, leaving only an ordinary ulcer which soon heals.

Cancer, if it be at first a purely local disease, the constitution uncontaminated, shows an invincible tendency to extend itself to the neighboring glands, and to develop itself in them. If, for instance, it appears in the breast, it soon affects the glands in the arm-pits; they become involved in the disease, and if they do assume the cancerous nature, the patient generally becomes a victim. Hence it is, that in all treatment for cancer, irritating applications and stimulating medicines should be studiously avoided; and, therefore, every caustic that does not cure, invariably does mischief, by adding fuel to the flame. When a tumour, whether it be cancerous or not, is cured by the application of a caustic plaster, it is generally removed whole; and if there are prolongations, or offsets, from the central body, these not unfrequently come away at the same time. The cancer-doctor then boasts of the triumph of his skill; and the patient, not knowing that his life has been placed in jeopardy by the rash means of cure, readily believes all that is told to him. The disease is named cancer, the cure is proclaimed far and wide, and the cancer-doctor reaps a fresh harvest of glory and—cash.

But while one is cured of cancer by quackery, forty are killed; and when death is the result, the cancer-doctor, though he be as ignorant as a baboon, attributes it to anything else rather than to his want of skill, or ignorant interference. The fame of cancer-doctors is acquired by curing bad ulcers, and by removing suspicious tumours that might perhaps have become cancerous, and by also removing simple tumours that would never have become malignant. These are all named cancer, and hence the reputation consequent upon curing them, which would be no more than is justly due, were the claims founded in truth and justice. An empirical mode of treatment of cancer is, in any case, without exception, when the disease is not recent, and the tumour small, and confined to a single spot, positively hurtful; and every irritating application, and every day of delay, is increasing the danger and diminishing the chances of a recovery.

There seems to be a tendency, in the minds of most people, to magnify the dangers of disease. If a child is sick, its parents think it very sick; and if the doctor looks upon it as a little dangerous, they think the danger imminent. And so it is with adults themselves; they like to be thought dangerously ill, when perhaps they are only moderately indisposed; and they perhaps take offence if their disease is not regarded by their friends as it is by themselves. It is not an unfrequent occurrence that a physician, when he perfectly understands a case, and is treating it wisely and successfully, is dismissed in disgrace, if he does not concur with the patient and his friends as to the degree of danger. To account for this obliquity of the mind is not to our purpose; but it is used as a most powerful lever, by more than cancer-doctors for the furtherance of selfish, and disreputable objects. It is this strange feature in the mental character that accounts in great measure for the easy credulity of those who happen to have any tumour that resembles cancer; they help to cheat themselves even to their own most serious detriment.

We here subjoin an extract from an epitaph on a cancer-doctor, written by Dr. Hopkins, of Waterbury, Conn. many years ago.

"Go readers gentle, eke and simple,
If you have wart, or corn, or pimple,
To quack infallible apply,
Here's room enough for you to lie.
His skill triumphant still prevails,
For death's a cure that never fails."

For the Pearl.

PHYSIOLOGY.—No. IV.

In the last paper the necessity for maintaining the existence of vital principle or force was discussed. Now by the expression *vital principle*, it is not intended to give an idea of something existing independently of those actions by which its existence is made evident to our senses; but merely the aggregate of the powers observable in living beings, and distinguishing them from inanimate matter. This vital force, it may be remarked, is ever acting in opposition to the laws which inorganic matter obeys;—thus the blood is propelled in opposition to the force of gravitation. When we stand erect, the fluids do not fall to the lowest part, in obedience to the above-mentioned laws of gravity. The standard of heat in the human subject is also the temperature most favorable to the process of putrefaction in dead animal matter; but by virtue of the vital force, such a result is prevented in our bodies;—this opposition however does not prevent the physical laws exerting a degree of controul, for effects chemical, physical, and mechanical are always being carried on, but modified and influenced by the vital power.

When the space of action of the vital principle is narrowed, the effects appear to be more energetic; this led to the observation of Pliny. "*Nusquam magisquam in minimis tota est Natura*," which may be thus rendered—That Nature is no where more powerful than in the smallest things. In short men the action of

the heart is quicker, more energetic than in those of higher stature; and that this should be the case will not appear extraordinary when we consider that the heart and digestive organs are of very near the same size in all men, the cavities of the body of the same capacity, and that it is chiefly in the greater length of the lower extremities that they differ. We can easily therefore imagine that the same quantity of nourishment supplied to a smaller bulk, would not only arrive at its destination sooner, but effect its purpose with more power than if distributed to a larger quantity. And in accordance with this, we find that a patient increases in vigour after losing a limb, and frequently the fulness of the system is so great as to indicate frequent loss of blood. Of the nature of this vital force we are totally ignorant, although its actions are known to us. For instance, the liver is constantly forming, from the blood poured into it, a new material called bile; we can trace the blood into the substance of that organ, and we know that there the fluid called bile is prepared from it, and we can trace the residue after this has been done, and find that its nature is altered; but the cause is inexplicable, there is nothing in the structure of the organ (at least hitherto discovered) which can explain to us the cause of this alteration, and this is what we call *vital action*. We know that the continuation of this vital action is a consequence of nutrition, and that when the latter is withheld the former ceases; but this leads to no more intimate acquaintance with its nature. It teaches us, however, that all the varied and beautiful phenomena of life consist ultimately of nutrition and vital action; their peculiar mode of action, it is true, is hidden from our ken, but it is not to this our researches ought to be directed; their results should be our object, and for this purpose it is necessary that we become acquainted with the physical properties of the organs, and then try to find out how the general effect is produced by the concurrence of each.

Hitherto our remarks have been general; but now that we have arrived at the consideration of the various phenomena which make up the life of the individual, it is necessary that we confine ourselves to the observation of these events as presented in some specific object: for since the range is so wide, including all animated beings, we should soon become involved in inextricable confusion, if we attempted the consideration of the phenomena offering themselves to our notice in such a mass of beings; in order therefore to avoid this, it may be as well to consider separately, the process of life as occurring first, in man, then in the lower animals, and lastly as exhibited in the vegetable kingdom; not following this division, however, so rigidly as to prevent the use of familiar examples whenever it may be necessary.

An animal then is the union of a formative or vital principle and organized matter; and while this union exists a series of phenomena occur, which are termed formations: thus the heart propels the blood into the arteries, and this is termed its function—the liver forms bile from the blood as above noticed, and that is its function. These functions then are of two kinds: first those which are intended for the preservation of the individual, as digestion, circulation, respiration, etc. etc., and those intended for its reproduction. Each of these functions is performed by its appropriate organ or organs—and as we are to see these as they occur in man, we may first take a glance at the composition of his frame, and this will form the subject of the next Essay,

C***.

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light,
Down on thy throne of night—hail! setting sun!

Slow thou depart'st away—far from the realms of day,
Lingering in pity on summer's loved bowers;
Thy last ray is streaming—thy farewell tint gleaming,
Yet soon thou'lt return to refreshen the flowers.

Thy parting brings sadness—yet nations in gladness
Are waiting to worship thee—fountain of light!
Where'er thy footsteps be, there do we beauty see,
Thou kindest day in the dwellings of night!

Where sleeps the thunder—there dost thou wander,
Down 'neath the ocean deep, there dost thou stray,
Kissing the stars at morn—high in the air upborne,
Skirting creation's far verge on thy way!

Grandeur and glory—they travel before thee:
Brightness and majesty walk in thy train!
Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee,
When thou awak'st from the ocean again.

All own thy influence—kindly thou dost dispense
Blessings o'er nature, where'er its bounds be;
Afric's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence;
And Lapland is turned into summer by thee!

Time cannot conquer thee—age cannot alter thee,
Years have no power to limit thy sway;
Strength and sublimity—still they attend on thee,
Pilgrim of ages, but not of decay!

Sun of the firmament!—planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light,
Down on thy throne of night, hail setting sun!

Glasgow University Album.

WOMAN.

SECTION I.—WOMAN IN SOCIETY.

If originality be meritorious in an author, especially in one, who has, in his day, committed rhyme, clap your hands, oh, gentle and simple readers, for if we be not found herein pursuing a course the most novel and original, Homer was a plagiarist, and Dante an imitator.

Now for evidence in support of our assumption. In this article we appear as a *voluntary* prosecutor, and the object of our prosecution is Woman! If this be not making our *debut* in an original character, then is all mental and bodily action stale repetition.

What, prosecute woman! woman, whom we, as bard, as author, and gentleman, are bound to honour, to cherish, to defend! fealty to whom is the very condition whereon the charter of our reputation depends! Yes! even so; for our prosecution against her is identified with an homage to her; for our gravest accusations are the offspring of our holiest affections.

And by whom shall so sweet a prisoner be tried, to whom shall we prefer our charge; what tribunal sufficiently elevated to take cognizance of so divine a culprit?

If woman claim to be tried by her *peers*, who shall constitute the jury? By the tribunal in her own being shall she be tried; by the law in her own existence shall she be judged, to the conscience in woman conceiving an ideal not acted out by herself, do we address our charge.

Woman! thou art ordained to stand upon earth as the representative of divine love.

Woman! thou hast disobeyed the universal law in thy being. To thee, fashionable woman! do we more especially speak. Fashionable mother! how does the manifestation of the maternal love in thee, typify the divine love to thee?

Thou stealest languidly into the nursery in the morning, some few words of cold inquiry pass thy lips, and thou goest forth, and returnest not until wearied with mask, rout, and revel; thy child is revisited for a moment before thou seekest, in repose, a respite from thy service on the unremunerating *idol* which thou hast set up.

Thou goest to the theatre, and a moving tragedy is performed; from the spring in thy deep affections would fain gush the streams which refresh and purify the heart scorched by selfishness, that barren Egypt in which the fertilizing Nile is forbidden to overflow, for it is not fashionable for woman to feel! It is not etiquette for her to represent the divinity within! And her excellence is gauged by the *nonchalance* she can display in scenes that are calculated to evolve unsophisticated sympathy.

Woman! (in the spheres of life which are generally denominated the inferior,) what is thy obedience to the law within thee? How often are thy sympathies limited by the narrowest boundaries? Husband thou lovest, relatives thou lovest, friends thou lovest; for all these beings are associated with thy self-gratification. But how lovest thou the humanity of which thou art a symbol? what exertions makes thou for thy unseen brotherhood? How does charity, exhibit itself in thy moral and physical activities? Hast thou never preferred a new dress to the happiness of a human being? Is any one disposed to pronounce that no further improvement can be effected in humanity? What! it has been so perfected, that further progression is impossible? More true, we fear, would be the assertion that mankind have been merely varying the modal exhibitions of selfishness; that it has become expedient, even for the loveless being, to adopt more tolerable externalities, than those of ancient times, and that policy has supplied us occasionally with imitations of the forms which pure love would generate. But does not selfishness exhibit itself in activities as incessant, though not so candid, as their predecessors. Where are the manifestations of that spirit which "thinketh no evil," whose nature being universal, cannot develop itself in individual appropriation, but which, deriving its being immediately from God, must exert its energies for man.

Woman is the only existence to which man, at present, disinterestedly attaches himself; he loves her not as accessory to schemes of ambition or aggrandisement, but frequently in spite of them. O worthy labour for her who possesses an influence so powerful, to use it for facilitating the dominion of love, and therefore of happiness; but before woman can exercise this agency, she herself must be passive to its influence in those deep recesses of her heart, where only she can sympathize with that love which is eternal.

Our proceeding accusations refer not to woman, individually, though we speak of the feminine world, without specifying the scattered oases which may be found in its desert. We rejoice to acknowledge particular instances, in which the ideal woman is lovingly demonstrated—the ideal woman, shape of beauty, haunting the vision of our soul! excellent delineator of the artist-love, who hath coroneted thy brow with tender light; who hath revealed in thy countenance the sympathies that dwell in thy bosom; who hath endowed thy movements with grace; who hath consecrated to happiness and love, the soil touched by thy delicate feet; thou, who winnest, because thou warrest not; sweet conqueror by concession! truly art thou "the cunningest pattern of excelling nature," at once the paragon and type of creation!

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

FORWARD, still forward Learning's billows sweep,
Flooding the nations; while on every side
Error's strong-holds before its potent tide
Crumble and disappear; and still the deep,
Impetuous tides onward and onward keep
Their ceaseless flow; and soon the mountain chain
Of Ignorance shall sink; and nought remain
To tell the world where Vice and Folly sleep,
Save the loose wrecks which float upon the waves—
Idols and charms and many a nameless thing.
Once prized, but valueless. O! who would stay
Those glorious billows? Who from out the graves
Of ages, would the forms of darkness bring,
Which once o'er Earth usurped unbounded sway?

THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

In the summer of 1818, a Chinese young man passed through Hartford, Connecticut. He was so ignorant of the English language, that he could not express in it his most common wants. As the principal of the deaf and dumb asylum in that place, I invited the stranger to spend an evening within its walls, and introduced him to Mr. Laurent Clerc, the celebrated deaf and dumb pupil of the Abbe Sicard, and at that time an assistant teacher in the asylum. The object of this introduction was, to ascertain to what extent Mr. Clerc, who was entirely ignorant of the Chinese language, could conduct an intelligent conversation with the foreigner, by signs and gestures merely. The result of the experiment surprised all who were present. Mr. Clerc learned from the Chinese many interesting facts respecting the place of his nativity, his parents and their family, his former pursuits in his own country, his residence in the United States, and his notions concerning God and a future state. By the aid of appropriate signs, also, Mr. Clerc ascertained the meaning of about twenty Chinese words. When the conversation began, the stranger appeared bewildered with amazement at the novel kind of language which was addressed to him. Soon, however, he became deeply interested in the very expressive and significant manner which Mr. Clerc used to make himself understood; and, before one hour had expired, a very quick and lively interchange of thought took place between these so lately entire strangers to each other. The Chinese himself began to catch the spirit of his new deaf and dumb acquaintance, and to employ the language of the countenance and gestures with considerable effect to make himself understood.

About a year afterwards, the principal of the asylum visited Cornwall, Connecticut, where upwards of twenty heathen youths were at that time receiving education under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. With the consent of the principal of that institution, I gathered round me, one evening, several of these interesting strangers, from the islands of the South Sea, and from different tribes of the North American Indians. The object of the interview, was, to ascertain how far a conversation could be conducted with them, merely by signs and gestures. The result was similar to that in the case of Mr. Clerc's intercourse with the Chinese. Questions were proposed to them on a variety of topics relating to their own individual history, and that of their respective countries, and to their early religious knowledge.

For example, Thomas Hoppoo, a native of Owhyhee, was asked if his parents were living; how many brothers and sisters he had; when he left his native shores; whether his countrymen worshipped idols and sacrificed human victims; how the women were treated by the men; what was the climate of his country; what its productions; with many inquiries of a similar nature, all of which he comprehended, and to many of which he replied by signs. The meaning, too, of a number of Owhyhean words was ascertained, by signs merely, and found to correspond with the import which had been for some time preparing in the school; and, indeed, in a variety of instances, the most correct meaning of such words was established, by the medium of signs, in a more satisfactory way than had been previously attempted. Throughout this conversation, the heathen youths appeared to take a deep interest, and to have a peculiar aptitude in comprehending the signs which were proposed to them, and in inventing such as were necessary for a reply.

On the testimony of several of the South Sea Islanders, it appeared that not a few of the signs employed in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, are precisely the same which their countrymen use to supply the deficiency of, or to give emphasis to, their own comparatively barren language;—a fact which had indeed been anticipated, from the singular circumstance, so often observed by the teachers of the deaf and dumb among their pupils, that mutes, who meet for the first time, are able to understand each other fully on many common topics; the Author of nature having laid the foundation in the very constitution of our species, and in the structure and processes of the visible creation, for a universal expression of the same ideas, on a vast variety of subjects, by similar signs.

Not long after this interview, Thomas Hoppoo visited the asylum for the deaf and dumb in Hartford. At my request he attempted by the natural language of signs, such as his own feelings

and conceptions at the time dictated, to give to a circle of pupils around him a sketch of his history. In doing this he occupied half an hour or more, and secured the fixed attention and interest of the pupils. It was surprising to see the ingenuity and readiness with which he employed this language of signs and gestures, and, not less so, to ascertain, as I did afterwards, that a very considerable part of what he said, certainly more than half of it, was fully understood by those to whom it was addressed.—*Gallaudet.*

How different from the present wordy style was that of the old English writers. Though their style was quaint, and often peculiarly rough, yet it was the vehicle of a "wealth of thought." Take an instance. Dr. Doune, dean of St. Paul's, is writing an affectionate letter in verse to his wife, and here is the conclusion.

"If we are two, we are two so,
As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thou the fixt foot, which makes no show
To stir, but doth if t'other do."

"And though it in the centre sit,
Yet if the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home."

"So shall thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, eccentric run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun."

Bishop Taylor has a beautiful illustration of the same subject—marriage. The reader will peruse it with interest:—"Single life (said he) like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in sweetness, but lives alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and sends out colonies and feeds the world, and obeys kings and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of things to which God hath designed the present condition of the world."

Baltimore Monument.

The following description of England, in the seventeenth century, is given by Count Oxenstiern, the lawgiver of Sweden:—"England is undeniably the Queen of Islands, the empire and arsenal of Neptune; with this, she is the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the Academy of Venus, the land of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the stay of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of opportunity, and the paradise of freemen. The women are fair, but their beauty is arid; her sons are brave, but their bravery oftentimes degenerates into savageness; wit and wisdom prevail to an extent which is probably unknown in other countries, but insupportable pride abstracts from their merit; it may be well said that fortune has here distributed her largesses in profusion, but these insular beings know not the proper use of them when the stranger is in question; their language is an admixture of almost every tongue in Europe, but they combine with it the following drawback, namely, they set it above every other. In short, the English are a people who want for nothing that can conduce to happiness, except wisdom in the art of enjoying it."

THE INFANT WARRIOR.—Louis Philippe, on all public occasions, adverts to his grandson, the Count de Paris; and the Parisians are persuaded to do homage to the babe in swaddling-clothes, after a most ardent fashion. A grand sword was first of all presented to him, and a pair of superb pistols have now been received. These are certainly fit play-things for an infant, and Louis Philippe cannot do less than elevate him to the rank of marshal. A French prince is, undoubtedly, a warrior born; he requires no military education; his appearance in his cradle at the head of an army cannot fail to lead them on to victory.

THE MOON.—How true an emblem of life and happiness! slow to increase and slow in its wane, our raptures brief as the period of her full splendour, and sorrow fleeting as her hours of total darkness; and the course of both, with all their mutability, constant in their changes as she in hers.

LOVE AND ANGER.—A man never treats the exaggerations and extravagance of his own anger as seriously as he does those of his affection: the latter he believes himself, the former he only wants others to believe.

THE CORPSE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.—Liane's mortal remains seemed to his fancy a rosy cloud, which had once supported an angel, and now sunk to earth because the angel had soared up into heaven, and now needed no support.

STRENGTH AND SOFTNESS COMPARED.—The diamond and the dew-drop shine with the same splendour, but the lustre of the one is more enduring, and needs no sunbeam to call it forth.

YOUTH AND AGE.—Youth has the same depth of thought as age, but wants the lead-line which measures its profundity.

SUSPICION.—Suspicion is a counterfeit of truth, as well as falsehood.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1839.

FIFTEEN REASONS AGAINST DEATH PUNISHMENTS.—

We are indebted to the kindness of a friend for the perusal of an admirable work "On the Punishment of Death, by Thomas Wrightson." The first portion of the work is occupied with Tables, showing the tendency of the punishment of death to produce impunity, from the reluctance of petty juries to find guilty. One proof of this tendency we will give in the words of the author—"Executions for murder, arson, and rape, are much more frequent than for robbery, burglary, or house-breaking; and the number of acquittals is also very considerably larger. Of these, murder is that for which there are most executions, and most acquittals—and this, notwithstanding the indisputable fact, that it is a crime less difficult of proof, than arson or rape.

"Charges of murder, arson, and rape, are generally supported by indirect, or, as it is commonly called, circumstantial evidence. Now circumstantial evidence affords a great opening for difference of opinion, and doubts; and these doubts are generally exaggerated according to the constitution of the minds to which they present themselves. It would be absurd to suppose that juries perjure themselves wilfully in these cases, in order to screen the guilty; but the way in which capital punishment leads to impunity is this. Circumstantial evidence, however strong, is only circumstantial; it leaves an opening for doubt: the terrible nature of the punishment induces juries to overrate the possibility of the prisoner's innocence; and from a dread of finding a wrong and irremediable verdict against the innocent they acquit the guilty. In England and Wales, in the seven years ending 1831, 73 out of every 100 tried for murder were acquitted. Does any man suppose that more than a very small part of this number were innocent? The magistrates who committed them, thought them guilty; the grand jury who found a true bill against them, thought them guilty; but the petty jury acquitted them. And why? Because, through disinclination to take away life, which is the immediate gift of God to man, they were not satisfied with satisfactory evidence." In this manner, Mr. Wrightson demonstrates from official tables, that the barbarous punishment of death leads to the exculpation of the guilty. The second portion of the essay contains a comparative view of capital punishment and penitentiary imprisonment, and the advantages of the latter enlightened system are strongly contrasted with the disadvantages of the former savage plan. It is from this "comparative view," that we extract the following reasons against judicial bloodshed.

1. It is dangerous to liberty, inasmuch as it puts a weapon into the hands of tyrants, of which they have never failed to make abundant use in the oppression of their people. By the abolition of it, despots would be deprived of the means of ridding themselves of such subjects as were obnoxious to them; and thus another bulwark would be added to the defences of constitutional freedom.

Note.—It was proposed in the French Constituent Assembly, in May, 1791, to abolish the punishment of death. The motion was rejected, and the greater part of those who voted against it, themselves perished on the scaffold. Had the Constituent Assembly decided otherwise, it is very probable, that the judicial murders, which disgraced the French revolution, would never have been committed. Turning to our own country, let us ask: would the innocent Anne Boleyn, the amiable Sir Thomas More, or the learned and enterprising Raleigh have been delivered over to the executioner, if the capital punishment of felons had not familiarized the minds of men to acts of judicial homicide? If the punishment of death had been previously banished from our laws, would it have been restored that the sacrifice of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots might appease the jealous spirit of her rival? Can any one suppose that Lord Strafford would have been executed for constructive treason, if treason itself had not been capitally punishable, in the reign of Charles I.; or that a lawful monarch would have been condemned to death by his own subjects, had the laws pronounced the life of the meanest criminal too sacred to be touched? It is not, I think, too much to assert, that if the scaffold had been previously abolished, it would not have been re-erected for Strafford or for Charles. The history of every age and country furnishes examples of the dreadful extent to which the abuse of this punishment has been carried under the name of justice. In times of tyranny or civil discord, a punishment which is in use may be resorted to, for political purposes, or for the gratification of party malice. But to revive an old punishment which had once been formerly repealed, with which the people had ceased to be familiar, would be a matter of much greater difficulty: it would excite too much observation; it would awaken too much suspicion; it would bear the stamp of despotism too plainly upon the face of it. If we look to history, we shall find, that even the most cruel tyrants are forced to respect the deep-rooted habits and prepossessions which prevail among the mass of their subjects. On the inexpediency of the punishment of death for treason; see Guizot de la peine de mort en matiere politique. Paris 1827.

2. Capital punishment is incompatible with the attainment of one great end of punishment, the reformation of the offender.

3. As regards another great end of penal law—example, it does not possess the quality of inspiring terror to all. This may be inferred, from the large number of suicides—from the facility with which large armies are raised—from the ease with which workmen are procured in dangerous or unhealthy occupations, and from the reckless love of mortal danger so often to be observed, when no possible advantage can be derived from it. Surely we ought at least to hesitate, before we give the praise of superior efficacy to the punishment of death, in a country where the suicides exceed the executions, where the number of persons who voluntarily court death far surpasses that of those on whom it is inflicted by the law.

Note.—The higher classes in this country (to which members of Parliament belong) are led by the circumstances of their position in society to overrate the efficacy of the punishment of death. Among them an ignominious death is regarded as the worst of ills; and they commit the common error of judging of the feelings of others by their own. But they ought to reflect, that death is less terrible to those whose poverty debars them from so many enjoyments of life, and that the dread of ignominy has little power after a long course of crime has blunted, if not extinguished the sense of shame. This may account for the extraordinary tenacity with which the legislature have clung to sanguinary penalties.

4. It is prejudicial to the ends of justice by removing a source of evidence. The testimony of a man who has been executed might have been valuable for the conviction of the guilty, or what is infinitely more important, for the exculpation and acquittal of the innocent.

5. It encourages crime in the companions of the criminal executed, by the fact that a dead man can make no disclosure to their prejudice.

6. It encourages one of the worst of all crimes—that perjury which, by judicial process, robs a man of life. The punishment of death increases, to a frightful extent, the security with which this crime may be committed; for when the breath is out of the body of his victim the perjurer has little left to fear.

7. The spectacle it affords, hardens and brutalizes the bad, while it offends and disgusts the good. Whatever be the demeanour with which the criminal meets his end, the effect must be injurious. If he display a Christian penitence, the pity of the spectator is roused, and pity for the criminal is akin to hatred of the laws. If he show insensibility, it removes instead of exciting terror. If he conduct himself with fortitude, the man who, but a few moments before, was detested for his crimes, is now admired and extolled for his heroism.

Note.—The evils of public executions are acknowledged by some of the advocates of the punishment of death. The Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whateley), and Dr. Mandeville, a celebrated writer of the last century, suggest that in order to obviate them, executions should take place privately. The remedy, it must be confessed, would be attended with danger, and among a people so jealous of liberty as the English, is not likely to be resorted to. The only practicable way in which these evils can be met, is by the abolition of the punishment of death.

8. It creates an infamous office—that of the hangman.

Note.—Politically speaking, is it good to accustom the people to the spectacle of blood; and to have a hundred executioners whose regular trade is to kill men?—Dupin, Legislation Criminelle, 228. [Professor Upham speaks to the same purpose—"Even the executioner, who sheds blood in compliance with the law, is looked upon with abhorrence. His office is a hateful one, as it always has been, "detestabile carnificis ministerium;" men scorn to give him the right hand of fellowship; they flee from him as they would from a pestilence." So Mr. George Combe—"The office of public executioner is odious, execrable, and universally contemned. If it were necessary by the Creator's institutions, it would present the extraordinary anomaly of a necessary duty being executed by the moral sentiments. This would be a direct inconsistency between the dictates of the superior faculties and the arrangement of the external world. But the animal executioner is not acknowledged as necessary by the human faculties."]

9. It alienates the best feelings of human nature.

10. It forms a standard of severity, which generates national cruelty and vindictiveness; for a people derive their character in no small degree from the laws under which they live. Gentle laws produce gentle manners, and vindictive laws make vindictive subjects. If then mildness be desirable in the character of a people, it should be the aim of legislators to impress upon them such a disposition through the medium of their laws. But it is more especially in offenders themselves that the punishment of death produces a savage barbarity of disposition. It arises from this cause—the dreadful fate with which they are threatened, hardens them to the sufferings of others. When it is considered that society becomes the victim of the inhumanity of criminals, this must be acknowledged to form a strong reason in favour of the mitigation of the law.

11. Vanity or fanaticism easily enable men to meet it with intrepidity and firmness. Strong minds triumph over it.

12. It makes neither restitution nor satisfaction to the party injured?

13. It encourages murder; since every thing which lowers the value of human life in the eyes of a people must have that effect; and to take away life, whether by law, or against law, has a direct tendency to make life less sacred. "Is it not absurd," asks Beccaria, "that the laws, which detest and punish homicide, should, in order to prevent murder, publicly commit murder themselves?"

14. The example is momentary, and every repetition of it supposes a fresh crime committed:

15. It is irremissible; so that where an innocent man has suffered it, the error is altogether irreparable. Innocent men have fallen the victims of the executioner in four different ways. Some have been convicted on weak circumstantial evidence; some from a mistake on the part of witnesses, with regard to their identity; some on the false testimony of those who really committed the crime; others, again, on perjured evidence, for the sake of what is commonly called blood-money, the rewards offered on conviction. "When the innocent become the victims of the law," says Sir Samuel Romilly, "the law is not merely inefficient; it not merely fails of accomplishing its intended object; it injures the very persons it was meant to protect, it creates the very evil it was to cure, and destroys the security it was made to preserve."

WAR THREATENED.—The transactions of the past fourteen days in reference to Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, have excited within us emotions of the most painful character. It is well known that we are not of the number of christians who believe that in certain cases it is right to hate your enemy, to resist (by physical force and murderous weapons) your enemy, and to kill your enemy. We utterly repudiate the idea that the gospel sanctions a shred of the war-system. They are antagonist principles. War is the very antipodes of christianity; and you can unite them no better than you could mix oil with water, blend light with darkness, or commingle heaven itself with hell. War, we consider, is a cluster of sins. It repels or violates the very first principles of morality and religion. Scrutinize every one of its moral elements; scan its aims, its motives, and its means; see what guilty passions it every where kindles into a flame, what deeds of horror it perpetrates as necessary for the accomplishment of its purposes; trace its origin, its progress, the whole of its legitimate, inevitable consequences both for time and for eternity; and can any of the advocates of war point us to a single aspect of this custom that is congenial with a religion of perfect purity, peace, and love? In the language of the late venerable missionary, Ward, we are bold to say "Either our religion is a fable, or if it be true, there are unanswerable arguments against war, and the profession of arms. Christianity says, Love your enemies,—the maxims of war are, Kill them off. Christ says, Resist not evil, the statesman says, Fight and leave the reasons to me; or he endeavours to justify war by saying, 'It is to revenge an insult—to obtain so many acres of dirt—to fulfil our engagements to an ally—to prevent the secret designs of our enemy';—or any thing else that comes into the head of a statesman, who, perhaps, laughs at the precepts of Christianity." We know that in adopting these views we attack the practical sentiment of all Christendom; we feel the apparent temerity of our position, but shall we bend the word of God to make it accord with the practices of erring mortals?

And here may we be allowed to recall a few passages of the New Testament. *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Never do evil that good may come. Avenge not yourselves. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you. Lay aside all malice. See that none render evil for evil. Resist not evil; but overcome evil with good.*—We have no space for a critical examination of these passages; but is it possible for any degree of exegetical ingenuity or perverseness to torture them into the least approval of war? We ask our fellow christians who believe that war under the gospel is sometimes right, whether it does not contravene every one of these precepts? Does not war proceed on the very principle of hating our enemies, of taking vengeance into our own hands, of overcoming evil with evil, and of cherishing, instead of laying aside anger, and wrath, and malice, and the whole circle of malignant passions? And, notwithstanding Christ never lifted a finger of violence to preserve even his own invaluable life—notwithstanding he frowned upon the disciples for proposing to call fire from heaven and destroy his enemies, rebuked the generous ardour of Peter in drawing the sword in his own defence,—and forewarned the world, that all those who "take the sword, shall perish by the sword,"—and notwithstanding we hear of no Christian killing his enemies under any pretext, till near that fatal era when the church became paganized early in the fourth century! Despite of all this, will a lover of the meekness and gentleness of Christ, tell us that war is right! What! war right, and the above precepts right! Yes, will be the response from many a bosom to our inquiry, for the above precepts it will be said are intended to regulate the conduct of private persons, and do not apply to the official duties of rulers! We hope we shall not give offence, when we ask such respondents, Who told them this? Dr. Paley, or Jesus Christ—man, or God? Yes, who informed them that kings and statesmen are double men—possess two sets of rules—are under two classes of obligations;—bound by the laws of God in the limited concern.

of social life, and by the principles of national and constitutional law in all their political relations! That Christ never gave such information we fearlessly aver: No—expediency may induce such views, but not the commandments of heaven. And when the Sovereigns of Europe united in Holy Alliance they declared “that the precept of justice, Christian charity, and peace, which far from being applicable only to private concerns, must have an immediate influence on the counsels of princes, and guide all their steps, as being the ONLY means of consolidating human institutions, and remedying their imperfections.” And yet it seems to be received as a Gospel that with regard to nations, evil must be resisted by evil, and force must be opposed with force. To suffer wrong nationally, and to forgive the national aggressors, is looked upon as worse than paganism. It is not enough that the wrong be set forth in the spirit of love, and an appeal be made to the consciences of our national foes, but we must resort to physical force—we must make our appeal to steel and gunpowder. We must lay cities waste—destroy commerce and trade—retard the progress of the arts and sciences—make widows and orphans—drench the earth with human blood—and send the precious souls of men to the regions of perdition! Not only so, but the principles of retaliation are so popular that christians who will not pray together, will nevertheless fight together—they will not sit together, at the table of their common Lord, but they will combine in the work of military slaughter.

As public journalists we have thought it our duty to record our sentiments at the present crisis. We are sorry in some respects that we stand alone as the conductors of a weekly paper, in such views. We could wish that all our brother editors thought as highly of the law of benevolence, and as execrably of the law of retaliation, as we do. The same feelings of regret we entertain also in reference to the views of our lawgivers being diametrically opposed to our own. That they have done what they conceived to be their duty, we have no doubt. Still we lament the course they have taken,—it has cost us more sighs than they have given cheers. In closing our observations we cannot offer a more appropriate address to heaven for preservation from the calamity of war, than in the beautiful language of Dr. Hunter:—“And must it be? Father of mercies! must it needs be that war should continue to waste the nations? Shall the earth be for ever a field of blood? Must the peace of private families, and the repose of kingdoms be eternally disturbed by lust and pride, avarice and ambition, envy and revenge? Blessed God! send forth the spirit of thy Son into the hearts of men. Prince of Peace! command this troubled ocean into a calm. Spirit of love! put a full end to bitterness and wrath. Glorious gospel of salvation! as thou bringest good tidings from God to men, restore good-will to men among themselves.”

We come now to detail the facts which have elicited the above protest. On the 24th of January, a resolution authorizing the sheriff and land agent, and a force of 150 men, to proceed to Aroostook to drive off the lumberers from the disputed territory, passed the legislature of Maine. That party failed in accomplishing the end intended—they captured, however, two or three individuals, while a portion of the British party seized their land agent, and one or two other persons. The American prisoners have, we understand, been liberated by Sir John Harvey—and the British have been set free by the Governor of Maine. Upon its being known that the Maine party had not succeeded in their object, an order was issued by Gov. Fairfield, directing Gen. Hodsdon to proceed with 1000 men to the assistance of the Sheriff's party—and an additional force of 10,000 were to be immediately armed, and if necessary, sent to the disputed territory—and \$800,000 were voted by the legislature to defray the expenses. These proceedings arose from Sir John Harvey having stated in his Proclamation that he had sent a ‘sufficient military force’ to repel the invaders of the province of New Brunswick. A letter was sent from His Excellency the Major General, commanding in New Brunswick, to the Governor of Maine, complaining of the proceedings of the legislature, and stating that he is obliged by his instructions not to allow any interference with the disputed territory by the Americans—and that accordingly if the force from Maine was not immediately recalled, he would be compelled to send a strong force of her Majesty's troops to support the British authority and to resist the aggression. To all this Gov. Fairfield, in his message to the Senate and House of Representatives, says, “I see no reason to doubt the entire correctness of the course we have thus far pursued, and with the blessing of God, (!) I trust we shall persevere.” The legislature of New Brunswick has offered the aid of the people of the province, who seem determined to resist the people of Maine. All classes of persons in Maine urge their Governor to proceed in his present course, and the same unanimity prevails in New Brunswick on the subject of resistance.

No sooner was the above information received in town than the House unanimously suspended all business, and adjourned, to allow time for a Committee to report the most effectual mode of co-operating with New Brunswick. At five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the Committee reported a number of resolutions—authorizing the Lieut. Governor to draft eight thousand men of the Militia force of the Province, between the ages of 18 and 45, for

active service—every regiment or battalion to select 200 volunteers for every 600 men, rank and file—if there is not a sufficient number of volunteers, persons are to be compelled to fight, agreeably to law (!)—officers are to be appointed, etc. and such force is to be marched from one part of the province to another, or beyond the frontier of this province, when necessary—all the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, called into actual service, are to receive additional pay from the treasury of Nova Scotia, over and above the allowance provided by her Majesty—the widows and orphans (may God pity them!) of the officers, rank and file, etc. who may fall in actual service, to be suitably provided for—an immediate enrolment is to be made of the Militia force of the Province—and His Excellency is authorised to expend a sum of £100,000, if necessary, in the payment of the Militia, etc. Finally, it was proposed that three hearty cheers might be given to be joined by the Gallery, and accordingly three hearty cheers went up, we are sorry to say it, to the God of peace and love, in favour of the resolutions! If the work of human slaughter must be carried on, if war in the present instance be really necessary, yet let it be entered upon with feelings of the most poignant regret. On Wednesday a number of resolutions passed the Legislative Council to the effect that the Council regards with the deepest indignation the conduct of the legislature of Maine—contemns as unworthy and frivolous the pretence by which that State attempts to vindicate its extraordinary and most unjustifiable proceedings—states that these measures if persisted in, may bring a destructive (to the souls as well as the bodies!) and unnatural (!) war, and its attendant horrors upon the people of the two nations—but declares that “in humble (!) reliance upon Divine Providence (!) and looking for protection and assistance to the Parent State, this Colony will use its utmost endeavors to vindicate the sovereignty and defend the rights of Great Britain, whenever they may be assailed.” That Maine has acted wickedly in this matter, none can believe more firmly than we do—that we should copy her example, and resort to the same weapons, is a cause of deep sorrow to us.

The Great Western has arrived at New York in 19 days from Bristol. She brings London papers to the evening of the 26th of January. The government of India has declared War against the Burmese, and active measures have been taken to prosecute hostilities.—The Reindeer packet has arrived at Falmouth 16 days from hence.—The Canadian rebels, it was expected, would be sent to Botany Bay.—It was feared that a rupture would take place between Holland and Belgium.—The murderers of Lord Norbury had not been discovered.—£2,860 have been offered; and also an annuity of £100 a year for life, for the discovery of the assassins.

Through the intervention and mediation of Admiral Douglas, commanding the British fleet on the Mexican Coast, hostilities have been terminated between France and Mexico. ‘Blessed are the peacemakers.’

A most fearful earthquake has visited some of the West India islands. At Martinique, havoc and ruin have spread over the whole colony. It is said that 1600 lives were lost, of whom one thousand, it is estimated, perished in the short duration of one minute. We have also reports that the centre of the island of Gaudaloupe has sunk far below the tide level.

From Canada we have accounts of the killing of some more rebels. One of them, Hildenlang, a poor infatuated mortal, seemed to glory in his former attempts to murder, and shouted on the gallows—*Vive la liberté!*

Rev. Mr. Mackintosh delivered a lecture on Wednesday evening on Galvanism, accompanied with experiments. Dr. CREED is to lecture next week ON ENTOMOLOGY.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Mr. John Grant, of Bamfshire, Scotland, to Miss Eunice Ann, only daughter of the late Capt. Wing, of this town.

At Miramichi, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Eager, Mr. John Arthur, to Miss Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. James Sutton, of Halifax.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Friday, February 22d.—Schr Leopard, Ragged Isles, dry fish; Transport Barque Elizabeth, Lieut. Crawford, Barbadoes, 27 days—with part of the 69th Regiment.

Tuesday 26th.—Schr Hero, Richan, Yarmouth, 5 days; Adelle, O'Brien, New York, 6 days—tar, tobacco, bread, etc. to J. H. Braine, S. Binney, and others; brig Golden Rule, Spencer, Bermuda, via Shelburne, 16 days—to J. & M. Tobin.

Wednesday 27th.—Schr Speedy Packet, La'Breton, Demerara, 20 days—sugar, beef, etc. to T. C. Kinnear, D. & E. Starr & Co, and others; Rival Packet, McClearn, Liverpool, N. S., 1 day—dry fish and oil; Speculator, Young, Lanenburg, 1 day; Stranger, Crawford, Lanenburg, 1 day.

Thursday 28th.—Barque Clio, Daley, Liverpool G. B., 40 days, salt, dry goods, etc. to J. Fairbanks and others.

Friday, 1st.—Transport Barque, Numa, Lt. Howe, (Agent,) Barbadoes, 42 days, with the remainder of the 69th Regiment.

SALES AT AUCTION.

SALE OF TEAS.

A PUBLIC SALE OF TEAS will take place at the Warehouse of the Agents to the Hon. East India Company, on FRIDAY the 5th day of MARCH, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Catalogues will be prepared, and the Teas may be examined three days previous to the Sale.

S. CUNARD & CO.

Agents to the Hon. East India Company.

February 15.

REAL ESTATE.

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

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

THOMAS LINNARD,

Sole Administrator.

Windsor, Feb. 8.

APPRENTICES WANTED.

WANTED immediately, two apprentices for the Coach and Wheelwright business. They must be of good family connections. One from the Country would be preferred. Apply to the subscriber at his Coach and Wheelwright establishment, Gottingen Street.

March 1, 1839.

DONALD SUTHERLAND.

LATELY PUBLISHED,

AND for Sale at the Book Stores of Mr. Belcher, and Messrs. McKimlay, The HARMONICON, a collection of Church Music. Price 6s. February 22.

ASK YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT CHINA, OR EARTHENWARE.

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

—A L S O—

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

BERNARD O'NEIL.

February 1.

EDWARD LAWSON,

AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER, Commercial

Wharf. Has for sale, 50 hhds Porto Rico SUGAR, 200 barrels TAR, 30 Tierces Carolina RICE, 50 bags Patna RICE, 200 firkins BUTTER, 10 puns Rum, 10 hhds Gin, 10 hhds BRANDY, 10 hhds and 30 qr. casks Sherry WINE.

January 18, 1839.

UNION MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH STARR, ESQ. PRESIDENT.

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

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

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

Jan. 18.

GEO. C. WHIDDEN, Broker.

BANK OF NOVA-SCOTIA,

Halifax, 22nd January, 1839.

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

Twenty-five per cent, or Twelve Pounds Ten Shillings on each Share, to be paid on or before the Fifteenth March next; and

Twelve and one half per cent, or Six Pounds Five Shillings on each share, to be paid on or before the 1st May next.

By order of the President and Directors.

J. FORMAN, Cashier.

HALIFAX PUBLIC LIBRARY AND LITERARY ROOMS.

THE advantage, likely to accrue from an establishment, for the free and cheap circulation of Literature of every description, has induced the formation of the Halifax Public Library and Literary Rooms, which, having been in successful operation for the last six months, gives the greatest encouragement for its future prosperity and stability.

The difficulties to be overcome at the commencement were great, but being now in operation, the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, to support an Institution designed for the circulation of Literature and Science; which, by the accumulation of standard and approved works, gives the Mechanic, Manufacturer, and the Man of Science, an opportunity for research and improvements that cannot be obtained within the circumscribed limit of a Private Library. The following British Periodicals are received regularly, per Falmouth packet, and are circulated the same as other works:

Bentley's Miscellany, Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, The Monthly Chronicle, The Quarterly Review, the Foreign do. do. The Edinburgh do. The Literary Gazette, Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, Fraser's Magazine, The Metropolitan do. Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, Blackwood's do. do. United Service Journal, The Lady's Book, English, Colonial and American Newspapers, are also received at the Rooms.

Open (in Cogswell's stone building, near Foster's Corner, Hollis Street) from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. JAMES P. TROPOLET. January 25.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

CLAUDE DUVAL.

Leaving out of sight Robin Hood, whose thievery has been so varnished over by time and romance, as to look now like a lawful mulcting of the rich and oppressive, there is no robber or highwayman in the annals of the English "road," who pursued his profession in so accomplished a manner, and threw so many graces over thievery, as Claude Duval. This personage was a real Macheath, one who eschewed all the coarser traits of the rogue's character, and there are some incidents in his history, which, we are sure, will amuse those of our readers to whom they are new.

Claude Duval was a Frenchman by birth, having first seen the light, in the year 1643, at Domfront in Normandy, where his father, Pierre Duval, a miller, resided. Claude was well brought up, and received a decent share of education. When a sprightly lad of thirteen or so, he either ran away from his parents, or was permitted by them to go and push his fortune in the world. Having reached Rouen, the Norman capital, Claude chanced to fall in with some post-horses returning to Paris, and was allowed to mount one of them, on condition of helping the conductor to dress them at night. The lad might still have been badly off for food by the way, had not some English gentlemen, who were also travelling to Paris, taken pity on him, and paid his expenses. On arriving in the French metropolis, Claude attached himself to these strangers, and by their intercession was admitted afterwards as errand-boy at a noted place of entertainment. In this condition he remained till the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, at which time multitudes of people from all nations came flocking to England. Duval also crossed the Channel, along with a person of quality, whose service he had entered in the capacity of footman.

The period of the restoration was well fitted for the development of such a character as that of Claude Duval. He speedily became a proficient in gaming, drunkenness, and all those other practices, which, under royal favour, were regarded as the highest accomplishments of a gallant of the time. It may be supposed that such pursuits were not long compatible with the duties of a peaceable occupation. In reality, Monsieur Duval took to the highway to find the means of supporting his irregularities, and rapidly acquired such celebrity by his doings on the roads and heaths around London, as to have the honour of being named first in a proclamation for the capture of several notorious malefactors. But it was less for the extent of his depredations—though their range was by no means limited—than for the manner in which he executed them, that Duval's name became famous in the land. He was the most insinuating of flenchers, contriving to steal with such a grace, that, so far from terrifying even the ladies, they were content to lose all they had for the pleasure of contemplating his courtesy, and to wish him good luck with what he had appropriated. One story which is told of him will exemplify his manner of going to work. We quote the words of a quaint and ironical notice of Claude Duval in the Harleian Miscellany. Having on one occasion received intelligence that a coach was about to pass along a certain road, with a booty of four hundred pounds in it, Duval and four associates took the field, and at the expected time beheld the object of their search. "In the coach was a knight, his lady, and only one serving-maid, who, perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension, by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards.

The lady, to show she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket, and plays: Duval takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the coach-side. "Sir," says he, to the person in the coach, "your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well; will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honour to dance one currant with her upon the heath?" "Sir," said the person in the coach, "I dare not deny anything to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable;" which said, the lacquey opens the door, out comes the knight, Duval leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was that Duval performed marvels; the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great French riding-boots. The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her coach. As the knight was going in, says Duval to him, "Sir, you have forgot to pay the music." "No, I have not," replies the knight; and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him; which Duval took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, "Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other three hundred pounds;" and, giving him the word, that, if he met with any more of the crew, he might pass undisturbed, Duval civilly takes his leave of him.

The fame acquired by such an exploit as this, which (to use the words of Leigh Hunt) is an "eternal feather in the cap of highway gentility," was calculated to render Duval as much an object of admiration as of terror, and if we take into consideration

the loose morality of the times, we shall see some reason for crediting the stories which represent the genteel handsome highwayman as being a great favorite with the ladies. He always treated the fair sex, when he met them on the road, with the most winning politeness, and would restore a favourite trinket with the grace of a cavalier who had picked up a dropped glove. Once, when in company with several of his crew, Duval met a coach filled with ladies, and sent one of his friends forward to lay them under contribution. The fellow did his office rudely, taking away money, watches, rings, and even the gum-bottle of a baby that was present. The child naturally cried, and one of the ladies, the infant's mother, entreated the man only to return the sucking-bottle. But the surly thief refused, until Duval, observing him to stay longer than necessary, came up and discovered what had been done. Drawing forth a pistol, Duval levelled it at his associate's head, exclaiming at the same time, "Give back the bottle to the child, sirrah! Can't you behave like a gentleman, and raise a contribution without stripping people? But, perhaps, you had some occasion for the sucking-bottle yourself, and, indeed, by your actions one would imagine you were hardly weaned." The abused thief did as he was bid, and Duval departed, leaving the ladies in admiration of his courtesy.

Claude Duval is said to have exhibited much ingenuity occasionally in compassing such purposes as sheer courage alone could not carry him through. He once entered the Crown Inn, in Beaconsfield, where he heard singing, dancing, and fiddling in merry progress. On inquiry, he found that a sort of wake or fair was kept there that day, and that a large company were assembled. Partly from his natural liking for sport, and partly from the hope of doing business, Duval resolved to alight, and spend the evening there. He did so, entered the kitchen, and called for a pint of wine. By chance an old farmer was sitting by the fire with a companion, whom he told, in Duval's hearing, that he had a hundred pounds in his pockets, which he was anxious for the safety of. Our appropriative hero immediately set down this money as his own, more particularly when he heard the old countryman ask leave to enter the dancing-room, and see the diversion. Duval made the same request, and did it so courteously, that he was told he might stay as long as he pleased, and welcome. Thinking more of the hundred pounds than the fiddle or the dancing, the highway practitioner looked around him for some means of making the money change possessors. Clever as he was, he was no conjurer, and could not have what he wished by crying "Presto! pass." But he hit on another method of accomplishing his object. He saw that the only rational way of lightening the farmer of his burden, was to create confusion among the company, during which he might use his fingers unseen. A chimney in the room, with a large funnel, struck him as a proper means of executing his project. He went out, and, having told the ostler of his wish to have a bit of frolic with the good company, prevailed upon that personage, by a bribe of two guineas, to dress up the large mastiff-dog of the stable-yard in a raw cowhide with horns, which lay conveniently at hand, and then, by the help of a ladder and rope, to let the disguised animal down the fore-mentioned chimney. Having thus arranged matters with his confederate, Duval returned quietly to the dancers, who continued to foot it in the merriest manner. By and by, an alarming noise was heard in the chimney, and a most unearthly howling succeeded from the same quarter, followed by the thundering descent into the room of what appeared to be a black, yelling, horned demon. The whole company was thrown into confusion, and the question was, which should be first out of the room. The most active pushed down others, and the lights were overthrown, and trampled under foot. In this state of general consternation, Duval found it no difficult matter to empty the pocket of the farmer, whom he had kept a sharp hold of in the bustle. The dog, meanwhile, having broken the rope by its weight, bounded over the prostrate crowd, and made its way to the stable, where the ostler instantly uncased it, and rendered it impossible for the trick to be discovered. Whether it had been found out or not, Duval had taken care of himself. As soon as he had effected his purpose, he took horse, and spared neither whip nor spur till he found himself in London. The loss of the money was discovered after his departure, and search made for it everywhere; but, of course, it could not be found. It was thereupon settled by common consent that the devil had been permitted to take it away, in order to punish the old farmer, who was noted for his miserly covetousness.

When the proclamation, already alluded to, was promulgated, Duval, being then well provided with money, thought proper to decamp for France. He was not here long ere he had squandered all he possessed, and was compelled to resort to his old practices. It is recorded of him that he assumed the character of alchemist, ostensibly for the purpose, of extracting gold from lead, but in reality to squeeze it out of an avaricious Jesuit, confessor to the king of France. By putting some pieces of gold into the end of a stick, and then stirring with this stick a crucible filled with melting lead, Duval contrived to exhibit the seeming transmutation of a portion of the lead into gold, by the melting of the particles in the stick. By this means he insinuated himself into the Jesuit's confidence; and the result was, that one day his re-

verence, being alone with his philosophic friend, found himself suddenly bound and gagged, and had the satisfaction of seeing his strong-box rifled before his face, himself being all the while unable to utter a word of remonstrance.

This enabled Claude Duval to return to England, which, somehow or other, foreigners of his class have always chosen as the favourite field of their exertions, possibly from the patriotic wish to spare their own countrymen. How long Duval flourished after his return to England, it is difficult to say, as the dates of the principal events of his life have not been preserved. He did not confine himself entirely to highway practice, but preyed upon the world in various other ways. Dressed elegantly, after the fashion of a finished gallant of the time, he frequented gaming-tables, and laid under contribution knights, and squires, and lords of high degree, who little dreamed of the true character of their companion. Duval was a most dexterous cheat at cards—or, to speak in more measured language of such a man's qualifications, he could slip a card beautifully. He was mightily given to betting, and laid his wagers with such skill and prudence, that he often won large sums by the practice, and seldom lost even small ones.

The law, which has no respect of persons, at length laid its hands on this polished highwayman, whom it had described in a thousand bills and proclamations. He was not taken while attacking the king's lieges, but after having assaulted several bottles of wine. In plain language, he was arrested, while drunk, at the Hole in the Wall tavern, in Chandos-street. His capture excited a sensation proportioned to the repnte he had gained in life. After being arraigned, convicted, and condemned, while he lay awaiting his doom in Newgate, he was visited by many ladies, among whom were several of rank, all anxious to see the man who, in his most lawless courses, ever preserved a degree of romantic and most unwonted courtesy to those of their sex. There rested on him, besides, we believe, no stain of blood, though, from the life he had led, this would be difficult to determine. The life of Duval was interceded for, but in vain. On the twenty first of January, 1669-70, when he had barely reached the age of twenty-seven, he was executed at Tyburn. His youth, comeliness, and extraordinary character, in which a vein of good ran through the bad, caused the tears, it is said, to dim many gentle eyes, when he suffered at the fatal tree. Thanks to the improved morals of society, and thanks to an improved system of police, the race of Duvals are now extinct in the land, never, it is hoped, to be revived.

DR. ADAM MARSHALL.—I cannot but remember with thankfulness the benefit I derived from the lectures of Dr. Adam Marshall on human anatomy. He was a man of strong mind, and had deeply studied the mathematical construction and laws of our bony fabric, and was never happier than when explaining them. In the course which I attended, he was particularly scientific and eloquent on this subject. I remember his devoting a whole lecture to display the profound science that was visible in the formation of the double hinges of our joints. Such was the effect of his demonstrations, that an inquisitive friend, who had accompanied me to his course with sceptical inclinations, suddenly exclaimed, with great emphasis, one day as we left his rooms, "A man must be a fool indeed, who, after duly studying his own body, can remain an atheist." I felt as he did, but had not been aware that his objecting mind was spontaneously working itself into so important a conviction.—*Sacred History of the World.*

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets of happiness; therefore we should cherish ardour in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.—*Johnson.*

It is a shame for a man to desire honour because of his noble progenitors, and not to desire it by his own virtue.—*St. Chrysostom.*

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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

AGENTS.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewolf, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. De Wolfe,	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeye, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Sackville, Joseph Allison, and
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.	J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	Fredericton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Parish, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bedell, Jr. Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Parsonsboro, C. E. Hatchford, Esq.	Chatham, James Caie, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	Carleton, Jos. Meagher, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. W. J. Anderson.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengres &
Antigonish R. N. Henry, Esq.	Chipman.

Printed by W. CUNNABELL, Head of Marchington's Wharf, where Books, Pamphlets, Bank Checks, Cards, Circulars, Posting and Shop Bills, etc. etc. will be neatly printed.