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From Mrs. Jameson's Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.

The stories I give you from Mrs. Schoolcraft's translation have at least the merit of being genuine. Their very wildness and childishness, and dissimilarity to all other fictions, will recommend them to you. The first story is evidently intended to inculcate domestic union and brotherly love. It would be difficult to draw any moral from the second, unless it be that courage, and perseverance, and cunning, are sure to triumph over even magical art; but it is surely very picturesque, and peculiar, and fanciful.

THE FORSAKEN BROTHER.

It was a fine summer evening; the sun was scarcely an hour high; its departing rays shone through the leaves of the tall elms that skirted a little green knoll, whereon stood a solitary Indian lodge. The deep, deep silence that reigned around seemed to the dwellers in that lonely hut like the long sleep of death which was now about to close the eyes of the chief of this poor family; his low breathing was answered by the sighs and sobs of his wife and three children: two of the children were almost grown up; one was yet a mere child. These were the only human beings near the dying man; the door of the lodge* was thrown aside to admit the refreshing breeze of the lake on the banks of which it stood; and when the cool air visited the brow of the poor man, he felt a momentary return of strength. Raising himself a little, he thus addressed his weeping family:

"I leave ye—I leave ye! Thou who hast been my partner in life, thou wilt not stay long behind me—thou wilt soon join me in the pleasant land of spirits; therefore thou hast not long to suffer in this world. But O, my children, my poor children! you have just commenced life, and unkindness, and ingratitude, and all wickedness, is in the scene before you. I have contented myself with the company of your mother and yourselves for many years, and you will find that my motive for separating myself from other men has been to preserve you from evil example. But I die content, if you, my children, promise me to love each other, and on no account to forsake your youngest brother. Of him I give you both particular charge—love him and cherish him."

The father then became exhausted, and taking a hand of each of his elder children, he continued—"My daughter, never forsake your little brother!—my son, never forsake your little brother!" "Never! never!" they both exclaimed. "Never! never!" repeated the father, and expired.

The poor man died happy, because he thought that his commands would be obeyed; the sun sank down behind the trees, and left behind a golden sky which the family were wont to behold with pleasure; but now no one heeded it. The lodge, so still an hour before, was now filled with loud cries and lamentations.

Time wore heavily away. Five long moons had passed, and the sixth was nearly full when the mother also died. In her last moment she pressed upon her children the fulfilment of their promise to their departed father. They readily renewed this promise because they were as yet free from any selfish motive to break it. The winter passed away, and spring came. The girl, being the eldest, directed her brothers, and seemed to feel a more tender and sisterly affection for the youngest, who was sickly and delicate. The other boy soon showed signs of selfishness, and thus addressed his sister:—

"My sister, are we always to live as if there were no other human beings in the world? Must I be deprived of the pleasure of associating with men? I go to seek the villages of my brothers and my tribe. I have resolved, and you cannot prevent me."

The girl replied; "My brother, I do not say no to what you desire. We are not forbidden to associate with men, but we were commanded to cherish and never forsake each other—if we separate to follow our own selfish desires, will it not oblige us to forsake him, our brother, whom we are both bound to support?"

The young man made no answer to this remonstrance, but taking up his bow and arrows, he left the wigwam and returned no more.

Many moons had come and gone after the young man's departure, and still the girl ministered kindly and constantly to the wants of her little brother. At length, however, she too began to weary of solitude and her charge. Years added to her strength and her power of providing for the household wants, but also brought the desire of society, and made her solitude more and more irksome. At last she became quite impatient; she thought only of herself, and cruelly resolved to abandon her little brother, as her elder brother had done before.

One day, after having collected all the provisions she had set apart for emergencies, and brought a quantity of wood to the door, she said to her little brother, "My brother, you must not stray far from the lodge. I am going to seek our brother, I shall soon be back." Then taking her bundle, she set off in search of the habitations of men. She soon found them, and became so much occupied with the pleasures of her new life, that all affection and remembrance of her brother were by degrees effaced from her heart. At last she was married, and after that she never more thought of her poor helpless little brother whom she had abandoned in the woods.

In the mean time the eldest brother had also settled on the shores of the same lake near which reposed the bones of his parents, and the abode of his forsaken brother.

Now, as soon as the little boy had eaten all the provisions left by his sister, he was obliged to pick berries and dig up roots for food. Winter came on, and the poor child was exposed to all its rigour; the snow covered the earth; he was forced to quit the lodge in search of food, and strayed about without shelter or home; sometimes he passed the night in the clefts of old trees, and ate the fragments left by the wolves. Soon he had no other resource; and in seeking for food he became so fearless of these animals, that he would sit close to them while they devoured their prey, and the fierce hungry wolves themselves seemed to pity his condition, and would always leave something for him. Thus he lived on the bounty of the wolves till the spring. As soon as the lake was free from ice, he followed his new friends and companions to the shore. Now it happened that his brother was fishing in his canoe, out far on the lake, when he thought he heard a cry as of a child, and wondered how any one could exist on the bleak shore. He listened again more attentively, and heard the cry repeated, and he paddled towards the shore as quickly as possible, and there he beheld and recognised his little brother, whom he heard sing in a plaintive voice,

Necsyä, necsyä, shyegwich gushuh.
Ween, ne myeegunih.

That is, "My brother, my brother, I am now turning into a wolf, I am turning into a wolf!" At the end of his song he howled like a wolf, and his brother approaching, was dismayed to find him half a wolf and half a human being. He however leaped to the shore, strove to catch him in his arms, and said soothingly, "My brother, my brother, come to me!" But the boy eluded his grasp and fled, still singing as he fled, "I am turning into a wolf! I am turning into a wolf!" and howling frightfully at the end of his song.

His elder brother, conscience-struck, and feeling all his love return, exclaimed in anguish, "My brother, O, my brother, come to me!" but the nearer he approached the child, the more rapidly the transformation proceeded. Still he sung, and howling, called upon his brother and sister alternately in his song, till the change was complete, and he fled towards the woods a perfect wolf. At last he cried, "I am a wolf!" and bounded out of sight.

The young man felt the bitterness of remorse all his days; and the sister, when she heard the fate of her little brother whom she had promised to protect and cherish, wept many tears, and never ceased to mourn him till she died.

MISHOSHA;

OR, THE MAGICIAN AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

In an early age of the world, when there were fewer inhabitants on the earth than there are now, there lived an Indian man, who had a wife and two children, in a remote situation. Buried in the solitude of the forest, it was not often that he saw any one out of the circle of his family. Such a situation was favourable to his pursuits of hunting and fishing, and his life passed on in uninterrupted happiness, until he found reason to suspect the affection and fidelity of his wife.

This woman secretly cherished a passion for a young hunter whom she accidentally met in the forest, and she lost no opportunity of inviting his approaches; she even planned the death of her husband, whom she justly concluded would certainly kill her should he discover her infidelity. But this design was frustrated by the alertness of her husband, who, having cause to suspect her, resolved to watch her narrowly, to ascertain the truth before he should determine how to act. One day he followed her stealthily at a distance, and hid himself behind a tree. He soon beheld a tall handsome man approach his wife, and lead her into the depth of the wood.

The husband now convinced of her crime, thought of killing

her the moment she returned. In the mean time he went home, and pondered on his situation. At last, after many struggles with himself, he came to the determination of leaving her for ever, thinking that her own conscience would in the end punish her sufficiently; and he relied on her maternal feeling to take due care of his two boys, whom he left behind.

When the wife returned, she was disappointed not to find her husband in the lodge, having formed a plan to murder him. When she saw that day he returned not, she guessed the true reason of his absence. She then returned to her lover, and left her two helpless boys behind, telling them she was only going a short distance, and would soon return; but she was secretly resolved never to see them more.

The children, thus abandoned, had consumed the food that was left in the lodge, and were compelled to quit it in search of more. The eldest boy possessed great intrepidity, as well as much affection for his little brother, frequently carrying him when he became weary, and gathering for him all the wild fruit he saw. Thus they plunged deeper and deeper into the forest, soon losing all traces of their former habitation, till they were completely lost in the wilderness. The elder boy fortunately had with him a knife, with which he made a bow and arrows, and was thus enabled to kill a few birds for himself and his brother. In this manner they lived some time, still pressing on, they know not whither. At last they saw an opening through the woods, and soon were delighted to find themselves on the margin of a broad lake. Here the elder boy busied himself to pluck some of the pods of the wild rose for his brother, who in the mean time amused himself with shooting arrows into the sand. One of them happened to fall into the lake; the elder brother, not willing to lose his time in making others, waded into the water to reach it. Just as he was about to grasp the arrow, a canoe passed him with the swiftness of lightning. An old man sitting in the canoe seized the affrighted youth, and placed him in the canoe. In vain the boy supplicated him, saying, "My grandfather," (a general term of respect for old people,) "pray take my little brother also: alone I cannot go with you; he will die if I leave him." The old magician, for such was his real character, only laughed at him. Then giving his canoe a slap, and commanding it to go, it glided through the water with inconceivable rapidity. In a few minutes they reached the habitation of Mishosha, standing on an island in the centre of the lake. Here he lived with his two daughters, and was the terror of the surrounding country. Leading the youth up to the lodge, "Here, my eldest daughter," said he, "I have brought you a young man who shall become your husband." The youth beheld surprise in the countenance of the girl, but she made no reply, seeming thereby to acquiesce in the command of her father. In the evening the youth overheard the two daughters conversing. "There, again!" said the eldest daughter, "our father has brought another victim under the pretence of giving me a husband; when will his enmity to the human race cease? How long shall we be forced to witness such sights of horror and wickedness as we are daily condemned to behold?"

When the old magician was asleep, the youth told the eldest daughter how he had been carried off, and forced to leave his helpless brother on the shore. She advised him to get up and take her father's canoe, and using the spell he had observed the magician use, it would carry him quickly to his brother; that he could carry him food, prepare a lodge for him, and return before morning. He followed her directions in all respects; and after providing for the subsistence and shelter of his brother, told him that in a short time he should come to take him away; then returning to the enchanted island, resumed his place in the lodge before the magician was awake. Once during the night Mishosha awoke, and not seeing his son-in-law, asked his eldest daughter what had become of him. She replied, that he had merely stepped out and would return soon; and this answer satisfied him. In the morning, finding the young man in the lodge, his suspicions were completely lulled, and he said, "I see, my daughter, that you have told me the truth."

As soon as the sun arose, Mishosha thus addressed the young man: "Come, my son, I have a mind to gather gulls' eggs. I know an island where there are great quantities, and I wish you to help me to gather them."

The young man, who saw no reasonable excuse for refusing, got into the canoe. The magician gave it a slap as before, and bidding it go, in an instant they were at the island. They found the shore covered with gulls' eggs, and the island surrounded with those birds. "Go, my son," said the old man, "go and gather them while I remain in the canoe." But the young man was no

*The skin or blanket suspended before the opening.

sooner ashore than Mishosha pushed his canoe a little from land, and exclaimed, "Listen ye gulls! you have long expected something from me—I now give you an offering. Fly down and devour him!" Then striking his canoe, he darted off, and left the young man to his fate.

The birds immediately came in clouds around their victim, darkening the air with their numbers. But the youth, seizing the first gull that came near him, and drawing his knife, cut off its head. In another moment he had flayed the bird, and hung the skin and feathers as a trophy on his breast. "Thus," he exclaimed, "will I treat every one of you that approaches me! Forbear, therefore, and listen to my word. It is not for you to eat human flesh; you have been given by the Great Spirit as food for men. Neither is it in the power of that old magician to do you any good. Take me on your back and carry me to the lodge, and you shall see that I am not ungrateful."

The gulls obeyed: collecting in a cloud for him to rest upon, they quickly bore him to the lodge, where they arrived even before the magician. The daughters were surprised at his return, but Mishosha behaved as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

On the following day he again addressed the youth: "Come, my son," said he, "I will take you to an island covered with the most beautiful pebbles, looking like silver. I wish you to assist me in gathering some of them; they will make handsome ornaments, and are possessed of great virtues." Entering the canoe, the magician made use of his charm, and they were carried in a few moments to a solitary bay in an island where there was a smooth sandy beach. The young man went ashore as usual. "A little farther, a little farther," cried the old man; upon that rock you will get some fine ones." Then pushing his canoe from land, he exclaimed, "Come, thou great king of fishes, thou hast long expected an offering from me! come and eat up the stranger I have put ashore on your island." So saying, he commanded his canoe to return, and was soon out of sight. Immediately a monstrous fish poked his long snout from the lake, and moving towards the beach, he opened wide his jaws to receive his victim.

"When," exclaimed the young man, drawing his knife and placing himself in a threatening attitude, "when did you ever taste human flesh? have a care of yourself! you fishes were given by the Great Spirit for food to man, and if you or any of your tribes, taste man's flesh, you will surely fall sick and die. Listen not to the words of that wicked old magician, but carry me back to his island; in return for which I will give you a piece of red cloth."

The fish complied; raising his back out of the water for the youth to get on it; then taking his way through the lake, he landed his burthen safely at the island before the return of the magician.

The daughters were still more surprised to see him thus escaped a second time from the snares of their father, but the old man maintained his usual silence; he could not, however, help saying to himself, "What manner of boy is this, who thus ever baffles my power? his Good Spirit shall not however, always save him; I will outtrap him to-morrow." And then he laughed aloud, ha! ha! ha!

The next day the magician addressed the young man thus: "Come, my son, you must go with me to procure some young eagles, I wish to tame them; I have discovered an island on which they dwell in great numbers."

When they had reached the island, Mishosha led the youth inland, till they came to the foot of a tall pine upon which the nests were.

"Now, my son," said he, "climb up this tree and bring down the birds." The young man obeyed, and when he had with great effort got up near the nests, "Now," exclaimed the magician, addressing the tree, "stretch forth yourself to heaven, and become very tall!" and the tree rose up at his command. Then the old man continued, "Listen, ye eagles! you have long expected a gift from me; I present you this boy, who has the presumption to molest your young; stretch forth your claws and seize him!" So saying, he left the young man to his fate, and returned home. But the intrepid youth, drawing his knife, instantly cut off the head of the first eagle who menaced him, and raising his voice, he cried, "Thus will I deal with all who come near me! What right have ye, ye ravenous birds, to eat human flesh? Is it because that old cowardly magician has bid you do so? He is an old woman! See! I have already slain one of your number; respect my bravery, and carry me back to the lodge of the old man, that I may show you how I shall treat him!"

The eagles, pleased with the spirit of the young man, assented; and clustering round him, formed a seat with their backs, and flew towards the enchanted island. As they crossed the lake, they passed over the old magician lying half asleep in the bottom of his canoe, and treated him with peculiar indignity.

The return of the young man was hailed with joy by the daughters, but excited the anger of the magician, who taxed his wit for some new mode of ridding himself of a youth so powerfully aided by his Good Spirit. He therefore invited him to go hunting. Taking his canoe, they proceeded to an island, and built a

lodge to shelter themselves during the night. In the mean time the magician caused a deep fall of snow, and a storm of wind with severe cold. According to custom, the young man pulled off his moccasins and his metasses (leggings,) and hung them before the fire. After he had gone to sleep, the magician, watching his opportunity, got up, and taking one moccasin and one legging, threw them into the fire. He then went to sleep. In the morning, stretching himself out, he arose, and uttering an exclamation of surprise, he exclaimed, "My son, what has become of your moccasin and legging? I believe this is the moon in which fire attracts, and I fear they have been drawn in and consumed!"

The young man suspected the true cause of his loss, and attributed it rightly to a design of the old magician to freeze him to death during their hunt, but he maintained the strictest silence; and drawing the blanket over his head, he said within himself, "I have full faith in my Good Spirit who has protected me thus far, and I do not fear that he will now forsake me. Great is the power of my Manito! and he shall prevail against this wicked old enemy of mankind." Then he uncovered his head, and drawing on the remaining moccasin and legging, he took a coal from the fire, and invoking his Spirit to give it efficacy, blackened the foot and leg as far as the last legging usually reached; then rising, said he was ready for the morning hunt. In vain the magician led the youth through deep snow and frozen morasses, hoping to see him sink at every step; in this he was doomed to feel a sore disappointment, and they for the first time returned home together.

Taking courage from this success, the young man now determined to try his own power. Having previously consulted with the daughters, they all agreed that the life of the old man was detestable, and that whoever would rid the world of him would be entitled to the thanks of the human race.

On the following day the young man thus addressed the magician: "My grandfather, I have often gone with you on perilous expeditions, and never murmured; I must now request that you accompany me; I wish to visit my little brother, and bring him home with me." They accordingly went on shore on the main land, where they found the boy in the spot where he had been formerly left. After taking him into the canoe, the young man again addressed the magician: "My grandfather, will you go and cut me a few of those red willows on the bank? I wish to prepare some kinakinic," (smoking mixture.) "Certainly, my son," replied the old man, "what you wish is not so very hard; do you think me too old to get up there?" And then the wicked old fellow laughed loud, ha, ha, ha!

No sooner was the magician ashore than the young man, placing himself in the proper position, struck the canoe, and repented the charm, "N'Uhemau Pal!" and immediately the canoe flew threw the water on its passage to the enchanted island. It was evening when the two brothers arrived, but the elder daughter informed the young man, that unless he sat up and watched, keeping his hand upon the canoe, such was the power of their father, it would slip off from the shore and return to him. The young man watched steadily till near the dawn of day, when he could no longer resist the drowsiness which oppressed him, and suffered himself to nod for a moment: the canoe slipped off and sought the old man, who soon returned in great glee. "Ha! my son," said he, "you thought to play me a trick; it was very clever my son, but you see I am too old for you." And then he laughed again that wicked laugh, ha, ha, ha!

A short time afterwards, the youth, not yet discouraged, again addressed the magician. "My grandfather, I wish to try my skill in hunting: it is said there is plenty of game in an island not far off. I have to request you will take me there in your canoe." They accordingly spent the day in hunting, and night coming on, they set up a lodge in the wood. When the magician had sunk into a profound sleep, the young man got up, and taking a moccasin and legging of Mishosha's from where they hung before the fire, he threw them in, thus retaliating the old man's artifice upon himself. He had discovered by some means that the foot and the leg were the only parts of the magician's body which could not be guarded by the spirits who served him. He then besought his Manito to cause a storm of snow, with a cold wind and icy sleet, and then laid himself down beside the old man, and fell asleep again. Consternation was in the face of the magician when he awoke in the morning, and found his moccasin and legging gone. "I believe, my grandfather," said the young man, with a smile, "that this is the moon in which the fire attracts; and I fear your garments have been drawn in and consumed." And then rising and bidding the old man follow, he began the morning's hunt. Frequently he turned his head to see how Mishosha kept up. He saw him faltering at every step, and almost benumbed with cold; but encouraged him to follow, saying, "We shall soon be through the wood, and reach the shore,"—but still leading him round-about ways, to let the frost take complete effect. At length the old man reached the edge of the island, where the deep woods were succeeded by a border of smooth sand, but he could go no farther; his legs became stiff, and refused all motion, and he found himself fixed to the spot; but he still kept stretching out his arms, and swinging his body to and fro. Every moment he found the numbness creeping higher and higher: he felt his legs growing like roots;

the feather on his head turned to leaves; and in a few seconds he stood a tall and stiff maple tree, leaning towards the water.

The young man, getting into the canoe, and pronouncing the spell, was soon transported to the island, where he related his history to the daughters. They applauded the deed, and agreed to put on mortal shapes, become the wives of the two young men, and for ever quit the enchanted island. They immediately passed over to the main land, where they all lived long in happiness and peace together.

In this wild tale the metamorphosis of the old man into a maple-tree is related with a spirit and accuracy worthy of Ovid himself.

For the Pearl.

ON MATTER.*

OF THE PROPERTIES OF MATTER AND THEIR APPLICATION TO THE PRODUCTION OF THE TIDES.

The tides are so retarded in their passage through the different shoals, and otherwise so variously affected by striking against capes and head-lands, that to different places, they happen at all distances of the moon from the meridian, consequently, at all hours of the lunar day; and it is found, that at several places, the tides, or high water, are three or four hours before the moon comes to the meridian; but that tide, which the moon pushes, as it were, before her, is only the tide opposite to that which was raised by her when she was eight or nine hours past the opposite meridian, and although none of these circumstances should prevail in retarding the tides, it will be found that they do not immediately correspond with the moon's meridian altitude, but are at the greatest height two or three hours after the moon has passed the meridian. The cause must be some time in operation before the effect is produced. These concurring circumstances are ample proofs of the tides being produced by the laws of gravity. But what has been considered as the most curious phenomena, with regard to the tides, (and that which it is the principal design of this address to explain) is the very remarkable elevation and depression of them in extensive inland-bays, in contradistinction to what takes place in fresh water lakes. It has often been stated that the flow of the waters in the Bay of Fundy (which is perhaps the most remarkable for its tides of any place in the known world) is occasioned by the circumstances, that the mouth of the Bay is extremely wide, and that the banks at the opposite sides gradually converge and approach to each other as the flood enters the Bay, and passes up the channel; and that the waters being by that motion brought in contact with the banks at each side obliquely; they are therefore thrown more and more into the middle of the channel, and by such accumulation, cause the tides to rise much higher than they would otherwise do. But as water, in seeking its level, will never rise above the fountain from whence it springs, and as the momentum cause of its motion does not depend upon its broad surface, but only upon its perpendicular height, it would follow that from this principle alone, tides would not rise to greater heights in the Bay than outside. But the circumstance of the broad expanse of waters outside the mouth of the Bay, and the converging portion of its banks narrowing the limits as you proceed upwards, are circumstances extremely favourable for the operation of that principle which produces the tides; and although the maximum joint effect of sun and moon's attraction upon the ocean, acting in direct opposition to gravity, has not been known to produce tides, of flood and ebb above and below the independent equilibrium of the waters, of much more than five feet; yet in the Bay the total amount of ebb and flow has been known to exceed sixty feet or thirty feet flood, and thirty ebb in many parts of it. This will, however, cease to be very wonderful, when we consider that man's ingenuity, by the aid of mechanical powers has, by small means, produced many wonderful effects which could not have been accomplished by any other means within his power; and, as nature may employ such means in accomplishing her ends, we will upon this admission be at no loss to account for the extraordinary tides in the Bay; for, taking the maximum elevation of half tide outside at five feet, and that in the Bay at thirty, the perpendicular elevation in the Bay above a horizontal plane will be twenty-five feet, and the surface of the water, at high water, will be an inclined plane ascending inwards, and that of low water, ascending outwards; and, if we would take the length of the bay at one hundred miles, the perpendicular elevation would be but three inches to a mile, of the plane's length; but if we should take only the fourth part of the length of the Bay, at twenty-five miles, we will then have the perpendicular elevation of the plane equal to one foot in a mile, or as 1:5280; and as the mechanical power of the plane is in the ratio of the length of the plane to its perpendicular height, the action or momentum of one pound weight, by the direct force of gravity, would balance 5280 lbs. upon the plane, but the power of acting in the direction of the plane (for the east and west course of the bay is in the most favourable line of direction) is the same which produced a tide in the ocean equal to five feet perpendicular height, without the aid of mechanical power.

* Concluded from our last.

and hence, we should expect (allowing 3-4 of the effect to be destroyed by the friction of the parts, and 9-10 of the remainder by the different obliquities of the line of attraction with that of the motion of the plane,) that the power will be to the resistance, as 132 to 1, and because the power was sufficient to produce tides in the ocean of five feet flood, and five feet ebb, above and below the independent equilibrium of the waters, it will follow that by the aid of the mechanical power of the plane, a perpendicular elevation might be produced of $132 \times 5 = 660$ feet; but by the hypothesis, the elevation of the plane was but one foot in a mile of its length, and, to produce this effect, the Bay would be required to extend to 660 miles in length, and the time for accomplishing it, not less than 33 hours, or more than 5 times as long as the limitation of the cause by the earth's diurnal revolution on its axis in 24 hours: these doctrines being recognised, it will cease to be a matter of wonder, that the tides in the Bay of Fundy are so great, but we may be rather perplexed to account for their not rising much higher; which they would unquestionably do, if it were not for the universal principle in all mechanical powers, that whatever is gained in power is lost in time, and that the limitation of the time in the same ratio circumscribes the effect. That this is the case in the present question in a remarkable degree, is evident when we compare the motion of high water in the ocean with that of the Bay; the former of which following closely under the greatest altitude of the moon, whose apparent motion round the earth in twenty-four and fifty minutes, causes a corresponding motion of the tides under and opposite to her, at the rate of something more than one hundred miles per hour, while in the Bay its greatest velocity cannot exceed one fiftieth part of that amount: From these data, we may rationally conclude, that were the earth to revolve upon its axis but once in ten days or two hundred and forty hours, that in a place similarly situated to that of the Bay of Fundy, the lands contiguous to the Bay (which are now not much below high water mark), would be completely submerged to the amount of some hundreds of feet in depth, at high water; and, at low water, the bottom of the Bay would be altogether denuded of its covering. But upon this hypothesis, many of the most fruitful lands on the globe would be rendered useless to man; and we find upon the closest investigation into the works of nature, that as far as we are enabled to scan them, they will be found to be replete with infinite power, wisdom and beneficence.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 12, 1839.

By the March Packet we have received London dates to the 7th of March. An epitome of the news is all that our space will permit us to give. The English Parliamentary proceedings strengthen and fully corroborate the views we took last week, that the war speeches in Parliament were merely made with a local political view. After the address in answer to the Queen's speech was carried, not a word more was said, so far as we have seen parliamentary reports, about the necessity of war with the United States.—The Corn laws have been the subject of some speeches in Parliament, but the views of the Ministry are adverse to any action upon them at this session.—A formal reconciliation has taken place between Lords Durham and Brougham.—The tone of Lord Durham's report is exceedingly friendly to the United States, but very severe and unreserved against the English colonial policy.—A plan for improving the administration of Justice, has been promised by Lord John Russell.—A plan of National Education is to be introduced for the sanction of the Parliament, by the ministry.—A rail road from Dublin to Cork is to be constructed at the public expense.—Lord Ebrington has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Mr. Roebuck's late constituents have presented him with a service of plate, and a complimentary address.—A duel has been fought between Lord Powerscourt and Mr. Roebuck. Another duel also we find has taken place between two military gentlemen.—An iron steam-ship, called the Union, destined for the West Indies, has been constructed at Glasgow.—A 'German and English Steam Navigation Company,' is intended to be formed in London.—The murderer of Lord Norbury is in custody.—Letters from Constantinople state that Mr. McNeill, in despair of an accommodation with the Persian Court, has commenced his journey to England. The case is, therefore, we presume to be adjusted in the way that tigers settle their differences.—Great activity prevails in the naval ports of France, for fitting out an expedition of troops against Mexico.—A treaty of commerce has been concluded between the Netherlands and the United States.—The Turks are fortifying the Dardanelles. Amongst the guns already mounted is one of most enormous calibre, capable of carrying a ball of half a ton weight. Such christian weapons are worthy of being employed by Turks.—From the continent there seems to be little news. The "Maine War," between Belgium and Holland, stands as at last advices; both making belligerent manifestations, but intending no war. In Spain, Don Carlos has been shooting a number of his officers for treason.—Sir Francis Head has published a narrative of his government in Upper

Canada, which is said to be one of the drollest documents that has been issued from the press for many years.

A controversy is going on in Upper Canada, in consequence of the appointment of Judge Jones as Speaker of the Legislative Council, when not a member of the body.—The clergy reserves still furnish a subject of fierce disputation amongst the religious bodies of U. Canada.—The report of the late Court of Inquiry for the investigation of the conduct of Col. Prince at and after the 'Battle of Windsor' is published. After reading that report we have been amazed at the manner in which the Canada papers laud the conduct of Col. Prince. But political parties, we find, partake of the same spirit as religious bodies. *Pluperfection* is claimed for each body, and to act as a thick-and-thin supporter of the views of a party, is to shield yourself from the imputation of any wrong. Believe as we do, and you cannot err. The report clears Col. Prince of any WANTON CRUELTY—and yet it tells us that the Governor "most deeply regrets that under circumstances of impending danger, and highly excited feelings, Col. Prince was induced to anticipate the result of legal proceedings, in directing the summary execution of four of the captured criminals." Not guilty of wanton cruelty, and yet shoot down four prisoners after the termination of an engagement! Talk of the *savage* system of Don Carlos after this! That such things should transpire under the government of a country we love, fills us with grief.

STEAM COMMUNICATION.

We participate most fully in the warm feelings of satisfaction evinced by the Community at the arrangement which has been entered into by Her Majesty's Government with the Hon. S. Cunard & Co. for the transmission of Mails twice in each month between Great Britain and Halifax. This measure affords strong evidence of the determination of the Parent Government to strengthen the bond of union between Great Britain and her North American Colonies, and to draw them, through the facilities of a rapid Steam Communication, more closely together. The arrangement embraces, we understand, in addition to the intercourse with England, a prompt Communication between Halifax and Quebec, via Pictou, and also between Halifax and Boston, and is to be commenced on the 1st May, 1840. Our worthy townsman, the Hon. S. Cunard, to whom we are all indebted for the zeal and perseverance with which he has effected this important arrangement, was, at the latest date from England, making the necessary preparations for the great undertaking, and we are quite sure will fulfil the public expectation respecting it. The regularity which will distinguish this measure of Government, in its operation, must recommend it strongly to the People of Great Britain as well as of North America generally; and we entertain the opinion that a very large proportion of the Correspondence will pass through that Channel of Communication. There will, we suspect, be but little detention of the Steamers here—only a few hours after their arrival from England, and not more than forty-eight after their return from Boston. They will certainly afford the most eligible conveyance for Passengers, and Halifax will exhibit a bustling scene every few days by their arrival and departure.—*Gazette.*

HOTEL.—A meeting was held at the Exchange Coffee House on Tuesday evening, to consider the propriety and necessity of erecting a public hotel in this town. A plan was proposed at the meeting for raising £10,000 in shares of £25 each. In the course of the evening shares were taken to the amount of £7000. The list lies at the office of H. Pryor Esq. for signatures, but will be closed to-morrow.

Before the meeting broke up, the following Resolution, moved by L. O'CONNOR DOYLE, Esq. and seconded by the Hon. H. H. COGSWELL, was passed with unbounded applause:—

"Resolved,—That this meeting most highly esteem the public spirit which prompted the Honorable S. CUNARD to enter into contract with Her Majesty's Government, for transporting the Mails across the Atlantic, from England to this and the adjoining Provinces; whereby he has elevated his character as a Merchant, and assumed the reputation of being a distinguished Benefactor of his Native Country, and Resolved, therefore unanimously, that the thanks of this meeting be communicated to him by the Chairman, and Deputy Chairman."

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—On Wednesday evening, the Secretary of the Institute, Mr. J. S. Thompson, delivered a lecture on the Moral Influence of Shakspeare's dramas. The critical acumen, and discriminating talent for which the lecturer is remarkable, were finely displayed in the paper read before the meeting. We think the Secretary might oftener employ his peculiar gifts in the discussion of similar subjects to that before us, with much profit to the Institute. The lecturer for next Wednesday evening (owing to the absence of Mr. Titus Smith) is Mr. Mackenzie.

"MARMION," on another page, we presume, will give great satisfaction to the advocates of defensive war. By the bye, is not

the phrase, "defensive warfare" a solecism in language? Can that nation be said to act merely on the defensive that not only guards against, or wards off danger, but returns it? Those of our readers, however, who do not condemn war under every name and pretext, will, we are satisfied, safely trust their case in the hands of their able counsel, Marmion. Our reply in the present number, has one great object in view, and that is, to urge upon Marmion and his friends to take up the subject of peace, not as a *political question*, but as part and parcel of Christianity.

Sooner or later the subject must be investigated in the light of the gospel. When that is the case, we have no fear as to the results?

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.—It is our painful task to record to-day, the death of a worthy and excellent man, who but yesterday was in high health and spirits—to regret the sudden departure of a useful member of society, whose tenure of life, and devotion to its active occupations, seemed but a few hours ago much more promising than those of many who now mourn his loss. An inquest was held this morning by Mr. Gray, upon the body of JOHN DRILLIO, Sail-Maker, and from the evidence of Andrew Black, a seaman on board the Susan Crane of Barrington, lying at Collins' wharf, it appeared that he and the deceased had gone aloft in that vessel, to measure for a foretop-gallant sail—that the deceased having got into the cross-trees, complained of dizziness, and said he would hold on there while witness went out on the yard to measure, but immediately after fell, but from what cause witness could not say. It appeared that deceased fell on his back on the bulwarks, and afterwards into the water. Dr. Hoffman, who was sent for at once, found no pulsation, and was of opinion that death had been occasioned by a sudden concussion of the brain. Mr. Drillio has left a large family, and many sincere friends.—*Advocate.*

The delegation for England, Messrs. Young and Huntingdon, leave for Great Britain in the packet on Monday.

Physiology, No. 7. will appear in our next.

AUCTION.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

BY W. M. ALLAN.

On Thursday, the 25th April, at 12 o'clock, at the residence of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, (in the house partly occupied by J. Milligan, Esq.) north end of Brunswick Street.

COMPRISING AMONG OTHER THINGS,

2 HAIR SOFAS—2 Mattresses—6 chests—Drawers—1 elegant Secretary and Book Case—Dining, Card, and Pembroke Tables—Carpets, one quite new—1 large mahogany 4 post Bedstead—6 birch post do—12 superior mahogany Chairs, 2 arm Chairs do. 12 common mahogany Chairs—1 Easy Chair—2 China Vases—Chimney Ornaments—Mahogany and other Wash Stands—

A FINE-TONED PIANO FORTE, BY CLEMENTI.

5 feather Beds, blankets, sheets, etc.—Window Curtains—Bed Curtains—3 sets of Venetian Blinds—3 Franklin Stoves—1 Hall Stove—1 superior large Cooking Stove—Globe and Hall Lamps.

A large quantity of Cut Glass, comprising,

Decanters, Liquors, Wines, Tumblers, Custards, Jelly and other Glasses—Celery glass, Sugar basin, etc.—2 China Tea Sets—Breakfast and Dinner Set—Silver Spoons, table, tea, gravy, etc. 1 silver Soup Ladle—1 Silver Tea-Pot, sugar bowl, and cream pot—2 sets of Castors. Also, Looking glasses of different kinds—2 Mahogany Writing Desks—1 leather travelling do—2 Ladies' Work boxes—2 Siberian Squirrel MUFFS AND TIPPETS—1 Coffee Urn. Also,

A SUPERIOR SLIPPER BATH.

5 sets of Fire irons, etc. 2 copper Coal Scuttles; set of Dish Covers; 1 Fowling piece, twist barrel, percussion; 1 Fishing Rod, with line, net, etc. complete; 2 pair of Skates; 3 sets of Bookshelves; KITCHEN UTENSILS of all kinds; Garden tools; Harness; Sashes for Hotbeds, with other things too numerous to mention. Catalogues will be prepared, and the articles may be seen on the day previous to sale.

Also, to be Sold at a future Sale, to be duly announced.

A most valuable Library of 1200 volumes, comprising a large variety of the best Literary, Historical, Medical, Scientific and Theological Works. April 12.

SELLING OFF.

R. D. CLARKE & CO. are now selling off at cost, the whole of their large stock of MANUFACTURED DRY GOODS.

This stock is in good order, and from the recent advance on goods in Great Britain, the opportunity is advantageous to intending purchasers. April 12.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having entered into Co-Partnership under the firm of VIETS and LONGLEY. They beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public, that they will in future conduct business under the above Firm; and respectfully invite their attention to their selection of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc. etc. which they will dispose of Cheap for prompt Payment.

Digby, April 1, 1839.

B. VIETS, N. F. LONGLEY.

FLOUR! FLOUR!!

FOR SALE.

40 BARRELS SUPERFINE FLOUR, now landing from the big Susan Crane, and for Sale. Apply to the master of board, Collins' Wharf, or to T. ROSS. April 5.

SONG.

Soft light o'er the hills is breaking,
A mild and a pensive light;
And the moon her tranquil course is taking
Amongst the stars of night.
Her snowy light is streaming
On meadow, cliff, and tree:
But a lovelier brow is beaming
A dearer light on me.

The moonlight woods around me
Are whispering fancies dear;
But a dearer charm has found me,
A softer voice I hear.
There's bliss from the heavens descending,
On the earth is boundless glee:
But a form by mine attending
In earth, is heaven to me.

RICHARD HOWITT.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS ENGAGED.

Some of our readers may be surprised that we consider the fact of an engagement as sufficient to establish a young lady under an entirely new head of classification. But those who, like ourselves, are acquainted with the fair sex in a philosophical manner, must be well aware that, no sooner is a young lady engaged, than the very next second she is an altered being. We might almost say that she ceases to preserve her identity; for, by this simple process, we have known the romantic young lady become sensible, the busy young lady become diligent, and the matter-of-fact young lady become romantic.

It is to no purpose that we have philosophised and re-philosophised upon the cause of this sudden change. Sometimes we have thought that all young ladies, without exception, must be hypocrites, and intentionally deceive the world in respect of their true characters, until they become engaged. But this hypothesis we were compelled to give up as incompatible with the acknowledged amiability of the fair sex. Then we conceived the possibility of every young lady leading a sort of chrysalis life, and altering, by a particular regulation of nature, into various forms of character according to the various eras of young-lady life. Thus, before she comes out, she is a mere chrysalis; after she comes out, a gay butterfly; and when she is engaged, a sober moth. But even this position was untenable, when we considered that whereas the butterfly undergoes fixed changes, the changes of young ladies are altogether without regularity, and cannot be counted upon as any thing certain. Other hypotheses we attempted, but none would explain the difficulty; so at last we relinquished the attempt for some future philosopher.

But, to return from this digression, we now proceed to show how you may satisfy yourself that a young lady is engaged or not.

First, then, there will always be a very strong report of it, one-third of which you may fairly believe, especially if your sisters have heard it from the ladies'-maid while she was "doing" their hair. When you have fully and philosophically established in your mind what quantum of belief the report deserves, you may proceed to work, without delay, by paying a visit boldly at the house where lives the young lady herself. When you knock, mind that you knock softly. "Is any one at home?" you ask of John as he opens the door. "Only Miss Higgins, Sir," says John, with a knowing side-wink of the eye not meant, of course, for you to see. The next moment you are shown slap into the drawing-room, and there you find Miss Higgins and Mr. Brown, sitting opposite one another at each side of the fire. Here an unphilosophical intellect would jump at once to the conclusion that the report of their engagement is correct. I trust that your mind is too logical to be so hasty. At a single glance, like a great general, you mark their position, particularly observing whether the chairs appear to have been hurriedly separated at your approach. These observations I shall suppose you to make while walking from the door up to the fire-place. It depends now entirely on your own management whether your future manœuvres shall advance you a step in your line of evidence. Much, of course, must be left to circumstances, and much to your own peculiar genius. Some persons, of a coarse intellect, would cry out at once, "Hallo! what's here?" and observe the degree of blushing on either side consequent upon such an exclamation. Of course, if you are vulgar, you will pursue this course; but if you are a gentleman, as, for this book's sake, I hope you are, you will merely gently insinuate various observations bearing on the matter in hand, remarking particularly what ocular telegraphs pass between the parties all the while. Thus you come to the conclusion that there is a strong probability the parties are engaged. If the gentleman obstinately sit you out, of course that goes down as additional evidence.

Some persons might here rest satisfied with their discoveries—but you, I trust, have too much laudable curiosity in your nature, and too philosophical a turn of mind, to be satisfied with any thing short of a categorical conclusion. You do not want to settle the hypothetical probability of the young lady being engaged; but

whether at this present time she be actually, affirmatively, bona fide engaged. Accordingly keeping in your mind's eye every link of the chain of evidence already laid before you, you no sooner meet the gentleman some day by accident in the street, than putting on the most friendly tone imaginable, you shake him a dozen times by the hand, saying affectionately, "My dear fellow, I congratulate you heartily; from my soul I do. What a lucky man you are!" Hereupon, if your friend or acquaintance protest that he can't understand you, with a sort of falter in his voice, and semi-smile struggling at each corner of his mouth, set him down as trying to deceive you. These signs you add to your former presumptive evidence, and so come at last to the conclusion that the young lady is engaged. Others may have reached the same point long before, but you alone have the conscientious satisfaction of having satisfied your praiseworthy curiosity, by gradual and certain steps, through a regular process of logical deduction.

We shall now give you for your help, in case you may still be at a loss, the following characteristics of the young lady who is engaged:

In the first place you will observe that the other young ladies invariably make way every day for the same gentleman at her side, after which effort they will probably retire in a compact body to the furthest end of the room, and begin whispering. Then "papa," and "mamma" are always more deferential to her than common; and every now and then at a party "mamma" may be observed looking anxiously for her; on each of which several occasions a young gentleman comes up and sits by "mamma" for some two minutes and three quarters, talking confidentially on some subject unknown. The young lady herself, if before this she was particularly shy of yourself and other young gentlemen, now talks to you all in the most sisterly and easy manner possible. But this is only when the "gentleman" is away—when he is present she only answers "yes" or "no" to whatever interrogation you may put. Then, again, mark the walk of the engaged young lady. Observe how matrimonial it is. None of your hop-steps-and-jumps, as it used to be, but a staid, sober pace, fit for Lady Macbeth. Even her dress alters and shifts itself to suit her new condition by a sort of automaton effort. Instead of fine French muslin, she is now content with the cheapest poplin. If you drop in early you are sure to find a handsome night-cap, half made, lying on the table under a heap of books hastily thrown over. The young lady herself, wonderful to say, has taken to accounts; and her "mamma" makes her spend half an hour or so every day in the kitchen, to learn pastry matters. Nothing more is wanting as a final confirmation of the surmises which these appearances tend to produce, than to meet the pair out walking together at some unusual time in some unusual place. This you will be sure to succeed in if you take the trouble; and however much others may be surprised some fine morning by the present of a small triangular piece of bride cake, you yourself will not be surprised in the least, but will go on with your muffin, just remarking by the way to your mother, "that you knew it all long ago."

THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

There is at present existing in a plain brick house, within twenty miles of our habitation, a young lady whom we have christened "the romantic young lady," ever since she came to the age of discretion. We have known her from her childhood, and can safely affirm that she did not take this turn till her fifteenth year, just after she had read *Corinne*, which at that time was going the round of the reading society.

At that period she lived with her father in the next village. We well remember calling accidentally, and being informed by her that it was "a most angelic day," a truth which certainly our own experience of the cold and wet in walking across would have inclined us to dispute. These were the first words which gave us a hint as to the real state of the young lady's mind; and we know not but we might have passed them over, had it not been for certain other expressions on her part, which served as a confirmation of our melancholy suspicions. Thus when our attention was pointed at a small sampler, lying on the table, covered over with three alphabets in red, blue, and black, with a miniature green pyramid at the top, she observed pathetically that "it was done by herself in her infancy; after which, turning to a dandelion in a wine glass, she asked us languishingly if we loved flowers, affirming in the same breath that "she quite doted on them, and verily believed that if there were no flowers she should die outright." These expressions caused us a lengthened meditation on the young lady's case, as we walked home over the fields. Nor, with all allowances made, could we avoid the melancholy conclusion that she was gone romantic. "There is no hope for her," said we to ourselves. "Had she gone mad, there might have been some chance." As usual, we were correct in our surmises. Within two months after this, our romantic friend ran away with the hair-dresser's apprentice, who settled her in the identical plain brick house so honourably mentioned above.

From our observations upon this case, and others of a similar kind, we feel no hesitation in laying before our readers the following characteristics, by which they shall know a romantic young lady within the first ten minutes of introduction. In the first place, you will observe that she always draws more or less, using gene-

rally the drawl pathetic, occasionally diversified with the drawl sympathetic, melancholic, and semi-melancholic. Then she is always pitying or wondering. Her pity knows no bounds. She pities "the poor flowers in winter." She pities her friend's shawl if it get's wet. She pities poor Mr. Brown, "he has such a taste; nothing but cabbages and potatoes in his garden." 'Tis singular that, with all this fund of compassion she was never known to pity a deserving object. That would be too much matter of fact. Her compassion is of a more ætherial texture. She never gave a halfpenny to a beggar, unless he was "an exceedingly picturesque young man." Next to the passion of pity, she is blest with that of love. She loves the moon. She loves each of the stars individually. She loves the sea, and when she is out in a small boat loves a storm of all things. Her dislikes, it must be confessed, are equally strong and capacious. Thus she hates that dull woman, Mrs. Briggs. She can't bear that dry book, Rollin's History. She detests high roads. Nothing with her is in the mean. She either dotes or abominates. If you dance with her at a ball, she is sure to begin philosophizing, in a small way, about the feelings. She is particularly partial to wearing fresh flowers in her hair at dinner. You would be perfectly thunderstruck to hear from her own lips, what an immense number of dear friends she has, both young and old, male and female. Her correspondence with young ladies is something quite appalling. She was never known, however, in her life to give one actual piece of information, except in a postscript. Her handwriting is excessively lilliputian; yet she always crosses in red ink, and sometimes recrosses again in invisible green. She has read all the love novels in Christendom, and is quite in love with that dear Mr. Bulwer. Some prying persons say that she has got the complete works of Lord Byron; but on that point no one is perfectly certain. If she has a younger brother fresh from school, he is always ridiculing her for what she says, trying to put her in a passion, in which, however, he rarely succeeds. There is one thing in which she excels half her sex, for she hates scandal and gossip.

To conclude, the naturalist may lay down three principal eras in the romantic young lady's life. The first from fifteen to nineteen, while she is growing romantic; the second from nineteen to twenty-one, while she keeps romantic; and the third from twenty-one to twenty-nine, during which times she gradually subsides into common sense.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—The following narrative, taken from the records of Languedoc, will evince, at the same time, the magnificence, folly, and barbarity, habitual to the nobility of the early ages. In 1174, Henry II. called together the Seigneurs of Languedoc, in order to mediate peace between the Count of Toulouse and the King of Arragon. As Henry, however, did not attend, the nobles had nothing else to do but to emulate each other in wild magnificence, extended to insanity. The Countess Urgel sent to the meeting a diadem, worth two thousand modern pounds, to be placed on the head of a wretched buffoon. The Count of Toulouse sent a donation of four thousand pounds to a favourite knight, who distributed that sum among all the poorer knights who attended the meeting. The Seigneur Guillaume Gros de Martel gave a splendid dinner, the viands having all been cooked by the flame of wax-tapers. But the singularly rational magnificence of Count Bertrand de Rimbaud attracted the loudest applause. For he set the peasants around Beaucaire to plough up the soil, and then he openly and proudly sowed therein small pieces of money, to the amount of fifteen hundred English guineas. Piqued at this princely extravagance, and determined to outdo his neighbours in savage brutality, if he could not in prodigality, the Lord Raymond Venous ordered thirty of his most beautiful and valuable horses to be tied to stakes, and surrounded with dry wood; he then heroically lighted the piles, and consumed his favourites alive.

LOCUST HUNTING.—"During our ride (between Cordoba and Seville) we observed a number of men advancing in skirmishing order across the country, and thrashing the ground most savagely with long flails. Curious to know what could be the motive for this Xerxes-like treatment of the earth, we turned out of the road to inspect their operations, and found they were driving a swarm of locusts into a wide piece of linen, spread on the ground at some distance before them, wherein they were made prisoners. These animals are about three times the size of an English grasshopper. They migrate from Africa, and their spring visits are very destructive; for in a single night they will entirely eat up a field of young corn."

"The *Caza de Langostas* is a very profitable business to the peasantry; as, besides a reward obtained from the proprietor of the soil in consideration for service done, they sell the produce of their *chasse* for manure at so much a sack."

I viewed Jupiter, and compared its figure with that of Saturn. An evident difference in the formation of the two planets is visible. To distinguish the figure of Jupiter properly, it may be called ellipsoid, and that of Saturn a spheroid.—Herschel.

THE SERAPH-LIKE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I never looked on face so bright
Of earthly mould or mortal feeling;
It seems a temple full of light,
Salvation in that light revealing:
So beautiful, and oh, so pure!
Those lifted eyes in saintly rapture;
Those clasped hands, that would secure
Each wandering soul in holy capture.
That vestal veil of modest guise
Was woven in the loom of heaven,
Not earthly wrought for sinful eyes,
Whose worship is to mortals given.
Go, place the forms of worldly grace,
The beauties sung in bardic story,
Beside this spirit-breathing face,
This lovely blessed child of glory;
Now mark the contrast: here the world
Has set its seal, full broad and gaily;
Those scented locks so trimly curl'd
Those lips so trained to smiling daily;
That rich attire, those jewelled arms,
That bosom without virgin shading,
Exposed in all its naked charms
For man: alas! the sight degrading!
I turn from them, as garish flowers,
In gay but scentless beauty springing,
To this sweet bud of cloistered powers,
Around the cross of Jesus clinging;—
I turn; and as I turn, my soul
Doth seem as o'er some fountain bending,
Whose waters to Elysium roll;
While winged seraphs, round attending,
Fill from that sweet and silvery tide,
The golden cup to sinners given,—
That cup, for which the Saviour died,
That man might drink, and live—in heaven.

DISCUSSION ON PEACE.

For the Pearl.

THE EDITOR'S OPINIONS OF NATIONAL WAR CON-
TROVERTED.

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee."—SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—Your polite invitation, coupled with the offer of your columns for the discussion of the propriety of national war have induced me to step forth into the arena of public controversy. And although I differ widely with you on the principal point selected for the present disputation, although I justify national war under certain circumstances, I am no advocate for newspaper war. The causeless clashing of ink-horns; the ebony effusion of the decoction of nut galls; the atrabilious rancour of the doughty knight of the goose quill, produce in my mind a dread, scarcely, if at all, inferior to that which pervades when, in a better cause, the "maddening wheels of brazen chariots rage."

In the same spirit of candour and good feeling that you invite this discussion, in the same and no other, I accept your invitation. And I merely premise, that if you, Sir, are correct in the view you take of this matter, if your feelings of benevolence and humanity are not leading captive the inflexible principle of justice, and the more sober dicta of reason, then you cannot too assiduously promulge your pacific doctrines. (1) If not however, if a little too hastily you have assumed an untenable position, and are mustering up specious but unsubstantial testimony in support of it; if on a clear examination of the principles upon which national wars are sought to be justified, you would be persuaded to entertain even a doubt of the doctrines you so sedulously propagate, then Sir, you are incurring a weight of responsibility, "a load that would sink a navy." (2)

But more immediately to my purpose—and I will first dispose of that part of your case supposed to be made out by citing the opinions of such authorities as Professor Wayland. I duly appreciate this testimony, and I am willing to give it all the weight opinions of such great men deserve. But abstractedly considered it is the lowest kind of evidence ever adduced to prop a feeble cause. By its despots govern, by its tyranny is supported, by its innocent have perished, by its guilty have escaped, through its instrumentality superstition has swayed its leaden sceptre, and upon its authority the lurid flame of the faggot has wrapped in its tenuous folds a host of helpless victims. It is, as we all know, what logicians term *argumentum ad verecundiam* (3) and if upon it alone the case were to be adjudged, there would be but one opinion as to the result. From every country, from every clime, in every age, in every nation, men of the first attainments would bear ready testimony to the propriety of national hostilities. With such a phalanx I might overwhelm you in a moment. But in addition to all this, I feel myself safe in taking higher grounds and will rest my case on a surer foundation.

We all admit the necessity of the "social compact," in other words of civil government. It would, I presume, be but a waste of words to descend into the proof of so primary a principle, and I therefore take it for granted. If its existence is necessary for the protection of our persons, our property, and our rights, then the

next admission necessarily to be made is, that all due measures for its preservation and continuance are equally indispensable and consequently justifiable. (4)

The social compact by virtue of which we as British subjects receive protection, to which our allegiance is required, and heartily rendered, as regards the privileges conferred, the security granted, is second to none in existence. Through its instrumentality enemies without are averted or compelled into civility, enemies within, those who fear not God nor regard man, such as far as human means can effect, are deterred from the commission of crime, or punished and prevented from its repetition. We secure ourselves from the covetousness of the desperate, and the daring, by the terrors of our municipal institutions. Will any man pretend that aught else than the fear of punishment prevents the overwhelming commission of crime even in civil society? The history of every nation under heaven, so far as we are acquainted with it, conspires to establish this point,—without punishment and the dread of it, society would return immediately to the first elements, and might supplant right. (5) Let my learned opponent first make appear satisfactorily that forgiveness to the felon is the readiest mode of correcting him; (6) let him show how the continuation of forbearance to call upon or collect from the tardy paymasters, or dishonest subscribers, (if any he have) to the Pearl, will induce them to liquidate their just arrears, or stimulate them to future promptitude, (7) and then I may consent to admit his case half proved. But on the contrary, is it not a fact commending itself to every man's experience, that escape from punishment but emboldens criminals. If however as you seem to suppose, the example of forgiveness and forbearance among societies and nations would be sufficient to prevent them from acts of injustice, rapine, and violence, one towards another, why will it not among individuals. (8) But both yourself and Professor Wayland more than intimate that even in the latter case such example would prove effective. If this, however, is the point you seek to establish, and from it to show the conclusion, that national offences should be forgiven and a similar result would follow, then I have only to add that that principle once admitted, most effectually abrogates the necessity, at all of a social compact. More explicitly thus: If the example of love to our enemies, the reception and forgiveness of injury among individuals would produce reciprocity, what need of civil government at all? Why should the many governed be constantly taxed and their substance taken to support the few who govern? It would be absurd; the social compact in such a case is but political priestcraft, and the multitude the dupes of the designing. But this would be a position too monstrous for your approbation. If then as among individuals, the social compact is necessary with all its penalties (9) to punish the guilty, and by so doing protect the virtuous, as among societies and nations similar restraints for similar reasons are indispensable; (10) for what avails it if to secure justice, fair dealing and good faith from our fellow subjects, we are willing and do sacrifice a portion of our natural rights, if nevertheless we are to be subjected to spoliation and depredation at the hands of foreigners and strangers. And I put a case. Is a British ship manned and equipped for any and every emergency, is she, Sir, in the lawful and quiet performance of her voyage, when hailed by a pirate craft of half her force and warlike capability, and ordered to surrender at discretion, is she, or is she not to submit without resistance? If resistance is justifiable, fifty human beings not the fairest of God's creation, but pirates mind ye, most probably must sink to rise no more, must be lanced into eternity, with their crimes black and bloody, unrepented of, and unforgiven—if resistance is unjustifiable, a hundred citizens, in the pursuit of their peaceful avocations, by the relentless hands of demons incarnate, whose motto is "dead men tell no tales," their blood must smoke upon an unhallowed, untimely altar. It is a chilling alternative, but I press the question, "whose blood must be shed, and who must be the shedders of blood? I ask an unqualified answer." The case is suppositious, but it involves an important principle, and I am confident you cannot, you dare not, condemn a resistance defensive; but you shall answer in due time for yourself. Better, said one of old, that one man die, than that a whole nation perish, and the reasoning was more to be commended than the application. Was it not better that a handful of uncivilized Algerines should be sacrificed, and the nation truly taught to respect the eternal principles of right and reason, than that ten times that number of unoffending foreigners should be murdered, or be compelled to drag out a miserable existence in chains and menial servitude, their property pillaged or destroyed, and international law set at defiance? I do confess frankly I cannot comprehend how any reasonable person can for a single moment entertain a doubt on the question. (12) I cannot indeed, unless it is expected that, on patient sufferance of wrong, there will be some special interposition of Divine Providence on behalf of the injured. But this I believe has not been so much as hinted at hitherto. (13)

If we take history or experience for our guide, we will at once learn that that nation unwilling or unable to protect itself, and its possessions, must soon fall a prey to every plunderer, (14) or what is sometimes worse, will speedily tumble into discord and civil confusion.—Think of Spain as she was in the days of Charles the V. and look at her now. Think of Poland when she stood proudly among the nations, and look at her, nay, rather think of her convulsive struggles for a forbidden existence but yesterday, (15) ay, and

let Great Britain herself act upon the doctrines you inculcate; and an Island would soon be lost here; a Colony would be a valuable booty for the first possessor there; those specious principles you promulgate would, I fear, soon accomplish more mischief, than the wildest dogmas of the *sans culottes* factions of republican France. (16)

With regard to the collection of Holy Scripture upon which much of your case depends, I have but one answer. The Bible was never intended for a code of municipal, much less of international law. The duties enjoined in many of those passages, might well be recommended to individuals of a society, where a community of goods existed; but they lose their force and application when nations are the subject of conversation. An Apostolic Church, and a modern Republic, are composed of materials too widely differing in their disposition, their wants, and their wishes, to be well governed by the same code of laws—and I almost wonder the distinction had not suggested itself in a moment to the Editor of the Pearl. The Old Testament would make an ample text-book for my purpose, (18) but I ever maintain that disputed points in divinity alone should be "nailed with Scripture."

And now in conclusion, I think, Sir, and you will I am sure appreciate the honesty of my observations, I think, Sir, you have selected a very injudicious, inopportune period for the propagation of opinions so diametrically opposed to the defence and protection of the Country. A very wise man has somewhere said, that "to every thing there is a season and a time for every purpose under heaven," "a time of war and a time of peace," (by the bye, am I not travelling out of the record as lawyers say?) but I do think, with an enemy at the gate, this was no time to persuade the people, it was unlawful to defend the city. (19) I deprecate the necessity of war as much as any man, *Arma virumque*, I seldom hymn, and nothing but a concatenation of very special circumstances, would have prevailed upon me at present to furnish this tedious article for your columns.

MARMION.

Amherst, 21st March, 1859.

REPLY TO MARMION.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil."—JESUS CHRIST.

"Christianity in its regards, steps beyond the narrow bounds of national advantage, in quest of universal good; it does not encourage particular patriotism in opposition to general benignity; or prompt us to love our country at the expense of our integrity; or allow us to indulge our passions, to the detriment of thousands. It looks upon all the human race as children of the same father, and wishes them equal blessings; in ordering us to do good, to love as brethren, to forgive injuries, and to study peace: it quite annihilates the disposition for martial glory; and utterly debases the pomp of war."—BISHOP WATSON.

"If public war, be allowed to be consistent with morality, private war must be equally so. Indeed, we may observe what strained arguments are used to reconcile war with the Christian religion; but in my opinion, it is exceedingly clear, that duelling, having better reasons for its barbarous violence, is more justifiable than wars in which thousands, without any cause of personal quarrel, go forth and massacre each other."—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SIR,—We presume to commence this Reply with a profession of great respect for your talents, and amiable spirit as a public disputant. With so friendly an antagonist we trust we shall be preserved from the manifestation of any feelings opposed to the meekness and gentleness of our great Master. We mean not to be belligerent for peace. We design to wield no weapons but truth and love. We shall hope to be frank, but liberal; firm, yet conciliatory. We disavow a Procrustean spirit; we have no iron bedstead on which we intend to put honest minds to the rack; but we shall invite all the friends of God and man to a kind and fair consideration of this whole subject in the light of a common guide. We shall denounce none for not coming up fully to our views; but we shall urge all to follow faithfully the light they have, and to lend us their aid in abolishing a custom which they regard equally with ourselves, as the greatest sin and curse of Christendom. Our object is a common one; and no diversity of opinion respecting the lawfulness of wars strictly defensive, should keep us from cordially uniting our prayers and efforts in this great work of a world's pacification.

Your letter controverting our views of the impropriety of all national hostilities, does honor to your abilities as a writer, and to your urbanity as an opponent. We cannot, however, admit that in support of war of any description, it has effected the least change in our mind. War is a state of violence, a sanguinary conflict between two or more nations, in the issue of which, the interest and happiness of the people composing those nations, are partially or wholly involved. Does Christianity sanction, or prohibit such vindictive appeals to arms? This is the inquiry divested of all adventitious circumstances. The maxim, that "what is morally wrong can never be politically right," is self-evident; and on all moral questions, our ultimate appeal must be to Scripture. From the conflicting opinions of men we must appeal to the immutable standard of right and wrong. Neither human prescription, nor ages of practice, nor the rule of expediency, nor weight of interest, nor the stubbornness of selfishness, nor all these together, can warrant that which God has forbidden.

Now, let the question of National War be looked at in the light of Christianity;—as a question of stern righteousness—of stern

justice. *Is this thing right?* Questions of expediency and interest, are in their nature, quite subordinate to the question of right. That wrong may be attended with temporal gain, or temporal safety, does not alter the nature of wrong: that right may be attended with pain or sacrifice, does not lessen the obligation to do right. It is not unusual, however, in discussing this subject, to bear extreme cases brought forward as arguments that shall affect the general conclusion. But this, we conceive, is not fair. Let the question be, *Is lying right?* There may be instances in which a falsehood may save the life of an innocent man. Is it therefore inferred that lying is a justifiable practice, or that the principle of veracity ought not to be inviolable? Satisfied we are that Marmion would not draw such an inference; now, we submit it to him with all deference, whether it is not in this mode that he attempts to vindicate war. His case, if we rightly understand him, is this: "If we do not repel violence with violence—if we do not resist the evil person, or the evil nation unto death, we shall suffer, and therefore to resist our foes unto death is right!" In this manner the nature of right is estimated by the amount of suffering it involves. We are no casuists, but on this plan, we undertake to prove that slavery, idolatry, theft, and lying are sometimes right. Far be it from us to intimate that Marmion would be the apologist for such practices; we believe he would not. All we mean to assert is this, that by the philosophy of expediency, and by enlarging the question of right and wrong, with the secondary ones of interest and safety, the above customs may be justified. Nay more, the advocates of falsehood in some cases, and the vindicators of slavery, have always resorted to these secondary questions. And on the latter subject, by the question of expediency, the churches of Christendom and philanthropists, universally, were blinded for ages to the enormous sin of holding human beings in bondage. To return from this digression to the case in hand. *Does christianity sanction or prohibit war?* The distinction made between offensive and defensive war is not admitted into the Gospel of Christ, which gives no indulgence to the insatiable or revengeful passions, by authorising violence towards a fellow creature on any occasion. We wish to look at war as the Apostles did, as Jesus Christ himself did, as a God of infinite purity and love still regards it. If he has legalized, in any case, its arts and intrigues, its falsehoods and deceptions, its pollutions and cruelties, its atrocities and horrors, its ferocious outrages upon the dearest rights and interests of mankind, its reckless trampling on all the laws of earth and heaven, its glaring contradictions of the spirit and precepts of the New Testament, we will relinquish our ground; but, if not, we shall call upon Marmion, as he reveres God, or loves man, to rally beneath the stainless banner of peace, and take his stand upon the everlasting gospel against this legalized system of vice and crimes, and wholesale mischief. You will perceive, Sir, that whatever you may think of our prudence, we mean to take up the subject fairly, and free from all equivocation or subterfuge.

Before attempting to show from the New Testament, that war, in no shape whatever, is allowable, it may be of some importance to premise, that in making this attempt we labour under great disadvantages. We cannot reasonably expect an entirely candid hearing. Even those, who imagine that they may be fully prepared to receive the truth on this subject, may nevertheless be under the influence of some secret and imperceptible bias. The truth is, the natural and unholy feelings of mankind are against us. If a man is greatly injured, he has a natural feeling, a sort of instinctive impulse, that it is right for him to defend himself; and under certain circumstances and to a certain extent, to attack, to retaliate, to charge home, to carry the war into the enemy's territory. And accordingly when our doctrine of the entire inviolability of human life in all cases whatever is proposed to him, he instinctively sets himself against it; and it is an hundred to one that he is not in a proper situation to listen attentively and candidly to the arguments by which it is supported. We mention this unfavorable state of things, in order that the inquirer into the truth of our doctrine may scrutinize his own feelings, and may use all suitable efforts to put himself in a situation, where every well-founded consideration will have its due effect. And we may add farther, that it is highly important and a duty, that he should take this course. And unless he does, and does it too in the full purpose and sincerity of his heart, we frankly acknowledge we have no hope of a favorable issue.

Our present argument addresses itself, it will be perceived, not to the Atheist, who believes in no God, nor to the Deist, who rejects the Divine Word; nor to the mere Moralist, who weaves from the elements of his imperfect reason the web of a spurious and unsound philosophy; nor to the mere speculative believer, who gives a nominal assent to the Gospel without imbibing or recognizing its spirit; but to the real, the devoted, the humble Christian; to him who makes Christ his great example, and truly desires to be animated by the same spirit of sublime charity, benevolence, and forgiveness, which glowed so brightly in the bosom of the Saviour. We have not the slightest idea of the name, character, or profession of Marmion; but he will permit us to say, that the kindly spirit he has diffused through his refutation of our sentiments, induces us to believe that he is in deed and in truth a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

In proceeding now to examine the subject of war in the light of the New Testament, we shall introduce in the first place, a few of the precepts uttered by Jesus Christ.

Thou shalt not kill. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good.

Be ye merciful, as your Father also is merciful. All things whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. Blessed are the poor in spirit—the meek—the merciful—the peace-makers.

These precepts were exemplified in the life and death of the Prince of peace. His whole life was one series of meek endurance of the contradiction of sinners against himself. When a band of assassins came to take him, he went forth, and said unto them, Whom seek ye? They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them I am he; and then quietly surrendered himself into their hands, though he knew that an ignominious and cruel death would be the consequence. He gave his back to the smiters—when reviled, reviled not again,—was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. When he suffered, he threatened not, but prayed for the ruffians whose hands were reeking with his blood,

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." How very different, in our view, would have been the character of Jesus and of his religion, if he had died fighting in defence of his person, or of his doctrines. We recoil from the thought. And yet we would fain inquire, who may be justified, on christian principles, in making violent defence, if our Master himself might not. Aye, Marmion, though the apologist for defence by force and arms, would shudder at the thought of dying in the malignant spirit of warriors—with

'War in their heart, and vengeance in their hand.'

He would sooner die in the forgiving spirit of the Lamb of God—with the meekness and gentleness of the martyred Stephen, saying, *Lord lay not this sin to their charge.*

In the further prosecution of our subject, we shall refer in the next place, to the teachings of the holy Apostles.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor. The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace. Follow peace with all men. Put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering. If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink.

Overcome evil with good. Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing, knowing that ye are thereunto called. If when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God, for even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps. See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men. Recompense to no man, evil for evil. Avenge not yourselves.

Where envying and strife is, there is confusion, and every evil work. The works of the flesh are these—hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, sedition, envyings, murders and such like. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity. Love suffereth long and is kind—endureth all things.

In malice, be ye children. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice. Who will render to every man according to his deeds; unto them that are contentious etc. tribulation and anguish.

The comment furnished us by the lives of the Apostles, on the above admirable precepts, we have in their own words:—"God hath set forth us the Apostles last, as it were appointed to death. Being reviled we bless, being persecuted, we suffer it, being defamed we entreat." And in the same spirit did the first christians act—"After ye were illuminated, ye endured [not resisted by force] a great fight of afflictions, and took joyfully the spoiling of your goods."—"Ye have condemned and killed the just; and he doth not resist you." "Take my brethren, the prophets who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction." "Be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled; but sanctify the Lord God in your heart." Nor should it be forgotten that the doctrine of the absolute inconsistency of warfare with the moral code of the christian dispensation, was one which prevailed to a very considerable extent during the early ages of the christian church. A christian soldier was as rare a creature then, as a christian duellist is now. The primitive christians, for more than the two first centuries of the christian era, did not fight, even in self-defence, as is abundantly proved by Clarkson, and more recently by Dymond, men who had ability and leisure to devote to such inquiries. Some most affecting accounts have come down to us of the first christians who were executed by the order of the Roman Emperors, because they did not feel at liberty, to gird on the sword, and to engage in the dreadful business of shedding human blood.

In order to complete the present branch of the argument, we have in the last place to remark, that there is nothing in the New Testament which has any appearance of contravening the force of the divine precepts we have cited—no counter precepts which give permission to governments to wage war against nations, or that even pts. in any case, their subjects from all obligation to obey the plain commands of Christ and his Apostles uniformly, and on every occasion. In vain will an individual search from Matthew to Revelation for any exception in favour of war for some purposes—for permission to wage war, under any circumstances. The ablest apologists for defensive war have never pointed out the chapter and verse of such a permission; not one of them has ever pretended that it could be done. They have, indeed, appealed to other sources of argument; but such appeals were a virtual acknowledgment of their inability to justify any species of war from the New Testament. And here we may be allowed in passing, to correct a small error into which Marmion has fallen—we refer to his acknowledgment that certain duties "might well be recommended to a society where a community of goods existed."

It will be enough to remind Marmion and all our readers, that the precepts we have now quoted, were not addressed in particular to a Church where a community of goods was established. Such a state of things did not obtain in any other church but that of Jerusalem, and we have no apostolic letter addressed to the christians of the metropolis of Judea.

And now let any plain, unsophisticated reader of the New Testament, glance at the passages we have introduced, and then say, whether the spirit of war is not in direct and irreconcilable hostility to that of christianity—whether it does not demolish what Christ builds up, and builds up what Christ demolishes. The spirit in which it riots, and which it engenders, are lust of power and conquest, revenge, cruelty, blood thirstiness, contempt of the still small voice of conscience, and a reckless disregard of all laws but brute force. Wo to the peaceful and benign religion of Jesus, when the demon, War, rides through the land on his red horse! Or to use the language of Capt. Thrusch, in a letter addressed to George IV. on resigning his commission as a captain in the Royal Navy with all its emoluments.—

"What a strange anomaly, Sir, would be exhibited, were these truly noble and characteristic precepts of the christian religion placed at the head of every naval or military officer's commission, and at the head of every warlike order issued from the admiralty or war office, or at the head of every regimental orderly book! No incongruity could appear greater than such a mixture of War and Gospel—no impossibility more evident than the impossibility of obedience in both cases—no truth more clear than that war and christianity are utterly irreconcilable. When the christian and military duties are thus contrasted, the discrepancy is so glaring, that it has rather the appearance of burlesque, than of sober truth. But surely this striking contrariety affords no mean

argument that the duties of a christian and a warrior can never be faithfully discharged by the same person. Indeed there is scarcely a chapter in the New Testament that does not virtually condemn war—scarcely a command to which a professed warrior can pay unconditional obedience. I therefore, Sir, as a Christian, looking forward to existence beyond the grave, feel myself compelled to resign, and lay at your majesty's feet, that commission in your Naval Service, which I laboured with diligence and fidelity to attain; and on which, when attained, no one placed a higher value than myself. I see no alternative, Sir, between doing this and relinquishing those glorious hopes of immortality which our Saviour holds out to those, and to those only, who obey his precepts. Entertaining these opinions; believing that they will be approved by my future Judge; and as a christian, determined never to draw a sword, or pull a trigger, for the purpose of shedding human blood; nor yet to return a blow for a blow, or an insult for an insult: I feel myself perfectly unfit for your Majesty's Naval Service, and I think I shall not act either honestly or consistently, in retaining my commission." *Captain Thrusch's Letter to the King*

But we may hold up a picture of war, and compare its horrible features with the mild lineaments of the christian religion.

We will select but one description of a battle scene amongst the myriads which present themselves on every hand. It is from "Napier's History of the Peninsula, War," and relates to the scene after the storming of Badajoz:—"Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crushing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled, the wounded were then looked to, the dead disposed of! Five thousand men, and officers fell during the siege, and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault. Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space of less than a hundred yards square. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water, and some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last; let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power."

Without any reference to the "wild and desperate wickedness," reproached by Col. Napier—looking only at the frightful carnage of the siege, and the loss of life in so many ways during the assault;—we may fairly ask, did christianity ever contemplate such a scene as this! The wounded were three days and nights bleeding to death! What a triumph this! What a work for christian hands to be engaged in! What a dying hour this for a disciple of the Prince of peace! What a condition in which to meet him who died for his foes! Need we pause to ask whether feelings which produce such actions are in accordance with the spirit of Jesus? Christianity cannot be uttered in the same breath with war, without sulling its unspotted purity.

"I have sometimes," says an amiable English writer, "given scope to my imagination, and fancied myself engaged in war, in the defence of the best cause for which the sword was ever drawn; I have anticipated the sound of the trumpet leading on to the charge, and then have plunged amidst the roaring of the cannon, or the clangor of arms in the heat of action—either leading on or led, my bosom swelling with the importance of the cause, my heart beating high, I looked on death with defiance, and on my foes with disdain, determining to conquer or perish in the attempt. All fresh from this bloody scene, I have brought my temper, my bosom, my heart, to the great Exemplar of christian perfection, and shame has covered me.—What trait of the mind of Christ did I follow when I defied death? Did I do it as a Christian?—Ah, no! Could my hopes of endless glory be certain during the eventful and bloody scene? Did the spirit of the christian religion, or the pattern of the holy Jesus inspire me with disdain for my enemies, while piercing their vitals, and sending their souls into the shades of death? On the whole, let that man stand forth, if earth can produce him, who can say that he goes into action and engages in the heat of war, in that spirit which he is conscious will be approved and owned by the Judge of all the earth, when all our subtleties and self-impositions must be renounced. But if it be admitted, that the temper of mind necessary for the action of war, is inconsistent with Christianity, I have all I ask; and those who argue for war have to support an allowed indefensible scheme."

If Marmion has read the life of the celebrated Suwarrow, his attention, has no doubt been attracted by certain directions to soldiers, commonly known as *Suwarrow's Catechism*. It would be well for the advocates of war to compare this celebrated production, with the Saviour's teachings on the mount. What the spirit of the sermon on the mount is every one knows; it breathes nothing but meekness, peace and love. But what says the martial catechism of Suwarrow? "Push hard with the bayonet. The ball will lose its way; the bayonet never. The ball is a fool; the bayonet a hero. Stabb once! And off with the Turk from the bayonet! stabb the second! stabb the third! A hero will stabb half a dozen! If three attack you, stabb the first, fire on the second, and bayonet the third!"—This is the spirit of war! These are the directions of a great warrior! And does Marmion believe that any war where such diabolical directions are enjoined, is right? Does he, can he seriously think that the bloodless code of laws contained in the christian religion, sanctions such diabolical advice? But have we misrepresented war—have we portrayed the monster in more hideous forms than it merits—have we coloured the picture too highly? Would to God it were possible for human language to describe war in more horrible characters than its blood-stained career warrants! "War," says the eloquent Robert Hall, "reverses, with respect to its objects, all the rules of morality. It is nothing less than a temporary repeal of the principles of virtue. It is a system out of which almost all the virtues are excluded, and in which nearly all the vices are incorporated. Hence the morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good; of the latter to inflict injuries. The former commands us to succour the oppressed; the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The former teaches men to love their enemies; the

latter to make themselves terrible even to strangers. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interest by falsehood; the maxims of war applaud it when employed in the destruction of others." But enough. If the abominations of war are right, what deed under the sun is wrong? If christianity sanctions the atrocities of the embattled plain, what is it better than paganism? And may we not boldly say with the late missionary Ward, Either our religion is a fable, or war is wrong?

But we presume that Marmion will readily admit that every species of war confessedly does what the New Testament forbids and condemns—he is too intelligent not to know that every form of the custom is a direct violation of its precepts. It can exist only by the very feelings and deeds here prohibited in terms too plain to be misunderstood, or denied. And hence he will not look in the face, the "collection of Holy Scripture upon which much of our case depends." In this, our friend will permit us to say that we think, as an advocate for war, he is highly to be commended. Some have tried to justify the unchristian practices of war by an appeal to the religion of the blessed Jesus. Marmion, however, has not tried to unite Christ with Belial! He has not attempted to prove that a square is a circle, or that north is south! It is true our antagonist hints that the Old Testament would make an ample *text-book* for his purpose. But it will be time enough to reply to any Old Testament proofs when they are produced: in the meantime we may remind Marmion that he is not addressing a Jew but a Christian, and that we should think ourselves sadly prepared to enter into a disputation on the war-question, if we could not show that all modern wars were sinful from most of the wars of the Jews recorded in the Bible. With equal facility we fancy we could prove that polygamy, concubinage, and slavery were as lawful for christians by the Old Testament, as that war was proper for the followers of the Son of God.

But "the Bible was never intended as a code of international law—the passages of Scripture quoted are very well for individuals, but they lose all their force and application when nations are the subject of conversation." Such as we understand it, is the substance of the argument of Marmion. It is certain that the precepts we have introduced are addressed to individuals, to every individual in every nation of Christendom—and it is undeniably true that it is the duty of individual christians to obey them—and to obey them uniformly, and on every occasion. But if a nation consists of individuals, each of whom, from the Monarch down to the lowest rank, is under the moral government of Christ, how can any body or class of these individuals claim an exemption from a law which is binding upon each of them, both detached, and in connexion with their fellow creatures? Does Marmion mean to say that those *fundamental rules* of conduct, which are given to guide every man in his own walk through life, may be deserted as soon as he unites with others, and acts in a corporate capacity? If so, the plain consequence of his system will be this—that national crimes of every description might be committed without entailing any national guilt, and without any real infraction of the revealed will of God.

Or does Marmion intend to assert that the rulers of a nation have authority to suspend at pleasure the requirements and prohibitions of Heaven, either in relation to themselves or their subjects? Can they, by a *vote*, absolve moral beings from their obligations to "love one another?" Can the fallible ruler of a nation make it the *duty* of their subjects to hate and murder innocent brethren of another country? Can a war manifesto so far supersede the Divine authority, as to make it the duty of a christian to act the part of a mortal enemy towards the subjects of another government? Can the decree of an earthly ruler absolve his subjects from their obligations to obey the great command—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?" If so, the assumption of this principle arrogates for rulers, a *Supremacy*, over the SUPREME BEING, and makes his laws responsible to their own? It would follow too that subjects are not responsible for the injuries which they do in time of war, if done by the order of their rulers. On this principle the most vile and malignant passions of soldiers may be indulged, in the hope of impunity at the bar of God.

Strange as it may appear, however, many men, while they order the course of their domestic lives by the precepts of Christianity, forget or deny the application of the same precepts to their duty as citizens of the world. They admit the propriety of the pacific injunctions of Jesus when applied only to individuals, or to christians in their individual capacity, but deny their propriety when applied to professing christian states or political bodies. Yet of what are communities composed but individuals? What is the national feeling and the national conduct, but the aggregate of feeling and conduct which belong to individuals? By whom is the multitude controlled, and the tide of battle poured along, if not by individuals? But by what authority is the sense of Scripture restrained or applied in this particular way? *By the authority of Christ?* No. But we know of no other authority competent to establish such a restriction. And hence it would seem a sufficient answer, to meet the assertion of Marmion with assertion. To the objection we have now noticed, we find the distinguished Dr. Chalmers does not think it worth his while, to level against it any thing in the shape of argument. And hence without any mincing of the matter, he boldly asserts—"If forbearance be the virtue of an individual, forbearance is also the virtue of a nation: If

it be incumbent on men in honor to prefer each other, it is incumbent on the very largest societies of men, through the constituted organ of their government to do the same. If it be the glory of a man, to defer his anger, and to pass over a transgression, that nation mistakes its glory which is so feelingly alive to the slightest insult. If it be the magnanimity of an injured man to abstain from vengeance, then that is the magnanimous nation, which, recoiling from violence and from blood, will do no more than send its christian embassy, and prefer its mild and impressive remonstrance." And so the venerable Clarkson, the noble abolitionist, meets the question. He does not seem to think that it needs any argument to demolish it. "Will it be alleged," he asks, "that those doctrines which prohibit the resentment of private injuries, are inapplicable to the case of public wrongs? What! does the law of God forbid the murder of an individual, and does it license the murder of thousands? Does it bar the indulgence of angry passions against an *offending neighbor*, and does it authorize feelings of hatred, deeds of cruelty towards unoffending multitudes? Or, can public authority alter the nature of right and wrong?" But we have more respect for Marmion than to treat him in so cavalier a manner. We beg his candid attention to the following views.

If Marmion should say that an act which would be a sin in an individual would be no sin in a nation, we should like him to inform us what amount of numbers constitutes a nation. Were Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday a nation? If not how populous must the island become before their numbers would sanction sin? San Marino, a republic in Europe, has been called a nation for many centuries; and yet its numbers have not exceeded seven thousand. Can seven thousand persons alter the nature of right and wrong? Now we must confess, the objection to us appears futile until the precise number to which a family, a tribe, or a gang must arrive, before they can be called a nation, shall be determined on.

We ask Marmion to consider another argument, one more frequently used by the advocates of Peace. Let us look back to the origin of society. Suppose a family like that of Noah, to commence the settlement of a country. They multiply into a number of distinct families. Then in the course of years they become so numerous as to form distinct governments. In any stage of their progress, unfortunate disputes might arise by the imprudence, the avarice, or the ambition of individuals. Now at what period would it be proper to introduce the custom of deciding controversies by the edge of the sword, or an appeal to arms? Might this be done when the families had increased to ten? Who would not be shocked at the madness of introducing such a custom under such circumstances? Might it then with more propriety be done when the families had multiplied to fifty, or to a thousand, or ten thousand? The greater the number, the greater the danger, the greater the carnage and calamity. Besides, what reason can be given, why this mode of deciding controversies would not be as proper when there were but ten families, as when there were ten thousand? And why might not two individuals thus decide disputes, as well as two nations? Perhaps Marmion will admit that the custom could not be honorably introduced, until they separated, and formed two or more distinct governments. But would this change of circumstances dissolve their ties as brethren, and their obligations as accountable beings? Would the organization of distinct governments confer a right on rulers to appeal to arms for the settlement of controversies? Is it not manifest, that no period can be assigned, at which the introduction of such a custom would not be absolute murder? And shall a custom which must have been murderous at its commencement, be now upheld as necessary and honorable?

Another mode of reasoning, employed by those who consider all war as sinful, on the present topic, we have always considered to be an ample and satisfactory answer. The answer is to be found in the arrangements and methods of reasoning, adopted in those Treatises, which relate to the duties and intercourse of nations. In all complete Treatises on the Law of Nations, we find the distinction, into the Natural and Conventional Law. The natural law of nations is that portion of the Law of Nations, which is founded in nature. In other words, the whole reasoning, running through this part of international law, is based upon the single principle, that, as nations are composed of individuals, whatever is right or wrong in individuals, is also right or wrong in nations, acting under similar circumstances. The natural reasoning and conscience of man, judging as to what is right or wrong in his own individual conduct, is the standard, which the writer on this portion of the Law of Nations constantly refers to, in attempting to prescribe the path of international action. But since the introduction of the Gospel, men are placed under a new dispensation, superadded to, and far above that of mere unaided nature. If there are some things which are permitted by the light of nature, but are forbidden by the Gospel, no one can doubt that their conduct in their individual capacity is now to be regulated, not by the permission of nature, but by the prohibition of Revelation. Now what we claim is, the right to reason and to apply principles of action, in the same way in which writers on the Law of Nations have always reasoned and applied principles of action. They have reasoned from individuals to nations, and have applied to nations principles of action, which they claimed to be just and obligatory in the case of individuals.

Now in our argument against war we act precisely in the same way. We endeavour to ascertain what under the Gospel are the duties binding upon individuals, and from individuals we ascend to those communities and nations, which these individuals have formed by associating with each other.

But we need not add 'line upon line' on this part of our subject. We but follow Marmion when we argue that the principles of the Gospel binding upon men in their individual capacity, are also binding upon them in their social capacity. Marmion does the very thing which he disallows in us. He wonders we do not distinguish between the duties of individuals and those of nations, when he forgets to make the distinction himself! What means his fictitious *Pirate case*—a case

"Whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be—"

No, no. *Must not be*, when it comes from one who denies the applicability of all such cases to the decision of the question. But Marmion wishes to draw an *important principle* from the *Pirate case*—what principle? The principle that if it be right for one hundred individuals to resist unto death fifty pirates, it is right for a nation to resist unto death an invading army! And so our friend commits the very error which excites his wonder with respect to us. We do not refer to the inconsistency of Marmion in the spirit of triumph. It is the common error of all the defenders of war. They begin by asserting that nations are not to be governed by the same fundamental rules as individuals, and end by attempting to prove that national war is right from the duties of individuals. They are constantly asking "What would you do if assailed by an assassin—or what must be done if christians are attacked by savage hordes of brutal monsters of iniquity?" appealing to our animal feelings, rather than to our judgment, and thus attempting to justify nations by extreme cases applicable to individuals, while the whole force of their argument rests on the assumption, that what would be sin in an individual, would be right in a nation.

We hope we have now satisfactorily shown that the precepts of *loving our enemies, doing good to them that hate us, overcoming evil with good*, and a hundred other passages in the gospel of a like nature apply to nations as well as to individuals. The spirit of all war is directly opposite to these precepts. Look at the sinful qualities which have been exemplified in all wars not expressly commanded by God and sanctioned by miracles, and then glance over the pacific injunctions of christianity. Now we say, these things are contrary one to the other; or in other words, that all war is contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. David Hume, a prince amidst infidels, with his keen eye saw the bearings of the gospel on war. And he gives us to understand, that he despised the gospel because it inculcated meekness, and because it would not permit its adherents to fight for their rights. Happy had it been for the world, if christian nations had seen the truth with half the clearness of that arch foe of divine revelation. We hope to take up the argument from civil government in favor of war, and also to notice the extreme cases which Marmion has culled out of a fruitful imagination in our succeeding number. Like the lions which Pilgrim encountered on the hill of Difficulty, they will be found on a near approach, to be chained and harmless; and none but a timorous man, who lacks faith, will be frightened at them, or be prevented from walking in the path of duty, though it may be difficult, or even dangerous. It is better to die than to sin. With Marmion, the question seems to be, not so much whether all war be inconsistent with the gospel, as whether it be not expedient sometimes to bend the gospel to our circumstances, when our own safety and that of our wives, children, and country require it? We say No.

April 10.

THE EDITOR.

For News, etc., we refer our readers to the third page.

ANNUALS FOR 1839.

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

LIKEWISE. The third number of Petley's Illustrations of Nova Scotia, containing the following views:

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

With an additional view to be given gratis to all those who subscribed for the first two numbers. 4w
March 5.

TO BE SOLD AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE PROPERTY owned by Joseph Hawkins, situated in Upper Water Street, adjoining Mr. Davis's, butcher. For particulars apply to J. Hawkins.
April 5.

FANATICISM IN BRAZIL.—From the following story published in the Rio Janeiro Journal, *O Despertador*, our readers will be enabled to judge of the slight advance made by civilization in the interior of Brazil. An individual named João Antonio, residing in the environs of the village of Pedra Bonita, near Pianco, in the district of Flores, had been for some time in the habit of amusing the villagers with the tale of an enchanted kingdom, at the distance of two hundred leagues, and had told them that the moment for breaking the charm was at hand. In the month of November, 1837, this individual proceeded to the forest of Inhamun, whence he sent one of his confederates, named João Perreiro, to Pedra Bonita, where the latter arrived in May last. He immediately announced himself as the sovereign of the enchanted kingdom, promised to break the spell in favour of such as would declare allegiance to him, and assured them that immediately after the operation, the king, Don Sebastian, the long-lost king of Portugal, would arrive with a numerous army, wash their sable complexions white, and render them all rich, happy and immortal. As the condition, however, on which the spell was to be broken, he declared that it was indispensable to massacre a certain number of men, women and children, whom he promised almost immediately afterwards to resuscitate. Perreiro's absurd predictions obtained belief from a number of credulous fanatics, who became his devoted adherents. The impostor then, of his own authority, married each of his partisans to two, three, and even four wives, and took eight helpmates to his own share. He next commenced the sacrifices, and, at the expiration of four days, his victims amounted to twenty-one adults, and an equal number of children, who had been given up to him by their infatuated parents. This wholesale butchery was at last suspended by the assassination of the impostor himself by his own brother, Pedro Antonio Perreiro, who proclaimed himself his successor. Fortunately the imperial commissary of the district of Flores, M. Manoel de Silva e Souza, was at length informed of the sanguinary scenes enacted in the village of Pedra Bonita, whither he lost no time in proceeding, with twenty-six national guards and about thirty militia troops to attack Pedro and his adherents, who, on the approach of the armed force, barricaded themselves in a barn. After a desperate struggle, twenty-nine of the fanatics and their leader were killed, and twenty-four others, including four women, taken prisoners and placed in the hands of justice. The imperial commissary had five men killed and four wounded. The Pedrites fought like lions, being encouraged by their leader, in the expectation of the arrival of Don Sebastian's supernatural army to their relief!

WOMAN AT THE FIRESIDE.—I have said of English women that they are the best fireside companions; but I am afraid that my remark must apply to a very small portion of the community at large. The number of those who are wholly destitute of the highest charm belonging to social companionship is lamentably great; and these remarks would never have been obtruded upon the notice of the public, if there were not strong symptoms of the number becoming greater still.

Women have the choice of many means of bringing their principles into exercise, and of obtaining influence, both in their own domestic sphere and in society at large. Among the most important of these is conversation—an engine so powerful upon the minds and characters of mankind in general, that beauty fades before it, and wealth in comparison is but leading coin. If match-making were indeed the great object of human life, I should scarcely dare to make this assertion, since few men choose woman for their conversation where wealth or beauty are to be had. I must, however, think more nobly of the female sex, and believe them more solicitous to maintain affection after the match is made than simply to be led to the altar, as wives whose influence will that day be laid aside with their wreaths of white roses, and laid aside for ever.

If beauty or wealth have been the bait in this connexion, the bride may gather up the wreath of roses, and place them again upon her polished brow; nay, she may bestow the treasury of her wealth without reserve, and permit the husband of her choice to "spoil her goodly lands to guild his waist," she may do what she will—dress, bloom or descend from affluence to poverty—but if she has no intellectual hold upon her husband's heart, she must inevitably become that most helpless and pitiable of earthly objects—a slighted wife.

How pleasantly the evening hours may be made to pass when a woman who can converse will thus beguile the time. But, on the other hand, how wretched is the portion of that man who dreads the dullness of his own fireside! who sees the clog of his existence ever seated there—the same, in the deadening influence she has upon his spirits—to-day, as yesterday, to-morrow, and the next day, and the next! Welcome, thrice welcome, the often invited visitor who breaks the dismal dullness of the scene.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

THE CHAMELION.—Mr. Robert Spittal in a communication to the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, details some interesting observations made by him of the habits of the chameleon, and the probable cause of its change of colour. The animals in

the possession of Mr. Spittal were five inches in length, exclusive of their tail. They lived entirely upon insects. On observing one, the method of attack pursued was to the following effect:—They slowly moved towards their prey, as if afraid to disturb it, at the same time keeping their eyes firmly fixed upon the insect until within a few inches of it; then on a sudden darting forth the tongue, and as suddenly withdrawing it, they secured their prey, which very voracious mastication and deglutition soon disposed of. The greatest distance to which the tongue protruded was about five inches, generally less, never more. This organ, produced by strong muscular power, is chiefly returned to the mouth by an apparatus attached to its base, which acts by its resiliency, in a somewhat similar way to the elasticity of a silk purse, when drawn out, and suddenly let go. The better to enable the animal to seize its prey, the extremity of the tongue folds up to a slight extent, somewhat like the extremity of the proboscis of an elephant; and moreover the organ is coated with an adhesive matter. The result of Mr. Spittal's experiment on the changes of colour in this animal, leads him to conclude that the existing opinions which attribute the change of colour to the action of the lungs as the chief cause, is correct. The state of the lungs, as remarked by Cuvier, as produced by the wants and passions of the animal, renders the body more or less transparent, and forces the blood more or less to flow towards the skin, that fluid being coloured more or less brightly, according to the quantity of air taken into the lungs. With regard to the transparent property of the body of the chameleon, Mr. Spittal says, that on one occasion he and his companions were tolerably sure that they observed the shadow of the wires of the cage, during the bright sunshine, through the body of one of them, while in a compressed state.

Bentley's Miscellany for March.

TO MY OLD COAT.

BY ALEX. McDUGALL, ESQ. OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Ah me! how oft my fancy plays
Round the bright flame of other days,
Ere poverty I knew,
When, ere the light of hope was gone,
"In pride of place" I put thee on.
My Sunday-coat of blue!

'Twere vain to tell what fears arose,
How I anticipated woes,
When first thy shape I tried;
But doubts dispell'd, what joy was mine!
I gazed upon thy superfine,
And scorn'd all coats beside.

Can I forget that jovial night,
When thy gilt buttons in the light
Of matchless beauty shone;
When, cheer'd by many a witching glance,
In the figure of the dance
Exhibited my own?

These days of pride like meteors pass'd—
Alas! they were too good to last,
And dismal hours have come.
Now, my poor coat! thy haggard air
Speaks volumes to me, while despair
Has almost struck me dumb.

My other upper parts of dress,
Though ancient, are exceptionless;—
With patching here and there
My nether garments still retain
Cohesive power; but all in vain
Thy breaches I repair.

Thy collar, which so lightly press'd
In graceful sweep my swelling chest,
Now makes my choler swell:
The soap perspiring through each stitch
So tar-like, urges me to pitch
Thee to the tailor's hell.

Thy edges now are all unhemm'd;
Thy guiltless buttons, too, condemn'd,
Hang in lack-lustre rows;
Thy sleeves have faded from their prime,
Thy cuffs, which met the storms of Time,
Have sunk beneath its blows.

Thy seams, which look'd so smooth before,
("Talk not to me of seams") no more
In evenness excel;
While, shrinking from the wearer's make,
Thou, Wolsey-like, art forced to take
Of greatness a farewell.

I dare not trust thy texture now—
"A thing of shreds and patches,"—thou
Art woful to behold.
Thy waist has fallen to waste at last;
Thy skirts, whose threads are failing fast,
A sad, sad tale unfold!

As on thy alter'd form I gaze,
I mourn the joys of other days,
Ere poverty I knew,
When, ere the light of hope had gone,
"In pride of place" I put thee on,
My Sunday-coat of blue!

HOWARD AT THE BASTILLE.—Even to the gloomiest of those dungeons did he wish to penetrate; and, in the hope of being able to draw from these abodes of helpless misery some information for the completion of his great design, he would not have hesitated to trust himself in the power of the keepers of a prison like this, in the strongest of these cages, surrounded by an insurmountable wall and an impassable ditch, which prevented the possibility of escape. With this view—and I am here adopting the unassuming account which he himself has given of so bold and so dangerous an enterprise—"he knocked hard at the outer gate, and immediately went forward, through the guard, to the drawbridge before the entrance of the castle; but while he was contemplating this gloomy mansion, an officer came out of the castle much surprised, and he was forced to retreat through the mute guard, and thus regained that freedom which, for one locked up within those walls, it would be next to impossible to obtain." "In the space of four centuries, from the foundation to the destruction of the Bastille, perhaps," observes one of his biographers, upon this singular, but characteristic adventure, "Mr. Howard was the only person that was ever compelled to quit it reluctantly." It was, however, in all probability most fortunate for himself, and for the cause of humanity, which he had so nobly espoused at all personal risks, and through all personal privations, that he quitted it as he did; for, had he advanced but a few steps further, his laudable curiosity might have cost him dear.

INCREDIBLE FACT.—The Abbe Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The president Roses, one of the forty, was a great miser, but had paid his quota; which the abbe not perceiving, he presented the hat a second time. Roses, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. "I believe it," answered Regnier, "though I did not see it." "And I," added Fontenelle, who was beside him, "I saw it, but I do not believe it."

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.—Some persons are of so tenazing and fidgety a turn of mind, that they do not give you a moment's rest. Every thing goes wrong with them. They complain of a head-ache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again—venture an opinion, and retract it before they had half done—offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the flesh is too little done—the sauce is not the right one, they ask for a sort which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns the whole of dinner-time.

ARAB WOMEN.—The Arab women on the banks of the Nile, add to delicacy of form and natural elegance, a striking simplicity of dress. The poorest wear nothing but a long blue chemise, with a veil of the same colour—one corner of which veil they hold in their mouths when they meet any men, especially Europeans. A large mask of black taffeta covers the faces of the richer females, leaving nothing to be seen but the eyes and forehead. Ear-rings, several necklaces of shells or paste, intermingled with amulets of silver or of polished copper, bracelets, various and multiplied; the chin, the hands and a part of the arms tattooed with blue, the eye-lashes tinged with black—such are the particulars which complete the dress of an Arab female, and which, notwithstanding their apparent fantasticalness, produce an original and graceful ensemble.

DOMESTIC TURN.—Many women think they are domestic if they stay at home to entertain company; while their husbands think they are as little domestic at home, as abroad.

IMMENSE CHIMNEY.—A chimney has lately been erected at Newton, England, which is three hundred and ninety-seven feet high.

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