

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

# COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1839.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

## ALL THINGS LOVE THEE—SO DO I.

Gentle waves upon the deep,  
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;  
Little birds upon the tree,  
Sing their sweetest songs for thee!  
Cooling gales with voices low,  
In the tree-tops gently blow,  
When in slumber thou dost lie,  
All things love thee—so do I.

When thou wak'st, thosæ will pour  
Treasures for thee to the shore;  
And the earth, in plant and tree,  
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee;  
While the glorious stars above  
Shine on thee like trusting love:  
From the ocean, Earth and sky,  
All things love thee—so do I.

## THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

A STORY.—BY MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

Caroline Staples was the only child of her parents. She was an idol of course; and, as is usual, where there is but one child, her parents took every pains to spoil her. It is a strange thing, but still true, that the mere instinct of paternal love leads directly to making its object unamiable and unlovable. Hence there are so many of mamma's and papa's darlings who become insufferable nuisances to every one around them, and so many more who have all nerve and originality melted away by indulgence, and become vapid common-place characters. The affection of Mrs. Staples for her daughter was wholly one of *instinct*; or, according to modern cabala, "a developement of pure philoprogenitiveness;" love entirely without regard to character, entirely unguided by reason or calculation.

Mr. Staples was a man of superior mind, and high classical and professional attainments; one, who if he had given his attention to the subject, might have formed the mind of a child to any thing he pleased. But Mr. Staples was entirely absorbed in law books and newspapers, in electioneering and political dinners, which every body knows are things of far more importance than the education of children. That disinterestedness of the present age by which people become so absorbed in great public and national interests as to sacrifice their own domestic enjoyment, and allow their children to grow up at sixes and sevens, is a virtue whose practical results cannot be sufficiently admired. It is a plan fully equal in wisdom to that of the man who intended to build the roof and upper stories of his house in the first place, and lay the foundation as he found leisure.

Little Caroline was regarded by her father merely as a beautiful plaything, a musical box, to be wound up and set to playing whenever he was tired and wanted amusement. She was endowed by nature with exceeding beauty: that equivocal fairy gift, so often coveted as a blessing, so often granted as a curse.

She was the most brilliant and graceful little fay that ever prattled and sported by a fireside; and all her motions and attitudes seemed more like pictures than images of reality.

Alas, how sad a sight is the graceful, beautiful child, with all its sweet confidingness—its fair, enquiring eyes, its loving tones, its blessed ignorance of the wicked ways of men, when we see it growing up under an influence that will surely mar and destroy all that is charming about it. How sad, that such perfect specimens of God's workmanship should be given into the hands of the worldly, the selfish, the negligent, to do what they please with.

Now, good reader, do pardon us for having kept you waiting so long with our reflections, we are now going strait on with our story till we come to the end—that is, unless some more useful remarks insist upon interrupting us perforce.

Mrs. Staples was a pattern wife and housekeeper after the strictest sect of the days of our grandmothers, and that my dear ladies of the present is saying a great deal; for methinks in these times there are few who go through all things pertaining to female employments with the pertinacious undeviating scrupulosity of some of the paragons of olden time. She was, as we have before said, a woman entirely of habits and instinct, with very little intellectual compass. She was accurate, punctual, methodical, because her mother was so before her. She was up to the line in all that pertained to domestic duty and comfort, and in consequence, every thing in her house moved on with such ease and regularity from year's end to year's end that one would scarcely imagine there was any thing done in the house. Mr. Staples always found his dinner ready at the moment; always found his slippers ready warmed by the fire just when he wanted them, his clothes were silently bought, and made, and mended, without a word or thought of his,

his family accounts kept, and every thing so done up to his hand, that he had nothing to do but read his newspaper, smoke his segar, and enjoy himself.

But unluckily for poor Caroline, her mother's instinct was in one thing too strong for her habits. She could not cross her child, and that child alone, of all pertaining to her establishment, was allowed to grow up, without rule or law, a little intractable, wandering star in the domestic hemisphere. While every other male or female member of the family must be warned up, at exactly such an hour in the morning, the little Caroline was allowed to lounge in bed at her own pleasure, and if the delinquency was at all noticed by her mother, a ready plea of a little headache, or something equally significant ended the whole matter. If Caroline preferred finishing her game or her story first, as the dinner bell rang, and consequently began dinner when every one else was closing, Mrs. Staples said, "Caroline, my dear, you ought always to be regular at meals;" to which Caroline would reply, "oh mamma, I wanted to read that story." Her father would then pinch her cheek, and ask her "what sort of a housekeeper she would make if she was n't a better girl;" and so between jest and earnest the thing was passed over.

With the same facility did Caroline escape a knowledge of all the domestic arts and mysteries in which her mother was so skilful.

"Caroline, my dear," her mother would say, "you must learn the marking stitch; it is quite time you understood it."

"Oh, but mamma, it is so horrid puzzling, I can't—indeed I can't."

This "I can't," was a settling clause also, with regard to fitting, and making, and mending of every description—all of which she declared to be "horribly tedious," and to all of which she had some insuperable objection.

Like many another skilful operator, Mrs. Staples found it more trouble to teach an unwilling learner, than to do things herself, and if ever she brought Caroline to the point of attempting any domestic employment, it was usually taken out of her hands, with "Well, well, child, I'll do it for this time."

"Biddy," Mrs. Staples would say, "you must take the charge of Caroline's room. I meant she should do it herself, but she never leaves it fit to be seen, and it's of no use to try to make her."

Mrs. Staples often pathetically lamented Caroline's deficiencies in the domestic line, and declared with a sigh, "really that girl does try me;" but the lamentation generally concluded with "but, poor thing, she has such fine spirits now—I want her to enjoy herself as she can—now is her time—she will have care and trouble enough after she is married."

Mothers who talk and act in this way have the best reason in the world to think that such predictions will be verified. One would think, by the way people often speak, that the essence of all enjoyment consists in being of no use, and having nothing to do, and that a situation demanding activity and exertion of mind and body was an eminently unfortunate one.

But the want of a system, induced by this mode of bringing up, was not the worst of its evils. By nature Caroline was endowed with a *quick* if not a deep mind, and a feeling heart. But both these were so entirely grown over by the self-indulgent habits in which she was allowed, that scarce a trace was discernible. As to her heart—it was so much a matter of course to her, that every thing should bend to her wishes, that every want should be anticipated, and every little complaint made matter of serious consideration, that there was little room for gratitude for favors, or appreciation of kindness of any kind: and as for her mind, it was in a state of complete torpor, because, every thing being given, even before desired, there was no room for invention, plan or ingenuity.

At the usual age she was sent to school, or in cant phrase, her education was begun.

All that masters and teachers could do in the matter of putting ideas and accomplishments into or on to a subject who made no sort of effort to retain them, was done.

We will give our readers a glimpse into one of Caroline's school epistles as exhibiting an edifying picture of the progress of a young lady's school education.

"Don't you think, my dear E—, that the odious Miss P— is going to keep me in grammar and geography, the whole of this term—I did hope I had learnt them enough, and all the girls, I know, have gone into chemistry, natural philosophy, and rhetoric—I do wish papa would not insist upon it that I should take the whole course, for if I have to learn mental and moral philosophy, with the dancing and waltzing, and French and Italian, I shall ne-

ver get through. Dear me! I shall be so glad when my education is finished off! By the by, what has become of the handsome Mr. P—, that we saw at your aunt's? There is a gentleman of my acquaintance here, that has such whiskers, precisely."

At length, after a suitable time, Miss Caroline had been into and out of the several sciences announced in the boarding school bill of fare, as the materials of which young ladies are to be constructed, and she had gone into and come out of them with a mind as entirely unawakened and unfurnished as can well be imagined. In all that could be gained by slight of hand or natural taste, for that pertained to personal display, she had made a considerable proficiency. She wrote an easy, fashionable hand, sketched well in all cases where no knowledge of perspective was required, played rapidly, and with some taste, upon the piano, though in incorrect time, and in dancing was pre-eminently accomplished.

As to morals— We may as well make a dash here, for where there is no reflection there is no principle—Caroline had no standard of right and wrong. There were some things to be sure, that she considered as wicked, but they were such as are universally set down to be so by the voice of society. But as to the regulation of her daily conduct, she was as far from shaping it by any principles of right as a canary bird or a butterfly.

Her strongest passion was for admiration, and she had every means for its gratification. Nevertheless, Caroline passed in society as a very amiable young lady. She had tact enough to see what would and what would not advance her in society; and the instinct of pleasing, that universal varnisher, stood in the place of many a virtue.

There was, however, one species of literature in which Caroline had made some proficiency, and that was the literature of novels and souvenirs, and there was in consequence one grand subject of speculation always before her mind, and that was the subject of falling in love and being married.

We would not be understood to say that young ladies of the description of Caroline are the only ones who speculate on this subject. It would be affectation in any woman to deny that the probabilities and contingencies attendant on her share in this strange lottery, do not form more or less a subject of reflection. But in the mind of Caroline it was an idea that engrossed every other—marriage being regarded as a sort of grand finale, a triumphal procession that would close her campaign in society.

Our heroine blazed for one winter as the leading star, went through the usual course of flirting, giggling, and reported engagements, incident to the situation of a belle, and at length the beaux of her own circle having become tiresome, she varied her pleasures by projecting an attack on those of a neighbouring metropolis, and accordingly accepted the invitation of a young friend to pass a winter with her in New York.

Among the various new swains by whom she was soon surrounded, there was one who more decidedly than any other was "the fashion for the season." This was no other than William Hamilton, a young lawyer recently established in business in the city. Hamilton had neither the recommendation of wealth nor of fashionable impudence, so that his success in society was rather a freak of fortune than a thing to be expected in the ordinary course of events. He was of a family rather distinguished by talent than fortune, his father enjoying deservedly the reputation of being one of the first lawyers of his day. Young Hamilton was gifted with no ordinary powers, and had improved them under the stimulus of no ordinary ambition. Study, close and intense, had absorbed him for years, and it was not till his residence in the city of N—, that society first broke upon him like an enchanted vision, full of new and strange delight. Though well read in law and ripe in classical attainments, he was but a child in knowledge of the world, and like a child was dazzled and pleased by everything he saw, but particularly the forms of female grace and beauty, which seemed to him nothing less than importations direct from Paradise.

The ladies, in turn, were taken with his handsome person, his expressive eyes, and above all with his genius, for in the view of young belles, genius is a great matter, and regarded with no less consideration than was gunpowder by the untaught natives. There is something delightfully mysterious about it, that creates an agreeable flutter, and gives something to be speculated on, when the pretty creatures have settled all the high points with regard to blonde, laces and satins.

Of course, it was essential to Caroline's reputation that she should subdue such a prize. She determined to do it, and the Persian proverb says that "when a woman takes a matter in

hand, it is time to put one's trust in Allah." Indeed, poor Hamilton stood a very small chance of escape—for the beauty of Caroline was not that of an every day staring belle. Full, radiant dark eyes, that looked exactly as if they *thought*; Grecian stature, animated by a high flow of natural spirits, and set off by airs half modest, half coquettish, were quite enough to put an innocent young man off from the defensive, and Hamilton surrendered at discretion the second week after Caroline's appearance in society, being full in the faith that he had at last found all the cardinal virtues united in one woman. So one beautiful moonlight evening that seemed made on purpose for the occasion, he gathered courage to breathe his vows, and found himself in the seventh heaven of accepted love.

An extract from a letter to his mother, will give a portrait of the lady with whom he supposed himself in love.

"I have at last," he says, "more than realized the visions of romance, and can call my own a creature so perfect that my only fear is that I may not be able to deserve her.

"She is beautiful, my dear mother, surpassingly so, but her beauty is her least charm—it is her warm affectionate heart, her loveliness of disposition, that constitutes the chief charm that binds me. It is true, she has been much in the atmosphere of fashion, one so gifted could scarcely avoid it, but she has not lost a love for domestic pleasures, and will be willing to resign all to make me happy. She seems to me to be exactly the woman fitted to understand and to sympathise in my feelings and tastes—it is seldom that I have met with such an entire similarity of views upon all subjects, such complete oneness of feeling."

We advise none of our gentlemen readers to smile at the profound insight into character displayed by this letter, until they are certain they shall not be caught one day saying as much of some pretty creature whom they have never seen except with all the advantages of fine dress, fine spirits, animating society, and fashionable appendages. Many another man has fallen as irrevocably in love with what was *not there* as did Mr. William Hamilton.

For how could Mr. Hamilton think otherwise? Did not Caroline most emphatically say "certainly," "and so I think," to all his opinions? Did she not listen most devoutly when he read poetry to her? did she not say "how beautiful!" in all the proper places, and say it with such a smile?

In fact, it is rather amusing for people in love to talk about exact similarity of tastes, and conformity of sentiment, as the great body of the conversation that passes, is commonly of a nature so complimentary to both parties, that similarity of taste might be expected as a matter of course.

As to Caroline, she was as much in love as a person without much reflection and entirely absorbed in self can be. She was delighted with being the idol of exclusive homage, pleased to have achieved the most fashionable conquest of the day, pleased with the anticipated bustle of a wedding with five bride's maids, wedding cake, dancing, and so on, and under the influence of all these ideas combined, she thought undoubtedly she was in love to a very desperate degree.

Well, married they were, and now if we did after the fashion of story writers, generally, we should, like the clergyman, close the book as soon as the ceremony is over, but it is not our intention so to do, therefore, our readers may, if agreeable, begin with us another chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

A writer on the manners of our country, has remarked on the wonderful change by which American girls become transmuted into American wives; the former she represents as flirting, giddy, living only for fashion and show, and the latter as dignified, retiring, and devoted to domestic pursuits. Certain it is that such a change every day passes under our eyes, a transformation as entire as when your frisking, frolicsome kitten becomes your decorous chimney-corner-loving cat. One reason for this is, that salutary strictness of public sentiment which shuts the married woman up to the duties of her new situation. Her place in society is by common consent declared vacant, she has stepped off the stage, and if she remains in public view, it is as a spectator and not an actor, and what has she to do but set herself about being the grave, orderly, discreet, Mrs. So and So. Accordingly, about two months after all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of the glorious wedding, Mrs. Caroline Hamilton found herself the mistress of a prettily furnished but no way extraordinary house in New York, and the wife of a man of limited income, dependent entirely on his profession for support. Her husband was necessarily obliged to be absent from home all the time during the day, and often in the evening, and Caroline missing the stimulus which had for years been her life, began to find herself getting sadly stupid. In the views which she had entertained of the future, before marriage, she had never thought of her husband in any other light than as the absorbed and attentive lover, who had nothing else to do but read poetry, wait on her to places of amusement, and study her whims and caprices: accustomed as she had been to constant deference and attention, the devotion of her husband to his business, the energy that he put forth to rise

in his profession, though the result of affectionate care for her, seemed to be so much taken from her doers, and she began to complain of negligence, want of attention, and with all those predictions of decreasing affection which, sooner or later, always verify themselves. At first, 'tis true, these little breezes and undulations of feeling had rather a graceful and becoming effect than otherwise; for every body knows that a very pretty lady, with dark eyes and long eye lashes, may weep and fret to much better advantage than persons of less natural endowment, and besides, the golden age of love was not yet past.

Even in the happiest marriage there is a morning hour, when novelty hangs like a glittering mist around every object, giving a brightness not intrinsic, and happy are they who when these mists and shadows are gone, lose nothing by being seen under the steady daylight of reality. Happy is the woman who, when no longer regarded as an angel or a fairy, remains

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command!"

and happy the man who, when no longer regarded as a hero, or a superhuman instance of perfection, can yet be respected and loved as a consistent human being.

We have before stated that William married his wife under the idea that she was in mind and heart not only equal but superior to her person, and his treatment of her, was for a long time grounded on this hypothesis; and when she fretted and complained, he endeavoured to meet it by such appeals to common sense as would have been quite in point if he had been talking to a reasonable woman, and not to a spoiled child. He also undertook to realize some of his domestic visions by making her the companion of his literary recreations; accordingly he was unwearied in furnishing her with books such as might have interested a woman of cultivated taste, and as often as he could pass an evening at home, would attempt to read to her his favourite authors. But he could not conceal from himself that all this was so much labour lost, and when, after he had poured forth his whole soul in reading or reciting some favourite passage, Caroline merely replied "very pretty," and then went on counting stitches in her lace work, or asked some trivial question, Hamilton felt almost provoked, and wondered how he ever could have thought her mind a companion for his own.

But, in a few weeks, a new cause of domestic anxiety developed itself. Caroline had taken the situation of mistress of a family, without an idea of any thing more being necessary than to get a servant and issue orders. The domestic that she had obtained was one of the first of her order; active, capable, efficient, systematic, and every way well disposed. But, entirely ignorant of all domestic matters, Caroline's plans and directions were such as constantly to perplex and embarrass her, while habitual inattention to her comfort and an entire want of sympathy with the difficulties which came in her way, were an increasing source of irritation. Sometimes Caroline would order such a dinner as no unassisted pair of hands could get up, and in the midst of the most critical part of the preparations give some new direction, and order something before forgotten, till the temper and patience of the poor cook would be quite exhausted.

"Well, Nancy is going away, at last," said Caroline one day to her husband, "and I am glad of it on the whole; these smart girls always take liberties, and Nancy was getting quite too free in her answers."

"Indeed!" said Hamilton, "but was she not a good, efficient girl? I'm afraid we shall find it difficult to fill her place."

"Yes, she was smart enough—but disobedient and quick tempered."

"Ah!" said Hamilton, "she was recommended as very good natured."

"Well, I can't say, as to that," said Caroline, "but she has been in a fret about half the time since she has been in my house, and this morning she was so insufferably insolent that I could not hold out any longer, and I told her she might go."

Such was the parlour version of the affair. In the meanwhile, Nancy was giving her story no less volubly to a friend in a neighbouring kitchen.

"As to staying with that Mrs. Hamilton any longer, I ain't a going to—she knows no more about house work than a baby—if you do a thing well she won't know it, and if you don't, she won't half the time. She has made my work three times as hard as it need to be, because she hadn't any calculation. She'd be just as likely to invite a parcel of company on Monday when I had all my washing about me; or if I was ironing and wanted the fire for my flats, why she must have a turkey roasted, and a dozen nic backs besides. 'Oh,' she'd say, 'you can do it some how,' and now this last Monday, just as I got my starch all ready for the collars and fine clothes, she called me up and kept me fiddling about, till my fire was out, and my starch cold, and then when the things come up from the washing, she scolded because they didn't look clear. I told her that she hindered me. She told me I was saucy, and so it went on, till at last I told her that for all there was only her and Mr. Hamilton, I had rather do the work for twenty, under some women, than for two under her, and so away I came."

In this way, by ignorance and want of consideration, Caroline

lost a domestic who might have been a permanent acquisition to her family comfort.

Then came an interregnum of perpetual changes in the kitchen cabinet, with all the varied domestic jars and break-downs incident to such a state of things. Here was a continual state ofarchy and irregularity which Caroline readily laid to the charge of servants, who, she said, were the plague and torment of house-keeping. There are some families which seem to be nothing but a thoroughfare for servants—whenever you hear of them they are in a transition state—it is true, that in many cases this indicates a scarcity of well trained domestic assistance, but may it not also indicate some want of proper management on the part of those who employ them? Such, at least, was the case in this instance. Caroline had not the knowledge to instruct the ignorant, nor the consideration to respect the well taught; nor the self-control to govern the wayward, and very speedily her house acquired such a name that no domestic, who could secure a better place, ever thought of applying there. Hamilton found the comforts of home rapidly decreasing. Irregular and ill gotten meals, broken crockery, damaged furniture, and, above all, the constant fretful cloud that hung over the brow of his wife, made his house any thing but a place of repose, and though not naturally an ill tempered man, he found himself rapidly becoming irritable and fretful.

Now, there is no cure for romantic love like jolting and jostling in domestic realities, especially if that jolting be attended with ill temper; a dinner of herbs, where *love* is, may be a very comfortable affair, but a dinner of herbs seasoned with contention and fretting is another thing altogether.

"My dear," said Hamilton, one morning at breakfast, after silently balancing his spoon on the side of his cup for some time, "my dear, I hope you will have dinner precisely at two, to-day, for I have an engagement that I must be ready for at three."

"That will be as Sarah pleases," said Caroline, frowningly. "I'm sure it's no fault of mine that the dinner is late, for I have told her regularly every day that I *must* have it at two—the fact is, Sarah don't know how to do any thing."

"Well, my dear, you ought to see to it that she obeys your directions; go down and attend to it yourself."

"That is to say, I ought to have all the trouble of getting up dinner every day, I suppose—I might as well be a servant at once."

"Every mistress of a family ought to be responsible for having things properly done," said Hamilton; "if Sarah is ignorant, it is your place to teach her."

"My place, Mr. Hamilton! You are ready enough to discover my duties—well, for my part, if this is marriage, I think it a perfect slavery. I wish I had known as much as I do a year ago."

"So do I," rejoined Hamilton.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Perhaps you might have made better preparation for your duties."

"More probably I should not have been in the place, at all," said Caroline.

"I don't know that I should have been a loser," replied Hamilton.

"I'm sure I should not," responded the lady; and the conversation having arrived at this interesting result, Hamilton rose and walked off to his business, sighing heavily as he closed the door, for he felt himself degraded by the part he had borne in the altercation, and Caroline set down to think how happy she used to be at home, and what a poor miserable abused creature she was now.

At the close of the first year, the accounts from the various merchants, grocers, etc., came in, for our young people had fallen into the practice of running up accounts, a course dangerous even to the considerate and economical, but fatal to the inexperienced and ignorant, and on casting them up, it was found that they exceeded the sum of their yearly income, by a considerable amount. Caroline knew nothing of prices and qualities, as before marriage, her wardrobe, down to the minutest article, was provided by the care of her mother, and whatever bills she might have contracted, were discharged without any thought of hers. Consequently she had ordered at shops and stores just what struck her eye or suited her fancy, without even a dream of the final amount of her acquisitions, or of her husband's ability to meet them. Here was a new source of vexation. Hamilton had been a young man of accurate habits, and he was mortified and embarrassed to find himself thus unexpectedly involved—his mortification found vent in language. The rebound of the heart from an object it has once over-estimated, is in all cases to be dreaded. Hamilton now felt tempted to lower his wife as much as he once did to exalt her. "She is nothing but a selfish, inconsiderate, spoiled child," thought he, and his manner made this opinion quite obvious.

*Concluded next week.*

SINGULAR NOTICE.—The following notice was once posted up on the estate of a noble marquis in Kent:—Notice is hereby given, that the marquis of Camden (on account of the backwardness of the harvest) *will not shoot himself nor any of his tenants till the sixteenth of September.*



For the Pearl.

## DEFENSIVE WAR IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED.

BY PROFESSOR WAYLAND.

Of all the practices which disturb the tranquillity and lay waste the welfare of men, there is none which operates to so great an extent, or with so prodigious an efficacy, as war. Not only is this tremendous and dreadfully prevalent scourge productive of an incalculable amount of bodily and mental suffering,—so that, in this point of view alone, it may be considered one of the most terrible enemies of the happiness of the human race, but it must also be regarded as a moral evil of the deepest dye. According to the apostle James, war has its origin in the inordinate desires and corrupt passions of men; and as is its origin, so is its result. Arising out of an evil root, this tree of bitterness seldom fails to produce, in vast abundance, the fruits of malice, wrath, cruelty, fraud, rapine, lasciviousness, confusion, and murder.

Although there are few persons who will dispute the accuracy of this picture of war—although every one knows that such a custom is evil in itself and arises out of an evil source—and although the general position, that war is at variance with the principles of christianity, has a very extensive currency among the professors of that religion,—it is a singular fact that few hold it to be their duty to God, to their neighbour, and to themselves, absolutely and entirely to abstain from that most injurious practice. The generality of professing christians, and many even of a reflecting and serious character, are still accustomed to make distinctions between one kind of war and another. They will condemn a war which is oppressive and unjust; and in this respect they advance no farther than the moralists of every age, country, and religion. On the other hand they hesitate as little in expressing their approbation of wars which are defensive, or which are otherwise undertaken in a just cause.

For the benefit of such persons, we extract the following argument from Dr. Wayland's valuable work on the "principles of Moral Science."

"And first, Where an injury is committed by an individual upon an individual. In this case, the offender is guilty of wickedness, and of violation of our personal rights. In so far as the action is *wicked*, it should excite our moral detestation, just as in the case in which wrong is done to any one else. In so far as the wicked man is *unhappy*, he should excite our pity, and our active effort to benefit him. As the cause of this unhappiness is *moral* wrong, it is our duty to reclaim him. Inasmuch as the injury is done to us, it is our duty to forgive him. On this condition alone can we hope to be forgiven.

Yet more; inasmuch as the injury is done to us, it gives us an opportunity of exercising special and peculiar virtue. It is therefore our special duty to overcome it by good; that is, the duty of reclaiming him from wrong, rests specially upon us; and it is to be fulfilled by manifesting towards him particular kindness, and the most cheerful willingness to serve him. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." That is, it is our special duty, by an exhibition of peculiar benevolence, to reclaim the injurious person to virtue. Such is plainly the teaching of the Holy Scriptures. It will require but a few words to show that this is the course of conduct indicated by the conditions of our being. 1. I think that every one must acknowledge this to be the course pointed out by the *most exalted virtue*. Every man's conscience testifies that to reward evil with good is noble, while the opposite course is mean. There is nothing more strongly indicative of littleness of spirit than revenge. 2. This mode of treating injuries has a manifest *tendency* to put an end to injury, and every form of ill-will.

For 1. No man can long continue to injure another, who requites injury with nothing but goodness. 2. It improves the heart of the offender, and this not only puts an end to the injury at that particular time, but also greatly diminishes the probability of its recurrence at any subsequent time. Were this course universally pursued, there would be done on earth the least possible injury. 3. It affords an opportunity for the exercise of the most godlike virtue on the part of the offended. In a word, the *tendency* of this mode of treating an injurious person, is to diminish indefinitely the liability to injury, and to render all parties both happier and better. On the contrary, the tendency of retaliation is exactly the reverse. We should consider,

1. That the offender is a creature of God, and we are bound to treat him as God has commanded. Now, no treatment which we have received from another, gives us, by the laws of God, any right to treat him in any other manner than with kindness. That he has violated his duty towards us and towards God, affords no reason why we should be guilty of the same crimes. 2. The tendency of retaliation is, to increase, and foster, and multiply wrongs, absolutely without end. Such we see is its effect among savage nations. 3. Retaliation renders neither party better, but always renders both parties worse. The offended party who retaliates, does a mean action when he might have done a noble one. Such, then, is the scriptural mode of adjusting individual differences.

Secondly, Where one *society* violates the rights of another *society*. The principles of the gospel, already explained, apply equally to this as to the preceding cases.

1. The *individual* has, by the law of God, no right to return

evil for evil; but it is bound to conduct towards every other *individual*, of what nation soever, upon the principle of charity.

2. The individual has no right to authorise society to do any thing contrary to the law of God; that is to say, men connected in societies are under the same moral law as individuals. What is forbidden to the one is forbidden also to the other.

3. Hence, I think we must conclude that an injury is to be treated in the same manner; that is, that we are under obligation to forgive the offending party, and to strive to render him both better and happier.

4. Hence, it would seem that all wars are contrary to the revealed will of God, and that the individual has no right to commit to society, nor society to commit to government, the power to declare war.

Such, I must confess, seems to me to be the will of our Creator; and hence, that, to all arguments brought in favour of war, it would be a sufficient answer, that God has forbidden it, and that no consequences can possibly be conceived to arise from keeping his law, so terrible as those which must arise from violating it. God commands us to love every man, alien or citizen, Samaritan or Jew, as ourselves; and the act neither of society nor of government can render it our duty to violate this command. But let us look at the arguments offered in support of war.

The miseries of war are acknowledged. Its expense, at last, begins to be estimated. Its effects upon the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of a nation, are deplored. It is granted to be a most calamitous remedy for evils, and the most awful scourge that can be inflicted upon the human race. It will be granted, then, that the resort to it, if not necessary, must be intensely wicked; and that if it be not in the highest degree useful, it ought to be universally abolished.

It is also granted, that the universal abolition of war would be one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred upon the human race. As to the *general principle*, there is no dispute. The only question which arises is, whether it be not necessary for one nation to act upon the principle of offence and defence so long as other nations continue to do the same.

I answer, *first*. It is granted that it would be better for man in general, if wars were abolished, and all means, both of offence and defence, abandoned. Now, this seems to me to admit, that this is the law under which God has created man. But this being admitted, the question seems to be at an end; for God never places men, under circumstances in which it is either wise, or necessary, or innocent to violate his laws. Is it for the advantage of him who lives among a community of thieves, to steal; or for one who lives among a community of liars, to lie? On the contrary, do not honesty and veracity, under these very circumstances, give him additional and peculiar advantages over his companions?

*Secondly*. Let us suppose a nation to abandon all means, both of offence and of defence, to lay aside all power of inflicting injury, and to rely for self-preservation solely upon the justice of its own conduct, and the moral effect which such a course of conduct would produce upon the consciences of men. How would such a nation procure redress of grievances? and how would it be protected from foreign aggression?

1. *Of redress of grievances*. Under this head would be comprehended violation of treaties, spoliation of property, and ill-treatment of its citizens.

I reply 1. The very fact that a nation relied solely upon the justice of its measures, and the benevolence of its conduct, would do more than any thing else to prevent the occurrence of injury. The moral sentiment of every human community would rise in opposition to injury inflicted upon the just, the kind, and the merciful. Thus by this course, the probabilities of aggression are rendered as few as the nature of man will permit.

2. But suppose injury to be done. I reply, the proper appeal for moral beings upon moral questions, is not to physical force, but to the consciences of men. Let the wrong be set forth, but be set forth in the spirit of love; and in this manner, if in any, will the consciences of men be aroused to justice.

3. But suppose this method to fail. Why, then, let us suffer the injury. This is the preferable evil of the two. Because they have injured us a little, it does not follow that we should injure ourselves much. But it will be said, what is then to become of our national honor? I answer, first, if we have acted justly, we surely are not dishonoured. The dishonour rests upon those who have done wickedly. I answer again, national honor is displayed in forbearance, in forgiveness, in requiting faithlessness with fidelity, and grievances with kindness and good will. These virtues are surely as delightful and as honorable in nations as in individuals.

But it may be asked, what is to prevent repeated and continued aggression? I answer, first, not instruments of destruction, but the moral principle which God has placed in the bosom of every man. I think that obedience to the law of God, on the part of the injured, is the surest preventive against the repetition of injury. I answer, secondly, suppose that acting in obedience to the law of benevolence will not prevent the repetition of injury, will acting upon the principle of retaliation prevent it? This is really the true question. The evil tempers of the human heart are allowed to exist, and we are inquiring in what manner shall we suffer the east injury from them; whether by obeying the law of benevo-

lence, or that of retaliation? It is not necessary, therefore, to show, that by adopting the law of benevolence, we shall not suffer at all; but that, by adopting it we shall suffer less than by the opposite course; and that a nation would actually thus suffer less upon the whole, than by any other course, cannot, I think, be doubted by any one who will calmly reflect upon this subject.

II. How would such a nation be protected from external attack and entire subjugation? I answer, by adopting the law of benevolence, a nation would render such an event in the highest degree improbable. The causes of national war are most commonly, the love of plunder, and the love of glory. The first of these is rarely if ever sufficient to stimulate men to the ferocity necessary to war, unless when assisted by the second. And by adopting as the rule of our conduct the law of benevolence, all motive arising from the second cause is taken away. There is not a nation in Europe that could be led on to war against a harmless, just, forgiving, and defenceless people.

But suppose such a case really should occur, what are we then to do? I answer, suffer injury with forgiveness and love, looking up to God, who, in his holy habitation, is the Judge of the whole earth. And if it be said, we shall then all be subjected and enslaved, I answer again, have wars prevented men from being subjected and enslaved? Is there a nation on the continent of Europe that has not been overrun by foreign troops several times, even within the present century? Since, then, the principle of retaliation will not, with any certainty, save a country from conquest, the real question, as before, is, by obedience to which law will a nation be most likely to escape it, by the law of retaliation, or by that of benevolence? It seems to me, that a man who will calmly reflect, can have little doubt on this matter.

But I go still further. The Scriptures teach us that God has created men, both as individuals and as societies, under the law of benevolence; and that he intends this law to be obeyed. Societies have never yet thought of obeying it in their dealings with each other; and statesmen would generally consider the allusion to it as puerile. But this alters not the law of God, nor the punishment he inflicts upon nations for the violation of it. This punishment I suppose to be war. I believe aggression from a foreign nation to be the intimation from God that we are disobeying the law of benevolence, and that this is his mode of teaching nations their duty, in this respect, to each other. So that aggression seems to me to be in no manner a call to retaliation and injury, but rather a call to special kindness and good will. And still further, the requiting evil with good, tends just as strongly to the cessation of all injury, in nations as in individuals. Let any man reflect upon the amount of pecuniary expenditure, and the awful waste of human life, which the wars of the last hundred years have occasioned, and then I will ask him whether it be not self-evident, that the one hundredth part of this expense and suffering, if employed in the honest effort to render mankind wiser and better, would, long before this time, have banished wars from the earth, and rendered the civilized world like the garden of Eden.

If this be true, it will follow, that the cultivation of a military spirit, is the cultivation of a great curse to a community; and that all means, both of offence and defence, are worse than useless, inasmuch as they aggravate the very source of the evil, the corrupt passions of the human heart, by the manner in which they ineffectually attempt to check the evil itself.

I am aware that all this may be called visionary, romantic, and chimerical. This however, neither makes it so, nor shows it to be so. The time to apply these epithets will be, when the justness of their application has been proved. And if it be said, these principles may all be very true, but you can never induce nations to act upon them; I answer this concession admits that such is the law of God. If this be the case, that nation will be the happiest and the wisest, which is the first to obey it. And if it be said, it would be wisest and best to obey the law of benevolence, but men will never obey it; I answer, here is manifestly the end of the argument. If we show men what is wisest and best, and according to the will of their Creator, we can do no more. If they disobey it, this is a matter to be settled between them and their God. It remains, however, to be seen, whether God will or will not cause his laws to be obeyed; and whether omniscience and omnipotence have not the means of teaching his creatures submission to his will."

**ECCENTRICITY.**—A gentleman of original habits, the Baronet R., who has the mania of travelling on foot in search of the picturesque, is perambulating France. If he finds any prospect impeded by a clump of trees, or even by a wood, he immediately enters into an arrangement with the owner of the land, hires workmen, and without regard to expense has it all cleared away to open out the view, which, when rendered complete, he enjoys for a few days, and then departs, never, perhaps, to see it again. Once it is said, he wished to burn down a farm-house and buildings, which destroyed a fine prospect, but could not prevail on the owner to indulge him in this freak of fancy.

**MUSICAL TASTE.**—At a trial of skill in singing between the cuckoo and the nightingale, the ass was chosen an umpire. After each had done his best, the sagacious ass declared that the nightingale sang extremely well; but for a good plain song, the cuckoo was far his superior.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING.

By Mary Howitt.

PART I.

MORNING PRAYER.

Our dear ones are torn from us ! One by one,  
 he golden links of our soul's love are severed ;  
 and mid the quicksands and the shoals of life  
 the heavy billows of adversity  
 cast us forlorn and naked ! It is well—  
 for God hath stricken us—still from the depths  
 of our great desolation goeth up,  
 like his, the frail disciple on the sea,  
 Our feeble cry, Lord help us, or we perish !  
 Yet, though thou chastenest me, I will fly to thee,  
 And put my trust in thee; and at thy feet  
 Lay down my precious things ; nor would I murmur,  
 Though thy good Providence saw meet to strip me  
 Even of the one dear blessing thou hast left !  
 And, for thou yet art merciful, my soul  
 Shall not withhold aught from thee ! Oh my Father  
 Accept mine offering !—this one poor lamb  
 I dedicate to thee in life or death ;  
 Accept thou him, thou hast mine other treasures !

Boy, clasp thy hands, and raise thy heart to God,  
 For here, before Him, in the face of day,  
 Here, in this chamber of our poverty,  
 With our sore desolation round about us,  
 I dedicate thy life and all thy powers  
 To Him and his great human family !  
 Father, behold thy child, and what in him  
 Comes short of thy requirings give him further ;  
 Courage—not courage such as maketh men  
 Stand, sword in hand, to meet their enemy,  
 But such as nerved the Saviour to drive forth  
 The dealers from the Temple ; as sustained him  
 Mid the revilers in the outer court,  
 Crowned with thorns, yet answering not again !  
 Give him persuasive speech—not with bland lies  
 To win the ear of kings, or to take captive  
 The hearts of women, but with eloquent words  
 To lure men's souls to virtue ; to make felt  
 How beautiful is love, and to instil  
 The spirit of love, even as a holy essence  
 Where'er his presence comes. Oh gracious Father,  
 That this poor child of mine might be thy herald  
 Among mankind ; to the torn prisoner,  
 Down in the hopeless dungeon, carrying knowledge  
 Better than life, light better than the day !—  
 That to the Judge upon the high tribunal  
 He might impart mercy and charity !  
 Oh let him sit by death-beds, and in homes  
 Made desolate, and with the faint in-heart,  
 And the poor weary sinner ! Let him compass  
 Both land and sea to speak peace to the mourner !  
 Father, I ask not wealth nor length of days,  
 But bread to eat, and raiment to put on,  
 And that thou wilt support me to make fit  
 This child for thy great work !

PART II.

THE DEATH-BED.

Woman. Speak low, methinks he sleeps. I smoothed  
 his pillow  
 Scarce fifteen minutes past, and he since then  
 Hath hardly moved.

Man. If he sleep he will do well,  
 God grant he sleep till eve !

Child. I will not stir,  
 But I will lay me down upon the hearth,  
 And sleep too, lest I wake him.

Man. Come life or death.  
 All will be well with him. I heard, last eve,  
 More than I knew before, though we so long  
 Have known him and the holy life he led.  
 'Twas he, who like an angel stood between  
 The living and the dead, when the plague raged  
 'th' city ; it was he, who in the war-time  
 Lived in the hospital among the wounded  
 Tending them with the kindness of a woman,  
 And comforting and cheering them in death.

Woman. God's blessing on him !  
 Man. He was one time sent for,  
 When or wherefore I know not, to the King,  
 And offered lands, and some great bribe in gold,  
 So he would sell himself to do their will,  
 Which was for evil.

Woman. That he would not do ;  
 Gold could not bribe him to an evil deed !

Man. Yet he was poor, and had an aged mother  
 Dependent on him, but he would not do it !  
 He said, far more he loved his peace of mind

Than lands or gold ; and that the favour of God  
 Was higher than that of kings !

Woman. 'Twas a brave man !  
 Man. Brave ! thou shouldst hear old Eugene talk of him !  
 Eugene and his grandchildren were a-bed,  
 When flames burst forth, and all the house was fire,  
 For 'twas a gusty night ; the neighbors stood  
 In panic terror, wildly looking on,  
 And though poor Eugene and the little children  
 Cried out for help, none dared to rescue them.  
 When suddenly that young man, hurrying forward,  
 Without reproach on those who stood so helpless,  
 Seizing a ladder, rushed into the chamber,  
 And amid raging fire brought forth the inmates,  
 As if his life were nothing. Thou shouldst hear  
 Old Eugene speak of him !

Woman. Thus did he ever ;  
 His life was a self-sacrifice. They whom  
 The world looked coldly on, and, with hard judgment,  
 Spurned from its presence as a thing unholy,  
 He sought out pitying their blind ignorance,  
 Restored to self-respect and lured to virtue ;  
 He hated sin, but the poor outcast sinner  
 Was still his human brother. This was great,  
 But to my mind sets forth his virtue less  
 Than that refusing of the offered wealth,  
 Seeing he was poor, and had an aged mother  
 Dependent on him—loving so that mother !  
 Why, most men would have snatched the gold in triumph,  
 Smoothing the price on't to an easy conscience !

Man. He was not of their sort.  
 Woman. But I must see him—  
 Oh ! God thou has ta'en thine own !

Man. Ah, is he dead ?  
 Yes, this is death—sleep ne'er was calm as this.  
 But what an angel's face it is in death !

Woman. He's with his mother now, a saint in heaven.  
 Man. Well may'st thou weep, nor can I keep back tears.

THE LAST OFFER.

BY MRS. HALE.

"O. love will master all the power of art."

"And so Clara, you have rejected Mr. Tineford—I own I do  
 regret it," said Mrs. Crosby to her niece.

"My dear aunt, would you wish me to marry a widower, with  
 as many children as followed John Rogers to the stake ! but  
 whether there were nine or ten has always been a puzzle to me.  
 Do you not think Mr. Tineford could solve that question ? I wish  
 I had asked him," said the young lady, looking very demure.

"Mr. Tineford has but three children, as you very well know,"  
 said Mrs. Crosby.

"But you know, also, my dear aunt, that my imagination al-  
 ways expatiates in the 'Rule of Three'—that is, making three of  
 one, which just brings out the nine, without any remainder."

"Come, Clara, pray leave this trifling, it does not become you,  
 and Mr. Tineford is not a character which should excite ridicule,"  
 said Mrs. Crosby, gravely. "You acknowledged yesterday, that  
 you thought him excellent, intelligent, and agreeable."

"I do think him worthy of nearly every good adjective in our  
 language," said Clara Dinsmore earnestly. "I esteem his cha-  
 racter as highly as you do—but I could never, never think of mar-  
 rying him."

"Oh, Clara !—  
 Spare me, dear aunt, I know all you would urge in his fa-  
 vour, and I know, too, many reasons which your tenderness for  
 my feelings would spare me. I am twenty-nine—O, wo is me,  
 that I have arrived so near the verge of old maidism ! My beauty  
 is gone—nay, don't shake your head—Miss Jones says I look po-  
 sitively old, and that she is quite shocked, (you know her benevo-  
 lent affection for me) to see such a change."

"I do not see it, my dear Clara, nor is it so. Your cheek is  
 not so blooming as it was at nineteen, but there is at times, a more  
 lovely expression in your countenance, a chastened thoughtfulness  
 which gives promise of that tenderness and goodness which I know  
 was always in your disposition, but which, in the years of your  
 brilliant youth, you did not display."

"Who would blame me for being vain if they knew my aunt  
 flattered me thus ?" exclaimed Clara, tears of gratitude and plea-  
 sure filling her eyes. "But I must not flatter myself, that others  
 see with your partial affection. I know there is a change ; my  
 mirror, as well as Miss Jones, reminds me of it ; and the young  
 ladies, those who were in the nursery when I came out, call me  
 old."

"It is a great pity that girls are permitted to come out so  
 young," said Mrs. Crosby.

"There is no use of preventives, in my case, dear aunt," re-  
 plied Clara, smiling with her usual cheerfulness. "I am twenty-  
 nine, with little beauty and no money at all. How can I ever ex-  
 pect another offer ?"

"My dear child, it is none of these motives which induce me

to wish this marriage to take place," said Mrs. Crosby, earnestly.  
 "But I know that Mr. Tineford loves you ; and he estimates also  
 your worth of character, or he would not, in the maturity of his  
 judgment, when he has reached such a high eminence in his pro-  
 fession, and acquired such distinguished reputation, he would not  
 thus renew the homage he paid you ten years ago. I do not see  
 how you can have the heart to refuse him a second time."

"Simply because I have no heart to give him," said Clara, with  
 a sigh, and then gaily added, "you know, aunt, that he has been  
 married, and appeared to love his wife most tenderly—he doubtless  
 loves his children, so that between the regret he is bound to che-  
 rish for the memory of the one, and the affection he must bestow  
 on the other, there can be little room in his heart for love towards  
 me. This second disappointment will not afflict him ; so do not  
 urge the match on his account."

"I wish it on your own, dear Clara. Since the loss of my pro-  
 perty, by the failure of the bank, my whole concern has been for  
 you. My annuity will cease with my life, and I feel my strength  
 failing daily. Do not look so sorrowful, my darling, I should wel-  
 come the change with joy, were your welfare secured. And to  
 Mr. Tineford I would entrust your earthly destiny with perfect con-  
 fidence."

"I wonder if there ever was a good mother-in-law," said  
 Clara, striving to turn the conversation from her aunt's ill health,  
 which she never could bear to hear named, although she felt that  
 there was hardly any hope that she could be saved.

"You would make a good one, Clara ; I know your heart is  
 overflowing with affections and tender sympathies : you would  
 love those little children dearly—their mother was your intimate  
 friend, and if their father was your husband, studying your happi-  
 ness and securing to you every rational source of enjoyment, you  
 could not refrain from loving his children, or rather you would  
 feel that they were yours. I cannot bear to think you will finally  
 refuse him, and be left to struggle alone with the hardships, and  
 cares, and sorrows, which a single woman, without relations or  
 fortune, must encounter."

"How careful you are, my dear aunt, for my happiness," said  
 Clara, gratefully. "I wish I could follow your advice ; but I  
 should wrong Mr. Tineford's generous heart if I married him  
 when I do not love him."

"You would love him, Clara"—  
 "Oh ! never attempt to persuade me that love can be awaken-  
 ed after marriage, when there is no kindling of affection before  
 the ceremony. I should undoubtedly esteem him ; I hope, treat  
 him with propriety, but I never should love him, and you know I  
 have always declared that I would not marry except I loved the  
 man to whom I pledged my faith."

Mrs. Crosby looked distressed. "I must then relinquish all  
 hope," said she.

"You think that if I have lived twenty-nine years without be-  
 ing in love, that my heart is ossified, I suppose," said Clara,  
 laughing.

"I think when a young lady has had the number of admirers  
 and offers which I know you have had, and rejected them all, that  
 there is little reason to expect she will receive others. I have made  
 up my mind that this is to be your last offer."

"You said the same, dear aunt, when I rejected Mr. Bellows."  
 "He was a good man, and is highly prosperous. It would  
 have been an excellent match for you."

"A most wretched one—for I positively dislike him—he was  
 so prosing and particular, he would have driven me crazy with his  
 small fidgetings and solemn reflections. I would rather prefer  
 living like Madame Roland, in a garret on beans, than to have  
 married him, though he had been as rich as Rothschild."

"Then, there was William Hopkins, he was a fine talented  
 young man ; I thought for a long time that you liked him."

"I did like him as a child does its rattle, for the amusement he  
 always made me ; but I could not respect a man whose manners  
 were so frivolous—so like my own. Is not that a candid admis-  
 sion ?"

"But what could you have found to cavil at in the character or  
 manners of that noble young man, Lucius Howard ?"

"He was too perfect for me, dear aunt," replied Clara ; a  
 blush crimsoned her cheek, and there was a slight tremor in her  
 voice as she added—"He never offered me his hand."

"Clara, I am sure I understood at the time, that you rejected  
 him."

"No, no, aunt—you were deceived ;" Clara's voice grew  
 firmer, though her face was deadly pale ; while she continued—

"I have long wished, long intended to confide my weakness and  
 disappointment to you ; but, it is so humiliating to own one has  
 been crossed in love, that I never could find the opportunity when  
 my mind was in a right mood. Now it shall be done, that you  
 may feel convinced I do right in declining to marry Mr. Tineford—  
 you would not wish me to vow at the altar to love him, when my  
 heart is irrevocably devoted to another. Yes, I did, I do love  
 Lucius Howard, and—he—loved me, but thought me unworthy  
 to be his wife." She covered her face with her hands, and burst  
 into tears.

"Clara, my darling, this cannot be. He never could have  
 thought you unworthy ; but he might fear you would reject him,"  
 said Mrs. Crosby.



"No, no," replied Clara, in a voice of deep agony; "no, he knew that I loved him, and I believe he had little doubt that I would accept him; but he thought I permitted or rather encouraged attentions from others. You know how many admirers I had in those days, when I rejected Mr. Tineford and a dozen others; there was then no shadow on my beauty, and I triumphed in the power it gave me. Fatal power, most foolishly used to vex the noble heart that loved me, and whose love I returned. I trifled, till Lucius Howard thought me a confirmed coquette, and when he acknowledged his deep affection for me, he told me that he did it to prove to me the consistency of his principles; as he knew he had often betrayed his love, he came to make the avowal openly, but at the same time to tell me that he did not seek a return, that he did not ask my hand—he believed our dispositions and tastes were too dissimilar to allow him to hope for happiness with me. He invoked heaven to protect and bless me—and took leave of me—for ever."

Mrs. Crosby was sadly distressed and confounded by this disclosure. She had always thought that her niece remained single because she found no one to suit her fastidious taste.—Never had she dreamed that Clara, the gay Clara Dinsmore, had nursed a secret and hopeless passion. Mr. Howard, she well knew, had left that part of the country entirely; he was settled in the ministry at the South—she had heard that he was one of the shining lights of the age, and she felt almost certain she had heard of his marriage, too—so she could not flatter her dear Clara with the least hope of ever renewing her acquaintance with him. But if she would be persuaded to accept Mr. Tineford, who she doubted not would be too glad to marry her, though she had loved another, the good aunt thought she might still look forward to days of happiness for her niece. So she began her work of comforting, by remarking that no person could expect an unshadowed lot. She reminded Clara of the fortitude with which she had, hitherto, borne this disappointment of the heart—entreated her not to allow the remembrance of a scene so long past to overcome her now—showed her how much of good had already arisen from this disappointment, as doubtless that improvement in Clara's character, which has been remarked by every one, had been effected in consequence of the new reflections awakened by the parting words of Lucius—and in short, the good lady proved, to her own satisfaction, that Clara was a much more estimable person from having been crossed in love, as children, habituated to the practice of self-denial are much more amiable than petted favourites, who have never learned to control their own inclinations. Mrs. Crosby hinted that if Clara would only consent to marry Mr. Tineford, and, as she was well qualified to do, train his motherless children in the way they should go, and make his home the place of happiness to him, as she easily might, that she would be a heroine indeed, as much superior to the common description of those who marry at the end of the fashionable novels, as Rebecca the Jewess was to Rowena.

But poor Clara was resolute to her vow of single blessedness, and really felt that her aunt had almost compromised her dignity, when she acknowledged that she had invited Mr. Tineford to take tea that evening with them; and furthermore, permitted him to bring a friend who was visiting at his house. "I told him truly the state of my heart," said Clara. "I felt it was due to the disinterested regard he had manifested for me, that he should know why I could not return his affection. And I told him then, that I should, for the future, avoid his society, lest I might be tempted to speak of Lucius Howard. I fear he will think I have no consistency of character."

Mrs. Crosby promised to do the honours of the evening to her guests, but thought Clara must be present; and finally she consented. At the appointed hour, Mr. Tineford and his friend arrived, and were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Crosby. Mr. Tineford inquired, with a smile of much meaning for Miss Dinsmore.

"She will be with us soon," said her aunt. "She has not been quite well to-day." The friend of Mr. Tineford looked distressed. Just then Clara entered; the excitement of her feelings deepening the colour of her cheeks, till she looked as blooming as she did at nineteen—and more beautiful, Lucius Howard thought, as he stepped forward to greet her.

Poor Clara—she was quite overcome for the moment, as she looked at Mr. Tineford, and thought of the confession she had made to him, and then felt her hand in the clasp of Mr. Howard's. But all was soon happily settled, and good aunt Crosby, as she prepared for the marriage of her beloved niece with Lucius Howard, declared that this last offer was the best which Clara ever had, and she had become convinced that a woman had better live single than to marry one man while her heart was given to another.

The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstitions wise men follow fools.—*Bacon.*

Make a point never so clear, it is great odds that a man whose habits and the benefits of whose mind lie a contrary way, shall be unable to comprehend it. So weak a thing is reason in competition with inclination.—*Berkeley.*

Scarcely have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, "I may say without vanity," but some striking and characteristic vanity has immediately followed.—*Franklin.*

Truth and reason are common to every one, and no more his who speaks them first than his who speaks them after.—*Montaigne.*

## THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

May every year but draw more near  
The time when strife shall cease,  
And truth and love all hearts shall move  
To live in joy and peace.  
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,  
For folly still her power maintains;  
But the day shall yet appear  
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;  
And come what there may, to stand in the way,  
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,  
Though humble efforts fail;  
We'll give not o'er until once more  
The righteous cause prevail.  
In vain and long, enduring wrong,  
The weak may strive against the strong,  
But the day shall yet appear,  
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;  
And come what there may, to stand in the way,  
That day the world shall see.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds  
The world will not regard,  
To noble minds, whom duty blinds,  
No sacrifice is hard,  
The brave and true may seem but few,  
But hope keeps better things in view;  
And the day shall yet appear  
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;  
And come what there may, to stand in the way,  
That day the world shall see.

## THE INFLUENCES OF COMMERCE.

BY GOV. EVERETT.

"When we contemplate the past, we see some of the most important phenomena in human history intimately—I had almost said mysteriously—connected with commerce. In the very dawn of civilization, the art of alphabetical writing sprang up among a commercial people. One can almost imagine that these wonderfully convenient elements were a kind of short-hand, which the Phœnician merchants, under the spur of necessity, contrived for keeping their accounts; for what could they have done with hieroglyphics of the Egyptian priesthood, applied to the practical purposes of a commerce which extended over the known world, and of which we have preserved to us such a curious and instructive description by the prophet Ezekiel? A thousand years later, and the same commercial race among whom this sublime invention had its origin, performed a not less glorious part as the champions of freedom.

"When the Macedonian madman commenced his crusade against Asia, the Phœnicians opposed the only vigorous resistance to his march. The Tyrian merchants delayed him longer beneath the walls of the sea-girt city, than Darius at the head of all the armies in the East. In the succeeding centuries, when the dynasties established by Alexander were crumbling, and the Romans in turn took up the march of universal conquest and dominion, the commercial city of Carthage, and daughter of Tyre, afforded the most efficient check to their progress. But there was nowhere sufficient security for property in the old world, to form the basis of a permanent commercial prosperity. In the middle ages, the iron-yoke of the feudal system was broken by commerce. The emancipation of Europe from the detestable sway of the barons, began with the privileges granted to the cities. The wealth acquired in commerce afforded the first counterpoise to that of the feudal chiefs who monopolized the land, and in the space of a century and a half, gave birth to a new civilization. In the west of Europe, the Hanse towns; in the east, the cities of Venice, Genoa, the sport of Sicily and Naples, Florence, Pisa, and Leghorn, begin to swarm with active crowds. The Mediterranean, deserted for nearly ten centuries, is covered with vessels. Merchants from the Adriatic explore the farthest east: silks, spices, gums, gold, are distributed from the Italian cities through Europe, and the dawn of a general revival breaks on the world. Nature, at this juncture, discloses another of those mighty mysteries, which man is permitted from age to age to read in her awful volume. As the fullness of time approaches for the new world to be found, it is discovered that a piece of steel may be so prepared, that it will point a steady index to the pole. After it had led the adventurers of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, to the utmost limits of the old world—from Iceland to the south of Africa—the immortal discoverer, with the snows and sorrows of near sixty years upon his head, but with the fire of immortal youth in his heart, placed himself under the guidance of the mysterious pilot, bravely followed its mute direction through the terrors and the dangers of the unknown sea, and called a new hemisphere into being.

"It would be easy to connect with this discovery almost all the great events of modern history, and, still more, all the great movements of modern civilization. Even in the colonization of New-England, although more than almost any other human enterprise the offspring of the religious feeling, commercial adventure opened the way and furnished the means. As time rolled on, and events hastened to their consummation, commercial relations suggested the chief topics in the great controversy for liberty. The British Navigation Act was the original foundation of the colonial grievances. There was a constant struggle to break away from the

limits of the monopoly imposed by the mother country. The American navigators could find no walls nor barriers on the face of the deep, and they were determined that paper and parchment should not shut up what God had thrown open. The moment the war of independence was over, the commercial enterprise of the country went forth like an uncaged eagle, who, having beaten himself almost to madness against the bars of his prison, pushed out at length to his native element, and exults as he bathes his undazzled eye in the sunbeam or pillows his breast upon the storm. Our merchants were far from contenting themselves with treading obsequiously in the footsteps even of the great commercial nation from which we are descended. Ten years had not elapsed from the close of the revolutionary war, before the infant commerce of America had struck out for herself a circuit in some respects broader and bolder than that of England. Besides penetrating the remotest haunts of the commerce heretofore carried on by the trading nations of Europe—the recesses of the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and the White seas—she displayed the stars and the stripes in distant oceans, where the Lion and the Lilies never floated. She not only engaged with spirit in the trade with Hindostan and China, which had been thought to be beyond the grasp of individual capital and enterprise, but she explored new markets on islands and coasts before unapproached by modern commerce.

## USE OF INORGANIC SUBSTANCES.

If, under the peculiar appointments for man, shelter has been rendered as imperious a necessity as clothing, if substances have been prepared for this purpose, which he has been gifted with ingenuity to apply, and if he has been further provided with intellect to effect this end in a progressively superior manner, which if he had not, he would have been judged less worthy of his Maker's regard than the beaver and the bee, we ought to believe that the means were created for him, even more than the wool of the sheep, since to all other animals they serve no purpose. It is an inconsiderate or a fanatical judgment, which thinks that a Being so great and so powerful could not have attended to such trifles, or which thinks Him insulted by such a supposition. Compared to Himself, what is there worthy of his notice? He who cares for the minutest insect as for man, cannot have judged anything beneath His regard; and if He has provided for the wants of even the living atom which escapes the microscope, it is our duty to believe that he has neglected nothing which could concern our own, infinitely more numerous and complicated as they are, even to the production of sandstone for building, a limestone for cement, and a slate for roofing.

Is it that associations like these are deemed improper? Let the student of creation accustom himself to think otherwise, else will he fail to discover that the hand of God is in all his works, and learn to neglect Him. Or is it that such attentions are deemed mean, because our own pride, or negligence, or selfishness, prevents us from following those examples of beneficence which He gives us; His ways, indeed, are not as our ways; but were we to endeavour to make our conduct more like His, if only in this, human nature and human life would present far other aspects than they now do. Instead of charging with fanaticism or folly, what may appear vulgar or fanciful attempts to illustrate His goodness, let us rather labour to do as he has done, and equally careless of the ingratitude with which it is received, to persevere in beneficence. Little, indeed, it is that we can effect, but it were well that we even desired to do for each other what He has done from the beginning, and is continually doing for us, ever thoughtless and ever ungrateful.

Are these superfluities, sources of pure pleasure; luxuries, provided for us in these appointments, as in all else? The latter term possesses a vulgar association with what is vicious or forbidden, as do even the former, in minds tinged with asceticism. But he who would separate pleasures from uses, would require to think more deeply than is usual on such subjects; he who condemns luxury has never thought at all; and he, the ascetic, forgot that the beneficence of God has not been limited to the mere supply of needful wants. It is not from him, at least, that reason or religion will take the character of the Universal Father.

In granite, we find a stone so well calculated for durability, so beautiful and various, and so submissive to our tools, that it has been selected from the earliest periods of civilization, as the material for those works which record the power and knowledge of nations. Often, too, their architecture is the only portion of their history which has descended to us: and if it is important for us to know under what forms man has preceded us, what he has thought, known and done, what has been his political condition, what his astronomical knowledge, what his mechanical attainments, what his progress in the arts of taste, so intimately connected with his general mental cultivation, it is here that we must often seek this information, while thus, also, we often attain to know what his religion has been, under the strange forms which that has assumed. Can we then believe that even the luxury of architecture is unimportant in the eye of the Deity?

And if thoughtlessness should condemn the immense, and apparently useless labours of ancient Egypt, so are they easily condemned, under the use of the ever-acceptable term tyranny, the ever-ready word of him who abuses all the power which he can

command. Yet he who would eat must labour: it is the unvarying law, not of God alone, but of human society; the bond by which it is held together. The soil of Egypt was the possession of its singular government, and the labour of the people was the only manner in which they could demand or acquire a share of the produce: it was the only mode in which they ought to have possessed their portions. There is reason to believe that the soil had appropriated all the labour applicable to it; and commercial industry, as it then was, had probably done the same. An artificial invention to occupy labour, became, therefore, imperiously necessary; and through this was Egypt peopled, to an extent which seems to have been very great. The bearing of this fact on other cases, where, under a general law pervading all creation, conditions of labour have been attached to possession, must be obvious: and though tyranny had been the immediate cause, even thus does the Deity often direct the wickedness of man to his own good ends.

Sandstone demands no particular remarks; but had the fissility of slate not been known, it would scarcely have been credited, especially by those who know that it does not occur in consequence of its stratified disposition. That rock was once a solid mass of clay, deposited horizontally, in slow succession, and afterwards indurated. It should have separated into leaves, as the shales do, in the same direction in which it was deposited, if it was to split at all, and there is, therefore, no contingency in the present very different result. The law is a peculiar one; whether intended for the useful end others may judge: it is not, however, the exception which it has been called. Let no one ever perplex or suppress the truth, above all in questions of the present nature. The same law acts in other rocks, but nowhere to the production of so perfect an effect.

The contrivances in preparations for limestone are much more remarkable than even in the case of coal, and they are acting daily under our eyes, both for present and future purposes. And if animal life here contributes in more than one mode, thus are, ultimately, beneficent ends attained, through means involving a primary mass of beneficence which defies all means of estimate, in the granting of happiness with life to uncountable myriads of beings, through ages which we vainly attempt to conjecture. If it is now superfluous to speak of the uses of this rock in architecture, I may at least note, that they depend on a combination of chemical arrangements which we had no right to expect, and have not long discovered.

It has been among the designs of the Creator, to confer on clay the property of being converted into stone by the aid of heat, while under a variety of appointments in the constitution of these earths, we possess all the uses derived from brick upwards to porcelain. If these varieties are such, that we could not have expected them, from the exceeding simplicity of the composition, so is it remarkable that we must depend on nature for the greater number of them, though possessed of the ingredients, and of the means of analyzing these natural compounds. Every one knows how difficult it has proved to rival the porcelains of China, and that the ancient pottery of Greece is hitherto imitable.

Indispensable as this property, and the arts derived from it, are to those countries which are deprived of stone, which, nevertheless from this very cause, their alluvial nature, with their consequent fertility, have been the earliest and most crowded seats of civilized man, so is it in those that the substances in question abound most, as the art of converting them into stone seems coeval with man himself. Still more remarkable may it be considered, that in the most ancient and noted of all inhabited lands, the clay deposited by its great river is convertible into brick by the mere power of the sun, without which peculiar appointment and command Nineveh and Babylon would scarcely have been; while these great cities occupy a space and a time far too important in the history of man, to permit us to doubt that they were ordained,—they, and the very means of their erection and existence. On so apparently insignificant a property in an insignificant earth, the refuse of the mountains, the produce of apparent casualty, the deposit from a river breaking its seemingly appointed bounds, have been founded the greatest and the most powerful, as the most ancient of empires, producing all those extraordinary consequences which, but for this, would never existed. Can the hand of the Creator be seen in this? Let the reader conclude for himself.

On the variety of arts, the mass of industry, the production of wealth, the uncountable uses consequent on so apparently trivial a substance and simple a property, I need not dwell. Yet I must remark, that to the singular indestructibility of this artificial stone, a property possessed by scarcely any natural work, we owe, as we do to architecture, much historical knowledge that would otherwise have irreparably perished. Hence alone, nearly, is it that we can still trace the great Babylon, perhaps the remains of that very tower, whose history forms so remarkable an era in that of mankind. To this we long owed the only knowledge we had of a perished written language, perhaps of the language used by the earliest races of man. To this also we owe much of what has been rescued for us in the arts of Greece and Etruria; and thus has one of the most apparently frail, as fragile, produc-

tions of human art, become the most unexpectedly durable of the records of nations.—*Macculloch's Proof and Illustrations of the Attributes of God.*

For the Pearl.

PHYSIOLOGY.—No. V.

At the conclusion of our last essay we proposed a survey of the human frame. Now, although this strictly speaking is the department of the anatomist, yet it is only through a correct knowledge of the structure of an organ, that any accurate idea of its function can be formed:—causes must be well studied ere effects can be fully understood,—though in our enquiries we shall often find that these last are sufficiently evident, while the causes that gave them birth remain amongst nature's mysteries.

The human frame—the last, the chiefest, and the most exalted of the works of God's creative mandate—viewing it anatomically, may be considered as an elaborate machine, containing many parts, each of which has a particular office to perform, and that the whole are engaged in perfecting and rendering available the products of these; this idea has been already exemplified when treating of the phenomena of life. When viewed externally the human body appears naturally divided into head, trunk, and extremities; the head gives a secure lodgment to the brain,—it contains also the organs of the senses, and communicates with the trunk by means of a canal formed in a series of bones which contains the spinal marrow. The trunk we find divided into two cavities, by means of a muscular membrane, stretched across rather above the centre; the upper and smaller cavity contains the most important organs, and therefore we find this part of the trunk guarded by a beautiful frame-work of bone—the parts composing this admirable defence are called the ribs, and they enclose the lungs, the organs of respiration, and the heart; the receptacle and chief circulator of the blood—this cavity is the chest. The lower cavity which is also the larger of the two, contains within its limits the organs which affect the process called digestion, also those glands which eliminate from the blood parts that are no longer useful, but require removal from the body; here also is contained a portion of the system designed for the reproduction of the individual. The name given to this portion of the trunk is the abdomen, from a word which signifies to *hide*, because the parts are hidden within its cavity. The limbs are attached to the trunk, these are the organs of motion, and by their means food is obtained for the sustenance of life. Upon inspecting the head and trunk, a line or suture may be traced dividing them into two symmetrical parts laterally, and on either side of this central line the same parts occur,—in some places this dividing suture is very perceptible,—and an internal corresponding line of division may be traced:—the limbs occur in pairs on either side of this suture,—this is not a fanciful division—for at an early period the body seems formed of two similar lateral portions, which afterwards become united,—and if the bones of the head and vertebrae are examined before they become fully ossified, they are easily separable into these constituent portions.

The growth or rather the formation of an inorganic mass proceeds from the centre towards the circumference,—crystals of salts, for instance, commence with a small regularly formed particle called the nucleus,—and upon this layer after layer is deposited, the final shape being of course determined by the manner in which these successive layers are deposited; and though not altogether relevant, I may mention here, that these depositions appear to be governed by peculiar laws, and each salt or crystallizable material assumes a regular and uniform shape, so that the nature of such material may be predicated by viewing its mode of crystallizing;—but to resume our consideration of the mode of growth of organized beings,—in these, the external frame is traceable simultaneously with the formation of the parts to be contained within it,—in the germ, therefore, the rudiments of each part is contained,—their shape is not governed by any physical laws, neither are these concerned in the future additions to their bulk,—they seem to increase directly opposite to the method above detailed as that observed in the process of crystallization; for here it proceeds from the circumference to the centre. In vegetables, too, this remark may be exemplified,—for in them the addition of new matter takes place on the inner surface of the bark,—and as the tree increases in bulk this is pushed outward; and when too unyielding to obey readily, the force within cracks it, and hence the rough and fissured appearance presented by the covering of the forest veterans. Being now acquainted with the structure of the body, let us proceed to the examination of its composition. The "Temple of the Soul," then, is composed of solids and fluids,—each of these are the result of the combination of certain constituent parts, which constituents may be again resolved into their elementary or ultimate particles:—all the solids were at one time in a state of solution,—having been secreted from the blood,—so that strictly speaking, we may view the body as formed from a fluid, which by the vital process is rendered solid. The solids may be considered as consisting of a series of tubes, permeated in every direction by the fluid portion of the system: they are the bones, the membranes, the arterial and venous tubes, etc. etc. The fluids contained in these are of three kinds: first, the blood, flowing as it were in a circle, or rather in two circles alternately:—secondly,

the fluids which have been eliminated from the blood by the various organs, as the bile, mucus, urine, saliva, etc.:—thirdly, those fluids which are prepared by the digestive apparatus from materials introduced into the system from without, by means of the mouth and esophagus,—these are termed chyle and lymph, and are intended to repair losses occasioned by the secretive process. These fluids, as it has already been remarked, are ever in motion so long as life lasts; old parts are constantly being removed, and new ones are as constantly being prepared to supply their place in the system, that is, while the healthy action of each part continues; but the moment the least aberration occurs, it constitutes the state called disease,—for instance, the old parts may by some derangement be removed more quickly than new are prepared, wasting must of course ensue; on the other hand, from a too great activity in some parts, the new matter may be supplied in larger quantities than the system can appropriate, and this would form the disease denominated a plethora, or fullness. This shows us how completely we are the creatures of circumstances,—it shows us, too, that "we are *fearfully and wonderfully made.*"

C\*\*\*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1839.

The Congress of the United States passed on the 3d. inst. "An Act giving to the President of the United States additional powers for the defence of the United States, in certain cases, against invasion; and for other purposes." This act authorizes the President in case of invasion, etc. to accept the services of fifty thousand volunteers, and also to call out the militia, *compelling* them to serve for a term not exceeding six months after their arrival at their place of rendezvous, in any one year, unless sooner discharged. For the purpose of executing the provisions of this act, the sum of ten millions of dollars is placed at the disposal of the President. Two sections of the act are as follow—

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, authorized to resist any attempt on the part of Great Britain to enforce by arms, her claim to exclusive jurisdiction over that part of the State of Maine which is in dispute between the United States and Great Britain; and for that purpose, to employ the naval and military forces of the United States and such portions of the militia as he may deem it advisable to call into service.

*Sect. 6. And be it further enacted,* That the sum of eight thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for outfit and salary of a special minister to Great Britain: *Provided,* That the President of the United States shall deem it expedient to appoint the same.

Without characterizing the former section of this act in the severe terms it merits, we choose rather to contrast it with a resolution passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts last year.

*Resolved,* That a resort to war, for the purpose of adjusting national disputes, is a practice derived from the barbarism of former ages, and is incompatible with the true spirit of Christianity, and at variance with the present state of civilisation throughout the world—and that while it is fraught with the most deplorable evils to mankind, moral, political, and physical, it rarely accomplishes the object for which it is gained."

A vote in favour of the congressional bestial force act would, we think, plant a thorn in the dying pillow of a good man, while to sanction the christian resolution above would be a source of gratification in that solemn hour "when the wave of life heaves to and fro."

The Legislative Council and House of Assembly of New Brunswick, have passed resolutions expressive of the most grateful satisfaction at "the noble and patriotic resolutions of the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, on the subject of the invasion of this province, by a foreign force."

According to accounts the bill for the defence of the United States was passed on the Lord's Day morning of the 3d. inst. The individuals who thus desecrated one of the institutions of heaven had better been on their knees in a christian assembly, praying for the spirit of love and peace. The spirit of war, however, tramples under foot all the commandments of heaven.

Resolutions have been introduced into the legislature of New York, fully approving the conduct of Maine, and pledging the State, if a resort to military force is found necessary, to make common cause with Maine.

AUGUSTA, March 2.—The latest intelligence from the disputed territory states that about 5000 men are under marching orders, besides the original force of the Land Agent, consisting of 700 more. Of the 5000, nearly or quite 2000 are by this time near the frontier, and the residue will reach the same points as soon as practicable. 6000 more have been detached, and will



be ordered forward, whenever the public emergency may seem to require it.

Our men were busily engaged on the Aroostook in building a Fort, near the residence of Fitzherbert, where our land agent and others were taken by the trespassers, about ten miles from the mouth of the river.

General Hodsdon had ordered two or three individuals into arrest for leaving the camp and crossing over the lines, to the house of a Mr. Jones, and they were to be tried by Court Martial.

A bill is before the Legislature providing for the raising a Division of Volunteers, to the number of 6000. This bill will doubtless pass both branches early next week. Volunteers will be cheerfully received from old Massachusetts, and by the provisions of this bill, whenever whole companies volunteer with their own officers, those officers will be commissioned by the Governor and retain their command.

The Militia Drafts, for actual service, marched into Barracks on Thursday last. They were accompanied down by a large number of citizens, and were repeatedly cheered on their way.

Energetic military preparations for the emergency are making in the Province. Troops, arms, ammunition and provisions are daily being forwarded to the upper country.—*St. John Courier.*

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* has the following temperate observations on the Border contest:

"We agree with several of our contemporaries in regretting these recent occurrences, although we entertain a strong hope that by more prudent counsels hereafter, the mischief they portend may be averted. We think the Government of Maine was wrong in taking measures of force against the trespassers. The duty assumed by that State belongs to the General Government, and to the General Government it should have been left. It is very questionable also whether the government of Maine, or that of the United States, had any right to send a force into the disputed territory—at least without the concurrence and co-operation of New Brunswick or Great Britain. It was the interest of both parties to prevent depredations and trespasses on the timber; and we cannot but think that it would have been more courteous, as well as more politic, in the government of Maine, before resorting to force, to communicate with the authorities of New Brunswick in the matter."

**PRIVATE WAR.**—A duel has been fought at Sandwich, U. C. between W. R. Wood Esq. Treasurer of the Western District, and Colonel Prince. The former gentleman received the ball of his antagonist in the cheek, and the *Brantford Sentinel* states that Mr. Wood was probably dead at the time of publication. Consistency is a rare virtue, and hence many persons are to be found who believe in the expediency of public wars, and yet deny the propriety of private ones. We should like to know on what principles a man can reprobate duelling, and yet defend national wars. We should like to see the reasons which apply to the one case and not the other. Here are Bulwer's (the great novelist) ideas on duelling—"There are some cases in which human nature and its deep wrongs will be ever stronger than the world and its philosophy. Duels and wars belong to the same principle; both are sinful on light grounds and poor pretexts. But it is not sinful for a soldier to defend his country from invasion, nor for a man, with a man's heart, to vindicate truth and honor with his life. The robber that asks me for money, I am allowed to shoot. Is the robber that tears from me treasures never to be replaced to go free?" Again: "As in revolutions all law is suspended, so are there stormy events and mighty injuries in life, which are as revolutions to individuals." It follows, of course, that a revolution may take place 'in the little kingdom man,' whenever his majesty sees fit. It is unnecessary to show up the monstrosity of such politics, and of that morality which, guided alone by worldly philosophy, makes it sometimes sinful, and sometimes not, to take the life of a fellow being.

**MONUMENTAL.** A handsome monument has been erected over the grave of the late Lieut. Weir of the 32d regiment, at Montreal. It bears the following inscription:—"Beneath this stone, are deposited the remains of George Weir, Esq., of Kames, in Berwickshire, Scotland, late Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 32d, or Cornwall Regiment, aged 29 years, who was barbarously murdered at St. Denis, Lower Canada, on the 23d Nov., 1837."

Another monument, in memory of Lieut. Weir, is in the course of being finished, by the celebrated statuary, Mr. Westmacott, of London. It consists of a sarcophagus, is a small relief of a mourner at the soldier's grave; and over the sarcophagus, a drooping flag, with the number of the regiment marked on it. The whole of this will be executed in the best statuary of white marble; and measuring about five feet six or eight inches in height, by three feet two inches in width.

**THE CANADIAN FRONTIER.**—The Philadelphia Ledger of Monday says: Gen. Scott arrived in this city on Saturday, on his way to Washington, to confer with the President, upon the difficul-

ties on the Canadian frontier. He represents the people as in a high state of exasperation; saying that the feeling once confined to a few lawless persons on both sides, is now pervading the whole population, and that if 20,000 men more were wanted for a Canadian invasion, they could be collected in one hour.

One company of the 23d Fusiliers proceeded to Annapolis on Tuesday morning. About forty sleighs were volunteered to assist them on their journey as far as Hamilton's on the Windsor Road.

Accounts were received here on Friday last, of the Elizabeth, Transport, from hence, bound to St. John, N. B. with a detachment of the 69th Regt. having struck on some rocks near Shelburne, and of being towed into that Port in a very leaky state. From an apprehension that the troops might suffer from the want of provisions, the Lady Ogle, Mail-Boat, belonging to Messrs. Cunard, was immediately ordered thither with a supply. She returned on Monday, and brought the gratifying information that the Troops were in want of nothing, and were comfortably billeted upon the inhabitants.

On Sunday the Crocodile arrived off the harbour, when orders were sent down to her to proceed at once to Shelburne, take in the Troops, and convey them to St. John.—*Gazette.*

The fascinating science of Entomology was resumed by Dr. Creed at the last meeting of the Institute. Natural History presents to the inquirer a region as boundless as the universe, and as diversified in character as the physical operations of the Deity; but this is too vast in extent, and too thickly crowded with organic form and being, to be thoroughly explored and comprehended by any finite mind. There are provinces of this region, however, which are easy of access, and in which our enquiries may, in many instances, be prosecuted without any material sacrifice of either time or expence. This is especially the case with the science of insects. The insect tribes, which so thickly people the earth, the waters, and the air, and show the profusion of the Creator in the gift of animation, their diversified and exquisite mechanism, their intuitive economy, and the purposes they were ordained to answer, are calculated to inspire us with wonder and admiration. St. Pierre, in his *Studies of Nature*, relates the following account—"One day in summer, while busied in the arrangement of some observations which I had made, respecting the harmonies discoverable in this globe of ours, I perceived on a strawberry plant, accidentally placed in my window, some small winged insects, so very beautiful that I took a fancy to describe them. Next day a different sort appeared, which I proceeded likewise to describe. In the course of three weeks, no less than thirty-seven species, totally distinct, had visited my strawberry plant: at length they came in such crowds, and presented such variety; that I was constrained to relinquish the amusement for want of leisure, and to say the truth, for want of expression." Specimens of upwards of 44,000 species of insects are to be seen in the magnificent collections in the Museum of Natural History at Paris. Kirby and Spence have the following just remark:—"We neglect actions in minute animals, which in the larger would excite our endless admiration. How would the world crowd to see a fox which should spin ropes, weave them into an accurately meshed net, and extend this net between two trees, for the purpose of entangling a flight of birds! Or should we think we had ever expressed sufficient wonder at seeing a fish, which obtained its prey by a similar contrivance? Yet there would in reality be nothing more marvellous in their procedure, than in those spiders, which, indeed, the minuteness of the agent renders more wonderful." As we listened to the late attractive lectures, abounding as they did with so many interesting facts concerning insects, we felt somewhat ashamed, that we had not paid more attention to these beautiful little specimens of our Creator's skill—"nature's favourite productions; to which she has given the most delicate touch and highest finish of her pencil." A great number of drawings illustrative of the different classes of insects—their anatomy, eggs, transformations, etc. were exhibited at the meeting. The Institute are greatly indebted to the lecturer for the time and expence required in the sketching of so many figures for their gratification. Lecture for next Wednesday, ON THE BONES OF THE HUMAN BODY, by THOMAS TAYLOR.

An article headed "Defensive War impartially considered," on our third page, we commend to the attention of men of sense and reason. We wish it to be distinctly understood, once for all, that our Journal is open to the free discussion of all topics of general and permanent interest by any one who can write with spirit, ability, and earnestness, in good temper and in good taste. We shall not refuse to insert a piece from any one of our intelligent readers because it may contain views diametrically opposite to our own on the subject of war. That miserable littleness of soul which would permit but one side of a question to appear in the columns of a periodical, we trust we do not possess.

[The annexed communication was intended for the Novascotian of yesterday, by the Secretary of the Institute, but was forgotten.]  
**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—Mr. C. Creed, Surgeon, continued

on Entomology, last Wednesday evening. The lecture contained a great quantity of highly interesting facts, and was well illustrated by a number of neatly coloured drawings. The lecture and the conversation which followed exhibited the Lecturer's intimate acquaintance with his subject. The Rev. T. Taylor will lecture next Wednesday evening,—subject, the Bones of the human body.—*Com.*

## DIED,

Last evening, in the 72d year of her age, Alice, relict of the late Robert Richardson. Funeral will take place at half past 1 o'clock, on Sunday next, from H. M. Custom House, where the friends of the family are respectfully requested to attend.

Drowned, on the 15th Feb. in crossing Shubenacadie River, Alexander Philips, aged 8 years.

## SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

## ARRIVED.

Saturday 9th—Brigt Hilgrove, Bell, Ponce, 18 days, sugar etc. to Sault & Wainwright; shifted cargo 1st inst. lat 24, 20 long 65, in a N. W. gale.

Sunday 10th—Schr Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 1 day; H. M. Frigate Crocodile, St. John, 68 hours, and sailed again for Shelburne; Mailboat Brig Velocity, Healey, Boston, 3 days; Schooners Endeavour, Liverpool, N. S., 12 hours, flour; Hercules, Crow, Bermuda, 11 days, ballast, to Master.

Monday 11th—Lady Ogle, Stairs, Shelburne, 12 hours.

Tuesday 12th—Brig Henrietta, Clements, Matanzas, 15 days, molasses to G. P. Lawson.

Wednesday 13th—Schr. Armide, Hopkins, Barrington, 3 days, Ballast.

Thursday 14th—brig Dee, Rees, Liverpool, N. S. 10 hours; brig. Junith, Kelly, Yarmouth, 1 day; Am. brig Wm. Penn, Taylor, Philadelphia, 8 days, flour, W. Pryor & Sons.

## REAL ESTATE.

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

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

THOMAS LINNARD,  
Windsor, Feb. 8, Sole Administrator.

## ANNUALS FOR 1839.

A. & W. MACKINLAY have received per the Clie, 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 Pettley'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. 4v March 6.

## JUST PUBLISHED,

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

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

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

## ASK YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT CHINA, OR EARTHENWARE.

THE Subscriber has removed his China and Earthenware establishment to the new store at the north corner of the Ordnance, head of Marchington's Wharf, where in addition to his present stock, he has received per barque Tory's Wife, from Liverpool, a general Assortment of Earthenware, etc. consisting of,

CHINA TEA SETS, Dinner Services—of newest shapes and patterns, Tea, Breakfast, and Toilet Sets, and a general assortment of Common ware, which will be sold wholesale and retail at low prices.

## —A L S O—

40 Crates of assorted Common Ware, put up for Country Merchants, BERNARD O'NEIL, February 1.

## EDWARD LAWSON,

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

50 hds Porto Rico SUGAR,  
200 barrels TAR,  
30 Tierces Carolina RICE,  
50 bags Putra RICE,  
200 firkins BUTTER,  
10 puns Rum, 10 hds Gin,  
10 hds BRANDY,  
10 hds and 30 qr. casks Sherry WINE.

January 18, 1839.

## LATELY PUBLISHED.

AND for Sale at the Book Stores of Mr. Belcher, and Messrs. McKinlay, The HARMONICON, a collection of Church Music. Price 6s. February 24.



## A TALE OF ERRATA.

(HOSTESS LOQUITUR.)

Well! thanks be to Heaven,  
The summer is given;  
It's only gone seven,  
And should have been six;  
There's fine overdoing  
In roasting and stewing  
And victuals past chewing  
To rags and to sticks!

How dreadfully chilly!  
I shake, willy-nilly,  
That John is so silly  
And never will learn!  
This plate is a cold one,  
That cloth is an old one,  
I wish they had told one  
The lamp wouldn't burn.

Now then for some blunder  
For nerves to sink under.  
I never shall wonder  
Whatever goes ill!  
That fish is a riddle.  
It's broke in the middle.  
A turbot! a fiddle!  
It's only a Brill!

It's quite over-boiled too,  
The butter is oil'd too,  
The soup is all spoil'd too,  
It's nothing but slop.  
The smelts looking flabby,  
The solos are as dabby,  
It all is so shabby  
That Cook shall not stop!

As sure as the morning,  
She got's a month's warning,  
My orders for scorning—  
There's nothing to eat!  
I hear such a rushing,  
I feel such a flushing,  
I know I am blushing  
As red as a beet!

Friends flatter and flatter,  
I wish they would chatter;  
What can be the matter  
That nothing comes next?  
How very unpleasant!  
Oh! there is the pleasant!  
Not wanted at present—  
I'm born to be vext!

The pudding brought on too  
And aiming at ton too!  
And where is that John too,  
The plague that he is?  
He's off on some ramble,  
And there is Miss Campbell  
Enjoying the scramble,  
Detestable Quiz!

The veal they all eye it,  
But no one will try it.  
An Ogre would shy it,  
So ruddy as that!  
And as for the mutton,  
The cold dish it's put on,  
Converts to a button  
Each drop of the fat.

The beef without mustard!  
My fate's to be fluster'd,  
And there comes the custard  
To eat with the hare!  
Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,  
Such waiting and dishing,  
I cannot help wishing  
A woman might swear.

Well, where is the curry?  
I'm all in a flurry,  
No, cook's in no hurry,  
A stoppage again!  
And John makes it wider,  
A pretty provider!  
By bringing up cider  
Instead of champagne!

My troubles come faster,  
There's my lord and master,  
Detects each disaster,  
And hardly can sit.  
He cannot help seeing,  
All things disagreeing,  
If he begins swearing  
I'm off in a fit!

This cooking?—it's messing!  
The spinach wants pressing,  
And salads in dressing  
Are best with good eggs.  
And John—yes, already—  
Has had something heady,  
That makes him unsteady  
In keeping his legs.

How shall I get through it!  
I never can do it,  
I'm quite looking to it,  
To sink by and by.  
Oh! would I were dead now,  
Or up in my bed now,  
To cover my head now  
And have a good cry!

Comic Almanack for 1839.

## CAPTURE OF A SMUGGLER.

"A large mandarin-boat was seen one afternoon passing down the river, beyond the first bar, and then entering and taking up its station in one of the numerous little inlets which abound in that neighbourhood. In a few minutes it was perfectly at rest, the yellow sails were taken in and furled, and all that was then to be seen of it over the puddy, were the slender sticks with little balls on the top, and which were hardly to be distinguished from the tall reeds, which were growing at the edge of the water.

"It had scarcely taken up its position, before the faint creaking sound of an approaching smuggler was to be heard in the distance. By the time it approached the open-entrance of the little inlet, the mandarins were ready to receive it, and issued forth just at the moment it was passing. The centipede must, at that moment, have had the other firmly hooked on to it, if the spare hands on board had not used the long bamboos, and by their means prevented the two boats coming in contact. These long spears were pushed out to their full length, and then applied to the bows of the other vessel, while, at the same time, all the other men worked with desperation at the oars; so that in a few minutes, notwithstanding the most violent exertions of the mandarin's party, the smugglers kept clear, and were soon a boat's length a-head of their enemies.

"Then the chase began. The screams and yells of the smugglers were mixed with the rickety sound of their vessel, and the orders and cries of the mandarins behind them. Every now and then the long ornamented gun was turned upon its swivel, and the loud report reverberated across the country, as it was discharged against the chase, but with little effect: the shot were generally seen dancing along the water, wide of the mark, resembling the stone thrown by the boy, in making what he calls 'ducks and drakes.'

"Although the most violent efforts were made by the other party, it was soon evident that the smuggler was walking away from his pursuers. The brown machine, with its hundred feet, was seen a-head, while the gaudy boat, with its white oars, followed, fulminating forth its ineffective missiles, by which it was enveloped at each discharge in a cloud of blue-gray, curling smoke.

"After leading the way through many intricate channels, and dodging in and out, to cut off a corner, the smuggler appeared as if he would very soon be out of all danger of being taken; when suddenly, another mandarin-boat was seen issuing from a little creek right a-head, and thus completely cutting off all hopes of getting away without a scuffle. The stream was at this place so narrow, that it was impossible to pass by the one a-head without coming into contact; while the one behind, now coming up very fast, prevented them making an honourable retreat. It is thus, sometimes, in the streets of London, when a thief is congratulating himself upon leaving far behind the hue and cry of his pursuers, upon suddenly turning the corner he runs into the arms of a policeman.

"Thus completely blockaded, the smugglers determined to stand at bay, and make a vigorous resistance. All the oars were laid aside, but placed ready for instant use, and every man seized a bamboo pike and awaited the attack with great determination. They then resembled a nest of demons, chattering and yelling out their notes of defiance. As the mandarins cautiously approached, the white oars were laid back, the spears were taken up, and the savage features on the shields were displayed in the faces of the resisting vagabonds. In a short time the poor devoted bark had its two enemies on its quarters, and the whole multitude were engaged in a desperate struggle.

"It appeared to be the object of the mandarins to board, and thus fight hand to hand, while the object which the others wished to attain, was to keep their enemies' boats off with their spears, until they could have a fair opportunity to get another run for their lives. The different manner of engaging, by each party, was very apparent during the conflict, and showed the decision and vigour which fighting in a good cause will give to the weakest combatant, while the arm of the strongest is paralysed, and its powers withheld by the still, small voice of conscience. The mandarins rushed to the attack without hesitation, and laid about them in right good earnest with their swords and pikes, frequently cutting and wounding in a dreadful manner; but the smugglers appeared to act merely on the defensive, and although slight wounds were occasionally inflicted with their spears, yet it was evident that their great aim was to keep the mandarin's boats at a distance.

"The unequal contest lasted for a longer time than might be imagined, but it was soon evident in whose favour it would terminate. The gaudy vessels were soon alongside, and the gay caps

of the mandarins were soon intermixed with the bald heads of the illicit traders. The struggle was then soon over. Many of the defeated jumped overboard, and as they struggled in the waters to gain the shore, formed excellent marks for the spears and javelins of the conquerors. The great mass of them, however, were seized before they could try this doubtful chance of escape. The long pigtail served instead of the coat collar of our part of the world, and when twisted two or three times round the hand, formed a handle with which the owner could be moved at pleasure.

"The men were thrown down at the bottom of the boat, and then securely lashed and fastened. In a short time, the din and hubbub of so many voices were over, and the mandarin's boats were seen leading away in triumph their silent and crest-fallen captives."—*Fainqui in China.*

THE PRAYER OF ONIAS.—While Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, two brothers, were contending for the government of Judea, the Jews were divided into parties. Hyrcanus resorted for aid to Aretus, the King of Arabia. Aretus having come into Judea, and being aided by the Jews, who were in favour of Hyrcanus, he besieged Jerusalem, in which was Aristobulus and the Jewish Priests.

"Now there was one," says Josephus, "whose name was Onias, a righteous man, and beloved of God, who in a certain drought had prayed to God to put an end to the intense heat, and whose prayers God had heard, and sent them rain. This man had hid himself, because he saw that this sedition would last long. However, they brought him to the Jewish camp and desired that, as by his prayers he had once put an end to the drought, so he would in like manner make imprecations on Aristobulus and those of his faction. And when, upon his refusal and the excuses he made, he was still by the multitude compelled to speak, he stood up in the midst of them and said—

"O God, the king of the whole world! since those that stand now with me are thy people, and those that are besieged are also thy priests, I beseech thee that thou wilt neither hearken to the prayers of those against these, nor bring to effect what these pray against those."

Such was the prayer of this good man, while two armies of deluded brethren were wishing and preparing to shed each others' blood. "Whereupon such wicked Jews as stood about him, as soon as he had made this prayer, stoned him to death."

In the prayer of Onias and in the conduct of his murderers, we have the spirit of peace and the spirit of war exhibited in contrast. The man of peace cannot pray that either of two parties at war may be enabled to destroy or injure the other; but he will pray that each party may be saved from the guilt of shedding blood. On the other hand, the spirit of war leads men to thirst for blood—not only the blood of enemies, but the blood of friends who endeavour to dissuade them from the work of revenge and murder. Because Onias prayed that neither of the armies might be suffered to injure the other, he was deemed an enemy, and deserving of death. Such is the blindness and malignity of that spirit which men are at so much expense to cherish in every Christian nation.

The process of tickling to death, of which we have before had an instance, has been recently renewed at Brignolles, in the Var, where a man named Reboul, applied it to his second wife. It appears that after seizing her with one hand, he with the other tickled her violently at the bottom of the feet, and on the knees and ribs, until he threw her into a high state of irritation, and then held her with her head downwards and her feet in the air, with the intent of producing a congestion of the brain. This he has done several times, but upon the last occasion she was saved by the coming of her neighbours, who were attracted by her cries. Reboul was taken into custody, and it is suspected that he got rid of his first wife by this means, as he had previous to this attempt told his present wife that he knew how to dispose of any person without compromising himself.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

## THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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

## AGENTS.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewell, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Sackville, Joseph Allison, and
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.	Fredericton, J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	Fredericton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bedell, Jr. Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Parrsboro', C. E. Hatchford, Esq.	Chatham, James Cate, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	Carleton, &c., Jos. Mengher, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. W. J. Anderson.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree &
Antigonish R. N. Henry, Esq.	Chipman.

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