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COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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NUMBER TWO.

THE GUITAR.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Sing me the air he used to love so well;
But, softly, sister,—let its tunes come stealing.
That echo wake not—gently weave the spell.
To mournful memories of the past appearing.

Nay, that's too lively—sing in sadder strain.
Like the lone bird, that 'neath night's planet holy
(Methinks there's human passion in her pain)
Pours forth her soul in richest melancholy.

Oh! didst thou love—and he was far away—
Thy heart's one thought, one life, one hope, one sorrow—
Thy voice had sweeter been, but far less gay,
For music pensive tones from love doth borrow.

Genius of Beauty for 1839.

From Mrs. Jameson's Winter Studies, etc.

NOTES ON CANADA.

These studies and rambles were made in the course of the years 1836 and 1837, in Canada—a country which now in a peculiar manner occupies the attention of the public. It seems to be quite certain that the questions there at issue, as also the real condition of the country, have been misunderstood by all parties in England, not excepting those statesmen who have legislated for the important colony, or rather conquest and colonies. At this moment anything tending to throw light on the great question will be received with avidity. Although Mrs. Jameson does not profess to take up the pen of a politician, her keen faculty of discernment, her good sense, and the opportunity she enjoyed (more particularly in Upper Canada) of collecting information from the best authorities, and of seeing the true bearing of things with her own eyes, have all led to the writing of many pages, which may be considered as valuable contributions to political knowledge. We cannot too much commend her candour and impartiality. She is of no party, but anxious for the good of all. We should, however, do an injustice to this graceful book, by suggesting the notion that its prominent merit was of this temporary kind. Nor should we be much more correct or fair, if we induced the reader to fancy that it is a mere book of travels, devoted to the description of the country, manners, and peculiarities, and nothing else; for though these are descriptions of these kinds in abundance—all hit off with a most lively and happy pencil—they comprise but a part of the work, being mixed and varied with numerous sketches and essays of a totally different kind. In some of these essays the fair and tasteful author exhibits powers of criticism of the highest order—imaginative and essentially poetical. The fine arts, poetry, the drama,—chiefly German poetry and the German drama, are favourite subjects, upon which she discourses not only feelingly and originally, but wisely. There are several things worthy of the author of the "Characteristics of Women," and of that author as improved by earnest and devout study. We believe there is scarcely a living hand, except that hand which drew the delicious analyses of Shakspeare's female characters, that could have written the criticisms upon the "Correggio" of Oehlenschläger and "Die Schuld" of Mullner, which occur at an early part of the first volume of "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles." Mrs. Jameson suggests that Coleridge must have had Mullner's tragedy in his mind when he wrote his "Remorse." There can be no doubt of it, though probably Coleridge was hardly aware of it himself.

At present we have to introduce our author as a traveller. Few ladies, and not many gentlemen, have had so much enterprise and courage. In the heart of the severe winter of 1836-7 she set off in a sleigh to visit the Falls of Niagara, Toronto being her starting-place. The whole of this journey is most admirably described, but we have only room for portions of it. The following adventure occurred between Stony Creek (a village celebrated as the scene of the bloodiest battle fought between the English and Americans during the last blundering and deplorable war) and the town of Beamsville.

AN ADVENTURE.

"It was now dark and the snow falling thick, it soon became impossible to distinguish the sleigh-track. Mr. Campbell loosened the reins and left the horses to their own instinct, assuring me it was the safest way of proceeding. After this I remember no more distinctly, except that I ceased to hear the ever-jingling sleigh-bells. I awoke, as if from the influence of nightmare, to find the sleigh overturned, myself lying in the bottom of it half-smothered, and my companions nowhere to be seen;—they were floundering in the snow behind.

"Luckily, when we had stretched ourselves and shaken off the snow, we were found unhurt in life and limb. We had fallen down a bank into the bed of a rivulet, or a mill-race, I believe, which, being filled up with snow, was quite as soft, only a little colder, than a down-bed. Frightened I was, bewildered rather, but, 'effective' in a moment. It was impossible for the gentlemen to leave the horses, which were plunging furiously up to the shoulders in the snow, and had already broken the sleigh; so I set off to seek assistance, having received proper directions. Fortunately we were not far from Beamsville. My beacon-light was to be the chimney of a forge, from which the bright sparks were streaming up into the dark wintry air, visible from a great distance. After scrambling through many a snow-drift, up hill and down hill, I at last reached the forge, where a man was hammering armain at a ploughshare; such was the din, that I called for some time unheard; at last, as I advanced into the red light of the fire, the man's eyes fell upon me, and I shall never forget his look as he stood poised his hammer, with the most comical expression, of bewildered amazement. I could not get an answer from him; he opened his mouth and repeated *aw!* staring at me, but without speaking or moving. I turned away in despair, yet half laughing, and after some more scrambling up and down, I found myself in the village, and was directed to the inn. Assistance was immediately sent off to my friends, and in a few minutes the supper-table was spread, a pile of logs higher than myself blazing away in the chimney; venison-steaks, and fried fish, coffee, hot cakes, cheese, and whisky-punch, (the traveller's fare in Canada,) were soon smoking on the table; our landlady presided, and the evening passed merrily away.

"The old landlady of this inn amused me exceedingly; she had passed all her life among her equals in station and education, and had no idea of any distinction between guests and customers; and while caressing and attending on me, like an old mother or an old nurse, gave me her history, and that of all her kith and kin. Forty years before, her husband had emigrated, and built an hovel, and made a little clearing on the edge of the lake. At that time there was no other habitation within many miles of them, and they passed several years in absolute solitude. They have now three farms, some hundred acres of land, and have brought up nine sons and daughters, most of whom are married, and settled on lands of their own. She gave me a horrid picture of the prevalence of drunkenness, the vice and the curse of this country."

Mrs. Jameson thinks that the *dearness* of books and the *cheapness* of whisky are the great curses of all the Canadas. The scenes of inebriety she continually meets are shocking. *There*, she says,

"Men learn to drink, who never drank before;
And those who always drank, now drink the more."

Government has done its best to encourage the fatal propensity. There is a duty of thirty per cent. on books imported from the United States, and the expense on books imported from England adds at least one-third to their price; but there is no duty on whisky. But worse than this—*there are hardly any schools!* Hear this, ye self-complacent legislators and perfectibilians, who boast so loudly that the schoolmaster is abroad! But we are now within hearing of the roar of the mighty cataract.

CATARACTS OF NIAGARA.

"Well! I have seen these Cataracts of Niagara, which have thundered in my mind's ear ever since I can remember—which have been my childhood's thought, my youth's desire, since first my imagination was awakened to wonder and to wish. I have beheld them, and shall I whisper to you?—but, O tell it not among the Philistines!—I wish I had not! I wish they were still a thing unbeheld—a thing to be imagined, hoped, and anticipated—something to live for;—the reality has displaced from my mind an illusion far more magnificent than itself—I have no words for my utter disappointment: yet I have not the presumption to suppose that all I have heard and read of Niagara is false or exaggerated—that every expression of astonishment, enthusiasm, rapture, is affectation of hyperbole. No! it must be my own fault. Termini, and some of the Swiss cataracts leaping from their mountains, have affected me a thousand times more than all the immensity of Niagara. O I could beat myself! and now there is no help!—the first moment, the first impression is over—is lost; though I should live a thousand years, long as Niagara itself shall roll, I can never see it again for the first time. Something is gone that cannot be restored. What has come over my soul and senses?—I am no longer Anna—I am metamorphosed—I am translated—I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's bank, a stock, a stone, a petrification,—for have I not

seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders; and felt—no words can tell *what* disappointment!

"But, to take things in order: we set off for the falls yesterday morning, with the intention of spending the day there, sleeping, and returning the next day to Niagara. The distance is fourteen miles, by a road winding along the banks of the Niagara river, and over the Queenston heights;—and beautiful must this land be in summer, since even now it is beautiful. The flower garden, the trim shrubbery, the lawn, the meadow with its hedgerows, when frozen up and wrapt in snow, always give me the idea of something not only desolate but dead: Nature is the ghost of herself, and trails a spectral pall; I always feel a kind of pity—a touch of melancholy—when at this season I have wandered among withered shrubs and buried flower-beds; but here, in the wilderness, where Nature is wholly independent of Art, she does not die, nor yet mourn; she lies down to rest on the bosom of Winter, and the aged one folds her in his robe of ermine and jewels, and rocks her with his hurricanes, and hushes her to sleep. How still it was! how calm, how vast the glittering white waste and the dark purple forests! The sun shone out and the sky was without a cloud; yet we saw few people, and for many miles the hissing of our sleigh, as we flew along upon our dazzling path, and the tinkling of the sleigh-bells, were the only sounds we heard. When we were within four or five miles of the Falls, I stopped the sleigh from time to time to listen for the roar of the cataracts, but the state of the atmosphere was not favourable for the transmission of sound, and the silence was unbroken.

"Such was the deep, monotonous tranquillity which prevailed on every side—so exquisitely pure and vestal-like the robe in which all Nature lay slumbering around us, I could scarce believe that this whole frontier district is not only remarkable for the prevalence of vice—but of dark and desperate crime."

"My imagination had been so impressed by the vast height of the Falls, that I was constantly looking in an upward direction, when, as we came to the brow of a hill, my companion suddenly checked the horses and exclaimed 'The Falls!'

"I was not, for an instant, aware of their presence; we were yet at a distance, looking down upon them; and I saw at one glance a *flat extensive plain*; the sun having withdrawn its beams for a moment there was neither light, nor shade, nor colour. In the midst were seen the two great cataracts, but merely as a feature in the wide landscape. The sound was by no means overpowering, and the clouds of spray, which Fanny Butler called so beautifully the 'everlasting incense of the waters,' now condensed ere they rose by the excessive cold, fell round the base of the cataracts in fleecy folds, just concealing that furious embrace of the waters above and the waters below. All the associations which in imagination I had gathered round the scene, its appalling terror, its soul-subduing beauty, power and height, and velocity and immensity, were all diminished in effect, or wholly lost."

"I was quite silent—my very soul sank within me. On seeing my disappointment (written, I suppose, most legibly in my countenance) my companion began to comfort me, by telling me of all those who had been disappointed on the first view of Niagara, and had confessed it. I *did* confess; but I was not to be comforted. We held on our way to the Clifton hotel, at the foot of the hill; most desolate it looked with its summer verandahs and open balconies cumbered up with snow, and hung round with icicles—its forlorn, empty rooms, broken windows, and dusty dinner tables. The poor people who kept the house in winter had gathered themselves for warmth and comfort into a little kitchen, and when we made our appearance, stared at us with a blank amazement, which showed what a rare thing was the sight of a visiter at this season."

"We now prepared to walk to the Crescent fall, and I bound some crampons to my feet, like those they use among the Alps, without which I could not for a moment have kept my footing on the frozen surface of the snow. As we approached the Table Rock, the whole scene assumed a wild and wonderful magnificence; down came the dark-green waters, hurrying with them over the edge of the precipice enormous blocks of ice brought down from Lake Erie. On each side of the Falls, from the ledges and overhanging cliffs, were suspended huge icicles, some twenty, some thirty feet in length, thicker than the body of a man, and in colour of a paly green, like the glaciers of the Alps; and all the crags below, which projected from the boiling eddying waters, were encrusted, and in a manner built round with ice, which had formed into immense crystals, like basaltic columns such as I have seen in the pictures of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway; and every tree, and leaf, and branch, fringing the rocks and ravines,

was wrought in ice. On them and on the wooden buildings erected near the Table Rock, the spray from the cataract had accumulated and formed into the most beautiful crystals and tracery work; they looked like houses of glass, melted and moulded into regular and ornamental shapes, and hung round with a rich fringe of icy points. Wherever we stood we were on unsafe ground, for the snow, when heaped up as now to the height of three or four feet, frequently slipped in masses from the bare rock, and on its surface the spray, for ever falling, was converted into a sheet of ice, smooth, compact, and glassy, on which I could not have stood a moment without my *crampons*. It was very fearful, and yet I could not tear myself away, but remained on the Table Rock, even on the very edge of it, till a kind of dreamy fascination came over me; the continuous thunder, and might and movement of the lapsing waters, held all my vital spirits bound up as by a spell. Then as at last I turned away, the descending sun broke out, and an Iris appeared below the American Fall, one extremity resting on a snow mound; and motionless there it hung in the midst of restless terrors, its beautiful but rather pale hues contrasting with the death-like colourless objects around; it reminded me of the faint ethereal smile of a dying martyr."

But far more adventurous than this winter journey to Niagara, and in every way more novel and interesting, is a journey which Mrs. Jameson made at the later period to Lake Huron and the Sault Ste. Marie, or the Falls of St. Mary, in the course of which she sojourned among the wild Indian tribes, a solitary wanderer, with scarcely any other protection than her own good sense and good-nature. This part of her work is very exciting—it is like a chapter out of the book of some old traveller! From Detroit, where she suffered severely in health, Mrs. Jameson proceeded in a magnificent United States steamer to the lovely and lonely little island of Mackinaw, on Lake Huron, a place which she has painted in such charming colours, and made interesting by so many little incidents, that we are quite certain we shall dream of it in our pleasantest dreams. Here she was amongst the natives, and besides herself there were only some dozen of civilised beings on the island. While at Mackinaw, our traveller was favoured with the sight of an Indian Dance.

AN INDIAN DANCE.

"In the afternoon, Mr. Johnston informed me that the Indians were preparing to dance, for my particular amusement. I was, of course, most thankful and delighted. Almost in the same moment, I heard their yells and shrieks resounding along the shore, mingled with the measured monotonous drum. We had taken our place on an elevated platform behind the house—a kind of little lawn on the hill-side;—the precipitous rocks, clothed with trees and bushes, rose high like a wall above us: the glorious sunshine of a cloudless summer's day was over our heads—the dazzling blue lake and its islands at our feet. Soft and elysian in its beauty was all around. And when these wild and more than half-naked figures came up, leaping, whooping, drumming, shrieking, hideously painted, and flourishing clubs, tomahawks, javelins, it was like a masque of fiends breaking into paradise! The rabble of Comus might have boasted themselves comely in comparison, even though no self-deluding potion had bleared their eyes and intellect. It was a grotesque and horrible phantasmagoria. Of their style of clothing I say nothing—for, as it is wisely said, nothing can come of *nothing*:—only if 'all symbols be clothes,' according to our great modern philosopher—my Indian friends were as little symbolical as you can dare to imagine:—*passions par-la*. If the blankets and leggings were thrown aside, all the resources of the Indian toilette, all their store of feathers, and bears' claws, hawks' bills, vermilion, soot, and verdigris, were brought into requisition as decorations: and no two were alike. One man wore three or four heads of hair, composed of the manes and tails of animals; another wore a pair of deers' horns; and another was *coiffe* with the skin and feathers of a crane or some such bird—its long bill projecting from his forehead; another had the shell of a small turtle suspended from his back, and dangling behind; another used the skin of a polecat for the same purpose. One had painted his right leg with red bars, and his left leg with green lines: parti-coloured eyes and faces, green noses, and blue chins, or *vice versa*, were general. I observed that in this grotesque deformity, in the care with which everything like symmetry or harmony in form or colours was avoided, there was something evidently studied and artistical. The orchestra was composed of two drums and two rattles, and a chorus of voices. The song was without melody—a perpetual repetition of three or four notes, melancholy, harsh, and monotonous. A flag was stuck in the ground, and round this they began their dance—if dance it could be called—the movements consisting of the alternate raising of one foot, then the other, and swinging the body to and fro. Every now and then they paused, and sent forth that dreadful, prolonged, tremulous yell, which re-echoed from the cliffs, and pierced my ears and thrilled along my nerves. The whole exhibition was of that finished barbarism, that it was at least complete in its way, and for a time I looked on with curiosity and interest. But that innate loathing which dwells within me for all that is discordant and deformed, rendered it anything but pleasant to witness. It grated

horribly upon all my perceptions. In the midst, one of those odd and unaccountable transitions of thought caused by some mental or physical re-action—the law which brings extremes in contrast together, came across me. I was reminded that even on this very day last year, I was seated in a box at the opera, looking at Carlotta Grisi and Perrot dancing, or rather flying, through the galloppe in 'Benyowsky.' The oddity of this sudden association made me laugh, which being interpreted into the expression of my highest approbation, they became every moment more horribly ferocious and animated; redoubled the vigour of their detestably awkward movements and the shrillness of their savage yells, till I began involuntarily to look about for some means of escape—but this would have been absolutely rude, and I restrained myself.

"I should not forget to mention that the figures of most of the men were superb; more agile and elegant, however, than muscular—more fitted for the chase than for labour, with small and well-formed hands and feet. When the dance was ended, a young warrior, leaving the group, sat himself down on a little knoll to rest. His spear lay across his knees, and he reposed his head upon his hand. He was not painted, except with a little vermilion on his chest—and on his head he wore only the wing of the osprey; he sat there—a model for the sculptor. The perfection of his form, the graceful abandonment of his attitude, reminded me of a young Mercury, or of Thorwaldsen's 'Shepherd Boy.' I went up to speak to him, and thanked him for his exertions in the dance, which indeed had been conspicuous; and then, for want of something else to say, I asked him if he had a wife and children? The whole expression of his face suddenly changed, and with an air as tenderly coy as that of a young girl listening to the first whisper of a lover, he looked down and answered softly, 'Kah-ween!'—No, indeed! Feeling that I had for the first time embarrassed an Indian, I withdrew, really as much out of countenance as the youth himself. I did not ask him his name, for that were a violation of the Indian form of good breeding, but I learn that he is called *the Pouncing Hawk*—and a fine creature he is—like a blood horse or the Apollo; West's comparison of the Apollo Belvedere to a young Mohawk warrior has more of likelihood and reasonableness than I ever believed or acknowledged before.

"A keg of tobacco and a barrel of flour were given to them, and they dispersed as they came, drumming, and yelling, and leaping, and flourishing their clubs and war-hatchets."

We would fain follow our author to Sault Ste. Marie, and the borders of Lake Superior, and insert some of her adventures there; but we have already so far exceeded our prescribed limits, that we must conclude with one or two scattered fragments, especially as those delightful volumes will so speedily be in the hands of our readers.

CLERGY RESERVES AND NEGLECT OF EDUCATION.

"The House of Assembly is now sitting, and the question at present agitated is the appropriation of the clergy reserves—a question momentous to the future welfare of the colony, and interesting to every thinking mind. There are great differences of opinion, and a good deal of bitterness of spirit, prevailing on this subject, so often brought under discussion, and as yet unsettled. When Upper Canada was separated from the Lower Province (in 1791,) one-seventh part of the lands was set apart for the maintenance of the clergy, under the name of Clergy Reserves: and the Church of England, as being the church by law established, claimed the entire appropriation of these lands. The Roman Catholics, under the old conditions by which the maintenance of their church was provided for on the conquest of the colony, also put in their claim, as did the Presbyterians on account of their influence, and the Methodists on account of their number. The inhabitants, meantime, through the legislature, petitioned the government that the whole of the clergy reserves should be appropriated to the purposes of education, for which the funds already provided are wholly inadequate, and are ill managed besides—but of this hereafter. If the question had been left to be settled by the House of Assembly then sitting, the Radicals of 1832, there is no doubt that such would have been the destination of these reserves, which now consists of about two millions of acres out of fourteen millions, settled or in course of cultivation, and indefinitely increasing as more and more land is reckoned from the unmeasured, interminable forest. The government at home sent over to the legislature here a cession of the crown lands, and a recommendation to settle the whole question; but we have now a House of Assembly differently constituted from that of 1832, and the preponderance is altogether the other way. I am now aware that there exist three parties on this subject:—

"First, those who would appropriate the whole of these reserves solely to the maintenance of the Church of England. This is a small but zealous party—not so much insisting on their own claim, as on the absolute inconsistency and unrighteousness of allowing any other claim. The Church of England, as the archdeacon observed last night, being the only true church, as well as the church by law established, to maintain any other religion or form of religion at the expence of the state, is a manifest rebellion against both the *gospel* and the *law*.

"A second party represent that the Church of England consists of but a small number of the colonists; that as no profession of belief (quakerism excepted) can exclude a man from the provincial legislature, so each religion tolerated by the state should be by the state maintained. They exclaim against disuniting religion and education, and insist that the reserves should be divided in shares proportionate to the number of members of each church,—among the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Wesleyan Methodists, and Baptists. This party is numerous, but not unanimous. In hostility to the exclusive pretensions of the episcopal church they are agreed, but they seem to agree in nothing else; and some numerous and respectable sects are altogether excluded.

"A third party, and by far the most numerous, require that the maintenance of the clergy should be left, as in the United States, to the voluntary aid of their congregation, and the entire produce of the lands reserved for the education of the people.

"I have not been long enough in the country to consider the question practically, as applying to the peculiar wants and circumstances of the people; but theoretically I do not agree with any of these parties, and at present am content to listen to all I hear around me. With regard to the petition forwarded to the home government, it has been an ample source of ridicule that a house of parliament, of which many members could not read and many more could not spell, should be thus zealous on the subject of education. In truth, I have seen some specimens of the writing and spelling of honourable members, men of influence and property too, at which it was impossible not to laugh; but I felt no disposition to join in the ridicule freely bestowed on the writers: it seemed anything but ridiculous, that men who had not themselves received the advantage of a good education, should be anxious to insure it to their children. Mr. H. told me the other day, that in the distant townships not one person in twenty or thirty could read or write, or had the means of attaining such knowledge. On repeating this to Mr. B., a native Canadian, and perfectly acquainted with the country, adding some expression of incredulity, he exclaimed, laughing, 'Not one in twenty or thirty!—Madam, not one in seventy!'"

SLEIGHING AT TORONTO.

"It should seem that this wintry season, which appears to me so diabolical, is for the Canadians the season of festivity, and if I were not sick and a swager,—if I had friends near me, I should really enjoy it. Now is the time for visiting, for sleighing excursions, for all intercourse of business and friendship, for balls in town, and dances in farm-houses, and courtships and marriages, and prayer-meetings and assignations of all sorts. In summer, the heat and the mosquitos render travelling disagreeable at best; in spring the roads are absolutely impassable; in autumn there is too much agricultural occupation: but in winter the forests are pervious; the roads present a smooth surface of dazzling snow; the settlers in the woods drive into the towns, supply themselves with stores, and clothing, and fresh meat, the latter a luxury which they can seldom obtain in the summer. I stood at my window to-day, watching the sleighs as they glided past. They are of all shapes and sizes. A few of the carriage-sleighs are well-appointed and handsome. The market-sleighs are often two or three boards nailed together in the form of a wooden box upon runners; some straw and a buffalo skin or blanket serve for the seat; barrels of flour and baskets of eggs fill up the empty space. Others are like cars, and others, called *cutters*, are mounted on high runners, like sleigh-phaetons; these are sported by the young men and officers of the garrison, and require no inconsiderable skill in driving: however, as I am assured, they are overturned in the snow not above once in a quarter of an hour, and no harm and much mirth ensue: but the wood-sleighs are my delight; a large platform of boards is raised upon runners, with a few upright poles held together at top by a rope; the logs of oak, pine, and maple, are then heaped up to the height of six or seven feet. On the summit lie a couple of deer frozen stiff, their huge antlers projecting in a most picturesque fashion, and on these again a man is seated with a blanket around him, his furred cap down upon his ears, and his scarlet woollen comforter forming a fine bit of colour. He guides with a pole his two patient oxen, the clouds of vapour curling from their nostrils into the keen frosty air—the whole machine, in short, as wildly picturesque as the grape wagons in Italy, though, to be sure, the associations are somewhat different."

Extract from Eusebius, bishop of Cesarea.—In matters which admit of investigation, it is idleness to shrink from investigation; yet, where investigation is needless, it is rash. What subjects then ought to be investigated? those which we find to be laid down in the scriptures. But what we do not find in the scriptures, it is better not to investigate. For if it were proper that they should be known to us, certainly the Holy Spirit would have inserted them in the scriptures. Let us not run such hazards, but let us speak safely; if however any thing is written on any point, let it not be blotted out. Confine yourself to Scripture language, and the debate will be soon terminated.

PRINCIPLES OF CLEANLINESS IN NATURE.

Neatness or cleanliness of creation is one of the most striking provisions in nature, as it is also one which seems to have been nearly overlooked by naturalists, or viewed as if it was confined to a few animals. It will be seen, on the contrary, that it is one of the Creator's leading designs, and that careful provisions have been made for it both in the animal and vegetable department of life.

The contrivance for this purpose in plants, consists in the nature of the surfaces, most remarkable in the leaves, where this object is sometimes attained by a high polish and great density, at others by a waxy secretion, at others again, by a minute texture of the surface, resembling that of hairs and feathers, or by means of actual down or hairs; as, in the flowers, the globular velvety surface, which enhances the colours by dispersive reflection, serves for this end also. These prevent the lodgment of water, which is itself injurious, and, with that, of all liquid matters which might soil them; while the dust which might have adhered in a dry state, is easily dislodged by the first shower. How effectual the provisions are, is evident; since a dirty plant (to use an expressive term) is scarcely ever seen, peculiarly exposed as they are to the adhesion of soil: and thus does the vegetable world present that universal look of cleanliness and neatness, which is as striking as if there was a hand perpetually employed in no other office; preserving an order that we cannot maintain in our possessions, without constant labour. If all the dead portions, in leaves and flowers, with little exception, detach themselves, the effect is the same, and so, perhaps, was the purpose; while we know how disagreeable the appearance is, when, by housing them, we here interfere with the proceedings of nature. But if we overlook the contrivance as well as the intention, considering the effect, like all else, as a matter of course, so do we also, not merely forget to note another provision for maintaining the neatness of the vegetable creation, but neglect the very fact itself, as if this also could not be otherwise. Yet the least reflection will show that the result would be incredible but for experience. The simple power of vitality, maintaining the circulation, is not only sufficient to retain the feeble petal in its place against the power of the storm, but to maintain all the most delicate and tender flowers in perfect shape, rigidity and order, during the time that they were ordained to last. We cannot imitate these objects, without much stronger materials, and ligatures, and gums; yet the cistus, with its almost cobweb petals of a few hours, is a structure of perfect strength, retaining the elegant form assigned to it, till the term of its life has arrived.

The same cleanliness with the same decided intention to produce it, pervades the animal creation, and under many more forms than it is convenient or proper to notice. To man, it has been permitted to do what he pleases; and he is not slow in disobeying the universal command, which the other animals have received through instincts for this purpose, and through provisions for rendering neatness attainable by them: as thus also has he contrived to make some of his followers what he too often is himself. And if we forget to note this also, we should certainly have found it a very difficult problem, to devise the means of keeping all this multitudinous world of animals in that state of neatness, in which we find it some difficulty to preserve ourselves, peculiarly exposed as they are to soil. Yet a dirty animal, like a dirty plant, is scarcely to be found: the very mole and the earthworm, inhabiting the soil itself, are without a stain; the snail is clean notwithstanding its adhesive surface; the purity of the swan, in the midst of the mud, is almost proverbial. In the birds, indeed, we see a necessity for neatness, while we find the instincts as strong as the provisions are perfect. But in the terrestrial animals, there is no utility, nor does any inconvenience arise from the reverse; whence we must conclude, that the Creator's intention was simply neatness, order, cleanliness; a virtue to which we are willing to give a place, in words at least, among the minor ones, as we term them.

In these, and in the birds, the essential provision is similar to that in plants, consisting in the structure and superficial texture of hair and feathers. Popular prejudices term these animal substances less cleanly than vegetable ones; the facts are the direct reverse, as common experience in our own clothing should show. They do not absorb water, and, like plants, they repel the adhesion of what is dry. Thus do the quadrupeds keep themselves clean with very little effort, as the birds do, under that preening which they have been commanded to delight in. In insects the provisions are much more striking. The most naked larvæ are always clean, like the earthworms, inhabit where they may. In others, a peculiar texture of the surface, like that of hair, produces the same effects; and thus do we find down, or hairs, as in the bee, the butterfly, and the caterpillars, preventing all adhesion of the several substances to which they are exposed; but, as if to satisfy us of the Creator's decided intention on this subject, we find some of these animals provided with the very utensils of cleanliness which we construct for ourselves; furnished with brushes, together with that attached instinct of neatness which we daily see in use in the house-fly, while it would be easy to add much more to the same purpose from the records of natural history.

There is yet more provided for the same end, if in a very different manner, though in these cases, seeing that provision is made for the salubrity of the atmosphere and the waters, and for

the feeding of animals, we easily overlook the second, if not secondary purpose. Dead fishes are rendered luminous, that they may be discovered and consumed before they become offensive. On the land, the consumption of carcasses is provided for by the instincts given to several beasts and birds of prey, and, beyond all, by the appointment of the different larvæ, which are destined to this food; while, to make that expedient availing, such is the produce, and such the rapidity of growth, as to have made naturalists remark, that the progeny of three or four flies is sufficient to consume a horse. And assuredly, for the same end, has there been implanted in almost every animal that instinct, through which they seek concealment when about to die; while how effectual this is we know, since with, I believe, the sole exception of the shrew mouse often choosing a gravel walk for this purpose, we scarcely ever meet the dead body of a wild animal.—*Macculloch's Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God.*

NO REBELLION JUSTIFIABLE.

BY PROFESSOR WAYLAND.

Thus far have we gone upon the supposition that society has exerted its power *within its constituted limits*. This, however, unfortunately is not always the case. The question then arises, what is the duty of an individual, when such a contingency shall arise? Now, there are but three courses of conduct, in such a case, for the individual to pursue: passive obedience, resistance, and suffering in the cause of right: 1. *Passive obedience*, in many cases would be manifestly wrong. We have no right to obey an unrighteous law, since we must obey God at all hazards. And, aside from this, the yielding to injustice forms a precedent for wrong, which may work the most extensive mischief to those who shall come after us. It is manifest, therefore, that passive obedience cannot be the rule of civil conduct. 2. *Resistance by force*. Resistance to civil authority, by a single individual, would be absurd. It can succeed only by the combination of the aggrieved against the aggressors, terminating in an appeal to physical force; that is, by civil war. The objections to this course are the following:

(1) It is, at best, uncertain. It depends mainly on the question, which party is, under present circumstances, the stronger? Now, the oppressor is as likely to be the stronger as the oppressed, as the history of the world has abundantly shown.

(2) It dissolves the social fabric, and thus destroys whatever has thus far been gained in the way of social organization. But it should be remembered that few forms of society have existed for any considerable period, in which there does not exist much that is worth preserving.

(3) The cause of all oppression is the wickedness of man. But civil war is, in its very nature, a most demoralizing process. It never fails to render men more wicked. Can it then be hoped that a form of government can be created, by men already worse than before, better than that which their previous but less intense wickedness rendered intolerable?

(4) Civil war is, of all evils which men inflict upon themselves, the most horrible. It dissolves not only social but domestic ties, overturns all the security of property, throws back, for ages, all social improvement, and accustoms men to view, without disgust and even with pleasure all that is atrocious and revolting. Napoleon, accustomed as he was to bloodshed, turned away with horror from the contemplation of civil war. This, then, cannot be considered the way designed by our Creator for rectifying social abuses.

3. The third course is that of *suffering in the cause of right*. Here we act as we believe to be right, in defiance of oppression, and bear patiently whatever an oppressor may inflict upon us. The advantages of this course are,—

(1) It preserves entire whatever exists that is valuable in the present organization.

(2) It presents the best prospect of ultimate correction of abuse, by appealing to the conscience and the reason of men. This is, surely, a more fit tribunal to which to refer a moral question, than the tribunal of physical force.

(3) It causes no more suffering than is actually necessary to accomplish its object; for, whenever men are convinced of the wickedness of oppression, the suffering, of itself, ceases.

(4) Suffering in the cause of right has a manifest tendency to induce the injurious to review their conduct, under all the most favourable circumstances for conviction. It disarms pride and malevolence, and engenders sympathy in favor of the sufferer. Hence, its tendency is to make men better.

(5) And experience has shown that the cause of civil liberty has always gained more by martyrdom than by war. It has rarely happened that, during civil war, the spirit of true liberty has not declined. Such was the case in the time of Charles I. in England. How far the love of liberty had declined in consequence of civil war, is evident from the fact, that Cromwell succeeded immediately to unlimited power, and Charles II. returned with acclamations, to inflict upon the nation the most odious and heartless tyranny by which it was ever disgraced. During the suffering for conscience under his reign, the spirit of liberty revived, hurled his brother from the throne, and established British freedom upon a firm, and we trust, an immovable foundation.

(6) Every one must be convinced, upon reflection, that this is really the course indicated by the highest moral excellence. Passive obedience may arise from servile fear; resistance from vanity, glory, ambition, or desire of revolution. Suffering for the sake of right can arise only from a love of justice and a hatred of oppression. The real spirit of liberty can never exist, in any remarkable degree, in any nation where there is not this willingness to suffer in the cause of justice and liberty. Ever so little of the spirit of martyrdom is always a more favorable indication for civilization, than ever so much dexterity of party management, or ever so turbulent protestation of immaculate patriotism. [Thus far proceeds Dr. Wayland in his able work on "Moral Science" against what has been termed the "holy right of insurrection." One favour we beg of our readers, and that is to peruse a portion of Paul's letter to the Romans, and in the way the ancient Christians at Rome did, without the unwise divisions of chapters and verses, which the moderns have so absurdly introduced. Thus—"Bless them which persecute you; bless and curse not Recompense to no man evil for evil. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. [So said the Redeemer to his murderer, when Pilate asked "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee? Jesus answered, Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above."] Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same; for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid: for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake. For, for this cause pay ye tribute also: for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing. Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour. Owe no man anything but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling the law." May we remind our readers that this advice of Paul was given to the christians at Rome at the very period when the city of Rome contained within herself the seeds of civil war and insurrection—that it was offered at the time when that diabolical monster, Nero, the most cruel and savage of men, wielded the sceptre over the Roman empire, and who sewed up some of the christians in skins of beasts and then exposed them to the dogs to be torn to pieces, nailed others to crosses, and bound up hundreds in pitch coverings, which being set on fire, served as torches to the people, being lighted up in the night. Yes, while this fiend in human shape was upon the throne, and but a short time previous to the dreadful persecution of Nero, in which Paul himself perished, the holy Apostle writes, "Dearly beloved avenge not yourselves, etc. Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, etc." And yet you shall find *divines* as well as politicians, justifying rebellion in certain cases. But all this comes of the fashionable system of *testifying*, abstracting a verse of the Bible from its own relations.—ED. PEARL.]

SNUFF-TAKING.—"Snuff," said the parish-minister, "must be put on other ground. It never intoxicates—it never steals away the senses. Its orthodoxy depends on its influence on the physical system. But it always struck me that, if it had been the design of our Creator that we should be snuff-takers or tobacco-smokers, the nose would have been inverted. Thus the snuff would have been poured in at the aperture, and descended amid its resulting titillations, vibrations, etc.; and the smoke emanating from its appropriate chimney-pot, the mouth, would have curled upward along the inclined plane presented by the nose. At present, the situation of the nose menaces a repulsive, rather than attractive agency, and must present a formidable obstacle to the ascension of smoke, etc. from the orifice below. These are my reasons against snuff and tobacco."

"Bide a wee," retorted the elder; "experience is allowed, even by your reverence, to be a mighty argument. I fin' snuff, throughout a' its nomenclature, to be a marvellous agent. I carena what kin', sa as it be guid. Black or brown rappee, Gillespee, Irish Blackguard, Welsh, Strasburgh, Hardham's 37, or any other name that smells as sweet, they have all amazin' restorative powers."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

WEEP NO MORE, SWEET VEVAY MAIDEN;

TO MY LAST FRIEND—SUZETTE LA BONNE.

Weep no more, sweet Vevay Maiden!
Though my days be o'er,
Sunk to the grave all sorrow-laden,
Prythee weep no more!

Suns shall warm thy cheek as brightly
Though my bed be cold,
Blossoms dock thy brow as lightly
Though they deck my mould:
Weep not then, kind Vevay Maiden!

Carless willows round me blowing
Shall thy hovers entwine,
Streams by my ear mutely flowing
Shall flow sweet to thine:
Weep not then, fair Vevay Maiden!

Winds that wave my burial ditty
Shall thy minstrels be,
Eyes that pass me without pity
Shall go worship thee:
Weep not then, fair Vevay Maiden!

Thou shalt be by loves attended
I have never known,
To my foreign tomb attended
By thy tears alone!
Weep not then, sweet Vevay Maiden!
Heaven for thee in store
Keeps my share of joy, dear Maiden!
Prythee weep no more!

o. p.

From the "Keepsake" for 1839.

"THE EVE OF ALL HALLOWS."

BY LADY CHARLOTTE ST. MANE.

"Ay," continued his wife, "and a day to be remembered in every way; for is not to-night All-hallows'-eve? And did not my grandmother (God rest her!) see on this night the form and likeness of the man she married seven years afterwards? Was it not, too, on this night that was made known to my uncle the bag of coins that was hidden behind the oven in his kitchen? And did not my stepmother on this night see Lawyer Screwtham, that was so hard upon the poor; standing under the church porch with his head under his arm, and was not he laid in the churchyard before the twelvemonths were over?"

"Hush, hush, my good dame," said the curate, "do not fill Miss Fanny's head with such fancies. He who placed us in this weary world has numbered the days of our pilgrimage thereon; and be they few or many, it is not for us to forestall the sum of them."

"But surely, sir," interposed Fanny, "there can be no harm in seeing the likeness of the man one is to marry."

This she said with an arch smile, for the poor and humble curate was generally supposed to be a sincere though undeclared admirer of the rich farmer's lovely daughter.

"Better let alone, believe me," he replied, "even granting that such things may be, the which I deny as equally absurd and presumptuous."

Fanny said no more; but taking Dame Hodson into the dairy, on pretence of showing her a new churn, gained from her all the information she desired with regard to the ceremonies to be observed for obtaining a sight of the allotted bridegroom.

All was now still and silent at the farm. The guests had departed; the good farmer and his worthy helpmate wore forgetting, in undisturbed slumber, the bustle and excitement of the day; the farm servants and labourers, who in these primitive times made part of the family, had retired to their various nooks, to rise again with the early dawn; and even the animals, including the prowling grey cat, and ever-wakeful watch-dog, seemed alike composed to a state of happy unconsciousness. One form alone was to be soon gliding about with timid and anxious step; one pale, flickering light might be distinguished, now shining through the lattice of an attic half covered with ivy, now gleaming through the casement of the parlour, where the party had lately assembled at tea. Light and graceful was that form, and soft and arch the expression of those dark hazel eyes which now gazed cautiously around, as if fearful of intrusion. It was Fanny, who stealthily busied herself with the preparations dictated by superstitious custom for obtaining a vision of her future husband on the eve of All-hallows.

Having taken off her bed some coverings and pillows, she laid them on three of the old-fashioned oaken chairs, which formed part of the furniture of her mother's parlour. She then drew a large wooden screen from the kitchen, and placed it so as to conceal her temporary couch from view, while it allowed her to see through the chinks, as she lay, all that passed in the room. She then set a jug of ale, and some bread and meat upon the table, threw a fresh faggot upon the fire, drew her father's arm chair close beside it, and last of all, brought down her somewhat dingy mirror from the chamber and suspended it against the wall. She then put the door ajar, listened anxiously to hear if all was still, and being satisfied that no interruption need be apprehended, she

lay down on her uneasy oaken couch in anticipation of the expected result. The excitement of exertion which had hitherto supported her, now gradually subsided; a vague sensation of fear and awe stole over her, and she began to think she might pay too dearly for her frolic. The fitful and uncertain light thrown round the room by the now dying embers, was painful to her; the chirp of the cricket, and the buzz of the night fly (sounds which before she had never heeded and scarcely observed), broke loudly on the stillness of the night, and irritated her overstrained nerves. Gladly would she have fled from the room, and taken refuge in her own little dormitory; but a strange mysterious terror bound her to her restless couch, where she lay hiding her face in her pillow, in a sort of dreamy half-consciousness. From this state she was suddenly aroused by the sound of a heavy footstep on the floor—she listened in breathless agony of fear; the crackling of the wood was then heard, and a bright gleam of fire light illuminated the ceiling and the walls. Supporting her head on her arm, she ventured to peep through one of the chinks of the massive wooden screen; when the mirror which was suspended on the wall opposite, distinctly reflected to her gaze the form of a youth in military attire, seated in the chair which she had placed near the hearth, in an attitude of weariness and despondency, his features partially concealed by the hand on which his head was leaning.

"Merciful heaven," she inwardly ejaculated, pressing her hands upon her eyes, "if I have done evil, pardon and protect me!"

The heavy footsteps were again heard; and again she raised her eyes to the glass, and caught a dim outline of the soldier's retreating form, as he passed through the opened door. A sound of some hard substance falling to the ground was distinctly audible, then was all still; the blaze expired, and the rash maiden sank back in a state of insensibility. When consciousness at length returned, the beams of the rising sun were shining brightly into the room; the white ashes were strewed upon the hearth, the mirror only reflected the dark heavy screen, the door was open, and all seemed quiet and undisturbed.

"I must surely have dreamt it," said the pale and still bewildered girl, as she timidly rose from her couch and ventured across the room. A cry of terror burst from her lips as a fresh gleam of sunshine revealed to her sight a brightly polished bayonet, lying across the threshold; she gazed upon it for some minutes in mute dismay, then slowly stooped and cautiously picking it up, ran to secrete it in her own room. That the vision she had seen the night before was no vain delusion, she was now firmly convinced; but with the certainty of having obtained a mysterious insight into her future existence, came the painful dread of having meddled with forbidden things, and the anxious wish to prevent any suspicion by those around her. She therefore hastened to return to the parlour, and lost no time in removing all traces of what had happened on the previous evening. She then changed her dress, arranged her hair, and proceeded with all the composure she could assume, to perform her accustomed duties in the dairy and poultry-yard.

To none had she mentioned it, or the circumstances connected with it, excepting to the young curate, who, upon obtaining the promise of a small living, had made her an offer of his hand; when she distinctly told him that she could not be his, that she was the destined bride of another, and that she felt persuaded that if she presumed to alter her intended lot by accepting him, mutual unhappiness and ruin would be the inevitable consequence. The good curate in vain endeavoured to shake her superstitious belief; she accurately described to him all that occurred on the night of Hallowe'en, when, tempted by curiosity, she had invoked those mysterious powers which had so fearfully acceded to her wishes; and ended by showing the bayonet which had been left; she said, that her visionary lover would one day claim her hand.

The curate immediately suspected that one of a straggling party of soldiers had accidentally called at the house to ask for refreshment, and finding the door open and the board spread, had satisfied the immediate cravings of hunger and departed, unconscious of the presence of the terrified Fanny. He made various inquiries; but though owing to the political events of those days, several regiments had lately been marched through that part of the country, he could get no information of any particular circumstance that would enable him successfully to combat her superstitious notion. He therefore determined to wait till time should have weakened the impression which this strange occurrence had made upon her mind; and being soon after called away to take possession of his living, he had no opportunity of renewing his suit, ere the marriage of Fanny with Sergeant Stanmore had placed a final obstacle to his wishes. To her husband she had never said anything on the subject; for while she carefully preserved the strange token, which she almost believed to possess a mysterious power of enabling her to retain his unaltered affections, she dreaded lest a disclosure of the unacknowledged means she had used to secure them might rob her of them for ever. Of a romantic and imaginative turn of mind, her natural refinement of feeling and great personal beauty were doomed to be her misfortune; thrown as she now was, without friend or guide, in a situation peculiarly exposed to difficulty and liable to error.

As she held the bayonet in her hands, gazing earnestly upon it,

her thoughts naturally reverted to the happy home and kind friends now lost for ever; and she could not but contrast the even tenor of her past life, and the unvarying kindness she then experienced, with the uncertainty of her present lot, and the trials and hardships she was called upon to bear. From her melancholy reverie she was roused by the abrupt entrance of Sergeant Stanmore, his countenance darkened with ill-repressed anger, and rendered still further alarming by ardent symptoms of intoxication. Though habitually a sober man, he had that evening yielded to the solicitations of some of his comrades to sup with them and a party of the townspeople at a neighbouring public-house, and the festivity had been carried beyond the limits of discretion. Upon returning home he had met James Richards on the stairs, which, as they only communicated with his wife's apartment, was to his irritable mind proof sufficient of the justice of certain vague suspicions he had before entertained, upon having occasionally seen the young man call at the house. These were now fully confirmed by the sight of the bayonet which Fanny held in her hand, and made an awkward attempt to conceal.

"Sorry to disturb you, ma'am," said he, in a voice almost choked with rage; "may I ask whose is that bayonet?"

"Oh! Edward, do not speak to me thus," said the terrified girl, bursting into tears; "it is yours, it is yours, indeed!"

"Vile, deceitful woman!" exclaimed her husband, his eye suddenly glancing upon his firelock, which stood with the bayonet in an opposite corner of the room.

"And dare you tell me that this bayonet is mine, wretch that you are!" continued he; and snatching it from her in a paroxysm of ungovernable fury, he plunged it into her bosom. A faint, stifled scream escaped her lips as she fell, bathed in blood, at the feet of her horror-stricken husband.

"Edward," she murmured in a low and scarcely audible voice. "I have deceived you, but not in this matter; in this, as I hope, in God's mercy, I am guiltless."

The last sigh trembled on her lips, as she pressed with a convulsive grasp her husband's blood-stained hand.

PROBABLE EXTINCTION OF THE SUN.

The question cannot fail to suggest itself here—whether this light-producing power may depend, in degree, on the probably ever-changing electric state of a growing globe—whether the Sun is now as he was and will ever be, or only in one state or epoch of his efficacy as the radiant source of light and heat? It seems to me most worthy of consideration, whether those puzzling phenomena, indicative of an altered heat in our Earth, may not pertain to this source—to the onward progress of our heat-giver through the destiny to which law foreordained him. The changes referred to stretch over epochs in which man was not present, and when, of course, their progress could not be marked; but even now, due attention is not paid to the momentous subject; for the delicate measurement of the Sun's direct strength is of greatly more consequence than that temperature which arises for the most part from a mere terrestrial meteorology. The further heavens, however, come here in aid, and supply this gap in our knowledge; appearing to substantiate the possibility, if not the reality, of such changes. The new star in Cassiopeia, seen by Tycho, for instance, indicated some great change in the light and heat of an orb, far more probably than a mere orbital motion. That star never moved from its place; and, during its course from extreme brilliancy to apparent extinction, the colour of its light altered—passing through the hues of a dying conflagration. Can aught of this be seen in the Southern star, one of Sir John Herschel's spoils, which is gradually clothing itself with an extreme brilliancy? Many other stars have altered slowly in magnitude, also preserving rigorous invariability of place; and some, as Sirius, have changed colour; this star having turned from the fiery dog-star of old times, red and fiery as Mars, into the brilliantly white orb now adorning our skies. Is it not likely, then, that the intrinsic energies to whose development these phenomena must be owing, act also in our Sun? that, in short, he also may pass through phases, filling up myriads of centuries; once, it may be, shining on Uranus with a lustre as burning as that which now dazzles Mercury? How vast are the effects involved in such a change! The rays of the Sun are not merely light-giving; for, combined with these, in the same beam or pencil, there are rays whose function is heat-giving, and others equally distinct, which are productive of chemical influence. Now, in the probable march of our luminary, how great a variety in the relations of these three systems of rays may be involved, and, of course, what diversities in his action on his dependents! Imagination, clinging to such conjectures, passes to the august conception of this master of surrounding worlds, this majestic globe, himself organized, progressing slowly through his destiny, ever acting, as he moves onward, on the inner and proper principle of each planet; drawing from it (which also may itself vary, according to some intrinsic energy or law) every form and manifestation of which it is capable, and conducting them all through a long and wondrous history. How emphatically does even this guess inform us that we see only sketches of the history of things—that a leaf or two of the mystic volume is all that ever will be read by man!—*Nicholl's Phenomena.*

SAVART'S VIOLIN.

The great object of this philosopher's researches was to determine what were the essential elements of the violin, and what were merely ornamental or empirical details. On considering the principle of the instrument, he arrived at the opinion that the vaulted or curved form of the face and back is not a necessary part of the structure. In the experimental violin which he constructed, he employed flat surfaces of very thin wood. The face and back were each formed of two pieces, similar and equal to each other,—2 3-4 lines thick at one edge, and gradually tapering towards the other edge, which was about one line thick; the thick edges of the two were then joined together. The next peculiarity which we may mention is, that the sides of the instrument were straight instead of being fancifully curved, as in ordinary violins. The reason for this change was, that the sides might enter into undisturbed vibration from corner to corner of the instrument, and thus aid the sound, which is prevented in the common construction. The form of the instrument was that of a trapezium, or four-sided figure, of which the end near the handle was shorter than the remote end. There is, in common violins, a bar, called the bar of harmony, passing along the under surface of the face of the instrument, for the purpose of strengthening it. This bar is placed a little on one side of the middle line or axis of the instrument, and the sounding-post, or *soul*, is placed at a short distance on the other side. Now this is a defective arrangement, as the bar stiffens, and retards the vibration of one side of the axis more than of the other. Savart, therefore, placed his bar of harmony along the central axis, and thus equalized the vibratory power on the two sides of it.

The sounding-post has usually been considered as a kind of support for the upper surface, but Savart found that its only effect was to communicate the vibrations from the face to the back of the instrument, and the point at which he fixed the post in his violin was such as to convey the sonorous vibrations more perfectly and energetically from the face to the back of the instrument. An improvement was next made in the perforations of the face of the instrument. Savart covered the two holes on the face of a violin with paper, and found that the sound was very materially injured thereby; this he attributed to the stoppage of communication between the air within the body of the instrument and the external air. Having thus determined what was the real office performed by these holes, he next directed his attention to the form in which they are generally made. This form represents an Italian S; but Savart considered that the margin of such an aperture must necessarily be variously affected in its vibration, according as it coincided with, or was inclined to, the direction of the fibres of the wood. He accordingly made these openings in the form of a parallelogram, that is, the edges were straight and parallel. By this arrangement the fibres and the margins of the holes were in the same direction, and the vibrations of the wood at those parts were rendered more symmetrical, while at the same time fewer fibres were cut.

There can be no doubt that many parts of ordinary violins tend to damp rather than to improve the tones. Accordingly, Savart took every precaution to ensure co-operation in every part of his violin, as much as possible. Before the instrument was put together, he brought the tablets which were to form the face and back into precisely the same vibratory state; so that each one should yield the same sound, and the same nodal distribution of sound on its surface, as the other. He conjectures that the old makers were cognizant of the importance of this adjustment.

Here, then, we see in how many ways Savart's violin differed from those ordinarily constructed. 1st. The tablets were flat. 2d. They were thicker, and therefore stronger than the ordinary curved tablets; their flat form rendering them capable of vibrating more readily. 3d. The bar of harmony was so placed as not to stiffen one-half of the face more than the other. 4th. The soul, or sounding-post, was placed so as to convey the vibrations from the upper to the lower tablet more energetically. 5th. The sides of the instrument were made straight, so as to add, by their facility of vibration, to the sonorous effect. 6th. The apertures in the upper tablet were straight instead of curved, so that, while they permitted communication between the internal and external air, they also aided the general effect by the vibration of straight margins.

These being the general points of difference between the common violin and that constructed by Savart, the success of the attempt was soon put to a severe test. M. Lefebvre, the celebrated Parisian violinist, was requested to compare the tone of his best violin with Savart's. The result was, that the old one was found to have more brilliancy, but the new one more evenness of tone. Savart remarks, that many of the best violins are more insensible to some notes than to others. This he attributes to the circumstance that, through the bad adjustment of the bar, post, etc. the facility of vibrating in accordance with some notes is less than with others; whereas, in his own instrument, freedom and facility of vibration were provided for in every way. When the old violin belonging to Lefebvre and the new one of Savart were played alternately in an adjoining apartment, the tones of the two could not be distinguished from each other, except by a little more sweetness in the new one.

This was probably the first attempt to reduce fiddle-making to scientific principles; and the success which attended it ought to

encourage similar efforts. Savart made many violins such as we have described, which had no pretensions to elegance or high finish, but all possessing the desirable qualities which we are in the habit of attributing to the "good old" violins. Should any of our readers be of a mechanical turn, they might construct good violins at the cost of a few shillings, by attention to the main points of difference between the common instruments and those above described; all of which latter were made by Savart's own hands.—*Tomlinson's Manual of Natural Philosophy.*

From Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book for 1839.

IT IS FINISHED.

It is finished! all is done
As the eternal Father willed;
Now his well-beloved Son
Hath his gracious word fulfilled.
Even he who runs may read
Here accomplished what was said,
That the woman's promised seed,
Yet should bruise the serpent's head.

It is finished! Needs no more
Blood of heifer, goat, or ram,
Typical in days of yore
Of the one incarnate Lamb!
Lamb of God! for sinners slain,
Thou the curse of sin hast braved;
Braved and borne it—not in vain
Thou hast died—and man is saved.

It is finished! wrath of men
Here hath wrought and done its worst;
Still subservient to his plan,
Greatest, wisest, best, and first.
God shall magnify his praise
By that very act of shame;
And, through hatred's hellish ways,
He shall glorify his name.

It is finished! from the tree
Where the Lord of life hath died,
His attendant mourners, see,
Gently lower the Crucified.
With a sister's tender care,
With a more than brother's love,
Manhood, womanhood, are there,
Truth's devotedness to prove.

It is finished! by the veil
Of the temple rent in twain;
By the yet more fearful tale
Of the dead unrisen again;
By that dense and darkened sky,
By each rent and lifted rock,
By that last expiring cry,
Heard amid the earthquake's shock.

It is finished! hear away
To the Garden-tomb its dead;
Boast not, Death, thy transient prey,
Watchers, vain your nightly tread.
Shining ones are there, who wait
Till their Lord shall burst his prison,
To ascend in glorious state.
It is finished! Christ hath risen.

SOCRATES AND XANTIPPE.

OR, A GALLANT DEFENCE OF THE LADIES.

Strange and unaccountable is it that these two names, each in itself a proverb, each an antithesis to the other, should, after a lapse of more than two thousand years, have come down to the present time under auspices as different as were the characters of the individuals whom they once served to designate! How comes it that Socrates should still be held forth as an example to men, of virtue, to husbands of forbearance, while his unfortunate lady serves but as a current by-word for every thing violent in women, usurping and domineering in wives? May not a suspicion be entertained, that too easy a credence has been given alike to the virtues of the philosopher, and the failings of his consort? To remove the prejudice which time has strengthened in favour of the one and in disparagement of the other, appears a hopeless attempt. But some advantages may be derived from contemplating the life of this extraordinary couple, from whose history we learn, that rash and impolitic marriages were not unknown before the Christian era; as an abstract matrimonial speculation, and from its antiquity we may consider it such, this question of respective merit and demerit between Socrates and Xantippe may prove of great importance.

History has not left us in doubt as to the philosopher's personal appearance. He was an ugly little man, with a Calmuck nose, twinkling gray eyes, and a bad expression of countenance. Of his own deformities he was aware, and, in his professional capacity of philosopher, affected to derive considerable amusement from his want of external beauty.

Nothing we believe is recorded of Xantippe on this score; but there can be little doubt that if a painter, even one whose name delights in the affix of R. A. were desired to sketch a fancy portrait of her, he would invest her with about as many charms as would barely suffice to redeem a Gorgon from her native loath-

someness; nor is it highly improbable that the critics who frequent the picture galleries would declare his performance to be, to the best of their judgment, a faithful and accurate likeness of the illustrious prototype. And yet how widely would both he and they wander from the truth! Before her marriage, there can be no doubt that Xantippe's face and person were eminently lovely: in the absence of all proof to the contrary, we may even conclude that she was, if not the belle, at least one of the leading belles of Athens; for her husband yielded to no man in ugliness, and when do we see men of his physiognomical stamp marry any but the prettiest women? Her temper was warm and generous, her disposition lively, and her manners gay and playful. In raillery she was an adept, a thorough mistress of repartee, and brilliantly successful in her sallies of polished irony and delicate sarcasm. Such was the woman whom her unkind destiny united to an ugly philosopher of a rectified temper.

Socrates despised the world's opinions and derided its fashions; Xantippe, true to the genius of her sex, was fully impressed with the importance of both. Therefore the husband dressed and behaved like a sloven, while the wife exerted all her energies, and plied all her arts, to subject him to the wholesome and beautifying dominion of the graces. Reasoning from the present to the past, and taking for granted the immutability of female characteristics, we are fully justified in saying that this was the mode of conduct which the well-meaning Xantippe adopted. How are we to suppose that the philosopher received his wife's coaxings and admonitions? After listening to her observations, he would argue with her upon the ground of her complaints in that cross-examination style of his which the Socratic Boswells record as having been peculiarly grateful to the spirit of the *ci-devant* statuary, and which was certainly enough to drive any but a marble lady into strong hysterics. Perhaps, however, he was not even so ambiguously courteous as this, but merely laughed at her importunity, and went about the town as untidy a figure as ever. Is it to be thought that a woman of refined taste and high spirit, such as was Xantippe, could tamely submit to this contemptuous and philosophic treatment?

We are informed that Socrates did not receive a single penny with his bride. The graces of her mind and body formed the sum total of her marriage-portion. How much light is thrown upon the history of her single state by this little circumstance! Her beauty and accomplishments, added to her wit and vivacity, must, without doubt, have captivated many admirers. Among them there was probably a favoured one, with whom she exchanged vows of endless love and fidelity. But Athenian lovers then were no better than their modern representatives in all civilized countries. Xantippe's swain we may imagine to have been a mercenary dog, whom Plutus seduced from his allegiance to Cupid under the disguise of an heiress. In a moment of pique and disappointment, the hasty young lady, our heroine, gave an affirmative answer to the most important question which could possibly have been put to her by an ugly little philosopher, with a Calmuck nose, and twinkling gray eyes.

It may be objected that all this is but a mere hypothesis, but it is one which derives all but certainty from its evident probability. Let us, however suppose, that the match originated on the lady's side, in a laudable desire of obtaining an establishment of her own; on the gentleman's, in an involuntary submission to charms against whose influence philosophy was unable to defend him. If such were the case, sad indeed was our heroine's lot. The philosopher was troubled with a moral weakness which as a single man he might have honoured *ad libitum*, without inflicting injury upon any but himself. He despised money. Having however once married, he was not likely to conciliate his wife's affections by the advocacy of short commons, nor to preserve them through the medium of a meagre and ill-appointed household. Xantippe was a shrewd woman, and saw very clearly that, with all his philosophy, her husband was a great fool. He had talents, she knew, capable of providing the golden source and means of respectability. Why then not exert them for this wise and legitimate purpose? Of what use was his Dæmon, unless it would pay his butcher's and his baker's bills? Most eloquently and most forcibly would she remonstrate with him, upon the folly of his wasting his instructive breath without receiving a *quid pro quo*, and of giving gratis lectures to all the young boobies of Athens. But Socrates was a perfect philosopher, and cared little how domestic matters prospered, provided he were left at liberty to lounge with his idle companions through the groves of Academus, or to rigmarole upon abstract questions in the Lyceum.

Unhappy Xantippe! How often did she curse the day when her husband resigned the employment of a statuary, and commenced the profession of a philosopher. In the bitterness of her matronly dissatisfaction, can we be surprised that she should at times assail her husband in terms of keen invective, not unfrequently of undisguised abuse? And when her partner, the man of a rectified temper, listened to her patiently, and answered her with nothing but the irritating smile of resignation, was it an unpardonable offence if she seized the first domestic utensil which came to hand, and did her best to break the little philosopher's head with it? Not a word is said, not a suspicion murmured against the purity of Xantippe's virtue, and yet has her memory been outraged by more abuse than would have sufficed for the most in-

correct lady among her contemporaries. And all this has happened merely because she had the bad fortune to marry a philosopher, who would not allow her even the luxury of contradiction. With any other man less wise than to neglect worldly comforts, and despise the adventitious charms of wealth, more human too than to preserve a constant mastery over his temper, she might, and would probably, have enjoyed a tolerable share of happiness. At any rate she would, as far as we can conjecture, have escaped the unmerited notoriety to which she has been condemned by prejudiced biographers and an undiscerning posterity.

THE BLIND SCHOOL AT PHILADELPHIA.

* * * There was no public exhibition, but a private visit, with an order from a superintendent, furnished us with a much more favourable view. When I think of those sightless orbs, I can hardly think that my name, which I now see so neatly printed, together with the watch-guard round my neck, in which I can detect no false stitch, is their work. After we entered, the teacher asked if I would like to have my name printed; on my answering in the affirmative, he called Mary Ann! A very pleasing looking girl of fifteen groped her way easily to the table, where the box of blocks was placed; the letters are pricked, not coloured. While Mary Ann was forming my name, she held a kind of converse with the blocks, now jesting, now scolding if the right letter did not meet her touch, but all in a low, pleasant tone. The name was completed without mistake in a few minutes. A little boy spelt at my request, and Mary Ann was next called to read a chapter from one of the Gospels in raised letters. She reads rapidly, but no oratorical tone has ever fallen with such power on my ears as the words of Jesus from the lips of that blind girl. The teacher then gave out arithmetical questions of great difficulty, which he himself worked on the black-board. Nothing could be more earnest or ambitious than the air with which they went to work to calculate, or the look of triumph assumed by those who were the quickest or the most successful.

At this period their music-master came. There was great eagerness and interest in their manner, and many a sly joke was whispered. They began with a German chorus, each part nobly sustained, the girls remaining in one room and the boys in the other. I had been carried along by the variety and interest of the scene up to this point, not a little aided by the vivacity, even drollery, which characterized the manners of many of the girls; but now that their countenances were fixed, their sightless orbs mostly turned upward, and their voices swelling in a rich concert of praise and thanksgiving, my tears could not be restrained; fortunately the air ceased, and one of Mary Ann's slyly whispered jokes restored me to self-possession. After the German followed several English airs, which were succeeded by instrumental music, combining violins, clarionets, flutes, horns, bassoon, bass-viol, forming in all a grand concert.

The music being over, the girls separated, and we visited the sewing apartment, where they began to collect, going unaided to their various occupations, making rugs, straw baskets, watch-guards, bead-bags, etc. etc. As we descended to another room, we found Mary Ann at an elegant harp, which has lately been presented to the Institution by a Philadelphian. She was very shy, but consented to give us her first tune; another young lady played on the piano-forte.—Mrs. Gillman.

HERAT, IN EASTERN PERSIA.—As, in all probability, the above city will shortly become the scene of stirring events, we deem no apology necessary for presenting its history to our readers.

Herat forms a distinct government, and is in little subjection to the general sway of the country, known by the appellation of Affghanistan, or Eastern Persia. It is one of the most renowned cities in the east, being the ancient Aria, or Artacoana, and capital of Ariana. It was formerly called Heri, and gave its name to an extensive province in the time of Alexander. It was long the capital of Tamerlane's empire. It has a spacious and magnificent mosque, and is surrounded by a broad ditch. It is situated in a spacious plain, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. This plain, which is thirty miles in length, and about fifteen in breadth, owes its fertility to the Herirood, which runs through the centre of it, being highly cultivated, and covered with villages and gardens.

The city embrace an area of four square miles, and is encircled with a lofty wall and wet ditch. The citadel is in the northern face, and is a small square castle, elevated on a mound, flanked with towers at the angles, and built of burnt brick. The city has a gate in each face, and two in that which fronts the north; and from each gate a spacious and well-supplied bazaar leads up towards the centre of the town. The principal street, from the south gate to the cattle-market opposite the citadel, is covered with a vaulted roof. Herat is admirably supplied with water, almost every house having a fountain, independent of the public ones on either side of the bazaars. The residence of the prince is, in appearance, a very mean building; a common gateway is all that is seen of it; within which is a wretched house, and in its front an open square, with the gallows in its centre. The Mesghed Jama,

or chief mosque, was once a noble edifice, enclosing an area of 800 square yards; but, having been much neglected, is now falling into decay. This fortunately, however, cannot be said of the other buildings of Herat; and no city perhaps, in the east, has so little ground unoccupied. It is computed to contain 100,000 inhabitants, of whom 10,000 are Patans; the remainder are Afghans, a few Jews and 600 Hindoos. The latter are here highly respected, and alone possess capital or credit. The Government is not insensible of their value, and, in consequence of their great commercial concerns, the Hindoos enjoy a distinguished influence. Herat, from extensive trade, has obtained the appellation of *bundar*, or port. It is the emporium of the commerce carried on between Cabul, Cashmere, Bockhara, Hindostan, and Persia. From the former they receive shawls, indigo, sugar, chintz, muslin, leather, and Tartary skins, which they export to Meshed, Yezd, Kerman, Isphahan, and Tehraun, receiving in return chiefly dollars, tea, chinaware, broad-cloth, copper, pepper, and sugar-candy; dates and shawls from Kerman, and carpets from Ghæn. The staple commodities of Herat are silk, saffron, and assafœtida, which are exported to Hindostan. The gardens are full of mulberry-trees, cultivated solely for the sake of the silkworm; and the plains and hills near the city, particularly those to the westward, produce assafœtida. The Hindoos and Billouches are fond of this plant, which they eat by roasting the stem in the ashes, and stewing the heads of it like other greens. The winters at Herat are, at times, extremely severe, and the cold often proves most hurtful to the crops; but nothing can exceed the fertility of the plain, the produce of which is immense, as well in wheat and barley, as in every kind of fruit known in Persia. The pistachio tree grows wild in the hills, and the pine is common in the plains. Cattle are small, and far from plentiful; but the broad-tailed sheep are abundant, and fuel, though brought from a distance, not dear. The revenue of the city is estimated at four lacs and a half of rupees; and raised by a tax levied on the caravanseras, shops, gardens, and a duty on exports and imports. The government is in the hands of Prince Hadjy Firoose, son of the late Ahmed Shah, King of Cabal, who pays a tribute to his Persian Majesty, of 50,000 rupees a-year. Herat is in latitude 34 12 N., longitude 63 14 E."

THE DELUGE.—Our attention has been directed to the following letter written by Robert Chambers, to the Editor of *The Times*, and inserted in its columns, Sept. 12, on the subject of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

Sir,—I have just seen an article in your paper of the 4th instant, in which you use some discourteous language respecting the proprietors of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. Your grounds for using this language appear chiefly to rest on a paragraph extracted from the *Journal* of July 7, in which the flood which laid down the diluvium is spoken of as one long antecedent to the human creation. This paragraph you state to be a cool declaration that the Bible history is false.

I had thought, Sir, that every well-educated or well-informed person was aware that the flood or floods which deposited the diluvium were now generally regarded by geologists as quite apart from the deluge of scriptural history. If I could have supposed that any public writer, of a rank much below that of the leading journal of Europe, was likely to remain ignorant of this fact, I might perhaps, in writing the article, have taken some pains to make the case clear to him. But, unfortunately, I took it for granted that from the whole tenour of the article, none above even a humbler intellectual rank than those chiefly addressed in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* could have failed to perceive (if not already informed on the subject) that it could not be the Noachian deluge, or any thing of the kind, which wrought effects so tremendous. May I be allowed to hope that your generosity will not permit my brother and me to remain under an opprobrium which has only been incurred through a too high idea of the information and good sense of the class which acknowledges you as its head? If any other inducement can be wanted to prevail upon you to do my brother and me this justice, or at least all the poor justice which the retraction of a wantonly affixed calumny ever gives, I can safely assure you that for the future, in all my writings for the *Journal* and other works, I shall estimate the scientific knowledge and intellectual acumen of the newspaper press, and of *The Times* in particular, at a very different rate, so that there is not the least chance of the recurrence of any such stumbling-block for babes in our humble and unworthy pages.

I have the honour to rest Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

19, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, Sept. 7.

BURNING OF WIDOWS.—We learn from Mrs. Postans that the abomination of the suttee, though forbidden in the British territories, still frequently occurs where the native powers are more influential. She gives the circumstances connected with one which lately took place in Cutch. The widow was of high caste, rich, young, and handsome; but burn herself she would, in spite of the entreaties of the Rao and the British resident.

"All further interference being useless, the ceremony proceeded. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras, or prayers, strewing rice and curries on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease, and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each, with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which,

'Fresh as a flower just blown,

And warm with life her youthful pulses playing,'

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkab, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last; not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame, darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight, as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view; whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophise, as best they might, on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy.

"The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim. In producing this effect, the arrangement of the pyre I have described is far more merciful than that commonly used, which is a mere frame of bamboos covered with combustible matter in the form of a bed, on which the bodies are laid, the quick and the dead bound together in a last embrace. . . . I have before observed, that self-sacrifice has been benevolently forbidden in provinces which are under the British control, and is, therefore, less common on this side of India than in Bengal. However as the people have the power of travelling to those places which are still governed by native princes, the most zealous amongst them adopt this means of gratifying their wishes. I remember, while at Man davie, once having seen three women arrive, after seventeen days' voyage, from Bombay, for the purpose of performing suttee, and under peculiar circumstances they are permitted to do so, without the presence of the husband's body: according to the Puranas, 'if the husband die on a journey, or in a distant country, the widow, holding his sandals to her breast, may pass into the flames.' One of these women had come to perform suttee for her son, whom she stated to have been her husband in a former birth. This woman, who was advanced in years, went by in an open cart, triumphantly bearing a branch of the sacred tulsi, and surrounded by almost the whole population of Mandavie. I was not present at the ceremony, which took place at a distance of ten miles; but was afterwards assured that the three widows became 'sadhwee' with unshaken fortitude."—From Mrs. Costan's new work *On Western India*.

CUVIER AND GEOLOGY.—While our geologists were thus working in chains forged by a presumptuous theology, the unfettered genius of Cuvier was ranging over those primeval ages, when the primary rocks rose in insulated grandeur from the deep, and when the elements of life had not yet received their divine commission. From the age of solitude he passed to the busy age of life, when plants first decked the plains; when the majestic pine threw its picturesque shadows over the earth, and the tragic sounds of carnivorous life rung among her forests. But these plains were again to be desolated, and these sounds again to be hushed. The glories of organic life disappeared, and new forms of animal and vegetable being welcomed the dawn of a better circle. Thus did the great magician of the charnel-house survey from his pyramid of bones the successive ages of life and death—thus did he conjure up the spoils of pre-existing worlds—the noblest offering which reason ever laid upon the altar of its Sovereign. These grand views, however, did not meet with a ready reception in England. They encountered the same prejudices by which the Huttonian theory, had been assailed; and even the piety of their author, and his unquestioned devotion to the Christian faith, did not protect him from the malevolence of slander. It would lead us too far to trace the processes by which these great truths took root in our ungenial soil; but the reader may safely infer that their progress was slow, when we state the fact, that so late as 1823, when Dr. Buckland published his interesting volume, entitled *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, he had not thrown off the incubus which had pressed so fatally upon

his science. He has there described an extensive and interesting class of facts which he adduces as evidence of the deluge of the Scriptures; and as the unquestionable result of that last irruption of the fountains of the deep. But in his late work, he has abjured this doctrine as untenable; and has found it necessary to refer the fossil spoils of the cave deposits 'to the last of the many geological revolutions that have been produced by violent irruptions of water,' and to consider many of the animals to which they belong to have existed during more than one geological period preceding the catastrophe by which they were extirpated.' This is now the universally received doctrine of the English school; and such has been the progress of liberal opinions that, in assemblies composed of Churchmen and Dissenters, and Conservative statesmen, we have heard the walls ring with rapturous joy, when geology renounced her ecclesiastical tenure, and demanded a lease of Millions of Millions of years for the range of their enquiries."—*Edinburgh Review*.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1839.

M. De Tocqueville, who has, by his admirable work, "Democracy in America," established for himself a high reputation in both hemispheres, has lately written a valuable letter on Prison Discipline. The letter has come to us through the Metropolitan Magazine for December, in which it is copied from the *Moniteur*. The Metropolitan did not come to hand until Monday last, or we should gladly have availed ourselves of some interesting extracts from the letter of the French Commissioner. Of the silent system as practised at Auburn, M. De Tocqueville has the following remarks—"It partly," he says "hinders communication by day, but it does not prevent the prisoners from becoming acquainted with each other, and meeting on their coming out of prison. It can only be maintained by continual and minute inspection. It demands, in order to succeed, frequent and arbitrary punishments; and it may be doubted whether the system can at all be established without the aid of summary and corporal punishments which public opinion in France would infallibly condemn." Of the plan of entire separation amongst the prisoners, we have the enjoined notices—"Of all systems of imprisonment, that of Philadelphia most strikes the imagination of the condemned, and this is a great advantage."—"Of all penitentiary systems known, that of Philadelphia, without comparison, offers most likelihood of producing reform."—"From all this, I concluded, without hesitation, that the system of Philadelphia is a great deal more easy to establish and to maintain in action, is more intimidating, reforms more, and is in general more useful to society than any other. This is quite clear to me."—"The enemies of the Pennsylvania system have never observed it in action, whilst its partisans have. I went to America opposed to this system; I returned convinced of the necessity of its adoption, if proved that it did not cost the life of the prisoner. Mr. Crawford and Mr. Julius, sent by England and Prussia, brought back the same conviction; M. Demety the same. In America, seven years ago, all the states were about to adopt the system of Auburn; they have changed it for that of Philadelphia. After this experience, the cellular system of seclusion by night and day makes no question as to its being the fittest in France."

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. McKinlay continued his lectures on Electricity before the Institute. We were pleased to find the Hall as crowded as on the previous evening, and particularly the large addition of ladies on the present occasion. Numerous experiments were exhibited illustrative of the luminous, heating, chemical, and mechanical effects of the electric fluid, and nearly all were remarkably successful. The experiment to show the revolution of a wire up an inclined plane, produced by the passage of electricity from points, contrary to the common principles of gravity, and which failed on the first night, was beautifully exhibited at the last lecture. The use of the lightning conductor was finely developed—the electric fluid was brought near a model of a small building, and passed off by means of the conductor without injuring the model, but when discharged near the building without the conductor, the model was immediately fired. A number of popular experiments were made by the lecturer, to illustrate the luminous effects produced by the passage of electricity from one substance to another—plates of glass of different sizes were used with tin foil pasted upon them, and cut into the form of various devices, and which were illuminated by the electrical light. By means of wires carried round the building and attached to bladders containing gases, the velocity of the electric fluid was demonstrated—the moment the discharging rod, to which was affixed one end of the wire was applied to the Leyden jar, the bladder at the opposite end of the building burst with a noise almost equal to that of a small cannon. The audience appeared highly gratified, as well with Mr. McKinlay's plain intelligible definitions of the principles of his science, as with the variety of his successful experiments, which produced much applause.—DR. SAWERS will lecture on PHYSIOLOGY, next Wednesday evening.

The report of the 'lecture on light' before the Pictou Literary Society, and which was published in a former number of the Pearl, appears to have been entirely false. We suspected this at the time of publication, although we had not sufficient leisure to examine the merits of the document. Only for our suspicion, or we should have thanked the writer of the piece in question. But this is past, and we have now to state that the lecture on light was never delivered, and of course that no discussion followed. The vile fabricator of the report, will no doubt glory in his successful stratagem—let him however, beware. His manuscript by this time is in Pictou, and its author already is shrewdly guessed to be, an individual who has certain reasons for wishing to throw odium on the Pictou society. A repetition of his folly may lead to an exposition of his conduct towards the members of the society. A word to the wise, etc. His piece of nonsense however, we have reason to believe, will induce some of the friends of the Pictou society to forward us notices of their proceedings.

NEW YORK MIRROR.—We have often wondered that no agent has been established in Halifax for this respectable and talented periodical. In the mechanical execution of the work we know of no journal which can compete with it either in England or America. We have occasion to know that none but first rate workmen are employed upon it, and hence its singular beauty of arrangement and typography. The N. Y. Mirror is not a mere reprint of English or American composition—it abounds with original matter of the highest order, and numbers amongst its regular contributors some of the first literary names of the present day. Occasionally its subscribers are presented with an elegant engraving—not, however, a tawdry, worthless affair, but a plate which would not be unsuitable for our best quarto annuals. A beautiful engraving, illustrative of western scenery, is now in preparation for the Mirror. Another feature of the work consists in the Music which accompanies every number. A periodical has lately been set on foot in London called *The Sunbeam*, in imitation of the American journal, but the talent displayed in the Metropolitan effort is not to be compared with its American competitor—and though the British paper boasts of its superior Music, yet it is not, in our judgment, near as excellent as that which, in general, ornaments the New York publication. The Mirror never introduces politics into its columns, and is equally free from all religious controversy. It has a very extended circulation, or it could not be offered at the low rate of five dollars per annum.

Vera Cruz has been bombarded and taken by the French. The number of shot fired by the French squadron is said to be upwards of 5000. Of the Mexicans from 400 to 500 were killed and wounded—of the French loss no computation is given. The French nation had demanded of the Mexican Government some indemnification for the loss of French property—the demand, as shewn in the last number of BLACKWOOD, appears to us to have been exceedingly unjust. But upon the refusal of the Mexicans to comply with the unreasonable request of the French nation, the latter sends out a fleet and murders hundreds of men. And this is called gallant work—and one of the Royal princes of France engages in the gallant work, and receives abundant honour. Now we call things by their right names, and so we call this gallant work, murder, and all its agents and abettors, murderers. With Lord Clarendon we believe that God "has not inhibited only single murders, and left mankind to be massacred according to the humour and appetite of unjust and unreasonable men." These poor sailors and soldiers, what harm had they done that they should be slaughtered like sheep, and sent to the bar of infinite justice? Can we believe that all those lives are forgotten, and that no account will be rendered of them?

In our last number we presented our readers with a scene at one of the executions in Canada, more suited to the meridian of New Zealand than a British North American Province. Owing to the ignorance or carelessness of two human butchers in Upper Canada, a similar brutal scene has been enacted. Here is the account of a spectator—

"Mr. Hiram Woodruff, one of the prisoners taken near Prescott, lately sentenced by a Militia Court Martial, was on Wednesday morning, about sunrise, brought from Fort Henry upon a rough carter's train or sleigh, attended by two priests, escorted by a party of volunteer cavalry to the Gaol, and soon after brought to the door leading to the Scaffold, when the Sheriff read the warrant to execute him, he was then placed on the platform, the cap pulled over his face, and the hangman placed the rope to a hook in the beam over head. The platform fell, and presented a revolting, disgusting, and disgraceful scene, equal to that of Wm. Brass about a year ago. The knot, instead of drawing tight under the ear, was brought to the chin; it did not slip but left space enough to put a hand within; the chief weight of the body bearing upon the rope at the back of the neck. The body was in great agitation, and seemed to suffer greatly. The spectators said it was shameful management, when two hangmen came out, endeavor-

ed to strangle the sufferer, and then returned, not having succeeded, they returned again to their disgusting work."

Our latest dates from Canada do not furnish us with any news of the least importance. The editor and printer of the *Canadian* have been arrested by the government on charges of high treason. As we do not hear of any expectation of fresh invasions of wicked men, we hope that all hangings will cease. Of the execution of Mathew and Lount, we are glad to find the Editor of the *Christian Guardian* of U. C. using the following words—"I have from the beginning viewed those executions as impolitic and unfortunate." But Mathew and Lount were sent into the eternal world to deter others from the commission of high treason. And yet it has not deterred even their sons, for they have committed the same crime the present season. And while man is man, and is not governed by the forgiving principles of the Gospel, executions for political offences may excite to acts of revenge, but will not stop evil disposed persons in their plans of treason and devastation.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—A tribute of respect has been paid to a young Novascotian, in this city, of which I feel proud. A young man, a native of your town, Edward B. Tremain, has been put in nomination, from among 200 of his fellows, as President of the Mercantile Library association. An association at once the most respectable and intelligent in the United States. Composed as it is of the Mercantile class of our citizens, merchants and their clerks, of whom 2000 and upwards compose this association, it is highly creditable to the ability and integrity of this young Blue Nose. I do not write this to flatter him; I know him not, but such a tribute as he has this day received, speaks "trumpet tongued of his worth." May others go and do likewise.—*Correspondence of the Acadian Recorder*.

The Navy and Military Gazette of Nov. 17, after noticing the staff appointment consequent on the Brevet, which taken place on the 1st January, and that of Major General Sir Chas. Napier to the Northern District, head quarters, Nottingham, vice Lieut. General Sir R. D. Jackson, from a daily paper, states,—"Not any of these appointments have been decided on—but we can safely state, that Lieut. General Sir R. D. Jackson succeeds to the command in Halifax, Nova-Scotia."—*Times*.

THE LEGISLATURE met at two o'clock this day, but in consequence of the severe illness of His Excellency the LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, adjourned over until Monday, when it is hoped His Excellency will be sufficiently recovered to open the Session in due form.—*Novascotian*.

We call the attention of our readers to an article on the third page, on Rebellion: It has so long become a maxim that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," that we are afraid the doctrine of the article alluded to will be viewed as monstrous and absurd. And yet the people called "Friends," who are firm believers in the doctrine, are the greatest enemies to tyranny, and the firmest friends of liberty, upon the face of the earth.

MARRIED,

At Windsor, on Sunday the 16th Dec. Mr. John Payzant, to Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. William Leonard.

DIED,

Suddenly, on Wednesday morning, in the 67th year of his age, Mr. Elias Joseph Hobson, an old and respectable inhabitant of this place, leaving a family to lament the loss of a tender and affectionate parent.

On Saturday last, at the residence of Capt. McLean, Charles Moreau, Esq. a respectable Planter from St. Lucia, aged 44 years, who visited Halifax some time since for the benefit of his health.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Adam Grieve, in the 47th year of his age.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Monday, January 7th—Schrs Hope, Kennedy, St. John's 42 and Burgeois, N. F., 6 days—dry fish, part of which they were obliged to throw overboard on the 9th ult, off Cape Breton, in a heavy gale, the vessel being hove on her beam ends, put back to Burgeois to repair; Canso Trader, Canso, fish; Elisa, Canso, fish.

Wednesday 9th—Rival Packet, McClearn, Liverpool, N. S., 1 day—dry fish.

Wednesday 10th—Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 12 hours—sugar and wine; New Schooner Breeze, Wilson, Barrington, 1 day; brig Maria, Boole, Weymouth, 18 days—lumber, to N. LeCain & Son; New Brig Susan King, McLean, Yarmouth, 3 days—lumber, to J. & M. Tobin.

CLEARED,

Monday, January 7th—Schrs Congress, Cameron, Fortune Bay, salt, etc, by D. & E. Starr, & Co. and J. Duffus; brig Granville, Lyle, Kingston, fish, etc, by H. Lyle; schr Esperance, Gagnion, Arichat, 9th, Anastasia, Power, St. George's Bay, salt, by G. Handley; brig Lerwick, Stobie, Liverpool, G. B. by Fairbanks & Allison. 10th, schr Breeze, Fallen, B. W. Indies, fish, etc, by D. & E. Starr.

A VISIT TO THE QUICKSILVER MINES OF IDRIA.

At the entrance to the village of Idria, in Germany, my passports were examined, and the officer having ascertained that I wished to examine the mines, said he would send a person to accompany me. Accordingly a serjeant soon after called at the public-house where I lodged, to say that the mining operations were carried on day and night, and that I could enter at any time. I had noticed from the hills a dark crowd of men in front of a large building, and those, he told me, were the evening gang, about commencing the descent. I appointed six o'clock in the morning, and on waking, found him waiting for me. At the building alluded to, which is on one side of the village, and covers the entrance of the mines, we changed our dresses, and the keeper unlocking an iron gate, we found ourselves in a horizontal gallery, three or four hundred yards in length, running directly into the hill, at the foot of which the edifice is erected. Here we came to a small chapel, with a light burning before the picture of the Virgin, and turning short to the left, commenced the descent. It has nothing difficult, being effected the whole way by means of stairs in pretty good order: indeed, the mines have nothing corresponding to the ideas of terror which we are apt to connect with such places, except the atmosphere, which, throughout the mine, must be strongly impregnated with mercurial vapour, and is constantly producing salivation among the workmen.

Having descended by seven hundred and twenty-seven steps, reaching to a depth of one hundred and twenty-five fathoms, we arrived at the region where chiefly the cinnabar is procured. The mining operations are carried on principally in galleries, the friable nature of the ground or rock seldom admitting of larger chambers. The cinnabar is in strata of from two to six inches in thickness, and of a variety of colours, from dark to light red, the quicksilver sometimes being mixed with it, sometimes occurring in the intervening strata of earth or stone. Sometimes the cinnabar is of a brilliant red, and once I found it in small crystals; but such specimens are rare: generally it is of a dull red colour, and the stone is so brittle, that nothing more than a pickaxe is required: the strata affording the quicksilver appeared to have no particular direction, and occupy about one-third or one-half of the entire mass of rock. Proceeding a short distance, however, we came to galleries where the cinnabar is less common, and the quicksilver is the chief object of search. It occurs here sometimes imbedded in a friable rock, sometimes in a kind of earth, in appearance and hardness resembling talcose slate, but principally in the former. Generally it is in particles too minute for the naked eye; but often, when the work is broken, small globules present themselves, varying from a size just large enough to be seen, up to that of a common pin's head. These globules are not distributed at random through the mass, but the substance in which they occur forms strata, usually about one inch or two in thickness.

Descending still lower, we soon came to the richest part of the mine. Here the gangue consists almost entirely of talcose earth, mentioned above, and the globules are so large that when it is broken, they fall out and roll to the bottom of the gallery. The labourers here are relieved every four hours, being unable, from the state of the atmosphere, to work longer than this at one time. In the other parts of the mine they work eight hours. There are three hundred and sixty altogether employed in the mines, divided into three companies, and working each eight hours out of the twenty-four. Their pay is only from fifteen to seventeen kreutzers (*5d. to 6d.*, English,) a day, the usual pay of day-labourers throughout Germany. I found several of them suffering from the effects of the mercury.

Having loaded myself and the guide with specimens, I returned by the same way to the upper mine, and proceeded next to examine the washing-rooms, which are situated a few hundred yards from the mines. The gangue containing the metal is carried to this house, and if it is of the earthy kind it is broken up and thrown upon large sieves, by means of which the loose or native quicksilver, called here *jung frau*, (or virgin quicksilver,) is separated from the earth: the latter is then cast into shallow boxes, open at the ends, and a little inclined, and a gentle stream of water being made to pass over it, a rake is used, and the earthy matter is carried off. There are seven of these boxes in succession, and by the time the residuum reaches the last of them it resembles a heavy gray powder, and is sufficiently pure to be carried to the vapour furnace. The stony fragments require only a slight washing to cleanse them from the outward earthly impurities.

The furnace is half a mile lower down the valley, and at the extreme end of the village; it consists of a circular walled building, about forty feet diameter by sixty in height, on each side of which is a continuous range of chambers ten or twelve feet square, and nearly as many in height: by means of small square openings in the partition walls, the air is allowed to pass from the centre buildings to the remotest. Each has also a door communicating with the external air. These buildings are all of stone, and are plastered within. The gangue, after being prepared in the washing-house as already described, is removed to this edifice, and placed in earthen pans four inches deep and fifteen in diameter, which are piled up so as to fill the centre

building. The doors of the chamber are then carefully walled up, and a strong fire having been lighted under the centre building, the quicksilver rises in the form of vapour, and passing into the small chambers, is then condensed by the cold atmosphere around them. Some of the gangue, you will observe, was brought here in the form of the native rock: I understood them to say, that the expansive power of the vapour, together with the heat of the fire, was sufficient to cause the rock to disintegrate, and thus allow the escape of the quicksilver. When this process is over, the door-ways of the chambers are once more opened, and the quicksilver, which is found chiefly adhering in drops to the sides and ceiling, is scraped off, and running into a hollow in the floor, is taken thence to the cleaning and bottling room. It appears to act on the mortar of the chambers, for I found the latter flaky, and the crevices all filled with small globules.

The cleaning-process is very simple, a piece of canvass being merely spread over a funnel, and the quicksilver, being made to pass through this, comes out sufficiently pure. That intended for home consumption is then tied up in sheepskins, while that for exportation is put in iron bottles, large enough to contain sixty-eight pounds. The furnace is kept in operation only during the winter months, and then the vapour which escapes from it is a serious annoyance to the town; they have a blast three times every fortnight.

The price of quicksilver at the mines is one hundred and twelve florins for one hundred German pounds. The quantity annually procured is about one hundred and sixty-four tons; formerly it was greater, and brought a better price; their market, which is chiefly in China, having been injured by competition from the quicksilver mines near Almeria, in Spain.—*Magazine of Popular Science.*

PERSIAN MULETEERS.

The summit attained, we cast our eyes over—I will not say *enjoyed*, according to the customary phrase—one of the most withering and hopeless-looking prospects of endless mountains of snow that ever greeted the inflamed optics of miserable travellers: it seemed as if, in truth, the morning sun coming forth could "wake no eye to life in that wild solitude;" and on these altitudes we continued, plunging down one side of a peak to mount up another, thus making our way along the crest of the ridge for several hours, with a continuation of effort quite exhausting, until our alpine *traject* terminated in one of the steepest and longest descents I ever made. I am certain we came sheer down an uninterrupted mountain-side of full three thousand feet in height, upon a little hollow, rather than a valley, of unbroken snow, in which lay a village like a black-winged bat sleeping in a nest of eider-down. It was one of the severest things I ever had to do. There was no riding; my saddle came twice over the horse's neck in the attempt, and then I gave it up. It was just one long slipping and scrambling-match the whole way down; and I got half-a-dozen severe tumbles to help my poor wretched back, by the heels of my clumsy boots sliding from under me on the old frozen snow.

We stopped awhile to put oursel ves to rights and take breath at the bottom; and often as I have had occasion to admire the courage of Persian muleteers, I never did so more than at this moment, when, still panting with the exertion of merely *descending*, I looked back, and measuring the height from which we had *stooped*, reflected what the first ascent must have been. The caravan which opened this track had come from Khoe, and when they reached this little valley, and observed the state of the snow, knowing that the *dalle* must be impassable, had taken the bold resolution of breasting up this precipitous acclivity, which, even when free from snow, would be considered as a desperate attempt. What, then, must the performance of it have been under the embarrassed animals had to flounder upwards, shoulder-deep in tough snow? when not a moment could pass without leads falling and going wrong; horses and mules tumbling into holes, sinking, giving up, and all the other exciting occurrences incident to such a struggle against difficulties that are often insurmountable even in this plain? Verily, these rough, hardy muleteers merit a crown of honour for their perseverance, and a place for indefatigable courage beside the bold *Sorajees* of Turkey.

Perhaps there cannot be a more interesting and exciting spectacle than the progress of a large caravan of mules and yaboo, conducted through the unbroken snow of a stage that has been shut up by drift or a heavy fall, by these Persian muleteers; and the behaviour of their animals is as gallant, as striking, as their own. A large and powerful unloaded mule is generally chosen to lead on such occasions; and the animal, caparisoned in handsome harness, with bells and fringes, seems conscious of the trust that is reposed in, and the exertions that are expected from him. Far from being dismayed at the laborious exertions that await him, he is ready to fight for the post of honour, and kicks and bites at any of the rest that attempt to pass him or to share his toils: with a sagacity that seems miraculous, he smells out as it were the obliterated track, or searches for a fresh one in the most promising ground. Through the deep but even snow he plunges with unflinching perseverance, listening occasionally to the shouts or di-

rections of his master, until, quite done up, he is withdrawn to be replaced by a fresh leader. Does a wreath occur, he smells about for awhile to discover the soundest and shallowest part, then boldly dashes at it with his full force, and never halts until he flounders through or gets so deeply entangled as to require help to effect his extrication. If the snow is very deep, there must be many such leaders put forward in front, for the track of one is not sufficient to open up a passage for the loaded beasts; and truly it is a fine thing to see these bold sagacious brutes performing the duty which they know falls to their share. The loaded animals follow with more caution, but their sagacity is scarcely less admirable. If they fall or stick, there is a momentary flounder, and a strong effort to get free; but if this fails, they know as well as if they were endowed with reason, that they are powerless without the aid of men, so they lie quite composed in the snow till that aid comes; and then, to be sure, the practised manner in which they assist these efforts is wonderful. Then for the men; to see these hardy fellows, in their heavy felt coats or sheepskins, plunging after their beasts, now dashing forward to help the leaders through a bad step, in another moment losing the load of a fallen mule, covered with snow; often forced to carry the packages themselves for a considerable way, their mules now and then rolling head over heels down the hill-side, and landing in the ravine below, themselves working on breast deep ahead with their long staves, to sound the depth of auspicious places. Then the shouting, and the whinnying, and the braying, and the ringing of bells, and the shrieks or cries of the passengers, who may be pent up in kajawabs or baskets on either side a mule, form altogether a scene of interest and excitement which it is not easy to forget.—*Fraser's Persian Journal.*

A Matrimonial Fix.—Recollect, when you are married you are tied by the leg, Sam! like one of our sodger deserters, you have a chain danglin' to your foot, with a plaguy heavy shot to the end of it. It keeps you to one place most all the time, for you can't carry it with you, and you can't leave it behind you, and you can't do nothing with it.—*Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick*

A PRACTICAL CONCLUSION.

Mr. Chick, an excellent artisan sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1821, was the first European smith who settled in the interior of Madagascar; and to him the natives of Ankova especially are indebted for their improvement in the art of working in iron. He reached the capital in 1822, and fixed his residence at Amparibe, where he erected his shop, and fitted it up in the European style, as far as circumstances would admit. Mr. Chick was himself a powerful man; and the tools, the bellows, the anvil, and the large sledge-hammer which he used, filled the natives with the greatest astonishment. The report of his great strength soon reached the palace; and shortly after he began his work, the king with a number of his officers paid him a visit. Mr. Chick's boys were at work at an anvil of a middling size. A spare one, of considerable weight was standing on the floor in another part of the shop; and the king, after looking about with admiration for some time, told his officers to lift the anvil that was standing on the floor: each in his turn put forth his utmost strength, but could not raise it from the ground. "What!" said the king, "are you all conquered? Let me try." His Majesty then laid hold of it with all his might, and tried to raise it from the ground, but with no better success than his officers. Aoka izay, (said the king,) *avelao mba atao ny zazaha ankehitriny*—"Enough; let the White man try now." Mr. Chick then lifted the anvil to a considerable height from the ground, to the great surprise of all present; and it is singular to notice the first impression which this evidence of the superior strength of the Englishman produced on the minds of the king and his suite; they all concurred in declaring that it would be dangerous to fight with such men.—*Ellis's History of Madagascar.*

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