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THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN, AUTHOR OF A "WINTER IN THE FAR WEST."

"Young bride,
No keener dreg shall quiver on thy lip
Till the last ice-cup cometh."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The leading circumstances of the following narrative may possibly be known to more than one of my readers; but, if now recognised, notwithstanding the altered guise in which they are here given, I trust they are still so presented to the public as to infringe upon no feeling of domestic privacy.

In the spring of 18—, the Rev. Mr. B—, of —, in Connecticut, received a letter from his old friend and college chum, the Rev. E— T—, who had been for some time established as a missionary in one of the islands in the Pacific, soliciting the fulfilment, on the part of his friend, of a most delicate and peculiar office for him. The request of T—, who, having been long isolated from the world, had arrived at the age of forty without marrying, was nothing more nor less than that B— would choose a wife for him, and prevail upon the lady to come out to her expectant husband by the first opportunity. Strange as it may seem, Mr. B— found but little difficulty in complying with the request of his friend. The subject of missions at that time filled the minds of the whole religious community; and, in some sections of the Union, a wild zeal wrought so powerfully in the breasts of individuals, that they were eager to abandon their homes and their country, and sunder every domestic tie, in order "to do their Master's bidding" in strange and inhospitable lands. Nor was this a mere burst of enthusiasm, that was to pass off with other fashions of the day—for its fruits are still constantly maturing; and now, as then, there are not a few instances of young females of respectability and accomplishment educating themselves for the avowed purpose of becoming the wives of missionaries. With these preliminary remarks I will at once introduce the reader to the subject of the following sketch, with whom I became acquainted in the manner here related.

I had been enjoying a week's shooting at Quogue, on Long Island, when, wishing to return to New York by steam-boat through the sound, I engaged a seat one morning in the stage-coach for Sag Harbour, which sometimes stopped for dinner at nine host's, Mr. Pierson Howell. In the present instance it delayed merely long enough to receive my luggage and myself. The only other passenger was a female, whom, notwithstanding the effectual screen of her long cottage bonnet, I knew to be pretty, from the quizzical look my landlord put on as he shook hands with me at parting after I had taken my seat by her side.

The day was warm; and we had not driven far before, without appearing officious, I had an opportunity of obtaining a glimpse of my companion's face, while leaning before her to adjust the curtains on her side of the coach. It was beautiful—exceedingly beautiful. Not the beauty which arises from regularity of feature, or brilliancy of complexion—though in the latter it was not deficient, but that resistless and thoroughly womanish charm which lies in expression solely. It evinced that feminine softness of disposition which is often the farthest removed from weakness of character, though, by the careless observer, it is generally confounded with it; and which, though sometimes it may mislead one in judging of the temper of the possessor, yet almost invariably, like the ore-blossom upon the soil that is rich in mines beneath, bespeaks the priceless treasure of an affectionate and noble heart. The reader, who would realize the attractions of the countenance before me, need only call up their most winning expression in the features he most admires.

I gradually fell into conversation with my companion, and, stopping at South Hampton to change horses, her first remark upon our again taking our seats, was, that she feared we should not get into Sag Harbour until after dark, when she would be unable to find the ship which was expected to sail in the morning. As I knew that no ships but whalers lay at that time in Sag Harbour, I could not at first possibly conceive what a young and delicate female could have to do aboard of such a vessel; and then, the idea suggesting itself that she might be the daughter or sister of the captain, who came to bid him farewell for his two years' cruise, I asked her if she expected to remain on board the ship till she sailed.

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply; "I go out in her."

"What! to the South Sea?" rejoined I. "You have relations on board, though I suppose!"

"No, sir, I don't know any one in the ship; but I have a let-

ter for the captain, which, I think, will procure me a safe voyage to the — Islands."

"The — Islands! Is it possible you have friends in so remote a place as the — Islands? They must be dear friends, too,—pardon me,—to carry you unprotected so far."

"My hu-us-band is there," she answered with some embarrassment, though the growing twilight prevented me from seeing whether the confusion extended from her voice to her countenance. The peculiarity in the young lady's manner, as she pronounced the word "husband," piqued my curiosity; but, as it would have been impertinent to push my inquiries further, I did not urge the subject, but merely remarked, that her youth had prevented me from taking her for a married woman.

"Nor am I married yet," was the reply. "And, indeed," she continued, with a slight tremor in her voice, "I have never seen the man who is to be my husband." An expression of unfeigned surprise, of a more lively interest, perhaps,—for I have said "the maid was fair," and we had now been some hours *tete-a-tete*,—escaped me: I scarcely remember what followed, but before we had reached the inn-door, the ingenuous girl had given me a full account of herself and her fortunes. She was an orphan child, and had been bred up in great seclusion in a clergyman's family in Western New York. She was, in a word, the young enthusiast whom the Rev. Mr. B— had chosen as a wife for his Missionary friend, and prevailed upon to encounter a six months' voyage through stormy latitudes, for the purpose of connecting herself for life with a man she had never seen. I did not express a sympathy that would be useless in her situation, much less did I give vent to the indignation with which her story filled me: her fanatical friends, who permitted a young, a beautiful, and delicate female to take so wild a step, had, perhaps, after all, acted from the best of motives. Indeed, the poor thing herself, though not exactly proud of having been chosen to the station she was about to fill, seemed determined to ~~conquer~~ ~~with~~ all the exalted feeling of one who fulfils a high duty, and who is on the certain road to a perferment which, most of her sex might envy. It would certainly have been a very equivocal kindness to have interposed another view of the subject, and disturbed the honest convictions of propriety which could alone have sustained her in a situation so trying.

I accompanied Alice Vere—for such I learned her name to be—to the vessel; and, after bidding her a kind farewell, I took an opportunity, while passing over the side, to whisper a few words to the captain, which might induce him to believe that she was not so friendless as she appeared to be, and secure her whatever attention it was in his power to offer. In the morning, having a few moments to spare before breakfast, I again strolled down to the pier; but the whaler had hoisted sail with the dawn, and a brisk wind had already carried her out into the sound: nor was it till years after that I heard the name of Alice Vere, and learned the issue of her voyage; though the name, and the features, and voice of her who bore it, did, I confess, long haunt me. It was too pretty a name, I thought, to be changed lightly; and, somehow, when I heard it I could not for the life of me ask that into which it was to be merged for ever. The sequel of her story I learned from a friend, whose vessel being driven from her course in coming from the East Indies, stopped at the — Islands to water, where he casually heard the fate of the Missionary girl.

The tender and imaginative temperament of Alice Vere, though perhaps it impelled her to make the sacrifice for which she was schooled by those who called themselves her friends, but badly fitted her for the cold destiny to which she was condemned. The imagination of any woman, isolated upon the great deep for six long months, with nothing to think of but the stranger husband to whose arms she was consigned, could not but be active, whatever her mental discipline might be. But with a girl of fancy and feeling, who had taken a step so irretrievable when surrounded by approving and encouraging friends, what must have been her emotions in the solitude of her own cabin, when such an influence—such a sustaining atmosphere of opinion—was wholly withdrawn. Doubt and fear would at first creep into her mind; and, when these disheartening guests could no longer be controlled by factitious notions of duty, fancy would throw her fairy veil around their forms, and paint some happy termination of a prospect so forbidding. And thus it was with Alice Vere. Anxiety soon yielded to hope; her future husband and her future home filled her mind with a thousand dreaming fancies. She was no romance reader, and therefore could not make a *hero* of the future partner of her bosom; but a saint he indeed might be, a

saint too, not less in form than in godliness, for the association of physical and moral beauty is almost inseparable in the minds of the young and the inexperienced. She imagined him, too, as one who though not "looking from Nature up to Nature's God," for "God must be first and all in all with him," would still be one whose mind would look from the Creator to his works, with a soul to appreciate all their excellences. The fancied portrait of her future husband was laid in simple though impressive colours, but the background of the picture was filled with all the splendours of a tropical clime, of groves such as the early Christians wandered through in Grecian Isles, and skies such as bent over Him who taught beneath them in the golden orient. True, she was to be exiled for ever from the sheltered scenes and quiet fireside of her youth; but, would she not be contented to rove for ever with one only companion whose soul could fully sympathise with hers in scenes so fresh and so Elysian?

With a mind softened, if not enervated, by these day-dreams, not less than by the bland and voluptuous clime in which they had been for some days sailing, our young enthusiast could scarcely suppress a scream of delight, when, upon coming on deck one morning, she found that the ship had cast anchor in the beautiful bay of —, where her wildest vision of tropical scenery seemed more than realized. The water around the ship was as clear as the mountain-streams of her native country; and the palm-trees and the cocoas that bent over it, lifted their slender columns, and waved their tufted heads against the sky more purely bright than any she had ever beheld; while clouds of tropical birds, of the most dazzling plumage, sailed along the shore, or sported around the vessel, as if wholly regardless of man.

A number of the natives had launched their light barks from the shore, filled with bread, fruit, and other acceptable luxuries to those who have been long at sea. Alice was watching their approach with ~~great~~ ~~interest~~ in the novelty of the scene, when a boat from the opposite side of the crescent-shaped harbour made the ship, and, almost before she was aware of its approach, a striking figure, dressed after the clerical fashion of her own country, in a full suit of black, presented himself at the companion way, and, leaping on deck, instantly hurried towards her. She turned round—looked at him intensely for a moment—made one faltering step towards him, and fainted in his arms.

The gentleman laid her carefully upon a flag that chanced to be folded near; and, still supporting her head upon one knee, gazed upon her features with looks of surprise and anxiety, which soon yielded to complete bewilderment as she addressed him upon coming to herself.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, gradually reviving; "thank God! thank God!—how can I ever have deserved this?" and, bending her face forward, she impressed a reverential kiss upon his hand, and then covered her face in confusion.

My readers have all read of *love at first sight*, and some, perhaps, have heard of instances of it among their acquaintance. The sceptics to the doctrine, however, I imagine, far outnumber those who really believe in it. It is the latter, therefore, whom I will beg to recollect all the circumstances which preceded this singular scene; when they cannot deem it unnatural that the wrought-up-feelings of an ardent and sensitive girl should thus burst forth upon first meeting in her affianced husband, her appointed friend and protector in a strange land, him that religion and duty taught her that she *must* love,—upon meeting in him all that her dreams of happiness for long, long months of anxious solitude had pictured. I ought to add, however, that the interchange of several letters between Miss Vere and her betrothed before leaving her native shores, had, while partially removing the awkwardness of their first meeting, supplied perhaps that "food for young thoughts" which, in a nature artless and enthusiastic as hers, might engender the most confiding affections even for an object that she had never seen.

"And is this beautiful island to be our home?—Are these my husband's people around us?—Oh! how I shall love every thing that belongs to this fair land! But why do you not speak to your poor wanderer?—Alas! alas! can I ever deserve all these blessings?"

The embarrassment of the gentleman seemed only to increase as the agitated girl thus poured out her feelings. He begged her to be calm, and seemed most nervously solicitous to restrain her expressions; and the captain approaching at that moment, he made a hurried and indistinct apology for his abruptness; and, withdrawing his arm from her waist as she regained her feet, moved off to seek the mate in another part of the vessel.

"Ah! Mr. Supercargo, I mistrusted we should find you at this island!" exclaimed the mate, turning round, and shaking hands with him, as the gentleman touched his shoulder upon joining this officer near the cupstan. "All well at home, Mr. F.— Here's a letter from your wife."

The other tore open the letter, and devoured it with evident delight, and then shaking hands again with the officer, exclaimed, "Thank you, thank you; all are well at home, as you tell me. But how in the world came that beautiful insane creature in your vessel?"

"A mad woman! The devil a bit of a mad woman or any other woman have we on board, except Mrs. T——, the wife of Parson T—— that is to be."

"The wife of Mr. T——?"

"Why, yes, as good as his wife. She's a gal from York State we are carrying out to be spliced to old Dead-eyes."

The gentlemanlike supercargo seemed struck with concern; in fact, the true state of the case flashed upon his mind in a moment. The deep mourning which he wore out of respect for one of his employers, whose ship he was that day to visit, had evidently caused him to be mistaken for a clergyman; and the excited imagination of the lonely girl had prompted her to see in him the future guardian of her friendless condition. Nothing, however, could be done; an attempt at explanation would but betray her secret to the coarse natures by which she was surrounded. Her lot in life, too, was cast; his sympathy could avail her nothing, and a few days voyage would consign her to the care of him who might legitimately receive the proofs of tenderness which he had so innocently elicited in his own behalf. He called for his boat, and passing slowly and dejectedly over the side of the vessel, pulled for the shore.

Alice Vere had in the mean time retired to the cabin, where she expected her lover—it was the first time she had even thought the word—to join her. Her own feelings had so crowded upon her mind during the brief interview, that they had prevented her from observing his; and the luxury of emotion in which she now indulged, and in which she thought there was not one consideration human or divine to make it wrong for her to indulge, prevented her from observing the lapse of time. Simple and single-hearted, with a nature whose affluent tenderness piety could regulate and delicacy could temper, though neither could repress, she poured the flood of her pent-up feelings in what seemed their heaven-appointed channel; in a word, she was gone an age in love while numbering the minutes of her acquaintance with her lover. His noble and manly figure, his alert and elastic step in approaching her, and the kindly look of feeling and intelligence his features wore—a look of intense interest, which she, poor girl, little dreamt was prompted by concern for another, of whom he was about to ask her;—nay, even the hurried tones of his agitated but still most musical voice, all, all were stamped upon her heart as indelibly as if their impress had been the work of years.

The water rippling along the vessel's side first roused her from this delicious reverie, and the mate, who was a rough but kind-hearted seaman, at that moment came below to make an entry in his log.

"Well, miss, he cried, "with this breeze we'll soon bring up at the parson's door; and right glad to be rid of us you'll be, I guess, when we get there. Only thirty-six hours more, and you'll be home."

"This island, then, is not Mr. T——'s residence?"

"This?—Oh no. There used to be a Britisher here, but they have got no missionary man upon it now."

"And does Mr. T—— have to go thus from island to island in the performance of his duty?—or did he only come so far from his people meet me?" she asked with some embarrassment.

"Come!" exclaimed the seaman, not a little puzzled; "why, how bless your soul, Parson T—— has not been here, at least that I know of."

"Surely he's now on board," cried Alice, alarmed, yet hardly knowing why: "surely I saw him speaking to you on deck."

"To me, missus!—I never cared to exchange two words with old Dead-eyes, axing your pardon, since I knowed him. Speaking to me! Why, that—that was—why, — my eyes! you have not taken young Washington F——'s handsome figure for old Ebenezer T——'s mouldy carcass?"

The rude but not unfriendly mate had hardly uttered the sentence before he cursed himself to the bottom of every sea between the poles, for the use he had made of his tongue. Alice fell lifeless upon the cabin-floor. The seaman shouted for assistance; and then, as he and the better-bred captain, who, as the father of a large and estimable family, was a more fitting nurse for the forlorn maiden, applied one restorative after another, she recovered animation at intervals. Fit succeeded fit, however; and then, as the wind rose, and a brewing tempest called all hands on deck, the captain could only place her kindly in her berth, in the hope that the new excitement at hand might possibly be of service to his patient.

The ship was driven widely out of her course. Alice was long-indifferent to every thing around; but as the storm lasted for several days, and finally threatened to destroy the stout craft in

which she sailed, the near prospect of the death for which she had but now been longing called all her religious feelings into action. She felt that she was the child of destiny: her gentle piety would not allow her to wish for a sudden and violent death, though the peace of the grave was what she most desired. She prayed then, not for life, but for an escape from its horrors; alike from those which raged in the angry elements around her, and those which warred so fearfully in her own bosom.

Weeks elapsed before the vessel reached the haven, of which she had once been within a few hours' sail. The missionary girl had apparently recovered from all bodily indisposition, and her features were again as calm as ever; but it was the calmness of rigidity, and not of peace, they wore. It was a sacrifice of herself to Heaven she had meditated originally. "And why," exclaimed she mentally, "why should I shrink from the offering now, when Providence has enabled me to make it richer and more abundant—to make my soul's triumph more complete, as its trial is more bitter and severe!" Still, when the isle of her destination hove in view, it was with a shudder that she first looked upon the shore, and thought of the fate that there awaited her.

Woman's heart is a strange, a wayward thing. In many a bosom its strongest chords are never touched by the hand to which it is yielded. It is often bestowed with faint consent on him who seeks it—bestowed in utter ignorance of the power of loving—the wealth of tenderness it hoards within itself;

"Circumstance, blind contact, and the strong necessity of loving," will afterward mould it to its fate, and prevent repining at its choice; but when once its hidden strings have vibrated, and given out their full music,—when once its inmost treasures have been disclosed to its owner, counted over, and yielded up with a full knowledge of their worth to another,—when "the pearl of the soul" has been once lavished in the mantling cup of affection, it revolts from all feebler preferences, and is true, even in death, to its one only love.

The missionary soon came on board to claim his bride. He was a plain and worthy man, with nothing to distinguish him from the members of his profession in our country, who, mistaking the promptings of zeal for the inspiration of a special calling, and who, without minds matured by experience or enlightened by education, leave the plough or the shopboard to become the instructors of those who, with feelings as sincere as their own, and understandings far more exercised in knowledge of good and evil, are expected to bow to their narrow teachings,—to receive them, not as humble soldiers of the Cross needing guidance like themselves, but as the captains and leaders of the church militant, armed in full panoply,—a living bulwark against its foes.

Alice Vere had but little experience in society; but the quickening power of love had lately called all her dormant perceptions of taste and feeling into play, and a very brief interview sufficed for her to read the character of her destined husband. She felt that she could never love him. Respect him she did, as she would have done the humblest brother of her faith; and had she never known what love was, her regard would perhaps not have been withholden in time; for every woman loves the father of her children, if he be not a creature to be abhorred. But if there be an agonizing thought to a girl of delicacy and sensibility, it is the idea of becoming a bride under such circumstances as surrounded poor Alice Vere—the thought that her heart shall beat against the bosom of a stranger, when its every pulse throbs for another. Still a high, imperious duty, as she believed, constrained her, and she prepared to resign herself to her fate.

The nuptial day arrived. It had been arranged that the master of the vessel, on board of which Alice, wistfully lingering, had begged to remain, should perform the ceremony (agreeably to the laws of the state of New York, by which marriage is merely a civil contract, requiring only a formal declaration of the parties before competent witnesses). Mr. T—— himself commenced the ceremony by a prayer, which, as giving solemnity to the occasion, was perhaps most proper in itself; but it was painfully long, and seemed to refer to almost everything else but the immediate subject of interest. At length the bride, whose languid limbs refused to sustain her so long in a standing position, sank into a seat, and the missionary, glancing a look of reproof at her, abruptly concluded his harrangue. The worthy seaman was more expeditious in getting through with his share of the office. He merely asked the parties severally if they acknowledged each other as man and wife. The missionary made his response in the affirmative with a slow and grave distinctness; but Alice faltered in her reply. A tumult of feelings seemed oppressing her senses for a moment; she looked to the untamed forest, whose boughs waved unfettered on the shore, to the broad main that spread its free wave around her, and the wild bird that sported over its bosom,

"Thence she turned
To him who was to be her sole shelterer now,
And placed her hand in his, and raised her eye
One moment upward, whence her strength did come."

The certificates, which had been previously drawn up, being then signed and witnessed, the missionary concluded with another

homily; and the crew, who had been allowed to collect upon the quarterdeck during the ceremonial, dispersed over the vessel.

It was now sunset, and, as a heavy cloud which threatened rain brooded over the island, the captain politely insisted that Mr. T—— should not think of returning to the shore, but take possession of his own private cabin. The rain soon after beginning to fall in torrents, drove those on deck below. Here the mates claimed the privilege of having a jorum of punch to drink the health of the bride, and the captain being willing to unite with them, Alice was compelled to retire to the new quarters which had just been provided for her; while the festive seamen insisted upon keeping their clerical guest for a while among themselves. Their mirth soon became so uproarious as to mock the tempest without, when a sudden squall struck the vessel, carrying her over, even as she lay at anchor under bare poles, upon her beam ends. The seamen, followed by the missionary, rushed to the deck, where the glare of the lightning, as they looked to windward, revealed to them a female figure standing upon the taffrail, with arms outstretched towards a huge wave that lifted its over-arching crest above her, and threatened to engulf the vessel. A cry of horror escaped the revellers, the bridegroom breathed a prayer as he clung to the rigging for safety: and then, as the descending sea righted the vessel, a suffocating moan was heard above the surge that swept the body of Alice Vere like a drift of foam across her decks.

The morning came at last, the sun rose serenely, the bright waves rippled joyously beneath the stern of the vessel, and their reflected light playing through the sloping windows of the cabin, glanced upon the unpressed couch of the Missionary Bride. None could even tell how she had made her way to the deck in the midst of the tempest; yet none have ever whispered the sin of self-destruction against the lovely, the lonely, the ill-fated ALICE Vere.—Let this "over true" tale bear a sad and solemn warning.

[We have inserted in our journal the above tale from the October number of Bentley's Miscellany, because we know that the outline of the story does not outrage facts, it being no uncommon thing for a female to leave her native land to unite her destinies with an individual entirely unknown to her. It is one of these sad cases in which the end is supposed to sanctify the means.

Rather than enlarge on the impropriety of such a course by any notices of our own, we would take occasion to refer our readers to an elaborate essay "ON FALSE PRINCIPLES OF BENEVOLENT ACTION," by Rev. R. W. Dickinson, and written no less in accordance with the spirit of divine revelation, than with the dictates of sound philosophy. Here is an extract from the practical part of the essay, which we introduce to our readers, with this single remark, that there are a multitude of other cases, distinguishing modern times, beside those enumerated below, and which shew to what an alarming extent "false principles of benevolent action" are in operation at the present day.

"Is money necessary to the accomplishment of a benevolent project? Almost any expedient is sometimes thought to be justifiable. An individual whose favour is deemed essential, may be humoured in his prejudices, may be complimented contrary to truth on his acknowledged liberality; statements of facts may be *overdrawn*; or the urgency of the case *exaggerated*. Is it necessary to change public opinion in order to further a seemingly virtuous project? Then, it is conceived to be perfectly allowable to condemn whoever may doubt its propriety; to slander whoever may oppose its advancement. Is intemperance the giant evil? Then it is deemed perfectly proper, in order to effect our humane object, to denounce the use of wine as sinful, though the Scriptures discountenance only its abuse. Is the system of slavery a great moral and social evil? Then, the feelings of the master may be outraged, and his character traduced and vilified;—the church may legislate in civil concerns; and the constitution of the country be overthrown. On the other hand, are the staple commodities of a place endangered! are the wealth and luxuries of a community liable to be disturbed by the claims of humanity and justice? then it is deemed allowable to rivet yet more closely the chains which bind a race in degrading servitude, and the ministers of Jesus, to retain their posts of usefulness, may violate their convictions of truth and right. So, in the ardour of their compassion for dying sinners, many men usurp the prerogative of God's own spirit. So, in their all-absorbing love for the purity of the church, do brethren quiet their consciences while *epithets of reproach* roll from their lips, and feelings of malice rankle in their hearts. Thus might we proceed to show the influence of this principle in all the relations of society,—how unlawful business is sometimes prosecuted for the sake of private good; how dishonesty and falsehood are sometimes justified by the necessity of making a living; how parents, for the sake of giving their children a knowledge of the world, or of enabling them to form eligible connexions, sometimes attempt to justify themselves in countenancing the dissipations of fashionable life; or in imposing on public credulity by assuming both at home and abroad the appearance of affluence; but we have already adduced instances more than sufficient to prove how wide spread is the influence of a false prin-

eiple of moral action. Not only is this principle extensively adopted, but in many instances it is most pertinaciously defended. To condemn or neglect the principle involved in the instances to which we have alluded, is even thought to betray narrowness of mind, or ignorance of human life. It is superfluous righteousness to scruple the propriety of a trifling deviation from the scriptural *hæc*, when the good proposed is so great in comparison.

Let our view be confined to the sphere of our own observations; and it is of the greater importance to scan the present, as no small number within the pale of the Christian Church are too thoughtless of principles of action, if only the prospect of apparent good be unfolded to their minds. Indeed, the not unfrequent answer to conscientious doubts respecting the scriptural propriety of any mode of religious or benevolent action, is—"Consider the object which it contemplates—the good which has already been done. Mark how many members this society numbers; how many conversions we number; how many have united with the church; how many drunkards have been reformed, and names have been pledged to total abstinence; or how public opinion has gathered into a frown of indignation against the profligate, and a yet deeper frown against the supporters of slavery.—Ay, and still to doubt, against such an array of evidence in favour of our modern expedients for doing good, is unanswerably, in their judgment, to convict one's self of an unregenerated, or unfeeling heart.

But may not the strong desire of doing good induce on the mind a delusion respecting the amount of good accomplished? Is it a strange circumstance, for the mind to be so infatuated with a project as readily to mistake the appearance of success for reality? The very evidence which is ordinarily adduced proves nothing beyond the show of benevolence and the appearance of good done. But should the actual results be disclosed, how might it appear to the conviction of every dispassionate mind, that while the schemes of worldly policy for the attainment of benevolent ends have been multiplied, a sense of individual responsibility, to a greater or less degree, has been impaired; that while an irresponsible institution for the purposes of religion, or of reform, has gathered strength, it has disclosed the cloven foot of spiritual despotism, attempting to control the teachings of the desk, and to engraft its principles on the scriptural terms of church communion; that while reports of converts have crowded our religious papers, multitudes have left their religion where they found it—at the anxious seat; that while the church has increased the number of her communicating members in an almost unparalleled ratio, the great body of them, according to the testimony of one, who of all men has had the amplest opportunity of observing, "are a disgrace to religion; that amid the excitement of multiplied associations and evening meetings the cultivation of personal piety has been neglected; the closet, to an alarming extent, there is reason to think, has yielded up its scriptural claims to the various requisitions of the lecture room; religion has become in divers places a matter of machinery or of contention; and genuine revivals have been brought into suspicion."]

A RELIGIOUS ANECDOTE.

The witty Earl of Rochester being once in company with King Charles II, his Queen, Chaplain, and some ministers of state; after they had been discoursing on public business, the King of a sudden exclaimed—"Let our thoughts be unbended from the cares of state, and give us a generous glass of wine, that cheereth, as the scripture saith, both God and man." The Queen hearing this, modestly said, she thought there could be no such text in scripture, and that the idea was little less than blasphemy. The King replied, that he was not prepared to turn to chapter and verse, but he was sure he had met with it in his scripture reading. The Chaplain was appealed to, and he was of the same opinion with the Queen. Rochester suspecting the King to be right, and being no friend to the Chaplain, slipped out of the room to enquire among the servants, if any of them were conversant with the Bible. They named David the Scotch Cook, who always carried a Bible about him; and David being called, recollected both the text and where to find it. Rochester ordered him to be in waiting, and returned to the King. This text was still the topic of conversation, and Rochester moved to call in David, who, he said, he found was well acquainted with the Scriptures. David appeared, and being asked the question, produced his Bible, and read the text, *Judges ix. 13*. The King smiled, the Queen asked pardon, and the Chaplain blushed. Rochester now asked the Dr. if he could interpret the text, since it was produced; but he was mute. The Earl, therefore, applied to David for the exposition. The Cook immediately replied, "How much wine cheereth man your Lordship knows: and that it cheereth God, I beg leave to say, that under the Old Testament dispensation, there were meat-offerings and drink-offerings. The latter consisted of Wine, which, by a metaphor, was said to cheer God, as he was well pleased in the way of salvation he had appointed; whereby his justice was satisfied, his law fulfilled, his mercy reigned, his grace triumphed, all the divine perfections harmonized, the sinner was saved, and God in Christ glorified." The King was agreeably surprised at the evangelical exposition;

Rochester applauded, and after some severe reflections upon the Chaplain, very gravely moved, that his Majesty would be pleased to make the Chaplain his Cook, and the Cook his Chaplain.

For the Pearl. TO MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When Hope's fairy pictures bright colours display!
How sweet, when we can from futurity borrow
A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day.

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health, and the comforts it bears on the wing,
Let me hope (oh! how soon it would lessen my anguish)
That to-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet the hope that to-morrow my wanderings will cease;
That at home, then, with care and with kindness attended,
I shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

Or when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation with joy how replete!
That from far distant regions, by Providence guided,
To-morrow will see us most happily meet.

When six days of labour, each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppress,
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest!

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The christian, believing, exulting, aspiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight.

MARY.

For the Pearl.

WAR AND RELIGION.

"The events of the past year have been of an unusual and extraordinary character. The political extravagances of some of our fellow subjects in Upper Canada have degenerated into disaffection, and that disaffection has ripened into rebellion, which has filled our whole Province with excitement and alarm, although only a few hundred seemed to have any connexion with the conspiracy.

The disturbances to which we have referred have been unfavourable to the spiritual prosperity of our Society in many places, as many of the members have been employed on military duty; and the attention of others has been diverted by exciting topics of a secular nature."—*Minutes of Conference for 1838, p. 161.*

We copy the above words from an address of the Canadian Methodist Conference, and which we have before us bound up with the Minutes of the English Methodist Conference for 1838. Our extracts, we think, furnish an important testimony on the evil tendency of war. What do they declare? That the late troubles in Canada though of so puny a description when compared with civil war on an extended scale, have nevertheless proved detrimental to the prosperity of one of the churches of Christ; to a certain extent, we are told religion has been paralyzed, and its progress impeded by the recent outbreak. It may be, however, that the members of the church are liable to blame for this unprosperous state of their affairs; that a heavy degree of culpability rests upon them for failing to maintain their wonted measure of piety and success. Or in other words, perhaps religion may flourish when war rages—churches be built up on the holy faith of the gospel when civil devastation reigns uncontrolled—and christianity prove triumphant even amid the din of conflict and the clash of arms. But no, it would appear not. The declaration of 500 teachers of christianity is before us, and in the reply of the British Conference to the address before quoted, we have the following remarks—"THAT the recent perilous and distracting occurrences should exercise an injurious influence on the spiritual state of your Societies, though a distressing fact, can excite no surprise. We trust, however, that by the inculcation of the duties suited to such seasons, you may be able to check these evils; and that your beloved people will have grace to lead quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty. Out of strifes so bitter and deadly, causes of angry discussion and lasting animosity must inevitably arise."—*Minutes for 1838 p. 164.* Our readers will here remark that in the above quotation, it is admitted to be a natural result of civil strife, that the church should be injured, and hence to be told of a fact so distressing, excites no surprise. Do we differ on this subject from our authority? By no means—we perfectly coincide with it. And if we had the results of the late wicked contention on all the Canadian churches, we feel certain that all would testify that the effects have been evil, only evil, and that continually. Nay we verily believe that with a much more extended rebellion, many of the churches would have lost all the savour of their piety. In fact we view war as incompatible with christianity—they cannot flourish together—and just in proportion as the former prospers and enlarges, so the latter will languish and decline. But we have other proofs at hand, of the moral evils of modern warfare. In an ancient book entitled BATH-KOL, published "by the First Presbytery of the Eastward," and printed at Boston in 1733, a frightful picture is drawn of the degraded state of society in "the land of the pilgrims;" as a consequence of the war of the Revolution. We make a few extracts, and those not the most pointed, but the shortest.

"This Presbytery, taking into serious consideration the present low state of religion, the great and general declension in the practice of virtue and piety, and the alarming progress of vice and immorality of every kind," it was "ordered that a committee be appointed," to take the same into consideration and report thereon. The body of the book consists of the report, which takes up 300 pages 12mo.

The introduction commences thus: "It has pleased the sovereign of the universe for eight long years, to continue on America the awful judgment of a bloody and destructive war." It then proceeds to mention some of the consequences of the war. "He must be a stranger indeed in Israel to whom it remains till now a secret, that the regard for religion, for which New England was once conspicuous, had vanished from among us in a lamentable degree." "Family religion is a stranger to the dwellings of thousands; and the judgments of heaven against Sabbath breaking are pleaded as an argument for continuing in that sin. And if such outrages against God and religion are called in question, the answer in almost every mouth is ready, 'tis war times. The youth, bred in the innocency of a rural retreat, that was never heard to defile his tongue with an oath in his life, no sooner gets on board of a privateer, or has spent a few days in the camp, than we find him loathed in all the language of hell. The most horrid oaths and infernal curses load and taint the air about him wherever he opens his mouth!" "Benevolence to our fellow men was perhaps never less cultivated in any country, than it seems to be of late among us; hardhearted indifference to the distress of the poor; the widow, and the orphan, have risen up and seized her throne. Intemperance in an immoderate use of strong and spirituous liquors, even to the intoxication that degrades human nature below the brutal herd, is become sadly common among us. Uncleanliness is awfully increased, and breaches of the seventh commandment are so frequent and so slightly censured, that it seems almost to be forgotten that it is a crime: glaring instances of peculation and breach of public trust are sheltered and uncensured; and private robberies, thefts and burglaries abound more and more. Avarice stalks in the streets, or lurks in the corners, and has stained the public roads with inhuman murders."

It is not necessary to our purpose to cite a single extract more, to fasten the impression on the minds of all our religious readers that war is in itself a monstrous evil, and that it carries in its train a long catalogue of crimes. War, has its origin in the inordinate desires and corrupt passions of men; and as its origin, so is its result. "A rising out of an evil root, this tree of bitterness seldom fails to produce, in vast abundance, the fruits of malice, wrath, cruelty, fraud, rapine, lasciviousness, confusion and murder. And the depravity occasioned by war, is not (as we have shewn) confined to the army. Every species of vice gains ground in a nation during war. And when a war is brought to a close, a long time elapses, before a community returns to its former standard of morals. In time of peace, vice and irreligion generally retain the ground they acquired by a war. War unauthorized by God has ever been and will ever be, productive of the most demoralizing effects. From all this it will follow that the authors of war have an awful degree of guilt to answer for at the bar of God. Those who set the bloody apparatus of war in motion may well tremble at the consideration of a future judgment. And is it not a little remarkable that christians who have leagued together against drunkenness, slavery, and other evils, should remain so silent on the subject of war. Why does not all christendom lift up its voice against this monstrous foe of human happiness? Is there no weight of influence in the christian community? May we not however indulge a hope that the time will come when intelligent christians of every country and of every name will unite their efforts to put an end to the detestable trade of human slaughter? Here christians of every sect may find an object worthy of their attention, and in which they may cordially unite. For this object they may, with propriety, leave behind all party zeal and party distinctions, and bury their animosities in one united effort, to give peace to the world. To adopt the pious wish of another, we would most fervently exclaim, O that God would call forth some wise, pious, enlightened, ardent philanthropist, who shall form this determination in his heart and carry it into execution!—"To convince mankind that christianity forbids war, to banish the idea of its lawfulness from their creed, and the love of its practice from their hearts; and to make all men seek peace with their whole soul, and pursue it with all their might, till it establish an universal reign over human nature, shall be the grand object of my existence on earth."—EDITOR.

EFFECTS OF EATING NEW BREAD—The mischievous consequences of eating new bread do not arise from its chemical composition, but its mechanical agency: it is very compressible; it is therefore rarely well masticated—it is swallowed quickly and in a large quantity, and then as instantly expands from absorption of the fluid contents of the stomach, which organ, thus suddenly and extensively distended, not only suffers pain on its own part, but compresses the neighbouring blood-vessels, so as materially to interfere with the general circulation. Hence the train of suffering consequent on such indulgence.

From the Token for 1839.

IL SASSO RANCIO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

By Nathaniel Greene.

The lake of Como, the most delightful of all the lakes at the foot of the Alps, is surrounded by mountains eight or nine thousand feet high, descending towards the lake, and generally terminating in hills resembling terraces. Near Nobialio, however, the mountain extends its long chain of high and precipitous rocks quite into the lake. The name of Sasso Rancio (*Orange Rock*) has been given to this mountain, in consequence of the orange colour, which the rocks derive from the presence of large quantities of iron ore. The road, which conducts the traveller from Italy into Germany, runs along these rocks at a great elevation above the waters of the lake. It is so narrow that it can be traversed only by pedestrians, and in some places so dangerous, that a single false step is inevitable destruction. A body of Russian troops, attached to the army of Bellegarde, were compelled to attempt the difficult pass in 1779; but a large proportion of those Scythian adventurers miserably perished in the lake beneath, or upon the rocks projecting into the intermediate space. A disaster of later occurrence, however, has given a more painful interest to this locality, the narration of which is calculated to excite the deepest sympathies of our nature. The following is a translation of the story as it appeared in an Italian publication, for which it was furnished by the curate of Menaggio, a man of undoubted veracity.

A small village upon the Alps, above Domaso, was the birth place of Rosalie. At the age of sixteen, resplendent with health, beauty, and youthful spirits, she was the pride of her native village, and the envy of all the maidens of the three neighbouring parishes. Her mother, who had enjoyed the advantages of a city residence in her earlier years, had taught her many accomplishments; and a maternal uncle, a professor of *belles lettres* in Perugia, had cultivated her mind with great assiduity.

In accordance with the usage of the neighbourhood, she wore a dress of woollen stuff, cut after the fashion of the Capuchins. This singular apparel, used in Sicily by certain devotees of the saint from whom the maiden derived her name, had been introduced from thence by inhabitants of these mountains, who have long been in the habit of repairing to that island for employment. But the belt of polished leather, with which Rosalie confined her robe about her waist, was always bright, and fastened with a buckle of burnished silver. The collar, which fell over her well-formed shoulders and covered her bosom, was of a snowy whiteness, and added to the youthful vivacity of her appearance.

Her father led an honest and laborious life in Palermo, where he consoled himself with the hope of returning in a few years to his native hills, to enjoy in the bosom of his delightful family the fruits of his labor and economy. Rosalie and her mother attended to the cultivation of a beautiful little farm, which had belonged to their family for something like three centuries. The innocence of her life added lustre to the charms of the delicate girl.

A much frequented fair is held once a year at Gravedona. Among the youths who attended this fair in 1805, for the purpose of amusement and not for business, Vincenzo *** was by far the handsomest. He was a native of Menaggio, a considerable village upon the opposite shore of the lake, and was the only son of a man, who, from a poor pedler, had accumulated great wealth by the dishonest means of contraband trade. Vincenzo saw Rosalie as she was negotiating the purchase of some ribbons, and was much struck with her pleasing appearance. Perhaps her singular dress, although neither unknown nor new to him, contributed to attract his delighted gaze. He followed her through the crowd for a long time, admiring her graceful carriage, and that beautiful form which was concealed by her claustral dress. At length she and her mother left Gravedona for Domaso; and still he followed her. Although not generally timid, he was nevertheless so much awed by the modest demeanor and commendable reserve of the maiden, that he kept at a respectable distance without daring to address her. Fortune came to his aid, however, and gave him an opportunity to interpose himself between her and an enraged animal, which she encountered in the way. This enabled him to make her acquaintance, and obtain permission of both mother and daughter to escort them home.

Who can portray the blessedness of those moments, when virtuous love first dawns in youthful hearts? The dangerous service rendered by her deliverer awakened in Rosalie a sense of gratitude, which was but the precursor of a more tender feeling. Her modest thanks were so tremulously spoken, and her ingenuous countenance beamed with such evident sincerity and kindness, that the enraptured youth dissembled not when he declared this the happiest event of his life.

Upon their arrival at Domaso Vincenzo reluctantly took his leave; but not until he had learned from Rosalie's own lips, that her pious mother usually conducted her to the very ancient church of Gravedona on the first sabbath of every month. This discovery, by affording the certainty of again beholding the lovely maiden, alleviated his sorrow at parting.

Men who have been coarsely reared, and from a state of destitution have acquired wealth, ordinarily feel the value of a

good education more than others. Vincenzo's father, who was one of these, had determined that nothing should be wanting in the education and accomplishment of his son. Hence he had caused him to be instructed in literature and jurisprudence at Pavia, and in all gentlemanly exercises at Milan. His own ambition was the incentive to these efforts in behalf of his son. Possessor of a large and constantly increasing fortune, it was his most ardent desire that Vincenzo should emerge from the class in which he was born, and his proud hopes aspired even to a noble alliance for his son. The youth, however, of a philosophical disposition, and naturally inclined to the softer affections and sympathies, fed his well-regulated mind with no vain aspirations.

When the desired sabbath arrived, Vincenzo was seen in his light bark at an early hour, crossing the lake towards Gravedona. After waiting a long time at the church, he at length discerned the approaching maiden, whose face became suffused with a modest blush on seeing him again.

I will not undertake to narrate their conversations, nor how Vincenzo obtained the mother's permission to visit their humble dwelling. The course of these events may be easily imagined by the reader. I will only say, that, through the year subsequent to this interview, Vincenzo crossed the lake to Domaso every alternate day, generally returning to Menaggio in the evening. Love was the pilot of his little bark, Hope led him forth, and Memory cheered his return. Rosalie's ingenuous manners, her affectionate heart, and the brightness of her cultivated intellect, had so fascinated the youth, that he firmly believed he should have loved her with an affection no less ardent, even had she not been, as she was, adorned with singular beauty.

Conscious that his affection was reciprocated with equal fervor, Vincenzo began to take measures for the accomplishment of a union so much desired. The mother of Rosalie was authorized by her husband to dispose of the daughter's hand, and her consent was obtained. But the steady refusal of Vincenzo's father opposed an insuperable obstacle to the marriage. The tears and entreaties of the youth were lost upon the proud and ambitious old man, who obstinately persisted in forbidding what he considered an unequal alliance. At length, in reply to his son's continued solicitations, the father angrily exclaimed, 'It was not to enable you to marry a peasant girl, that I have endured so many fatigues in amassing wealth; nor was it that you might ally yourself with the plough, that I have caused you to be so delicately reared.'

Aware of the ambitious views of his proud father, Vincenzo had feared that he should find him at first opposed to his wishes; he had, nevertheless, hoped that he would finally yield to his tears and supplications. But this inexorable repulse came upon him like a thunderbolt. Stunned by the blow, he repaired to Rosalie's mother for sympathy and advice. 'My daughter,' replied the discreet mother, 'can never become your wife against your father's will. I feel for you, Vincenzo, and yet more do I compassionate my poor daughter, who may not have strength to sustain this cruel intelligence. But honour and fraternal duty alike compel me to say to you, that, from this day, you must see Rosalie no more, except to offer her your hand with your father's consent. You are too considerate, not to be willing to submit to this indispensable requirement.'

At this moment the daughter entered. Vincenzo had not courage to speak to her, but, pressing her hand, burst into tears. Rosalie, at once divining the meaning of these tears, fell to the earth in a swoon. Her mother took her in her arms, and motioned Vincenzo to depart. The latter returned to his father, threw himself at his feet, and solemnly assured him, that, by prohibiting these nuptials, he would destroy his only son. But the vain plebeian, unchangeable in his purpose, coldly replied, by directing him to prepare for an immediate journey to Milan, whence he should not return until he had eradicated this unworthy passion from his breast.

His grief at seeing himself deprived of every hope of possessing Rosalie, the severe but just prohibition of her mother, his unwillingness to depart, and, in fine, the struggle of love, anger and despair in his bosom, so wrought upon the unhappy youth that he took to his bed with a raging fever.

Forty days had passed since the afflicted Rosalie had obtained any tidings of Vincenzo, when one morning she received the following letter, in which she recognized the characters of her lover, though traced with a trembling hand.

'For more than a month, oh Rosalie, I have been confined to the bed of sickness, a victim to my father's inflexible will and my inhuman destiny. I feel that in a few days I shall be numbered with the dead. Oh Rosalie! if you have the least feeling of compassion, do not let your faithful lover descend to the tomb without an opportunity of bidding you a last adieu! My father has departed for Como, where he will remain three days. There is no one with me but my kind and affectionate aunt.

'Pray, Rosalie! pray, persuade your good mother to the most holy work of bringing you to see me. Will she deny this last consolation to one who is dying for having too dearly loved her virtuous daughter? If she will yield neither to your prayers nor mine, say to her, that duty, and even religion, impose on her this sacrifice. She may save from death.

'Ah yes! your presence, the mere sight of one for whose sake alone the light is dear to me, the mild beaming of your eyes, your words of sympathy and compassion; who knows but they will renovate my strength, and snatch its prey from the yawning sepulchre?

'But, at all events, I desire to see you. Yes, I desire, I must see you! I must press to my pale lips that hand, of which I am denied the possession. Death will then appear less terrible; and, if you once more assure me of your love, it will perhaps enable me to await with tranquillity the awful moment of dissolution.'

What were the feelings, what the agony, of the wretched girl, on reading this sad letter! To embrace her mother and conjure her to comply with Vincenzo's request, and then to weep, and weep, and weep,—such was the part to which the unhappy one had recourse. How could the tender heart of the mother resist so many tears, so much sorrow? The despair and grief of Rosalie became so excessive, as to cause her mother to tremble, not only for the life of Vincenzo, but for that also of her daughter.

'Since you are so resolutely bent upon this visit,' said the mother to Rosalie, 'I am disposed to gratify you; but how is it possible to proceed to Menaggio at the present moment? Hear you not how furiously the storm is raging? Stefano, who has just arrived from Domaso, says, that even the courier from Lindo found it impossible to cross the lake, and was compelled to take the circuitous route by land.'

'And we, dear mother, must take this same route; I know it is a long distance from here to Menaggio,—nearly fifteen miles,—but God will give us strength—my mother, and we shall save Vincenzo. Yes, my mother, we shall rescue him from death; it will be a deed of mercy, and Heaven will reward you. I will tell him, that, because he loves me, he ought to live, as his Rosalie would infallibly follow him to the tomb.'

'I will do every thing in my power to please you, my dear child; but are you really aware how difficult and dangerous this land route is in certain places? Does not even the idea of passing the Sasso Rancio, in the midst of this terrible storm, fill you with terror?'

'Oh my mother, my mother! is there any peril which can discourage one who loves, and sees the object of that love perishing? I shall walk upon the brink of that deep precipice not less securely than the young kids upon our mountain tops. As for you, dear mother, you can have Stefano by your side; he is strong and active, and will safely sustain you over the most difficult passes.'

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when the two females left their village, accompanied by their neighbour Stefano. They stopped a short time at Dongo to procure refreshments, but Rosalie could not be induced to partake of them. At Rezzonico they made another short halt, and thence proceeded to Acqua Seria. The heavens were obscured, the weather was tempestuous, and it was now nearly sunset. The Sasso Rancio, formidable in the brightest hour and most favourable season, was now rendered frightful by the raging elements and approaching night. Again they started. A strange terror possessed the mind of Rosalie's mother, which made her shudder. She would have given every thing she possessed in the world to avoid attempting that fearful passage, but could not bring herself to disappoint her daughter by proposing to stop. The latter, now that she was near her dying idol, seemed to become a different being from her former self. She no longer appeared to see, hear, or attend to any thing; she was not alarmed by the wind, the rain, the darkness. She seemed to be in a state of hallucination, and firmly to believe, that the power of love could prevail over nature, and even death itself.

The mother, supported by Stefano, proceeded cautiously along the difficult path cut in the rocks high up on the Sasso Rancio. Rosalie, absorbed in her own thoughts, followed her, heedless of the peril. They had already passed a considerable portion of the distance, when a sudden cry froze the blood in the mother's veins. Turning instantly, she saw,—ah, cruel sight!—saw Rosalie, whose foot had slipped in the most dangerous pass, precipitated headlong down the dread abyss. No power on earth could now save the falling girl. Her tender limbs were torn and bruised by the rough projecting points, as she bounded from rock to rock, until she finally disappeared in the lake below. Alas, it would have been a harrowing spectacle for any human eye! And yet a mother was destined to sustain the horror!

She would have thrown herself down the precipice after her poor child, but Stefano withheld her by main force. With great difficulty he then conveyed her to Gaeta, where they remained until the corpse of the maiden was found and rescued from the fury of the waves. The distracted mother, after bathing it with her tears, caused it to be transported to Domaso. The funeral rites having been duly performed in the little church of the place, it was interred in the cemetery not far from the shore of the lake, to which the maidens of the neighboring villages make a pilgrimage every year, to scatter flowers upon her grave.

This unhappy event was studiously concealed from Vincenzo. Receiving no reply to his letter, nor hearing any intelligence from Rosalie, he came to the conclusion that her mother persisted in her right prohibition. Youthful vigour and latent hope gradually

restored him to health. As soon as he recovered sufficient strength, he determined, at whatever risk, to see this beloved maiden once again.

Circumstances delayed his arrival at Domaso until three hours after sunset. Finding it too late to go up to the village of Rosalie, he went to lodge at the house of a friend who was acquainted with the state of his heart, and not ignorant of the deplorable fate of the object of his affections. He was a man of prudence and discretion, and as such was held in great esteem by Vincenzo. Fearing that, if Vincenzo were at once informed of the sad occurrence, the blow would be heavier than he could bear, the kind host took an opportunity during supper, to mention, that Rosalie and her mother had gone to visit her father at Palermo, he having sent for her, he hearing that Vincenzo's father had refused his consent to the nuptials. Nor was this statement entirely without foundation; as the mother, unable to endure the sight of places and objects which constantly renewed her grief by reminding her of her beloved daughter, had removed to the residence of her husband in Sicily.

Vincenzo sighed deeply at this intelligence, but observed, that on the following day he would at least revisit the house where he had so often wooed her who was dearer to him than life. Meanwhile he began to meditate a voyage to Sicily, and, as is usual with lovers, indulged in a thousand dreams of happiness to come.

Early the next morning, Vincenzo, in company with his friend, proceeded to the deserted cottage of Rosalie. Upon coming in view of the well-remembered house, covered with the spreading branches of luxuriant vines, he was seized with an unusual tremor, and his eyes overflowed with tears. A little dog, which Rosalie had raised with great affection, and upon which she had bestowed the name of Fortunato, came out to meet him, wagging his tail in token of welcome recognition, but with pendent ears, and a melancholy whine, which seemed to say, 'Rosalie is no longer here.' The old servant of the house was seated upon the threshold. Her sorrow for the death of Rosalie was little less than that of the mother; for she had carried her in her arms when a child, loved her as a daughter, and was beloved with filial affection in return. At seeing Vincenzo, she gave a sudden cry and burst into tears. Vincenzo's companion motioned her to be silent, and, covering her face with her hands, she made way for them to enter the door.

Vincenzo desired first to visit the garden. It was then the beginning of March; a monthly rose was blooming there, in a vase which he had formerly presented to Rosalie. He plucked the rose, and bathing it with tears, exclaimed, 'How often has Rosalie presented me with roses from this vase! It was the object of her peculiar care. But how much more fragrant were the flowers gathered by her hand!' Then seating himself upon an angle of the wall extending along the eastern side of the garden, 'Here,' said he, 'was the dear girl accustomed to sit and watch the road by which I came every second day to make my protestations of eternal love.' He wept while examining these dear places and indulging these affecting recollections; but his sadness was tempered by that consoling confidence which hope inspires.

He also wished to see the little chamber where Rosalie passed her innocent nights. The diminutive room was stripped of all its furniture, nor did he see even the little couch where her placid sleep had been cheered by the golden dreams of love. Upon the naked walls on one side hung a wooden crucifix, and on the other a picture of the saint whose name she bore. The gloom of the little chamber, formerly adorned with simple furniture and flowers, the silence which pervaded it, the sense of solitude and desertion, disquieted the heart of Vincenzo, and vaguely suggested to him the idea of death. 'If my friend, with a merciful and considerate deception, has hidden the truth, from me! If Rosalie should be no more! Ah, dreadful thought!' His mind now reverted to the tears of the old servant, and he seemed to hear the voice of the departed maiden issuing from the depths of the tomb.

Vincenzo instantly fled from the house in which he had passed so many happy hours; nor had he even courage to turn and look upon it. He seized his friend's arm for support, but dared not interrogate him. The death of Rosalie had become for Vincenzo a dreadful truth of which he was conscious, but feared to have the certainty. Two months he remained in the house of his friend without ever uttering a word, and taking scarcely food enough to sustain life. At length, having one day wandered into the cemetery, he observed a grave covered with fresh violets. Poor Stefano had just scattered these flowers upon the last resting place of his good and beautiful neighbour, whose unhappy death it had been his lot to witness. Vincenzo questioned him, and the good man could conceal nothing from the despairing lover.

The next morning Vincenzo was missed by his sympathising friend, and for a long time no tidings of him could be obtained. After many months, however, it was ascertained that he had betaken himself to a deserted hut, upon the summit of the gigantic Legnone, where he spent his days in wandering about the rocks and snows of that black region, until mental and physical suffering had finally ended his miserable existence.

In his portfolio, which was afterwards found by some mountaineers, were carefully preserved the letters which it seems he

was in the habit of writing every evening to Rosalie, the same as if she had been yet living to receive them. Should those letters ever be published, they will at least serve to show, how different is the real language of an impassioned heart from the cold style invented by romancers.

THE BAR MAID.

I saw a lovely girl—it was at church—
Who knelt before her Maker in the beauty
Of maiden meekness. As she lifted up
Her calm blue eyes in confidence to heaven,
And her sweet lips were parted in low prayer,
I thought that never had been seen on earth
Such likeness unto angels. Presently
She approached the supper of the Crucified,
With diffidence, and in humility of step,
Revealing lowliness of heart. And there,
As she partook the symbols of his death,
With trembling touched the blest memorials,
Her eyelids swam with tears of penitence,
And holy hope, and joy that passeth words.
Woman, I said, though ever beautiful,
And everywhere attractive unto me,
Thou'rt doubly lovely when devotion lends
Its halo to thy charms.

That Sabbath day

Again I saw her—'twas the same—she stood
Beneath her father's roof. From the high altar
She had hastened to her home, for other service.
It was a room unseemly to the sight,
Ranged round with cups and flasks, on which was seen
The name of Alcohol. The place was filled
With vulgar men. The thoughtless youth was there,
Just learning his sad lesson. Aged heads
Clustering and ripening for the grave were there,
And there the filthy debauchee. Strange oaths
And laughter rude I heard. The jest obscene
Went round, and some were reeling in their drink,
And she—yes she—that benighted one, that sweet
Young blossom, stood amid that tainted crew,
As 'twere a pure bright spirit, suddenly
Brought in its skiey freshness to the damned.
She stood behind the bar: her lily hand
Poured out the napeous draught, and mixed, and gave
The poison to those outcasts. With a leer
That withered up, methought, her virgin charms,
Those bad men gazed on her, and laughed, and drank;
And still they drank, and still she filled the cup,
And gave it them, and heard their brutal talk
And songs of hell.

Her sire is counted one

O' th' pillars of the church; he daily prays,
Gives alms, and deems himself a journeyer
To heaven; and he his daughter places there,
A daily sacrifice, acceptable
Unto the Moloch Rum; and, unrebuked,
For money offers up his innocent child,
And she obedient is thus sacrificed.

SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

As to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.—*Addison*.

True philosophy, says Plato, consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity, and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity.

The most resplendent ornament of man is judgment: here is the perfection of his innate reason; here is the utmost power of reason joined with knowledge.—*Cicero*.

Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable, than fidelity; faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the human mind.—*Plato*.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.—*Tillotson*.

Socrates was accustomed to declare, that "the sun might as easily be spared from the universe, as free speech from the liberal institutions of society."

It was a saying of Demosthenes, that "no greater calamity could come upon a people than the privation of free speech."

It was a sterling maxim of old Hesiod, digged from the mine of experimental wisdom, that "the man who devises mischief for another, devises it eventually for himself; and that evil counsel is ever the most pernicious to its author."

Which is the best government? That where those who are not personally injured resent and pursue the injury or violence done to another, as he would if done to himself.—*Solon's Answer*.

There is nothing, says Plato, so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason, there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Those persons arrive at the greatest height and perfection in particular attainments, who have given themselves wholly to some single pursuit, avoiding a multiplicity of business and of enquiry.—*Xenophon*.

He who instantly does the best that can be done, what few others could have done, and what all must acknowledge to be best, is a genius and a hero at once.—*Lavater*.

The science of jurisprudence, the pride of the human intellect, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns.—*Burke*.

Law is the science in which the greatest powers of understanding are applied to the greatest number of facts.—*Dr. Johnson*.

Liberty, is, in its most comprehensive sense, security against wrong.—*Id.*

Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should remember that nothing can atone for the want of prudence; that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.—*Id.*

The accomplishment of good breeding is, to learn whatever is decent in company, or beautiful in arts; and the sum of philosophy is, to learn what is just in society, and beautiful in nature and the order of the world.

Rectitude of will is a greater ornament and perfection than brightness of understanding; and to be divinely good, more valuable than any other wisdom and knowledge.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.—*Lavater*.

RATIONALE OF SICKNESS.

Sickness, in practical statistics, is employed in a general sense. If we consider man as a material body, acting intelligently, any thing in the condition of the body itself which interrupts or impedes that action is sickness. Any disturbance in the functions of the body, or alteration in the organs by which they are executed, from the skin to the brain and spinal marrow, from the time the food enters the mouth till it exhales from the skin and lungs in vapour and gas, is a disease; and the sum of sick-time, produced by all diseases, constitutes the sickness of which statisticians speak. It is of various kinds. In acute or severe diseases, such as fever, inflammation of an important part, or malignant ulcer, a man is often able to think and move, just as he can digest a small quantity of food; but not with any energy, or at least with the energy required by an ordinary occupation. Any attempt at exertion aggravates and prolongs the sickness. (This, we believe, is called *bedfast sickness* by the friendly societies. In other chronic diseases, slow inflammations or internal organs, reduced dislocations, rheumatism, ulcerations, the patient can attend partially to his business; he is in possession of half his faculties; whether he can make them in any way available, depends on circumstances. This is walking sickness. The infirm, the crippled, the maimed, may either be entirely helpless and bedridden, or capable of some of the duties of life: their sickness differs from the bedfast and from the walking, it being beyond the pale of recovery. The Highland Society calculated, that, of ten weeks' sickness, among persons of all ages under seventy, two may be assumed as bedfast sickness, five as walking, and three as permanent.

In the parish of Methven, Perthshire, it was ascertained that 35 out of 743, or 4.7 per cent. of the male population above 15, would, from bodily or mental infirmity, not have been admitted as members of the friendly societies. Medical men are all well aware that labourers often go about their work with diseases of the heart, tubercles in the lungs, and disorders of considerable severity. Dr. Forbes ascertained, by personal examination of 120 Cornish miners in actual employment, that only 63 had good health; of the remaining half, 26 had difficulty of breathing, 14 pain of the chest, 10 pain of stomach and bowels, 5 lumbago, pain of shoulder, palpitation, acrufula, or fits. Out of 115 children below 18 years of age, Dr. Blisset Hawkins states that 84 had good health, 25 middling health, 6 bad health. Of the miners at work, only 53, of the factory children only 73 per cent. enjoyed good health.

The sickness to which mankind is liable does not occur at any one time or age, but in an interspersed manner over the lifetime of each person. The constant quantity of sickness kept up by a succession of diseases attacking the body at intervals and in paroxysms; which, however irregular they appear in a limited sphere of observation, are really definite in number and separated by stated spaces. As a certain order is preserved in the performances of the healthy functions, so their derangements, in similar circumstances, also observe an order and regularity of succession. To accuse the human frame of perpetual malady, is ridiculous; but if every alteration of the multiplied parts of the human body, every transient trouble of its infinite movements, every indigestion in man, and every fit of hysteria in woman, were reckoned, few days of human life would remain entirely clear.—*M'Culloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire*.

CRITICISM OF OTHERS' FAULTS.—Some look only for faults in their neighbours—others for merits; the former shake the tree only to find insects; the latter, to gather fruit. We should do both, destroy the insects and save the fruit.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16, 1838.

PUBLIC CEMETERIES AGAIN.

We thought proper, on a late occasion, to call the attention of our readers to the utility and beauty of an ornamental cemetery, for the metropolis of Nova Scotia. How many years will elapse before the people will be awakened to a due sense of the importance of the subject we know not! It is quite possible that we may continue dead to our own interests in the matter, for a long time to come. This may prove a source of regret to many, and of inconvenience to all. For our own part, we have endeavoured to condole with ourselves in the knowledge of the resurrection of other places. In many parts of Great Britain the spirit of speculation has been directed to the establishment of cemeteries, and wherever established, they are found to gratify the popular taste. Every fresh importation of news brings the intelligence of the formation of new cemeteries. A company has recently been incorporated by Act of Parliament, called the London Cemetery Company, who are empowered to establish cemeteries on convenient sites in the northern, southern, and eastern suburbs of the metropolis. From a late report of the directors of the company, we learn that they have for the present confined their operations towards the completion of the cemetery at Highgate, a beautiful village in the vicinity of London; after which their attention is to be devoted to the formation of their southern and eastern cemeteries. We have an engraving now before us, representing the entrance to the Highgate cemetery. Over the gateway is a large room lit by a bay window at each end; from the roof rises a small octangular tower of three stories, surmounted by an ornamental dome, terminating with a splendid finial. To the right of the gateway, the building contains the lodge and clerk's office; and to the left forms a small but elegant chapel, the windows of which are beautifully ornamented with stained glass. Within the enclosure is the cemetery garden, the terrace, catacombs, Lebanon sepulchres, and other objects of commanding interest. SCOTLAND, we are pleased to observe, is not behind England in this good work. A very late number of that increasingly useful work, Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, gives an animated account of the Glasgow Cemetery. An extract or two, we feel certain, will prove acceptable to our subscribers.

The Necropolis (City of the Dead) of Glasgow occupies a rising ground on the northern outskirts of the city, and a little to the east of the cathedral, from which it is separated by a rivulet. Over this stream is thrown a handsome one-arched bridge, as an approach to the funeral mount. Immediately before you, on crossing the bridge, a handsome arch or gateway is seen, standing against the side of the hill. This is intended as an entrance to an excavated passage through the hill from one side to the other. Turning to the left hand, or to the north of the gateway, the visitor to the Necropolis enters the walks that wind hither and thither around the hill, over a space of twenty-four acres, neatly laid out and wooded. The tombs begin immediately to the north of the gateway; and indeed this is the only part of the grounds where they are yet plentiful—the idea of making the place an ornamental cemetery having only been adopted in 1831. Some of the tombs which have been laid down are extremely beautiful, and present a great variety of architectural tastes. They are arranged in rows on each side of the various walks that creep, serpent-like, athwart the declivity, and every monument has in front of it the small plot—enclosed by painted rails, chains, or other devices, and bedecked with plants and flowers—where the bones of the departed are laid. Pillars, and pedestals, surmounted by urns and palls, of many shapes and sizes, and executed for the most part in a beautiful white, or in a slightly bloom-coloured freestone, meet the eye in all directions. Sometimes the architectural fancy exhibited is curious and striking. One monument consists of a handsome pedestal, surmounted by a column broken abruptly off, at the height of two feet or so. One is inclined at first sight to ban some unknown defacing hand, but a narrower inspection shows that the fracture is not a thing of accident, but intention. The architect or his employer has taken this mode of imaging forth that abrupt termination of a youthful life which was the fate of him who sleeps below.

In the most northern point of the Necropolis, close upon the bank of the Molendinar burn, stands a tall columnar monument, indicating the burying-place of the Jews, one of whose race had the honour of being first laid in these burying-grounds. Behind the pillar, which is of considerable beauty, there is an aisle, in which the Hebrew population of the west are laid, with all the sepulchral rites of their ancient race. The cast-iron gate leading to the aisle, is remarkable for having some appropriate verses from Scripture inwoven into the centre of it, in a most elegant manner. It is considered by judges a rare piece of casting, we believe. Passing upwards from the Israelitish place of sepulture—a miniature valley of Jehosaphat—many fine tombs are found on the declivity, which require one to move backwards and forwards, in order to see them all. The larger monuments are towards the top of the hill. One of the most prominent of these is one erected

in honour of William McGavin, a merchant of Glasgow, and author of a controversial work called the Protestant. It is a solid structure, surmounted by a statue, and seems in all (at a rough guess) to be between twenty and thirty feet in height. The statue is a little above the natural size, and is well executed, and imposing in aspect. The whole is in good freestone. * *

From the spot where the monument to Knox is situated, a most excellent view can be got of the whole city of Glasgow. On the side of the hill to the east of Knox, there have as yet been few or no tombs erected. On the side towards the city there are many more tombs, some of large size, to be seen by walking to and fro among the winding ways. A burying spot, belonging to a family, and containing the remains of several persons, is calculated to attract the notice of every visitor. It is about midway down the hill, and is, like many others, reached by a short path leading from it to the main one. It is a square space measuring several yards each way, situated in a sort of recess, and half surrounded by curious stones of all kinds, plentifully mingled with rock-flowers, such as are usually seen in grottoes. A painted railing also goes round the whole, and around this are trained various plants of a beautiful kind. The whole of the central ground is likewise covered with a variety of flowers, all (at present) in the bloom and blow of summer. "Here," the visitor cannot help saying, "here is a spot in which to sleep the sleep that knows no awaking! So sweet, so peaceful, so cool, so fragrant! With these rocks to ward off the storms of winter, with these shrubs to temper the excesses of the summer ray, with but one friend's hand to root out betimes the choking weeds, who would not wish such a nook as this for his last repose!"

"The Necropolis is rapidly becoming one of the very greatest attractions of the city of Glasgow, and the more so, because its charms are of a character to which no parallel is yet to be found in any other of the capitals of the empire. It is true, that we have not yet the tombs of many distinguished men to throw a halo over this cemetery, but this source, too, of interest, will be added soon—too soon. Genius is not rare in our land, and its inspired sons fall thick. But lately, the mortal remains of one of the sweetest of her songsters, William Motherwell, were laid in this Pere la Chaise of Scotland, and an appropriate monument will ere long, it is to be hoped, point out the place of his rest. Additional pleasure will certainly be derived by the admirers of greatness and worth, when many such names are seen by them on the sepulchral stones of these grounds; but although the Necropolis contained records of none but the comparatively humble and obscure, it would still be a source of deep interest and delight. Can we but wonder that cemeteries of this kind should yet be so rare, when we think in what a different position we are placed by them with respect to departed friends? As funeral matters are usually ordered, we seem to part for ever from those we have loved and lost. We consign them to the cold, dark, untended ground—the place of their rest is locked up from our sight, or trodden only by strangers—and, ere long, the lank grass, the nettle, and the rank weed, choke up their unvisited graves. How different is it with cemeteries of the character of Pere la Chaise! When we lay down a loved one there, we can still hold sweet communion with him. We can show our affection by planting the loveliest flowers of summer above his head, and please ourselves with the belief that the tribute is not unheeded or unappreciated. We can pull a flower from the place of his repose, and carry it about with us, gratified with the thought that, if we cannot have our friend again, we have something, at least, that has sprung from his dust. The place of death is no longer in our eyes an abode of gloom, desertion and sorrow, at the bare idea of which we shudder with horror and dismay. It is an agreeable resting-spot, to which we retire at the close of life, still to be visited, and gazed on, and cared for, by those we held dear. Such is the change in our feelings on this subject which these beautiful cemeteries are calculated to effect; and assuredly it is a change adapted neither to make us worse men, nor to render our days less happy. When we have before us, besides, the monumental tributes raised by their country above the honoured dead—when we see the reward bestowed on worth, talent, and virtue, even when life is over—the spectacle is well fitted to excite in us a noble emulation, and to rouse us to exertions that may earn a similar fate for ourselves. Every way do these beautifications of the grave appear to be commendable and useful, and, before many years pass over, we hope to see in the land of Britain many a Pere la Chaise—many an ornamental cemetery—like that adorning the Mistress of the Clyde."

We do not wish to mar the solemnity of these beautiful thoughts by a reference to any thing worldly and sordid, or we would for once, sermonize on the text, "one of the very greatest attractions of the city of Glasgow." We could soon form from this scrap of discourse three heads, and as many minor subdivisions; and having clothed our skeleton, we might close with a splendid peroration on the financial advantages of cemeteries to towns and cities. But, seriously, in expectation of the grand experiment of steam, what attractions have we to present to travellers to induce them to visit this port? There is our noble harbour, the first in the world; and our Province Building with its lofty apartments and few noble portraits; our citadel hill, and military pageants,

ever reminding us that man is still a beast of prey ready at the sound of the trumpet to slaughter and destroy;—a few drives round the Peninsula, and we give, with few exceptions, all the lions of Halifax. A fine hotel, worthy of the name, we hope soon to see completed; a large public museum ought to be immediately commenced;—some elegantly constructed marine baths are indispensable; a number of slightly steamboats to ply up and down the harbour and basin must be set afloat;—and last though not least a beautiful cemetery must be formed. As to the latter, an ornamental funeral ground would be visited by strangers as well as the inhabitants of the place, and we think with equal benefit to both. We do not enumerate other requisites for fear that our readers should charge us with jesting. But our abridged space admonishes us to close, and we do so, earnestly begging all our friends to consider well, the necessity that exists for a HALIFAX CEMETERY.

THE PEARL FOR 1839.

Our *jeu d'esprit* of last week under the above title has proved a stone of stumbling to one of our readers. He says, "I have puzzled myself exceedingly to comprehend your paragraph entitled, The Pearl for 1839; it is the most mysterious enigma I have ever met. Pray tell me what you mean?" We have no objection to answer the prayer of such a petitioner. Our paraphrase of the enigmatical text will read something in this fashion.

We are making some headway in our voyage—have arrived to the 45th number of our second volume—and are constantly receiving new passengers on board—nearly every week adding new subscribers to our list. So far our fellow voyagers, (judging by their constancy) have had a pleasant trip with us—but few persons have discontinued their subscription, which bespeaks that the Pearl is regarded as a favourite paper—they have found ample accommodations in the vessel—have had during the year 360 large quarto pages of readable matter in the Pearl—and most, (if not all) the arrangements to their taste—have approved in general of the mode in which the paper is conducted—Additional decorations—a better plate for a heading, etc.—and fresh painting—a new font of type—will be required for our next voyage—our forthcoming volume—and these will be duly attended to—are expected to be received by the end of the present year. We do not know whether we shall not propel the Pacific Pearl by steam after the commencement of the new year—it is hoped that the Pearl will be enabled to keep pace with the rapid strides of modern science and literature. But steam or wind, boilers or sails—whether science and literature outstrip us or not—we promise our companions—our subscribers—that there shall be no slunder—no reproachful falsehoods against foes—no ill-will—against those who differ from us—no war—no calling names, no personalities, no angry expressions—on board—in the columns of the Pearl. On the raging sea of politics—which too frequently courage people one against another—we shall not hazard our vessel—the Pearl shall not be a political paper—nor will we cast our bark on the stormy ocean—our paper shall not take part in any scenes of commotion—of religious controversy—it will not range with any party on the exciting topics of religious differences—or anti-religious controversy—in an overwhelming majority of instances modern controversies about religion are connected with so much personal resentment, induce so many wrathful expressions, such poignancy of satire, such a sense of infallibility, so much pertness and petulance, such a sneering contempt for the opinions of opponents, and so grievous a want of the spirit of modesty and of benevolence, that it is a serious question with us whether they are not anti-religious—whether they do not bring disgrace on a religion so peculiarly eminent for its inculcation of that charming quality, love. Politics—we shall leave to those who are better informed and more patriotic than ourselves—the political papers in the country are edited by persons better qualified for the task than we profess to be, and it is far from our intention to invade on their province;—and religious controversy, if it must exist, we commend to those who have more meekness of wisdom than we possess—a heart full of love as well as a head full of knowledge—or, a greater degree of gentleness which always accompanies true wisdom, and renders it so excellent—and are better able to speak the truth in love than ourselves—have a superior government of the passions, so that when employed in defending what is deemed as truth, they can do it without having the temper ruffled, the heart vexed and angered, or the mind discomposed and agitated. We would rather have love, even with many wrong opinions, than truth itself without love! But if any can defend the truth in a loving spirit, and treat their differing brethren as they would friends, and try to reclaim them from any errors without the employment of terms of denunciation and wrath, they are the men for controversy, and we wish them all success in their work. To continue with our paraphrase; *Our track will be down some quiet inland river where no foaming waves will impede our progress, and where every thing on its green and sunny banks will remind us of a religion of love and peace*—one great object of the Pearl will be to publish pieces whose direct tendency will be to induce all to love as brethren, and by this means to have at all times before the community the great fact that christianity is, emphatically, a revelation of love.

Our friend will now see that with all ingenuousness we have endeavoured to interpret our *play of words* in our last number; and perhaps in the performance of this duty we have only thrown others into perplexity. It may be asked by some "What can be the reason that the Pearl so strongly abjures religious controversy?" Once for all we will set this question at rest. We are fully persuaded that a religious discussion might be conducted without any diminution of love between the parties and amongst their separate friends, but we have never yet seen one of this character, while we have observed a number which have engendered ill-will and malice among the belligerents. We are satisfied also that polemic divinity might be made subservient to truth and tend to the abandonment of error, but the want of success on either side between two controversial writers is notorious; and almost without exception, the combatants end just where they began, their understandings hold fast the same opinions, perhaps with this disadvantage, that they are a little more obstinate and rooted in them. And this obstinate adherence to the same views extends beyond the disputants to the wide circle of their religious acquaintance. An exciting cause of religious controversy arose in this community the past year—suppose that our columns had been opened for the discussion: we must, in all fairness have allowed both parties to figure in our pages, for to have denied admission but to one of the writers, would have appeared like gross partiality or any thing, rather than a sincere desire to ascertain the truth; indeed with our views of justice, it would be the most crying, palpable injustice. But had the two parties discussed the matter in the Pearl, it must have been in a great measure to the exclusion of the beauties of literature, the facts of science, and the sweets of piety. And what would have been the results? By this time, perhaps, the controversy would have been closed and the field cleared of combatants, but no one expects such a miracle as that either of the writers would be convinced of his error; and of the readers of the controversy we doubt whether as many as six of them would change sides. Nor can we see how it could be otherwise, according to the popular plan of expounding the scriptures. A mode of interpretation is adopted by almost all religious controversialists which makes it a metaphysical impossibility to convince your antagonist of error. One person quotes a verse or more from the Bible in favour of a certain position, and the words in themselves, without regard to their connexion, will admit the construction he desires, but he seldom thinks it necessary to give their genuine sense, that is, to limit or explain their precise meaning, from the place they stand in, and the relation they bear to what goes before, or follows. And so of the opposite opinion a passage is introduced as if it were a distinct sentence, complete in itself, and is explained accordingly. And thus, multitudes of texts are easily produced on both sides. And so long as it is considered proper to treat the Bible as a scrap-book, and to consider it as a great volume of fragments, and "to detach a sentence from the paragraph to which it belongs, and explain it in a sense dictated only by a combination of the syllables or words, in themselves considered," so long we shall despair of any good arising from controversy. Now if any of our readers have a single work on religious controversy which explains every quotation of scripture introduced, solely by its context, and gives a determinate sense to the words by their companions and adjuncts, we should like exceedingly to see it, for it does not fall to our lot, amongst a few hundred volumes of books, to possess such a treasure and novelty. And we do not see of what use it would be to fill the Pearl with controversy, which sours the temper and inflames the passions, and ends in—NOTHING.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Of further troubles in the ill fated Canadas we fear there is too much certainty. The *New York Commercial* says "It is beyond doubt a fact that a cordon of lodges has been formed along the frontier counties, extending from New Hampshire to Detroit. The object is to wrest the Canadas from the British Empire. The number of men already enrolled is computed at very many thousands. We write only of facts which are positively known to the officers of our government." Sir George Arthur in a proclamation states "that he is in full possession of all the designs of the enemy." The *Kingston Chronicle* declares "that the brigands boast of having generals of experience in their service—that they are plentifully supplied with arms and ammunition, even including field artillery, and that they number upwards of 40,000." The *Montreal Herald* remarks, that "Sir John Colborne has received the most positive information that along the whole frontier line of the states of New York, Ohio, and Michigan, the most extensive preparations are making for an invasion." Both the Upper and Lower Canada papers are nearly unanimous in their belief that a very formidable organization is in progress on the American side of the line. But with the many false rumours of last winter, people will be slow to believe any new reports.

The Governor has called out a portion of the Militia of Upper Canada as a volunteer force. The garrison at Toronto is to be increased to 2,000 bayonets.

The Episcopal Clergy in Toronto have resolved, it is said, to petition the Provincial Legislature to re-invest the Clergy reserves in the Crown.

Five important proclamations have been issued in U. C.—one declaring a general amnesty (pity that it should not have been issued before the eleventh hour) in favor of all parties who have fled the province, not having been indicted for treason—the other four are declarations of attainder against such persons as have fled the province, having been indicted for treason, provided they do not return and submit to justice by the first of February. Very likely they will run into the lion's mouth.

QUEBEC.—Several batallions of provincial Troops will be forthwith embodied for five years' service—They will be stationed in the disaffected parishes and along the frontiers.—We perceive from the *Montreal Herald*, that Capt. Goldie and Col. Eden have arrived in that City, preparatory to arrangements being made for carrying this intention into effect.

NEWS BY EXPRESS.—Since our last two Officers have arrived from Quebec with Despatches for His Excellency the Commander in Chief—Lieut. Ingall, of the 15th Regt. and Major McCord of the Militia of Lower Canada—the former left on the 31st October, and reached Halifax on Thursday last—the latter left on the 5th inst. and delivered the Despatches with which he was charged at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Sir John Colborne, we understand, has requested His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell to furnish him with some additional military force. The 65th Regiment has been ordered to proceed to Quebec. On Sunday last the Corps was at Pettitcodiac on its way to Shediac, where the *Medea* Steamer, and a hired Transport were momentarily expected, for their conveyance.

Three or four days before Major McCord left Montreal, information had been received there of some suspicious proceedings going on at the house of the noted Gagneau. A party of her Majesty's Dragoons and some of the 15th Regt. immediately proceeded thither—surrounded the house, and took six Canadians prisoners—three of whom had previously, after undergoing confinement in jail, been allowed the benefit of the Amnesty—they were well armed with American Muskets and had plenty of Ammunition.—Major McCord also states that Volunteer Corps were also forming in most of the Townships of Lower Canada.

Lord Durham, his Family and Suite, took their departure from Quebec on the 1st inst. in HMS *Inconstant*.—*Halifax Gazette*.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM CANADA.

Through the politeness of John Howe, Esqr., we have been favoured with a slip from the office of the *Quebec Gazette*, containing the following important news.

Quebec Gazette Office, Nov. 6, 1838.

We hasten to lay before our readers the following important intelligence which we have received this morning from our Montreal Correspondent:

"Montreal, Sunday afternoon, 4th Nov.

"By affidavits of two of Mr. Ellice's servants, it appears that the Manor House at Beauharnois, was surrounded by about 400 rebels last night, who took possession of the premises and made prisoners of Messrs. Brown, Ellice, Ross and Norval; and also possessed themselves of about 16 stand of arms and a considerable quantity of ammunition. Ross, I have been told, is wounded.

The next in order is the gallant conduct of the Caughnawaga Indians, who rushed from their Church this morning on hearing that the rebels had arrived, and headed by a tried Chief, arrested and disarmed 64, all of whom they brought prisoners into town at two o'clock.

"Two individuals, one named Walker, were barbarously murdered last night, a few miles above Laprairie. Their wives and families have come into Town, as also about 20 families from Laprairie, as an attack on that village was hourly expected from the immense gathering of rebels at L'Acadie, etc. When the Princess Victoria reached Laprairie last night with the Artillery for St. John, it was ascertained that they could not proceed, as a part of the Rail Road had been destroyed. They therefore, remained on board, and came well nigh being along with the boat, burned up. In the confusion after the boat had reached the wharf, some combustible material was put into the sailors' beds and set on fire. It was, however, accidentally discovered before it made much head, and extinguished.

"From Chateauguay I heard that John Macdonald, a Captain of Militia and a Magistrate, has been shot dead.

"The Canada, after reaching Sorel last night, was ordered back by the person in command of the Garrison there with despatches for Sir John Colborne, who arrived this morning in the John Bull.

"The Canada left again about noon with return despatches, and the John Bull proceeded to Sorel to bring up the family of Sir John.

The town has been in a bustling state of confusion all day. A number of arrests have been made. Among the number are—D. B. Viger, Doctor Chapin, Charles Pigeon, John Donegani, Harkin, Charles Mondelet, H. L. Lafontaine, Lebonite, Girouard. The latter, of St. Charles notoriety, has lately been in partnership with a person of the name of Moreau, as auctioneer.

"Notwithstanding there has been a heavy fall of rain all day, the different volunteer corps have been under arms, in their respective places of meeting, and the colonels of the regiments in town have been actively riding about the streets all day. There was a guard of five sentinels on the Bank of Montreal last night, and patrols of horse and foot.

"The driver of the Quebec mail was detained on his way to Montreal last night at Bout de l'Isle, for several hours. He states that there were about twenty in the house all well armed.

"L. Guerout, F. Perin and some others, came to town this morning from the Chambly river. They report that there were yesterday about 400 in arms at St. Charles, and the number rapidly increasing.

"The *Charlevoix* arrived last night, and has, I understand, along with the *Britannia*, been taken possession of by Government. It has been reported through the day that Sir John Colborne has declared Martial Law, but I believe the proclamation is not yet issued."

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—This most novel subject was brought before the Mechanics' Institute at its last meeting, and as we anticipated, Dr. Grigor had the pleasure of addressing a very full house. As prefatory to the lecture, the Doctor occupied considerable time in noticing the difficulties which all new sciences had to contend with, more especially from ignorance, sarcasm, wit, abuse, and incredulity. Instances were cited of the strong opposition raised against the discoveries of Galileo, Sydenham, Harvey, Jenner, and Gall. After a very chaste and appropriate introduction, the Doctor gave a concise history of the origin and progress of animal magnetism.—The modern manipulations employed by the magnetizer were noticed, an example of which the lecturer introduced to the meeting by performing the passes on a labouring man afflicted with epilepsy who, in an incredibly short space of time fell into a profound sleep, and in that condition bore very rough handling without any symptoms of wakefulness. A number of cases were read from the report of a commission of the Royal Academy of Medicine of France, and the business of the evening closed with an interesting conversation. Dr. Grigor, although a warm advocate for the new system, yet if we understand him, does not give much credence to the many marvellous reports concerning somnambulism or magnetic sleep-walking, clairvoyance or magnetic clear-sightedness, and prevision or magnetic prophesying. Whether there is any truth in animal magnetism or not, the lecture was heard with intense interest, and will, no doubt, set the intellectual organs of many persons in operation for some weeks to come, and this we conceive will be no small advantage. If time permit we may yet introduce the subject more fully to our readers, and commit to them the office of deciding between the magnets and the anties.

MR. DONALD will lecture next Wednesday Evening ON EDUCATION.

The Season of the Literary and Scientific Society will commence to-morrow evening. Dr. ANDERSON will deliver an Introductory Lecture.—*Pictou Observer*.

Raised, on the farm of Alexander Marsh, in Economy, a white Globe Turnip, weighing 20½ lbs, being freed from earth and top, and having no spreading roots.—Nov. 3rd 1838.—*Communicated*.

MARRIED.

At the Wesleyan Chapel, Brunswick Street, on Sunday, August, by the Rev. J. Marshall, Mr. T. Smith, of London, to Mrs. Sophia Saunders, of this town.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. James Venables, to Miss Sarah Ann McParlen, both of this town.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, November 10th.—Schr. *Sophia*, P. E. Island, produce; Experiment, Partwell, Burin, 8 days, dry fish—schr. *Edward & Samuel*, Balcomb, had sailed from St. John's N. F.

Sunday, Nov. 21.—Schr. *Victory*, Terres, P. E. Island, 7 days—produce; *Lark*, Guysboro—dry fish; brig. *Lady Chapman*, Gilbert, Kingston, 25 days—ballast, to J. & M. Tobin; schr. *William Henry*, Barrington—fish and oil; Mailpacket brig *Velocity*, Healy, Boston, 5 days; schr. *Edward & Samuel*, Balcomb, St. John's N. F. 7 days—dry fish to J. Strachan; *Victory*, Terrio, P. E. Island, 7 days—produce; *Lark*, Guysboro, dry fish.

Monday, Nov. 12.—H. M. Ship *Andromache*, Capt. Baynes, Quebec, 7 days; schr. *Collector*, Phelan, St. John's N. F. 7 days—dry fish, and salmon; to J. & M. Tobin, R. Noble, W. Roach and others; *Mary Ann*, Pugwash—timber; *Rambler*, Campbell, P. E. Island—produce; *Mary*, Pictou—coals; *Britannia*, Margaret's Bay—herrings; *Hero*, and *Mary Ann*, P. E. Island—produce; *Louisa*, Lorrway, Sydney, 14 days—coal; *Mary* and *Irene*, Arichat, coal; *Mary*, and *Rising Sun*, P. E. Island, 10 days—produce; brig. *Harriet & Elizabeth*, Young, St. John's N. F. 7 days—dry fish and salmon to S. Curran & Co. and others;—left schr. *Orion*, hence, arrived 4th inst.; schrs. *Esperance*, Cagnion, Arichat, 3 days—dry fish, soap, etc.; *Queen Victoria*, Babin, Miramichi, 9 days—lumber to J. & M. Tobin; *Four Brothers*, Bouten, Shediac, 4 days—lumber and shingles to Fairbanks & Allison; Spanish galleot *Publo*, Barasorda, Havana, 23 days—ballast, to Creighton & Grassie; schr. *Agnes*, Arbour, Gaspé, 12 days, dry fish, etc. to Creighton & Grassie;—has 2 passengers and part of the crew of ship *Sterling* from London, and Capt. Ross and 4 of the crew of ship *Victoria* from Liverpool, cast away at Gaspé, bound to Quebec. *James*, Seymour, hence; schr. *Victoria* of Shelburne sailed for Salt Key and New York.

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Schr. *Tappers*, Maison, Pictou, dry fish; *Rosanna*, McLean, Liverpool, N. S. 2 days, do, passed brig. *Hero*, from Demerara going into Liverpool, N. S. brig. *Victoria*, Crockett, Boston, 4 days, general cargo to Fairbanks & Allison, H. Fny, and others; schr. *Trial*, Hancock, St. John's N. F. 9 days, dry fish to T. Bolton; *Oracle*, Muirhead, St. Andrew's and Shelburne, lumber, etc. to W. Roche, *Rising Sun*, Labrador, dry fish and oil, to Fairbanks & Allison; *Amethyst* and *Yarmouth Packet*, Yarmouth, produce; *Acadian Lass*, P. E. I., produce.

Thursday 15th, Schrs. *Speculator*, Young, Lunenburg; *Hope*, Bruce, Shelburne; *Snowbird*, Pierce, do, staves; *Mariner*, Argyle, do; *Sultan* and *Triumph*, Annapolis—produce; *Ann*, Reynolds, Campbell, 4 days, shingles and herrings, to J. Allison & Co. and W. J. Starr.

Launched from the Ship Yard of Messrs Samuel Mack and others, a fine brig of two hundred and twelve tons, new measurement, called the *Queen Victoria*. Liverpool, N.S.

THE NATURALIST.

BOTANY.—II.

Cells of Plants.—The most simple form of a vegetable is a mere vesicle. The green mould which forms on damp walls is an aggregation of these vesicles, and is supposed to consist of an infinite number of perfect vegetables. The crimson snow, which has been observed in the Arctic regions, is also considered to owe its colour to minute vegetables. The following extract from the narrative of Captain Ross's first voyage, gives an interesting account of this remarkable phenomenon:—

"On the 17th of August, (1818,) it was discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting; being apparently stained or covered by some substance, which gave it a deep crimson colour. Many conjectures were formed respecting the cause of this phenomenon; and a party was despatched from the ship, to bring off some of the snow. It was found to be penetrated (in many places to the depth of ten or twelve feet) by the colouring matter, and had the appearance of having been a long time in that state. On being brought on board, the snow was examined by a microscope, magnifying a hundred times; and the substance appeared to consist of particles, resembling a very minute round seed; all of them being of the same size, and of a deep red colour. On being dissolved in water, the latter had the appearance of muddy port-wine; and in a few hours it deposited a sediment, which was again examined by the microscope; and, on being bruised, was found to be composed entirely of red matter, which (when applied to paper) produced a colour resembling Indian red. It was the opinion of Dr. Wollaston, (who was consulted when the ship returned to England,) that this was not a marine production, but a vegetable substance, produced in the mountain immediately above." The voyagers soon afterwards encountered some red ice; but it was found to owe its colour to red paint, scraped off the bows of the ship.

Probably every part of a plant, when first formed, is a cell, and the great bulk of many plants is composed of cells; passages being left between them for the sap. Originally these cells are of a round form, but they generally acquire a hexagonal shape from pressure; like the cells in a bee-hive, and probably from the same cause. To illustrate this, we may mention, that if a batch of flat, round cakes be put into an oven, during the expansion caused by baking they will assume a hexagonal form. The pulp of all fruits lies in cells, which, in this case, are generally of a round or of an elliptical form. They are seen well in the orange. Cells are sometimes of a cylindrical form; their length being greater than their diameter.

VESSELS OF PLANTS.

1. **Lymphatic Vessels.**—These vessels are long, hollow tubes; often, but not always, too small to be discerned by the naked eye. They are well seen in an old oak or elm; and in mahogany, appear like black dots. They run from the root to the end of the branches. In very old wood, these vessels are sometimes found filled up.—Their office is to transmit water, which was called by the ancients *lymph*; for they mistook it for a fluid having peculiar properties. They are sometimes called *common vessels*.

2. **Spiral Vessels.**—These vessels are called by some *tracheæ*, or *air-tubes*; the "wind-pipe" of animals (which conveys air into the lungs) being called the *tracheæ*. They are supposed by many to carry air; but their real use is not known. They are not *sap-vessels*, as Dr. Darwin thought they were; for they are never found in the root, and are always dry. M. Dutrochet (a celebrated continental botanist) is of opinion that they convey to the leaves an ethereal fluid, which is coagulable by nitric acid, and serves the same purpose as oxygen does in animals—ministering to respiration. They go to all parts of the leaves, and even to the seeds: they resemble a flat thread, rolled into a spiral form; and may be seen in the stem of a tulip, if we break it cautiously, and draw the fractured ends gently across. Dutrochet thinks that the spiral turns of the thread (which is itself hollow) are connected by a membrane, so as to make a larger tube, formed by the convolutions of the small one.

3. **Proper Vessels.**—These are also called *returning vessels*, because they return the sap, after it has undergone the proper change in the leaves. They take their rise from the back of the latter, and extend through all the plant. Sometimes they end in blind extremities, or *sacs*. If the bark be cut across, these vessels pour out a white fluid. Decandolle (another eminent continental botanist) calls them *repositories*. It is in these vessels (in those plants which yield it) that camphor is found; for that well-known substance is at first in a fluid state, and becomes solid from exposure to the air.

Plants of the lowest class (called *Cryptogamia*) have no vessels at all, but consist entirely of cells. Lately, however, vessels have been found in some of the ferns, which belong to the class in question. When a tree is *bored* or *tapped* it is from its vessels that fluid issues. It is thus that the birch is tapped, and wine is made from the fluid which is poured out; and, in the same way, sugar is obtained from the sap of the maple-tree. In the tropics there is a remarkable tree, which supplies the natives with drink, when no rain falls for months.

BARK OF PLANTS.

The bark is the part in which the medical virtues of plants generally reside; as is the case with cinnamon-bark, cinchona-bark, etc. The design of their containing the bitter principle in the one case, and the odoriferous principle in the other, is probably to defend the plant from insects. The bark of plants often contains gallic acid and tannin. The willow and the walnut yield the latter abundantly, and the plants which grow in bogs contain much of it. This it is which is said to give to bogs their antiseptic properties, by which men have been preserved in them for centuries. A few years ago, there was found in one of the bogs in Ireland the body of a man, who, from the hide in which he was enveloped, was considered to have been one of the ancient inhabitants of the island. We are not sure, however, that the antiseptic properties of bog are owing to tannin; for some bogs do not yield it. St. Pierre informs us, that, in some countries, fallen trees are found, having all their wood decayed, but with the bark retaining its shape. Mrs. Trollope seems to have met with a tree of this kind, in her *pic-nic* in the American forest. In submarine forests, the bark is the only part of the trees which remains perfect.

There is a great quantity of mucilage in the bark of young trees, by which the latter are nourished. Bark for medical use, or the purposes of the arts, should be taken in autumn or winter; for its peculiar principles are absorbed into the wood, if left till spring. In northern countries, the bark of the fir, and other trees, is sometimes ground, and used as a substitute for flour. The bark of many plants is furnished with prickles, as a means of defence. The plants which yield gum-arabic and gum-tragacanth, for instance, are defended by prickles. Some trees are guarded by prickles only to the height that cattle can reach. Many fruit-trees (such as the plum-tree and the pear-tree) are furnished with thorns, in their natural state, but lose them when cultivated in gardens.

Much additional information in that department of Botany which has engaged our attention in this paper, will be found in a "Treatise on Vegetable Physiology," in the "Library of Useful Knowledge." We take the opportunity of recommending, to those who wish to study the higher departments of the science, Dr. Lindley's *Treatise on Botany*, which likewise forms a part of the "Library." We regret that, contrary to the expectation originally held out, it has remained for months, and even years, unfinished.—*N. R.*

From the New England Farmer.

POTATO BLOSSOMS.

MR. BRECK,—I am aware you are acquainted that the potato is the most productive and useful vegetable in Nova Scotia;—the climate and soil of this province being extremely favorable to its cultivation, much more so than our sister provinces of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

On the receipt of your valuable paper, of 25th July last, containing an article on "Potato Blossoms," I was induced to try the experiment, whether plucking off the flower before any balls were formed, would increase, or diminish its productiveness. It may not be improper to preface my remarks that for several years past, there has been a disease in our seed, which has subjected the potato to the *dry rot*, and it has been recommended in the report made by the Agricultural Society lately formed here, and by the most skilful agriculturalists, that the most effectual remedy that can be adopted to eradicate it, "is to plant the potato whole;" but as it is impossible to persuade every one to adhere to this principle, we shall, I fear, be still subject to it. The potato I selected for the experiment was the white kidney (early sort) grown from the apple by the late John Young, Esq., and of course planted whole. The following are the particulars and the result. I selected two rows in my field along side of each other, 39 feet long, each planted at the same time, the same manure, and the same seed—distance potato from potato 10 inches. When I received your paper, the blossoms had just opened. One row I plucked off the blossoms, and on the other I suffered the flower to exist. I dug them yesterday, and the product was as follows: The row on which the blossoms remained, produced 61 lbs. potatoes.

The row from which I plucked the blossoms, produced 71 lbs. potatoes, not so numerous as the former, but much larger, so that it appears the latter has yielded an increase of one sixth—and of better quality.

Like yourself, I do not pretend to understand the philosophy of it, but of the accuracy of the foregoing statement you may rely upon, but let us remember, that the laws of nature are not yet, nor ever will be thoroughly understood,—the common place opinion however here is, that by taking off the blossom, it throws the strength of the plant to the root, and they justify this opinion, by reference to the lopping off the branches of a young tree, which causes it to spread, and throw out more bush at the bottom.

If this experiment, made upon a small scale, yet applicable to a general principle, can elicit any useful information to the farmer I shall be much gratified. I am not without hope some of your correspondents on your side of the water, have made the same

trial, and I wait with much anxiety to learn, through the medium of your paper, the results in your climate. Yours, &c.

E. BROWN.

Halifax, N. S. 11th Oct. 1838.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.—Do you see that are house on that risin' hummock to the right there?—Well, gist look at it, that's what I call about right. Flanked on both sides by an orchard of best grafted fruit, a tidy little clever flower garden in front, that the galls see to, and a'most a grand sarce garden over the road there sheltered by them are willows. At the back side see them everlastin' big barns; and, by gosh! there goes the dairy cows; and a pretty sight too; that fourteen of 'em marchin' Indgian file arter milkin', down to that are medder. Whenever you see a place snugged up and lookin' like that are, depend on it the folks are of the right kind. Them flowers too, and that are honeysuckle, and rose bushes, show the family are brought up right; somethin' to do at home, instead of racin' about to quiltin' parties, huskin' frolics, gossippin', talkin' scandal, and neglectin' their business. Them little matters are like throwin' up straws, they show which way the wind is.—When galls attend to them are things, it shews that they are what our minister used to call, "right minded." It keeps them busy, and when folks are busy, they ha'n't time to get into mischief; and it amuses them too, and keeps the dear little critters healthy and cheerful.—*Sam Slick.*

EXTRAVAGANCE IN NOVA SCOTIA.—Do you see them are country galls there, said Mr. Slick, how they are tricked out in silks, and touched off with lace and ribands to the nine's, a mincin' along with parasols in their hands, as if they were afeard the sun would melt them like wax, or take the color out of their faces, like a printed cotton blind? Well, that's gist the ruin of this country.

It ain't poverty the blue noses have to fear, for that they needn't know without they choose to make acquaintances with it; but it's gentility. They go the whole hog in this country, you may depend. They ain't content to appear what they be, but want to be what they aint; they live too extravagant, and dress too extravagant, and won't do what's the only thing that will support this extravagance; that is, be industrious. Gist go into one of the meeting houses, back here in the woods, where there ought to be nothin' but homespun cloth, and home-made stuffs and bonnets, and see the leghorn and palmettors, and silks and shalleys, merinos, gauzes, and blonds, assembled there, enough to buy the best farm in the settlement. There's somethin' not altogether gist right in this.—*Ib.*

A PLEA IN ABATEMENT.—In one of the Quarter Session courts in Tennessee, one *Joe Phillips* was indicted for an assault and battery. The solicitor called him to the bar and addressed him thus: "You are indicted for a misdemeanor, and stand charged in these words: 'The jurors, upon their oaths, present that Joe Phillips, late of the county of —, on the 10th day of August 18—, with a force and arms, in and upon the body of one John Scroggins, an assault did make, with guns, pistols, swords, dirks, and clubs, with malice aforethought.'"—

"Stop, Mr. Lawyer," says Joe, "there was something of it, but you're making it a deal worse than it was."

"Well, how was it Joe?" says the solicitor.

"Why, I and John met one day on the road, and says I to John, 'this is a bad day for snakin.'—Then says he to me, 'Not very bad neither, for I killed one near upon a rod long.' Then says I, 'That's a lie, for there's nary snake in this country half so long.' Then, after a good many such compliments passed between us, says John to me, says he, 'I doesn't milk my neighbors' cows as some folks do.' And then I hit him a lick with my fist on the side of his head, and then we had a real scuffle; a fair fight; then just so. And we hadn't no gun, nor pistols; nor club, nor dirk, neither; so you needn't be talking all that nonsense over to the Court when there's no such thing; and John says he's willing to fight again, if I'll let him strike first."

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