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THE CHRISTIAN'S SENTIMENT OF AGE.

By the late Mr. Charles Grant, Father of the Present Lord Glenelg.

With years oppress'd, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harass'd, sick, forlorn;
To thee, O God, I pray!
To thee, these withering hands arise,
To thee, I lift these failing eyes—
O! cast me not away.

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days;—
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my soul to love thy truth,
And filled my heart with praise.

O Saviour, has thy grace declined?
Can years affect the eternal mind?
Or time its love decay?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight,
Is gone like yesterday.

Then even in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee—
O, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee.

Yes, broken, tuncless, still O Lord!
This voice transported, shall record
Thy bounty, tried so long;
Till sinking slow—with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

Inverness Herald.

THE CONTINENTAL BLOCKADE.

A STORY.

THE Continental Blockade was one of the gigantic ideas of Napoleon. Master of the whole of Europe, either directly or indirectly, he still found all his schemes thwarted by the indomitable opposition of England, and, to weaken this enemy, whose whole strength and wealth lay avowedly in her commerce, he exerted all his power to close the ports of the continent against her shipping. To a certain extent, he was successful. Almost the whole line of the shores of Europe was blockaded against the British shipping; but the natural consequence was, that a contraband system was established, which undid the effect of the whole blockade. Even France itself, which might be supposed to follow up the emperor's wishes with the greatest strictness, had been too long accustomed to depend on Britain for commercial supplies, to be able to do entirely without them. In spite of the closest watching on the part of Napoleon's officials, large quantities of smuggled goods were introduced from Britain into the Channel coasts of France. It was at one of the French ports in this quarter, that the following incidents took place, which will be more intelligible after this explanation of the state of matters at the time of their occurrence.

The port in question, like others in France, had suffered severely from the blockade, in as much as its shipping lay idle and useless, through fear of the terrible enemy which held the mastery of the seas. The inhabitants of the port consequently endured very considerable privations, and a portion of them were not unwilling to profit by the visits of smugglers from the other side of the Channel. Others, again, and among these all the old sailors who had fought against Britain, would have died sooner than have smoked a bit of tobacco, or drunk a glass of rum, that had been brought into the port in violation of the blockade. One day, an old privateer captain, named Scipio, was seated with a number of old mariners like himself, on the deck of the *Haleyon*, a dismantled hulk which Scipio had taken in other days from the English, and which now stood in a corner of the harbour, converted into a stationary residence for the privateer and his associates. "Is it not shocking," said Scipio to his companions, "that the port should have abundance of tobacco, sugar, coffee, and other articles, when it is certain that for many weeks not a merchantman has cast anchor in the harbour?" "Shocking," repeated every one around. "My friends," said Scipio, "we are daily and nightly betrayed. The blockade is not respected. Though we have custom-house officers and coast-guards, they are worth nothing. There is some connivance between the towns-people and the English, which enables the smuggler—for it is one vessel, I am con-

vinced, that does the whole mischief—to approach the coast, always at the very moment when the coast-guard are out of the way. These wretches of grocers would sell their country for profit." "If you are right, Master Scipio," said one of the seamen, "the smuggler should not be far off, now, since the guard-sloop is gone for a day or two." Scipio turned his head slowly to the west as he heard this remark, and gazed on the long line of blue waters before him. In an instant he cried, "My glass! my glass! that villainous smuggler is there again!" The old privateer's telescope was handed to him, and, after arranging it, he sank gradually on one knee, and swept the horizon with his experienced eye. From sea he turned his gaze to land, and examined that portion of the prospect with equal attention. "What, in the name of wonder, brings that girl in the blue robe so often to that rock by the sea side? And at such a distance from the town too! She must have a purpose!"

The old mariners around could not comprehend the meaning of Scipio's remark. "The smuggler," said one, "what of the smuggler?" Scipio rose smartly to his feet, as if roused from a reverie. "The English smuggler is about to land somewhere not far off, this night, my friends; and shall we allow it? No! though the guard-sloop be away, we shall find some boat or another to carry us to sea, and I am sure we are men enough, old as we are, to stop for once the smuggler's pranks. I shall go this instant, and demand letters of marque from the commissary of marine. There is treachery somewhere, my friends, but we shall make the blockade be respected!" The ancient mariners cheered old Scipio with spirit, as he departed on his errand to the house of the commissary. "We shall make the blockade be respected," cried they.

Scipio was not long in reaching the house of the commissary, from whom he had to receive the letters of marque, or commission, necessary to enable him to fulfil the purpose he had in view. But when he arrived at his destination, he found that the commissary was just about to sit down to dinner. A servant, however, showed him into an elegant hall, and promised to announce his wish to see the commissary. Scipio sat here for nearly half an hour, biting his nails at the thought that the night was advancing, and the smuggler would soon have the business done. The impatient old privateer at length seized the bell-ropes, and rang it violently. A servant reappeared, and, after an apology, on account of there being company at dinner, informed Scipio that the commissary would be glad to hear his business to-morrow. To-morrow!" cried the veteran; "tell your master that I want a letter of marque, that the English smuggler is in sight, and that in an hour or two, if not prevented, his cargo will be landed, and the blockade broken!" The domestic disappeared, and soon returned with a message to Scipio to wait till after dinner. Scipio sat down, thinking the meal might be soon over. But first course, second course, and dessert, successively passed by under the eyes and nostrils of the privateer, and more than an hour was taken up with them. Scipio was now enraged beyond bounds, and he burst through the crowd of servants into the dining-room, where the commissary of marine sat at the head of a splendid party. "Master commissary!" cried the angry and unceremonious seaman, "why have I been kept waiting for nearly two hours in your hall, when I only want a slip of paper, and when you have been told that a smuggler is on the coast, and is violating the blockade?" The guests sat astonished at this speech. "I don't require to be taught my duty," cried the commissary; "leave the house, fellow." "I will go," returned Scipio, in tones as high; "but I will say to the whole town that you have refused me a scrap of writing which would have given me the right to battle these foes of my country! There are traitors here! There are some who know but too well the place and the hour for the smuggler's descent." Suddenly the irritated veteran came to a pause. His eye had fallen on the young daughter of the commissary, and he remained gazing upon her in a species of stupor. This pause in the angry discussion gave an opportunity to a young lieutenant in the naval service, who was present, to rise and approach the privateer. Scipio permitted the youth to lead him out of the room and the house without a word of resistance. "Scipio, my old friend," said the lieutenant, when the two were alone, "what is the cause of this conduct?" "Oh, Master Augustus, it was I who made a man, a seaman of you; and if you have any kindness for me on that score, get me a letter of marque, and a boat of any kind, and let me go and punish that rascally smuggler!" "Your demand may be reasonable, or may not, Scipio," said the young officer, "but you took a strange way to prefer it to the commissary, and on the night, too, of his only child's betrothing." "What! that girl whom I saw just now?" asked the old mariner. "Even so," was the reply; "that very young lady at whom you stared so

strangely." "And to whom may she be betrothed?" said Scipio. "To me, my old friend," returned the lieutenant.

Scipio gave a long "whew!" and then was silent for a minute or two. "Master Augustus," said the veteran at length, "you will have a wife who is strangely fond of the sea-shore." "I do not comprehend you Scipio," said the youth. "Ah, Master Augustus," replied the old privateer, gravely, "beware how you marry that girl. Well might I look in amazement at her. She is an enemy to her country, or has some base connection with its enemies. For several months past I have seen her clamber along the rocks, day after day, at some distance from the port; and I am certain that it is she who gives signals to the English smuggler, and lets him know when it is safe to land his cargo." "Scipio, you are mad!" exclaimed the officer; "the daughter of the commissary of marine, my Cecile, give signals to a smuggler! This is pure raving!" "It is no raving, Master Augustus," returned the veteran; "I cannot be mistaken. The dress, the figure, every thing tells me that she is the same person on whom my glass has been fixed a thousand times. Ah, beware, Master Augustus!" The young officer was confounded by the old seaman's pertinacity in making this assertion. "Come to-morrow evening to the *Haleyon*," said Scipio, "and you will probably be convinced by the evidence of your own eye-sight." The bewildered lieutenant gave his consent to this arrangement, ere the two parted for the evening. Scipio was so strongly attached to the youth, that this discovery, so deeply affecting his happiness, drove the letters of marque almost out of the old man's mind. Too much time, besides, had been spent to render them now available. But the privateer was right. On the following day, it was well known in the town that the English smuggler had discharged a cargo not far from the port.

For several successive evenings after the one described, Scipio and the young officer of marines watched the rocks along the coast from the deck of the *Haleyon*, and on each occasion were disappointed. No Cecile, nor any body resembling her, appeared to confirm the veteran's statement, and Augustus by degrees became convinced that Scipio's conjecture was utterly unfounded. The daily sight of Cecile was enough of itself to overthrow all jealous suspicion. As the enamoured officer gazed on her slight but exquisite form, and her lovely countenance, as yet almost childish in its beauty, or listened to her sweet voice as it accompanied the motion of her delicate fingers on the harp, he thought he must have been mad to imagine for one moment that a creature so young, so tenderly nurtured, should take up the task which Scipio had assigned to her, even if it could be supposed that her father should be so false to his official trust as to countenance the contraband trade. And then, as to the chances of her loving another, how could the lieutenant believe this to be the case when her truth-speaking lips so openly avowed her affection for himself? No, no; Scipio had seen some fisherman's daughter on the rocks, if he had seen any body at all. Such was the train of thought that passed through the mind of Augustus as he sat by the side of Cecile on the fourth or fifth day after their betrothal. "But a few days now, Cecile," murmured the lover, "and you will be mine—mine for ever." "Would that the time were come, Augustus," said the daughter of the commissary. "Fool that I was to doubt her love!" thought the officer. "Ah, Cecile!" said he aloud, "you make me too happy." At this moment the pair were interrupted. The commissary himself entered the room, a cold, stern, reserved person, most unlike his daughter in seeming temperament. "Augustus!" said the commissary, "there are bad news of our cruisers. You will have to depart to-morrow for the eastern part of the Channel." Cecile grew pale, and cast her eyes on the ground; and when she raised them to reply to the adieus of her lover, they were filled with tears.

On the morrow, Augustus set off to join the frigate to which he was attached. On the evening of the same day, Scipio sat at his post on board the *Haleyon*, with his glass in his hand. His gaze was turned long, long to sea, and at length he directed it to the land. He had no sooner done so, than a sort of yell escaped him. "Is not this horrible, abominable!—the very day of his departure!" cried the old seaman; "there she is again on the rocks; her blue dress, her figure, nay her face, her mouth, her eyes—I see them all as plainly as if she were two paces off! It must be she! Treacherous, wretched girl! Oh, my poor Master Augustus!" As Scipio uttered these exclamations, he turned his glass again to sea. "By heavens, there goes the smuggler already! Already does he know the time to be favourable, and again the blockade will be broken, while I lie here idle, and can do nothing." Convinced of the connection of the commissary with the smuggler,

Scipio did not again go on the needless errand of seeking letters of marque, but formed many bitter resolutions of exposing him. At the same time, Scipio prayed most earnestly for the speedy return of Augustus. The old man was gratified in his wish. Scarcely had night closed in, when the frigate to which Augustus belonged entered the harbour with a rich prize—two English East-Indians. The young officer landed immediately, and went to visit Cecile. The daughter of the commissary listened with an obvious mixture of fear and delight to her lover's narrative of the capture of the two vessels. She separated his long light tresses to see if he spoke true—if the bullets which had passed over his head had not wounded him. She pressed his hands in hers; she was so happy! But Augustus was abruptly called away from this interview. It was Scipio who sought him. What was the result of their interview, will be immediately seen. Suffice it to say, that the frigate had not been many hours in the harbour ere she again stood to sea.

On the ensuing morning, the people of the town beheld a stirring sight. At a short distance along the coast, the frigate was seen hemming the well-known smuggler close into the land. After an attempt to escape on several tacks, the smuggler ran almost upon the rocks. The frigate could not follow it without danger, but a boat full of armed men soon left the frigate to board the contraband vessel. There was yet one chance of escape for the smuggler. To seaward was the frigate, and on one side was the fort of the town, shutting out all chance on these quarters; but on the other side was a narrow passage between a large sunken rock and the shore, which might yet permit an escape, for through that passage the frigate could not have attempted to follow. But the question was, whether or not the smuggler knew of this passage? Apparently it did not; for it seemed to await the approach of the boarding-party, at the head of whom was Augustus, with his trumpet in his hand. Scipio, too, was in that boat, for the veteran had pressed to be taken on the service. The boat was nearing the smuggler, and it was the hope of all that the contrabandists were ignorant of the passage, when suddenly a girl, dressed in blue, appeared on the rocks, and gave a signal to the smuggler to throw himself into the pass! The signal was noticed by those in the boat, and indeed by all. The trumpet fell from the hand of Augustus as he beheld that girl's figure. But some of the men, in the irritation of the moment, raised their guns to their shoulders. "Fire!" cried Scipio. "No, no! it is in sport," cried Augustus. But his words came too late. One of the men fired, and the upraised hand of the girl fell to her side. In a moment after, her body was seen to fall prostrate behind the rock where she had appeared. The signal was not in time to save the smuggler, if indeed it was fully understood. There is no necessity for detailing the particulars of the capture which followed. It is enough to say that the smuggler was taken, brought into the harbour, and its whole cargo publicly burnt on the streets of the town, amid the acclamations of the multitude. The commissary of marine officiated as the regulator of the burning, and threw the first article into the fire with his own hands. The commissary was somewhat pale at the moment, but by his side stood a young officer, whose colour was that of a corpse.

Some weeks after this affair, a letter reached Augustus. It was written from a convent. Part of it ran thus:—"Ere I knew what purposes I was furthering in so doing, I was ordered often, often, by my cruel father, whose strongest passion was avarice, to appear on these unhappy rocks; and when I did become aware of all that lay under the proceeding, I sought to free myself from the task, but could not. Suspicion was more unlikely to fall on me than others. My stern parent's influence over me was beyond my power to escape from; and at the very last, on the day of the smuggler's capture, he compelled me to make an attempt to save the vessel. I longed for our union, Augustus, because I loved you; but I also longed for it to rid me of this most unnatural servitude. * * * I know you will pardon me, beloved, and the thought will sustain me under our endless separation. Earlier would I have written, but for my wounded hand; it is now almost well. Adieu."

Some years after this period, Augustus de Bussy was a married man. His wife was a beautiful woman, but it used to be remarked by all her friends as a very odd circumstance, that she always wore a glove on one of her hands. The reader, however, will not wonder much at this circumstance, for he will conjecture, and rightly, that Cecile the person in question. As long as the commissary lived, Augustus, though he kept the strange old man's secret, never could bring his mind to think of connecting himself with such a being; but when the commissary died, which took place within two years of the affairs related, the young officer took Cecile from the convent where she had found a refuge (although she had not become a member of its sisterhood), and made her the mistress of his home. Old Scipio, notwithstanding the thoughts he had once entertained of her, was happy in being allowed to teach the mysteries of ship-building and ship-sailing to the little ones who had her blood in their veins.

Thus closes our episode of the Continental Blockade.

CHILDREN.

Harmless, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth,
Richest wealth, and purest treasures,
In this mean and guilty earth.

How I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little things,
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty springs:

On these laughing rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within;

But yours is the sunny dimple,
Radiant with untortured smiles,
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles:

Yours the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,
Tottering steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health, and warm with joy.

The dull slaves of gain, or passion,
Cannot love you as they should,
The poor worldly fools of fashion
Would not love you if they could:

Write them childless, those cold-hearted,
Who can scorn Thy generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
Lest—Thy blessings come too soon.

While he hath a child to love him,
No man can be poor indeed;
While he trusts a friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear, or need.

But for thee, whose hearth is lonely,
And unwarm'd by children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
Desolate and poor on earth:

All unloved by innocent beauty,
All unloved by guiltless heart,
All unloved by sweetest duty,
Childless man, how poor thou art!

MORAL GREATNESS.

BY DR. E. CHANNING.

"In the humblest conditions, a power goes forth from a devout and disinterested spirit, calling forth, silently, moral and religious sentiment, and teaching, without the aid of words, the loveliness and peace of sincere and single-hearted virtue. In the more enlightened classes, individuals now and then rise up, who, through a singular force and elevation of soul, obtain a sway over men's minds, to which no limit can be prescribed. They speak with a voice which is heard by distant nations, and which goes down to future ages. Their names are repeated with veneration by millions, and millions read in their lives and writings a quickening testimony to the greatness of the mind, to its moral strength, to the reality of disinterested virtue. These are the true sovereigns of the earth. They have a greatness which will be more and more felt. The time is coming—its signs are visible—when this long-mistaken attribute of greatness will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, writings, leave imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world, will be ranked the philosopher who penetrates the secrets of the universe, and of the soul; who opens new fields to the intellect, who gives it a new consciousness of its powers, rights, and divine original; who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought, and who helps men to understand that an ever-growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the 'Father of Spirits.' Among them, will be ranked the statesman who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interest of a state; who seeks, without fear or favour, the common good; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil; who inspires a people's intercourse, without making them the slaves of wealth; who is mainly anxious to originate or give stability to institutions, by which society may be carried forward; who combats, with a sublime constancy, in justice and virtue, as the only foundation of a wise policy, and of public prosperity; and above all, who has so drunk in the spirit of Christ, as never to forget that his particular country is a member of the great human family, bound to all nations by a common nature, by a common interest, and by indissoluble laws of equity and charity. Among these will be ranked, perhaps on the highest throne, the moral and religious Reformer, who truly merits that name; who rises above his times; who is moved by a holy impulse to assail vicious establishments, sustained by fierce passions and inveterate prejudices; who rescues great truths from the corruptions of ages; who, joining calm and deep thought to profound feeling, secures to religion, at once, enlightened and earnest conviction; who unfolds to men higher forms of virtue than they have yet attained or conceived; who gives brighter and more thrilling views of the perfection for which they were framed, and inspires a victorious faith in the perpetual progress of our nature."

CHINESE MARKETING.—It is very revolting, says the author of the *Fan Qui* in China, to the feelings of the European, upon his first visit to China, to observe the natives preparing to make their meals upon those domestic animals which he has always been accustomed to look upon with a degree of fondness and affection. The dog, especially, has always been considered the friend and companion of man; the only friend, sometimes, that is left him, after he has been deserted by the rest of the world. But the craving appetite and calls of hunger will generally overthrow the strongest ties of affection and gratitude. It was thus at the siege of Jerusalem, when the starving mother fed upon the flesh of her own murdered child; and a still more appropriate illustration is given, in the true and faithful sketch from nature Lord Byron has drawn of the shipwreck of Don Juan, and which is founded on an actual occurrence. The Chinese of the upper ranks are as fastidious and expensive in their food as any other people, while the lower orders are altogether as filthy. This evidently arises from the great scarcity of provisions among so many millions of people, and the necessity, therefore, of sustaining nature by whatever can possibly afford any nourishment. This naturally leads, in time, to a total loss of discrimination as to the quality of food eaten; and an animal in the market would, therefore, be valued only in proportion to the quantity of flesh upon the bones, without any reference to its flavour or state of preservation. A gentleman walking through the market one day, at Canton, observed that a pheasant and a cat were put up for sale at the same price; and you will frequently observe, at the same place, dogs, cats, and rats sold indiscriminately, according to their weight.

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF QUACK DOCTORING.—An empiric of the first water, not many years ago, had made himself famous for the cure of all human maladies, by the administration of peculiarly large pills of his own invention. What contributed not a little to the increase and spread of his reputation was the fact, that he used frequently to tell his patients, that, from their symptoms, he was confident some particular substances were lodged in a portion of the alimentary canal. At one time he would tell a patient that he had apple seeds retained in his bowels; and again he would tell another, that he had kernels of different fruits, and grains in his stomach; and if by questioning gentlemen he could ascertain they were fond of shooting, it was not seldom that he attributed their complaints to having accidentally swallowed a few shot. As nothing could so conclusively prove his prognostics correct, as the simple fact of finding the articles named, so the old gentleman's character for wisdom and skill became more and more firmly established; for the identical causes of mischief were invariably discovered after taking a dose of the "big pills." At length, a lady of the first respectability, having suffered a long time from deranged digestion, applied to the celebrated doctor for assistance. After a few questions, he told her very promptly that he understood her complaint, that he knew what ailed her, and more than all that, her doctor was a fool, and assured her that his big pills would effect a cure. Neither of these assertions she exactly credited, but nevertheless, concluded to try his remedy if he would make known to her the complaint. "Why," says he, "you have got lemon seeds in you—you must take some of my big pills and get rid of them, and you'll be perfectly well again." "Why, doctor," said the lady in amazement, "I have not eaten a lemon for six years; and what you say is altogether impossible." "No matter, madam, if you have not eaten a lemon for twenty years, the fact is just as I tell you, and if you will take the pills you can be satisfied of it." The pills were taken, and to the utter astonishment of the patient, the lemon seeds were found; a second dose was taken, and still more seeds made their appearance. A thought now flashed upon the lady's mind. One pill was yet left, which she examined, and behold! a lemon seed in its centre—the secret, truly, of the doctor's astonishing wisdom, and successful practice.—*Tichnor's Medical Philosophy.*

EARLY EDUCATION.—As general conclusions from the views we have put forward, we would say, that during childhood (i. e. until the eighth year), education should have for its main object the cultivation of the moral qualities; and that, during the same period, the intellect will be pretty fully occupied in obtaining such most necessary information as can be acquired by the uses of the senses without much formal assistance; and therefore that schooling, properly so called, should not be commenced, at the very earliest, before the termination of the sixth year. Until then, the confinement of a school is injurious to the bodily health, and not required for the mental improvement of the child. In coming to these conclusions, we may appear to under-value those useful inventions of late years—infant schools. We conceive, however, that they have a specific purpose, and that, when well regulated, they effect that purpose usefully—viz. to take charge of the children of the poor in large cities, when their parents are engaged in their daily labour, and unable to attend to their wants. In this view, their value is inestimable; but still they are but the substitution of a lesser for a greater evil: all the ties of social

affection, of well-regulated obedience, and of mutual co-operation which constitute the bonds of society, are learned by the infant in the domestic circle, and can be learned no where else; and if we can leave it in the care of an intelligent mother, and in the society of its brothers and sisters, we should not send it to an infant school, where it is governed by and associated with strangers, with none of whom it is likely to have natural sympathies. What the child may be expected to gain specifically in these schools, beyond mere protection, can only be regularity of habits—which is certainly of great importance, but not so great as to countervail the advantage of a well regulated domestic circle. For the reasons we have advanced, we conceive that infant schools, though most serviceable in large cities for the poor, are totally unfitted for children of more opulent parents. With the latter, the system might be characterised, as Dr. Chalmers has done another artificial system, as “a taking to pieces of the actual framework of society, and re-constructing it in a new way or on new principles—which is altogether fruitless of good, and often fruitful of the sorest evil, both to the happiness and virtue of the commonwealth.”—*Drs. Evanson and Maunsell on the Management and Diseases of Children.*

A CHAPTER ON FLOWERS.

“Flowers!” says Mr. Bowring, “what a hundred associations the word brings to my mind! Of what countless songs, sweet and sacred, delicate and divine, are they the subject! A flower in England, [and we will add America,] is something to the botanist,—but only if it be rare; to the florist,—but only if it be beautiful: even the poet and the moralizer seldom bend down to its eloquent silence. The peasant never utters to it an ejaculation—the ploughman (all but one) carelessly tears it up with his share—no maiden thinks of wreathing it—no youth aspires to wear it: but in Spain ten to one but it becomes a minister of love, that it hears the voice of poetry, that it crowns the brow of beauty. Thus how sweetly an anonymous cancionero sings:

“Put on your brightest richest dress,
Wear all your gems, blest vale of ours!
My fair one comes in her loveliness,
She comes to gather flowers.

“Garland my wreaths, thou fertile vale;
Woods of green your coronets bring;
Pinks of red, and lilies pale,
Come with your fragrant offering.
Mingle your charms of hue and smell,
Which Flora wakes in her spring-tide hours!
My fair one comes across the dell,
She comes to gather flowers.

“Twilight of morn! from thy misty tower
Scatter the trembling pearls around,
Hang up thy gems on fruit and flower,
Bespangle the dewy ground!
Phœbus, rest on thy ruby wheels—
Look, and envy this world of ours;
For my fair one now descends the hills,
She comes to gather flowers.

“List for the breeze on wings serene
Through the light foliage sails;
Hidden amidst the forest green
Warble the nightingales!
Hailing the glorious birth of day
With music's best divinest powers,
Hither my fair one bends her way,
She comes to gather flowers.”

LONDON MAGAZINE, *Spanish Romances*, No. 3.

It was, perhaps, the general power of sympathy upon the subject of plants, which caused them to be connected with some of the earliest events that history records. The mythologies of all nations are full of them; and in all times they have been associated with the soldiery, the government, and the arts. Thus the patriot was crowded with oak; the hero and the poet with bay; and beauty with the myrtle. Peace had her olive; Bacchus his ivy; and whole groves of oak-trees were thought to send our oracular voices in the winds. One of the most pleasing parts of state-splendor has been associated with flowers, as Shakespeare seems to have had in his mind when he wrote that beautiful line respecting the accomplished prince, Hamlet:

“The expectancy and rose of the fair state.”

It was this that brought the gentle family of roses into such unnatural broils in the civil wars: and still the united countries of Great Britain have each a floral emblem: Scotland has its thistle, Ireland its shamrock, and England the rose. France, under the Bourbons, had the golden lily.

The different festivals in England, have each their own peculiar plant or plants, to be used in their celebration; at Easter the willow as a substitute for the palm; at Christmas, the holly and the mistletoe; on May-day every flower in bloom, but particularly the hawthorn or May-bush. In Persia they have a festival called the Feast of Roses, which lasts the whole time they are in bloom. Formerly, it was the custom, and still is in some parts of the country, to scatter flowers on the celebration of a wedding, a christening, or even of a funeral.

It was formerly the custom also, to carry garlands before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them, and scatter flowers over her grave:

The Queen scattering flowers:

“Sweets to the sweet. Farewell!
I hoped thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.”

HAMLET, Act V. Scene 1.

In Tripoli, on the celebration of a wedding, the baskets of sweetmeats, etc. sent as wedding presents, are covered with flowers; and although it is well known that they frequently communicate the plague, the inhabitants will even prefer running the risk, when that dreadful disease is abroad, rather than lose the enjoyment they have in their love of flowers. When a woman in Tripoli dies, a large bouquet of fresh flowers, if they can be procured, if not, of artificial, is fastened at the head of her coffin. Upon the death of a Moorish lady of quality, every place is filled with fresh flowers and burning perfumes: at the head of the body is placed a large bouquet, of part artificial, and part natural, and richly ornamented with silver: and additions are continually made to it. The author who describes these customs also mentions a lady of high rank, who regularly attended the tomb of her daughter, who had been three years dead; she always kept it in repair, and, with the exception of the great mosque, it was one of the grandest in Tripoli. From the time of the young lady's death, the tomb had always been supplied with the most expensive flowers, placed in beautiful vases; and, in addition to these, a great quantity of fresh Arabian Jessamines, threaded on thin slips of the palm-leaf, were hung in festoons and tassels about this revered sepulchre. The mausoleum of the royal family, which is called the *Turbar*, is of the purest white marble, and is filled with an immense quantity of fresh flowers; most of the tombs being dressed with festoons of Arabian Jessamine and large bunches of variegated flowers, consisting of Orange, Myrtle, Red and White Roses, etc. They afford a perfume which those who are not habituated to such choice flowers can scarcely conceive. The tombs are mostly of white, a few inlaid with coloured marble. A manuscript Bible, which was presented by a Jew to the Synagogue, was adorned with flowers; and silver vases filled with flowers were placed upon the ark which contained the sacred MS.*

The ancients used wreaths of flowers in their entertainments, not only for pleasure, but also from a notion that their odour prevented the wine from intoxicating them; they used other perfumes on the same account. Beds of flowers are not merely fictitious. The Highlanders of Scotland commonly sleep on heath, which is said to make a delicious bed; and beds are, in Italy, often filled with the leaves of trees, instead of down or feathers. It is an old joke against the effeminate Sybarites, that one of them complaining he had not slept all night, and being asked the reason why, said that a rose-leaf had got folded under him.

In Naples and in the vale of Cashemero (I have been told also that it sometimes occurs in Chester,) gardens are formed on the roofs of houses: “On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in summer, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautiful chequered parterre.” The famous hanging gardens of Babylon were on the enormous walls of that city.

A garden usually makes a part of every Paradise, even of Mahomet's, from which women are excluded,—women, whom gallantry has so associated with flowers, that we are told, in the Malay language, one word serves for both.† In Milton's Paradise, the occupation of Adam and Eve was to tend the flowers, to prune the luxuriant branches, and support the roses, heavy with beauty. Poets have taken pleasure in painting gardens in all the brilliancy of imagination. See the garden of Alcinoüs in Homer's *Odyssey*; those of Morgann, Alcina, and Armida, in the Italian poets: the gardens fair

“Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
Who sing about the golden tree;”

and Proserpina's garden, and the Bower of Bliss in Spenser's *Fairie Queene*. The very mention of their name seems to embower one in leaves and blossoms.

It is a matter of some taste to arrange a bouquet of flowers judiciously; even in language, we have a finer idea of colours, when such are placed together as look well together in substance. Do we read of white, purple, red, and yellow flowers, they do not present to us so exquisite a picture, as if we read of yellow and purple, white and red. Their arrangement has been happily touched upon by some of our poets:

“Th' Azores send
Their jessamine; her jessamine, remote
Caffraia: foreigners from many lands,
They form one social shade, as if convened
By magic summons of th' Orphean lyre.

* See Tully's *Narrative of a Residence in Tripoli*.
† See *Lalla Rookh*, page 303. Sixth edition.

Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass
But by a master's hand, disposing well
The gay diversities of leaf and flower,
Must lend its aid to illustrate all their charms,
And dress the regular, yet various scene.
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van
The dwarfish; in the rear retired, but still
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand.”

COWPER.

What is here said on the subject of arrangement is of course addressed to those who are unacquainted with botany; those who study that delightful science will, most probably, prefer a botanical arrangement, observing however to place the smaller plants of each division next the spectator, and thus proceeding gradually to the tallest and most distant; so that the several divisions will form strips irregular in their width.

A friend has obliged me, says a celebrated writer, with the following lines, paraphrased from the Greek of Meleager. “This delicious little Greek poem,” says he, “is one of those which I always seem to scent the very odor of, as if I held a bunch of flowers to my face.”

“A flowery crown will I compose—
I'll weave the crocus, weave the rose;
I'll weave narcissus, newly wet,
The hyacinth, and violet;
And myrtle shall supply me green,
And lilies laugh in light between:
That the rich tendrils of my beauty's hair
May burst into their crowning flowers, and light the painted air.”

DIFFICULTIES OF AN EDITOR.—An editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous. If he states facts without comment he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility. A jackanapes who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape, by the yard, hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimlet; and if the editor be not fool enough to print the nonsense—“Stop my paper; I won't patronize a man that's no better judge of poetry.” One murmurs because his paper is too literary, another because it is not literary enough. One grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room, another complains that the paper is too large, he can't find time to read it all. One wants the types so small, that a microscope would be indispensable in every family, another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. One old lady actually offered to give an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such types as are used for handbills. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labour of Sisyphus was recreation when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please all.

EXCESSIVE GRIEF.—By the influence of excessive grief the health is decidedly endangered. It is difficult to define the nature of the connexion which subsists between the mind and the body; our knowledge respecting it is almost entirely limited to an acquaintance with the effect produced by the reciprocal action. Although the existence of this sympathy may be denied by those who plead for the unrestrained indulgence of their sorrow, yet nothing can be more certain. We see every day the one suffering with the other—the manifestations of mind enfeebled by disease, and the animal economy materially disturbed by disorders of the mind. It is well known how instantaneously joy or grief will pall the appetite; that it is impossible to cure many derangements of the animal system while any cause of mental irritation exists; and that many maladies are immediately produced by the influence of depressing passions. The indulgence of excessive grief, then, is by no means innocent; since, although its immediate effects may be escaped, it may still lay the foundation of insidious disease, which though long protracted may in the end terminate fatally.—*Newnham's Tribute of Sympathy.*

DEISM AND CHRISTIANITY.—There is nothing in Deism, but what is in Christianity; but there is much in Christianity, which is not in Deism. The Christian has no doubt concerning a future state; every deist, from Plato to Thomas Paine, is on this subject overwhelmed with doubts insuperable by human reason. The Christian has no misgivings as to the pardon of penitent sinners, through the intercession of a mediator; the deist is harassed with apprehensions lest the moral justice of God should demand, with inexorable rigour, punishment for transgression. The Christian has no doubt concerning the lawfulness and the efficacy of prayer; the deist is disturbed on this point by abstract considerations concerning the goodness of God, which wants not to be entreated; concerning his foresight, which has no need of our information; concerning his immutability, which cannot be changed through our supplication. The Christian admits the providence of God, and the liberty of human actions; the deist is involved in great difficulties, when he undertakes the proof of either. The Christian has assurance that the Spirit of God will help his infirmities; the deist does not deny the possibility that God may have access to the human mind; but he has no ground to believe the fact, of his either enlightening the understanding, influencing the will, or purifying the heart.—*Bishop Watson.*

SPIRIT OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY THE REV. S. C. WILKS.

"Whence come wars and fightings?—James iv: 1.

"There was tumult, and there was din :
There was Satan, and there was sin ;
There were groanings, and there were fears,
Orphan's sighs and widows' tears ;
And there was cursing, and piercing cry,
And despair's last rending agony ;
And there were vultures, and worse than they,
Hovering to gorge their human prey.

Where were such sights, I pray thee tell ?
Where was on earth so fierce a hell ?

There, where yon warriors, armed and steeled,
Are cheering their troops to the battle field :
There, where famed statesmen, and poets I ween,
Declare 'tis a proud and a glorious scene.

But was there found in that brilliant day
The heart to feel or the lip to pray ?
The accents of heaven, or the looks of love,
The Prince of Peace, or the Holy Dove ?

I say not what passes in secret souls,
For the dew-drops may fall while the thunder rolls ;
But I saw them not in the haggard cheek,
I heard them not in the dying shriek ;
I marked them not in the frenzied eye ;
They calmed not the shouts of the victory ;
They were lost in the yells of the frantic breath ;
They pealed to the heavens for triumph or death ;
They echoed not in the cannon's roar ;
I traced them not in the seas of gore ;
I marked them not in the battle rush,
The oath, and the groan, and the life-blood gush ;
They flashed not bright in the bayonet's gleam,
Or there where the tattered banner's stream
To rally the young, and the proud, and the brave,
To the murderous charge that digs their grave.

I judge not my neighbour's heart or lot ;
They might be there ; but I saw them not.

Men said : that noble and great was war ;
That patriot virtues yoke his car ;
And that nought is so generous and bright to see
As a hero fresh from his victory.
I viewed e'en the solemn and sacred tomb
Emblazoned with sword and battle plume ;
And in God's own temple flaunting high,
The captured banner and panoply :
And all did tell me how pure the flame
Whence strife, and war, and fightings came.

Yet they came, said a wise and holy page,
From lawless passions and guilty rage ;
And, truth, when the field of blood I view,
Nought thinks—that such sacred word is true ;
That the bad was there, and the good forgot ;—
At least, if 'twere there—I saw it not."

BLANCHE OF ROSSBERG.

There was no sound but the sigh of the night-wind in the deserted streets of Göttingen ; the cry of the reveller had ceased ; the night-guard had sought shelter in his cot ; nothing disturbed the silence of the hour but the bay of the distant wolf-hound, and the fitful bursts of the blast, as it stirred the sickly flame of many an expiring lamp, or swept with restless moans the gloomy buildings of the city.

" 'Tis a cold and cheerless night, Sir Alwyn ; and, by our Lady ! it were well to have tarried longer in the hostelry. Holy Saint Elfwold, how the wind blows ! "

"Lead on, good father, lead on, for the love of heaven ! Poor, poor Blanche ! In her illness she forgets me not. Count Rossberg's daughter—my patron's child—forgets not on her death-bed the humble Alwyn. But thou saidst not she was dying, father ? "

"I said even so ; but I said but what I heard. St. Bertha, I have neither shriven nor seen the damsel. Sister Ulrica prayed the abbess that you might be brought ; for, sleeping or waking, the maiden, since her illness, has done little else but murmur your name."

Alwyn struck his hand to his forehead ; then suddenly grasping the arm of his companion, again exclaimed, "But thou sayest not she is dying, father ? "

"Shrine of the Virgin ! " cried the monk ; "I have told ye twenty times. Holy St. Peter ! Dost thou think men quit their cells to go fool's errands on such nights as these ? "

Alwyn only replied by quickening his pace ; and after proceeding for some time in silence, they at length reached the outer gate

of the convent, and he was soon conducted by his guide into the entrance hall of the building. Here the youth—having declined the courteous offer of the monk to visit the refectory—after waiting impatiently for some minutes, was approached by a lay-sister, bearing a small silver lamp, who silently conducted him through several narrow but lofty passages, until she came to a small door, which she cautiously opened, and, turning round to the youth, beckoned him to follow her.

Alwyn entered the apartment ; and his companion, making a motion of silence, approached a couch, upon which a young and lovely girl reposed, as if in sleep. Long ringlets of silken auburn fell over her neck and bosom ; one beautiful arm hung from the couch, the small white hand holding a crucifix of ivory ; her face was pale ; her lips, though half apart, were motionless ; and so noiselessly she breathed, that the lay-sister bent for a moment over her, as if to ascertain that the spirit of the sick maiden had not passed away.

The fair sleeper slowly opened her eyes.—"How fares the Lady Blanche ? " inquired the lay-sister.

"Better, kind sister ; the sleep has refreshed me. Thou hast been a kind nurse, Ulrica. But I shall soon trouble thee no longer."

"Say not so, sweetest Blanche. Thine eye has lost much of its restless lustre, and the blue veins on your brow tell no longer of death. Blessed Virgin be praised ! Thou wilt live to be the Countess of Rossberg, and present me with the bridal chaplet."

"Blanche ! dearest Blanche ! " said another voice near the couch ; and young Alwyn, kneeling beside it, pressed her hand to his lips. His long dark locks hid the tears that were starting to his eyelids ; but the maiden felt them fall fast and warm upon her arm.

"Alwyn ! Can it be ? Alwyn, how, in the name of heaven, came ye hither ? Ulrica ! "

"Ulrica is gone, sweet Blanche. 'Twas a kind monk conducted me to the convent. Thou art not sorry I am come, my Blanche ? "

"No, no, no ! I had thought never to have seen thee or my father more. 'Tis a sad thing, Alwyn, to feel approaching death, and think of those that love us.

"Nay, but death approacheth not Blanche of Rossberg. Thou wilt live to gladden thy father's heart, and that of the foundling Alwyn, who, ere he seeks this waxen hand, will win with his sword a name worthy of the daughter of Count Rossberg to share, or die for it. Oh ! how I love you, Blanche ! " continued the youth, as he covered her little hand with kisses.

Here a low and mournful sigh seemed to proceed from a distant part of the chamber, and was instantly followed by a loud burst of the moaning blast.

Alwyn turned to the direction of the sound. " 'Twas but the wind," said he, in answer to an inquiring look of the maiden. " 'Twas but the wind, sweet Blanche—even now methought it stirred the tapestry. In sooth it is a stormy night ! "

"How palely the taper burns ! Dost thou think, Alwyn, it was but the wind that sighed ? "

"Nay, doubt it not. Thou wilt give me a lock of this golden hair to wear as thy love-token on my crest," said the youth, as he played with the silken ringlets of the maiden. "Dost love me, Blanche ? "

"Dearest Alwyn ! "

Here a sigh, deeper and more sorrowful than the first, was heard in the apartment.

"What see'st thou, Alwyn, that you gaze so fearfully ? "

Alwyn replied not, for a weight of ice was at his heart, and his tongue clove to his mouth. Beside him stood a figure arrayed in the habit of the grave, regarding him with a fixed and mournful look. The features seemed to be familiar to him, as of one whose face he had gazed upon in infancy ; but the cold and sorrowful eye froze the blood in his veins, his limbs trembled under him, and, powerless in mind and body, he sank heavily to the floor.

Loud was the bay of the hound, and merry the ring of the hunting horn, as a noble company of knights and gallants rode in the woods of Rossberg, their fiery steeds champing on the bit, and their boar spears glittering in the morning sun. Two horsemen rode at some distance from the rest of the party, and seemed to be in deep converse—the one a tall and powerful man, somewhat past the meridian of life, and the other a graceful youth, apparently about three or four and twenty. Both were superbly mounted—their habits proclaimed them to be of good degree, and they seemed by their martial air as if they knew right well how to couch the lance and rein the war-horse.

"Now, by mine honour, Count Rossberg," said the younger huntsman, "thy fair Blanche is the only gift I would ask twice of thee. I have won my spurs with her love-token on my crest, and, although my birth is hid in obscurity, yet as a knight of the empire—"

"Sir Alwyn of Eginhart," replied the other, "is fitting mate for the noblest maiden in Germany."

"Nay, that thou hast said before ; and if I knew not the Count Rossberg better, I might think it were but said in mockery. Why then forbid our union ? None will ever love thy Blanche more devotedly than I, and mayhap, Count Rossberg, there are none whom she will love so well."

"Alwyn it may not be. But think not that I deem the less of

thee on that account. In boyhood you watched my sick pillow ; thy sword in manhood has shielded me in strife ; and, by St. Mary ! thy quarrel should be mine. But think no more of Blanche : we will find thee as fair and as noble a bride. Hark ! hark ! Alwyn—they have roused a boar ! " and the Count at the words stuck spurs to his steed, and dashed forward to the chase.

"Ay ? " cried the youth bitterly, as he curbed his chafing steed, that snorted and trembled with eagerness to follow. "Ay ! he says he loves me, but Count Rossberg is too proud to wed his daughter to a foundling, although that foundling took knighthood at a prince's hand, and on a stricken field. But he shall not vaunt it thus. By the laws of chivalry the maiden is mine : and if I resign her, may my spurs be hacked from my heel ! She shall now learn the result of this second appeal she so prayed me to make." So saying, the youth turned from the chase, and rode slowly towards the castle.

Night came on cheerless, and without a star. The wind moaned amid the tall forest trees, blending with the dull roar of the distant Rhine—the cottage light was extinguished in the valley, and the watch-dog was silent on the hill—every object was shrouded in gloom, and every sound was desolate.

"Cheer thee ! fair Blanche. Heed not the rugged pathway, for thy steed is fleet and sure. Ah ! now we can see the lights of the Abbey ! "

"Alwyn, heard you not aught as we rode along ? "

"Nay, nay, Blanche, I heard but the night wind," replied Alwyn, a slight shudder passing over his frame.

"Methought twice that I heard a sigh as we rode in the gloom of the forest."

"O ! on ! sweetest Blanche," cried Alwyn as he urged the steeds towards the Abbey.

Blanche of Rossberg was kneeling before the altar—her hand was in that of Sir Alwyn's—the holy covenant had been made, and the priest was pronouncing his benediction, when the thunder of horse-hoofs was heard in the court-yard, followed by the sound of jingling spurs and clanking arms, as Count Rossberg, attended by a train of men at arms, entered the building. He approached the altar, and stood for a moment gazing on the young couple, who had both started to their feet—Blanche still holding the hand of Sir Alwyn ; but her blue eyes suffused with tears, while he, on the contrary, regarded the intruders with a haughty and determined look.

Count Rossberg looked not on them in anger. His features wore an expression of melancholy, and he continued for some time silent, leaning on his heavy sword, as if the prey to inflating emotions. At length he said—

"Alwyn of Eginhart, I expected not this from you."

"Count Rossberg," replied the other, "this is no time for reproaches—perchance I may have some to make as well as thee—nor is the foot of the altar a fitting place to bandy angry words. Thy daughter, Blanche, is now my wife."

"Rash boy ! " said the Count mournfully—"She is thy sister ! "

A shriek of agony burst from the lips of the maiden—startling the silence of the long cold aisles, and echoing amidst the lofty arches of the building—so thrilling, and full of woe, that the monks stood aghast as if petrified, and the stout limbs of the startled retainers trembled beneath their mail. Count Rossberg caught his fainting daughter in his arms, and Alwyn, covering his face with his hands, leaned against the rails of the altar.

In the forest of Rossberg there is a clear fountain, surrounded by the ruins of an ancient hermitage, at some distance from two green mounds, between which is a cross of rudely-sculptured stone. The fountain springs where once had stood an humble altar, and, regarding it, there are many traditions ; but, as tears for Blanche of Rossberg have often dewed the spot, the waters have long been held sacred of "The Hermit's Well."

A GLIMPSE OF ELIZABETHAN MANNERS.—There is, perhaps, no work which throws more curious and circumstantial light on the manners of Queen Elizabeth's reign, especially at the concluding portion of it, than a rare volume, by Thomas Decker, called "The Guls Horne Book," which appeared in the year 1609. We shall occasionally lay before our readers a few passages, illustrative of a state of manners which cannot but be of the highest interest to every Englishman. And selecting our example at random, we will make our first extract from a chapter, entitled,

"How a Gallant should behave himself in an Ordinary."

"First, having diligently inquired out an ordinary of the largest reckoning, whither most of your courtly gallants do resort, let it be your use to repair thither some half hour after eleven ; for then you shall find most of your fashion-mongers planted in the room waiting for meat. Ride thither upon your Galloway nag, or your Spanish jennet, a swift ambling pace, in your hose and doublet, gilt rapier and poignard bestowed in their places, and your French lackey carrying your cloak, and running before you ; or rather in a coach, for that will both hide you from the basilisk eyes of your creditors, and outrun a whole kennel of bitter mouthed sergeants. Being arrived in the room, salute not any but those of your acquaintance : walk up and down by the rest

as scornfully and as carelessly as a gentleman-usher: select some friend, having first thrown off your cloak, to walk up and down the room with you; let him be suited, if you can, worse by far than yourself; he will be a foil to you; and this will be a means to publish your clothes better than Paul's, a tennis court, or a play-house: discourse as loud as you can, no matter to what purpose; if you but make a noise, and laugh in fashion, and have a good surface to promise quarrelling, you shall be much observed. If you be a soldier, talk how often you have been in action; as the Portugal voyage, the Cales voyage, the Island voyage; besides some eight or nine employments in Ireland and the Low Countries: then you may discourse how honourably your Grave used you, (observe that you call your Grave Maurice "your Grave;") how often you have drunk with Count such-a-one, and such a Count on your knees to your Grave's health; and let it be your virtue to give place neither to S. Kynock, nor to any Dutchman whatsoever in the seventeen provinces, for that soldier's complement of drinking. And, if you perceive that the untravelled company about you take this down well, ply them with more such stuff, as how you have interpreted between the French king and a great lord of Barbary, when they have been drinking healths together: that will be an excellent occasion to publish your languages, if you have them; if not, get some fragments of French, or small parcels of Italian, to fling about the table; but beware how you speak any Latin there: your ordinary most commonly hath no more to do with Latin than a desperate town of garrison hath."

H. E. B.

MOUNT TABOR, THE SCENE OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.—It stands perfectly isolated, rising alone from the plain in a rounded tapering form, like a truncated cone, to the height of 3,000 feet, covered with trees, grass, and wild flowers, from the base to its summit, and presenting the combination, so rarely found in natural scenery, of the bold and the beautiful. At twelve o'clock we were at the miserable village of Deborah, at the foot of the mountain, supposed to be the place where Deborah the prophetess, who then judged Israel, and Barak, and "ten thousand men after him, descended upon Sisera, and discomfited him and all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron, and all the people that were with him." The men and boys had all gone out to their daily labour, and we tried to persuade a woman to guide us to the top of the mountain, but she turned away with contempt; and having had some practice in climbing, we moved around its sides until we found a regular path, and ascended nearly to the top without dismounting. The path wound around the mountain, and gave us a view from all its different sides, every step presenting something new, and more and more beautiful, until it was completely forgotten and lost in the exceeding loveliness of the view from the summit. Stripped of every association, and considered merely as an elevation commanding a view of unknown valleys and mountains, I never saw a mountain which for the beauty of scene better repaid the toil of ascending it; and I need not say what an interest was given to every feature, when we saw in the valley beneath the large plain of Jezreel, the great battle-ground of nations; on the south, the supposed range of Hermon, with whose dews the Psalmist compares the "pleasantness of brethren dwelling together in unity;" beyond, the ruined village of Endor, where dwelt the witch who raised up the prophet Samuel; and near it the little city of Nain, where our Saviour raised from the dead the widow's son; on the east, the mountains of Gilboa, "where Saul and his armour-bearer, and his three sons, fell upon their swords, to save themselves from falling into the hands of the Philistines;" beyond, the Sea of Galilee, or Lake of Genesareth, the theatre of our Saviour's miracles, where in the fourth watch of the night, he appeared to his terrified disciples, walking on the face of the waters; and to the north, on a lofty eminence, high above the top of Tabor, the city of Japhet, supposed to be the ancient Bethulia, alluded to in the words, "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*

WILBERFORCE.—It was especially his habit to relieve those who in the higher walks of life were reduced to unexpected indigence. Many letters, acknowledging such aid, and tracing to it oftentimes escape from ruin, appear in his correspondence. One such instance has been furnished by his secretary. "Mr. Ashley," he once said to me, "I have an application from an officer of the navy, who is imprisoned for debt. I do not like to send Burgess, (his almoner) 'to him, and I have not time to go myself; would you enquire into the circumstances?' That very day I went, and found an officer in gaol for 80l. He had a family dependent on him, with no prospect of paying his debt; and as a last hope, at the governor's suggestion, had made this application." Mr. Wilberforce was well known among the London prisons, where, with the Rev. John Unwin, he had of old often visited and relieved the debtors. "The officer," continues Mr. Ashley, "had referred him to Sir Sidney Smith, to whom he wrote immediately. I was in the room when Sir Sidney called on the following morning. 'I know the poor man well,' he said; 'we were opposed to one another on the Baltic—he in the Russian, I in the Swedish service; he is a brave fellow, and I

would do any thing I could for him; but you know, Wilberforce, we officers are pinched sometimes, and my charity-purse is not very full.' 'Leave that to me, Sir Sidney,' was his answer. Mr. Wilberforce paid his debt, fitted him out, and got him a command. He met an enemy's ship, captured her, was promoted; and within a year I saw him coming to call in Palace Yard in the uniform of a post-captain."—*Wilberforce's Life*, vol. ii.

MY DARK-EYED ZULETTE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In my long hours of sorrow without thee,
I never found one that could make me forget
The charm that is ever about thee:
On the beautiful maids of my country I gaze,
But they wake but a passing emotion;
Oh! thou hadst the love of my happiest days,
The first fruits of my young heart's devotion.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In the dreams of my slumber united,
I meet thee again, where so often we met,
When my spirit was gay and unblighted;
When beneath the sweet shade of the orange we roved,
And the fountain of Inez shone brightly
In the beams of the moon, that to look on I loved,
As it guided my steps to thee nightly.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
Is thy heart still as faithful as ever
To the joy that we felt when in secret we met,
And the pangs that it cost us to sever?
When I watched thy sweet looks, as I saw thee depart,
When thy last fond adieu had been spoken,
Had I thought 'twas thy last, ah! surely my heart
In the grief of that moment had broken.

For the Pearl.

A SKETCH.

"There is a love, in some fond hearts, that never can expire."

WINTER WREATH.

'Twas a calm evening in summer, and the sun, descending behind a western forest, threw his bright red beams over the world he was leaving. Each trembling breeze fell with folded wing upon the flower's snowy bosom, which had expanded to catch the glowing smile of retiring day. Not a sound was heard, but the dying notes of the feathered songsters as they retired to rest in the distant thicket. The airy curtain of twilight slowly gathered over the surrounding landscape, and Nature seemed preparing the hour for holier meditation.

I sat down upon the bank of a beautiful river to contemplate the magic picture before me. The river's bosom, undisturbed by the sleeping zephyr, and with the sun's parting beams upon it, appeared like a mirror spread over the landscape. While viewing the prospect before me, a low, distant voice broke the stillness of the scene. So sweet, so plaintive, so mournfully it floated over the water, that it seemed like the voice which Fancy mingles with her dying visions. I turned to listen, when a skiff came gently gliding over the surface of the quiet river, bearing a female clad like one of another clime, a light robe thrown about her, who was chanting a dirge-like note so melodiously, that I imagined her the Spirit of Song, who had come to mingle her music with the exquisite beauty of the evening. As she approached I perceived her to be an Indian maid. Her bark passed gracefully down the silvered river, like a fairy bark of eastern song, while her melody floated over the beautiful landscape, and died away in soft and distant echoes. She suddenly passed over to the opposite shore, drew her light bark from the water, and slowly and sadly ascended a craggy steep to a lonely place, where reposed the remains of her lover, the proud chief of her tribe, who had withered before the power of unrelenting Death. She knelt upon his mossy grave, and to the Great Spirit offered a prayer for his departed soul. She sprinkled his grave with tears of her heart's deathless affection, the dew-drops of love flowing from the fount of woman's tenderness; and on it she strewed the leaves of a wild flower, a token of the purity of her love, and an emblem of human hearts.

Night soon closed in upon the landscape, and the beautiful moon rising in the cloudless sky, threw her beams upon it, which gave the scene an enchantment like a fairy night.—And the Indian maid tarried long at her loved retreat to commune with the dead, and for him invoke the goodness of the Great Spirit, with one wish, the only balm for her wounded heart, to join the dead beyond the starry sky, in scenes of wildness more beautiful than any on earth. My spirit awoke to behold the beauty that touched my heart, whose chords vibrated a music which has lived long in my memory; and oft at summer's stilly evening have I dwelt in pensive remembrance on that holy scene.

JOHN K. LASKEY.

Saint John, N. B., April, 1839.

A MAN'S OWN DESIRES NOT ALWAYS TO BE TRUSTED
—J. Mann, in an advertisement in the Bunker Hill Aurora, cautions the public against trusting his wife's Desire.

DISCUSSION ON PEACE.

For the Pearl.

REPLY TO MARMION CONTINUED.

"Alas! Alas!"

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment should
But judge as you do? O think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."—*Shakspeare.*

SIR,—May we hope for your indulgence when soliciting your attention to a third address, on the subject of War as being adverse to christianity. So far, we have laboured to establish two great points: the first, that "States, or bodies politic," we adopt the language of Chancellor Kent, "are to be considered as *moral persons*, having a public will, capable and free to do right and wrong, inasmuch as they are collections of individuals, each of whom carries with him into the service of the community, the same binding law of morality and religion which ought to control his conduct in private life." The second, that the friendly and pacific course commanded by heaven will not prove injurious to our safety and interest. We allow, that in the transition state of society from war to peace, there are difficulties to be encountered similar to those which attend the change from drunkenness to temperance; but these difficulties grow out of the previous habits of intemperance and war, and will vanish away just as fast as christians adopt the pure principles of the gospel. On this subject an eminent divine has well said, "We must act in the case of a community as we should in the case of an individual. Suppose an individual to have lived a dissolute life but to have been brought to a sense of his danger, and to have abandoned his practices, would he then be exempt from all the effects of his former transgressions? No; he would carry with him many painful mementos of his previous character. Still he would find many alleviations, and upon the whole, would have reason to say that his present lot was infinitely preferable to his former condition. I conceive that this is, an analogy to the case of a family, a community, or a nation. On the subject of war, they have been acting for centuries on principles adverse to the best interests of mankind. If enlightened and reclaimed, are they in the nature of things to expect that God will work an astonishing miracle to protect them from the consequences of their previous bad conduct? They ought to be prepared to meet with difficulties, and to bow reverently to the righteous chastisements of God, while they could not doubt that wondrous interpositions of divine providence would be manifested on their behalf."

With these preliminary remarks, we will now give our best attention to the horrible *pirate-case* of Marmion. We begin by earnestly protesting against the introduction of all extreme cases in the solution of moral duties. The great question is, SHALL WE ADOPT THE PRECEPTS OF CHRIST, IN THEIR PLAIN, EVIDENT MEANING—A MEANING WHICH ACCORDS WITH THE PRECEPTS WHICH HE LAID DOWN ON ALL OCCASIONS, AND ON ALL OTHER POINTS; AND A MEANING WHICH IS ENFORCED BY THE PRECEPTS AND EXAMPLE OF THE HOLY APOSTLES AND PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS;—OR SHALL WE ACCOMMODATE THESE PRECEPTS TO OUR NOTIONS OF THE FITNESS OF THINGS, TO OUR VIEWS OF SAFETY AND INTEREST, AND TO OUR OWN TIMES. Now, by depicting a few heart-rending scenes, the defenders of homicide make the question to be, How *feel*est thou? and not, How *readest* thou? Imagination is racked to invent cases, however improbable, in which a christian would be justified in resorting to deadly weapons, in hopes, if overcome by his feelings he gives up the case, to found an argument on his concession, in favor of war; as anti-temperance men endeavor, from the use of ardent spirits in extreme cases, to defend the grog shop, the wholesale dealer, and the distillery. This is not fair. Why enlist our selfish feelings in the decision of a moral question? Are our passions fit judges to pronounce a verdict of right or wrong? Should not the appeal be to the word of God and to our judgment enlightened by that word? The practice of which we complain, is however, the common resort of all the apologists of error. So the defenders of British slavery endeavoured to uphold their infamous traffic in human flesh and blood. For years they furnished the public with pretty pictures of the consequences of emancipating the slaves. All the resources of pathos were exhausted in portraying conflagrated towns, desolated fields, ruined islands, scenes of butchery and murder, in the expectation of frightening the people, so as to induce them to continue to sanction slavery.* Precisely

* It is not long since that in the midst of slaveholders we endeavoured to point out the sin of depriving human beings of their liberty. Not one of the slaveholders, however, would meet us on the abstract question. Some of them referred us to the Old Testament in justification of slavery, but when driven from that position, they took refuge in fear of the consequences. To liberate their slaves, they told us in most piteous tones, would "ruin their interests, blast their prospects, and bring their wives and children to abject poverty, if not to absolute starvation, etc. etc." We listened to all this unmoved—and we maintained our ground on this position—that duty is ours, consequences are God's—God must be obeyed at all hazards—it is better to starve and die, than to disobey God and sin. Now as we were not frightened by the piteous pictures presented to us by republican slaveholders, into a concession that slavery is sometimes right, the advocates of homicide in self-defence, may rest assured that they will never extort from us in a similar way, a concession that it is proper and *christlike* under peculiar circumstances, to hate your enemy, and to kill your enemy.

in this way the old christian casuists defended lying, or in their own words, "lies told in order to do good, are not only innocent, but meritorious." Fifty falsehoods might be uttered to save a single life! They agreed well with one of the characters of our great dramatic bard--

"Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue."

We will, try, however, the question of truth, in the same way that Marmion and others have proposed that of war. We presume that all christians are convinced that lying is never commendable or innocent. We may observe with the Rev. John Wesley, "How strange does that saying of the ancient fathers sound in modern ears! 'I would not tell a lie, no, not to save the souls of the whole world.' Yet is this strictly agreeable to the word of God; to that of St. Paul in particular, if any say, 'Let us do evil that good may come, their damnation is just.'" It is as easy to conjure up cases in which life may be preserved on the condition of lying, as on that of violence towards the assailing party. We have some war cases furnished to our hand, which, with the alteration of a few words will admirably suit our purpose. We will, therefore, assume the propriety of lying when life is suspended on the sole condition of a departure from truth. Addressing an opponent who maintains that the principle of veracity ought to be inviolable, we will hold fast the form of sound words, by using the following language:--

This writer repudiates lying in toto, and urges it as a duty incumbent on men, to submit to every species of insult and wrong, rather than be guilty of dissimulation or lying.

Now it appears to us that lying to save life is sometimes unavoidable; and whatever is unavoidable presents no alternative. A right apprehension of this question involves the well-being and existence of families as well as nations. Suppose then, for instance, one of our quiet farmers seated by the cottage fire, in evening conversation with the partner of his bosom and children of his love: Suddenly, a number of assassins having failed in breaking into a house near at hand, rush in, their murderous blades are uplifted--they demand of the farmer that he shall accompany them to his neighbour's house, and there ask for admittance, stating that he is alone, in order to enable the assassins to take the advantage of his admission, to enter and plunder the property--an instant compliance is demanded with this request to tell a lie--a moment's hesitation on the part of the husband, and his screaming wife will be the bleeding victim. Quere--shall he calmly witness the scene; or shall the tongue that is nerved with sufficient strength by the God of Truth protect his beloved, though at the expense of truth and his neighbour's property? We should really like to know how ***** would respond to this inquiry.

Again: suppose you and your congregation were worshipping the Deity in one of your peaceful chapels--unexpectedly a large ferocious party of armed rebels crowd the aisles, and completely surround the building, and having captured all the males, in all the excess of brutality, begin to seize upon your wives and daughters as their prey. On one condition, however, they will desist. It is that the preacher, with the concurrence of the congregation, shall promise to go a neighbouring town and declare to the authorities, that a large company of rebels have been seen in a certain direction--in a opposite direction from the place in which they are. Quere--shall fathers, brothers, or friends content themselves with truth lectures in this trying extremity. Shall they, by a refusal to lie, ingloriously turn away from the he-re-rending screams of injured innocence? We should really like to know whether ***** would not justify defensive lying in a case so harrowing.

What applies in these cases, applies equally to the defence of nations. And so the maxims of war applaud lying when employed in the destruction of others. "Did not Mr. Addison," asks Mr. Wesley, "as well as all his brother statesmen, plead for a trade of deliberate lying? Did he not plead for the innocence, veracity, and the necessity, of employing spies? The worst race of liars under the sun. Yet who ever scrupled using them, but Lord Clarendon?" The cases we have now put, we admit are supposititious, but they involve an important principle. Such dreadful alternatives are not likely to happen any more than the war-cases generally employed, or even Marmion's flying pirates demanding the unconditional surrender of one hundred armed men. But here is one case in point. "When the immortal SPENCER was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood--by conveying his hand-writing alone--he said--'When God has brought me into a dilemma, in which I must either assert a lie, or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is, to prefer death to falsehood.' How different from this is the doctrine inculcated by the moral philosophers of the present day!--the doctrine that we may not only utter rank falsehood, but even butcher our fellow men, as a means of protecting not our lives only, but even our property!" But how will Marmion reply to our supposititious cases, on the subject of truth? We presume he will not say that it is right to lie, because life is at stake. Perhaps his "unqualified answer," will be, Christianity forbids us to lie. So we say of killing when life is endangered,--Christianity forbids us to kill. Nay more, Marmion we think must know that our position may be proved with greater facility than his; or in other words, that more is said in the gospel against hatred and killing than against lying and dissimulation.

The case of Marmion when proposed fairly, is simply this. Is taking away the life of a person who threatens ours, compatible with the precepts of christianity? Is it morally and scripturally right to kill in self-defence? Marmion adopts the affirmative, while we take the negative of the question. We beg the serious attention of Marmion to the following observations of Dr. J. Pyc Smith, an individual of high repute in the theological world. The remarks were made at a meeting of the London Peace Society, held in May, 1837--"Having gone through the painful process in his own mind--a process continued through years of anxiety, he was bound to acknowledge that he could find no rest to his soul, no satisfactory conclusion, which as a professed disciple of Christ he dare adopt, but in the rejection of the assumption that life may be taken in self-defence. As a disciple of Christ, he had asked that most important question,--Could he, for any earthly consideration, take away the life of a fellow-creature, in order to

preserve his own property or life? When he endeavored to put the question as in the sight of God, he felt that the spirit and genius of Christianity, the example of its blessed Author, his wondrous act of stupendous love, in dying for his enemies, would not permit it. They were thus conducted to a most important point--a point essential to the very reality of the Christian religion. He must habitually know whether he was prepared to die. If he were not living a Christian life, notwithstanding all his professions, the curse of God was on him for time and eternity; but if, indeed, he were a sincere disciple of the Saviour, and he were a martyr to his principles, he should realize what Christ had in his word declared, 'If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye.' It was infinitely better to suffer wrongfully, than to escape wrong by the adoption of any measure inconsistent with the spirit of religion. That was a hard saying--who could bear it? No heart, which did not receive God's method of reconciliation, and live habitually under a sense of God's redeeming love, would, he was persuaded, honestly and thoroughly receive that principle."

Let it be remembered that we have asserted in former numbers of the Pearl, that "to fly from impending danger, or to prevent an assailant from perpetrating his cruel design, is unquestionably right." But is it equally right to kill him, as to prevent his killing you? Is it perfectly just in you to divest him of life, when it is the excess of injustice in him to attempt to destroy yours. Marmion, says yes. Where is the proof from the christian law? In what part of that law is it promulgated, that "whenever life is endangered, all rules of morality are, as it respects the individual, suspended, annihilated,--every moral obligation taken away by the single fact, that life is threatened." Where in all the New Testament is the permission granted to take vengeance, to retaliate, to return evil for evil, or to kill a foe when life is at stake? Where in the example of Christ do we find any such permission? When the mob came out against him, did he use the sword? And yet he knew that his cause was just, and he might easily have overthrown his persecutors. But he offered no physical resistance; thus, as it seems to us, settling the question for ever, that no cause, however just and important, and no life, however valuable, may on christian principles be defended by force and arms. Marmion cannot produce a syllable from the christian law authorising any man or number of men to resort to vindictive measures, or to commit homicide in self-defence.

But is the New Testament silent on the negative side of the question now under consideration? Do not the commands of our Saviour suppose aggression, and prescribe the conduct to be observed when it occurs? Do they not necessarily imply some insult, some injury, yea personal violence? When he says "Resist not evil," or the evil person, does not the prohibition rest upon the actual sufferance of evil? When he adds, "Whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," does he not forbid, in the clearest terms, retaliation? And in the succeeding directions does he not enjoin us, as St. Paul expresses it, "not to avenge ourselves, but rather to give place unto wrath;" and by particular instances, shew us that we are "not to overcome evil with good?" Again, when he says, "Fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell," does he not intimate that obedience to the commands of God is to be preferred to the preservation of our lives? Again when our Lord rebuked Peter for endeavouring to turn him from his own purpose of surrendering himself to suffering and death, he took occasion to shew that his disciples ought also to manifest a noble readiness to lay down their lives, when obedience to his laws required the sacrifice. They were taught, patiently to submit to every kind of sufferings, and even to die a cruel death, like Christ himself, when called to it. Here are his memorable words. "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life [his bodily life, by a desertion of my cause] shall lose it [his life in a higher sense, namely, his soul] and whosoever will lose his life, [his bodily life] for my sake, shall find it, [that is, an immortal life.] And as an argument to enforce in them a noble readiness to die for his sake and the gospel's, he asks, "For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" From hence it seems inevitably to follow, that resistance on the part of christians is absolutely forbidden; and that self-defence, as consisting in injuring the aggressor, is prohibited. They are not justified in breaking the commands of Christ, because their lives are endangered.

Or, take the case thus--God commands us to love our enemies, but we cannot kill our enemy in self-defence without hating him--we cannot kill him in the predominance, nor in the exercise of christian love. God tells us not to resist evil--but we cannot kill a man in self-defence without resisting evil in the spirit of retaliation. God tells us not to avenge ourselves, but we cannot kill a person in self-defence without taking the power of vengeance into our own hands. God likewise commands us not to kill, or as the meaning of the prohibition is, thou shalt not commit homicide. Who then will say that christian principles are acted upon in destroying the aggressor; and if they are not, shall we prefer christianity to ourselves--shall we be willing to lose our life for Christ's sake and the gospel's?" But we are sorry that Marmion should have proposed his pirate question, when the case has been so ably argued in the pages of the Pearl. We allude to the argumentative piece, "On the Right of Self-Defence by Jonathan Dymond," in number forty-four of our last volume. Marmion will not tell us that the noble specimen of argumentation referred to, is the argumentum ad verecundiam, for if so we should be obliged to him to give us an example of the argumentum ad judicium. And another person who has deemed it brotherly and christian to misrepresent our views (which Marmion has not done) on the peace question, (and in a quarter too which, in a former case, denied us the common justice one man owes to another,) and whose war-cases we have borrowed in the present address has likewise passed by the fall, the christian answer to all his triumphant queries, in the essay of Jonathan Dymond, the ablest essayist of modern times. May we beg the attention of Marmion to the piece alluded to, for in it he will find an "unqualified answer" on christian principles to the inquiries which he has proposed to us.

But what have the apologists for homicide in self-defence, to say to the scripture quotations we have introduced. There is but one reply, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." True, but is the code of nature, the only code, which binds its requisitions on the human race. Are we left to the guidance of the light of nature alone? Will not every candid mind confess that the light of nature is often dim and uncertain; and that just so far as we have the purer and brighter radiance of revelation, we are under obligations to follow it. Will the laws of nature teach us to love our enemies, do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use us? And so of many other christian precepts. If we are to be governed by the law of nature, then the disciples who were persecuted by Saul of Tarsus with such malignity, might have associated together for the purpose of ridding themselves and the world of such a murderous zealot, and they might, on the generally admitted principles of mankind, have been vindicated. But religion taught them a milder lesson, and they either fled from their enemies, or submitted to their fate without resistance or murmuring. Never did they attempt to insure their safety by injuring, much less by killing, their enemies. And now, 'the noble army of martyrs' praise our God. But we ask Marmion and all our readers if one commandment of God (Thou shalt not commit homicide) may be set aside, may be made to bend to the notion that Self-preservation is the first law of nature, so may all other commandments. "There are twenty other things which violent men may make the sole condition of not taking our lives. Do a wicked thing become lawful because life is at a stake? If they do, morality surely is at an end." May a man bow down to an idol in order to save his life? If he may, what becomes of the second commandment? Or may a man take God's name in vain, or steal, or commit adultery, in order to save his life? If he may, what becomes of the third, seventh, and eighth commandments? But what good reason can be adduced why the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" may be dispensed with, because self-preservation is the first law of nature, which will not apply to all other laws of God. And so all the precepts of revelation must be considered nugatory when life is threatened!

THE EDITOR.

[A press of business very reluctantly compels us to stop in the middle of our conclusion to Marmion's article. We have dwelt longer than we intended on the extreme cases introduced by the advocates of defensive war, because passing circumstances have taught us that with many persons one well told case of the consequence of not resisting evil unto death, sets aside a hundred precepts of Christ and his Apostles. If our time permit we shall furnish our readers next week with the *finis* on our part.--Ed.]

THE COURAGE OF THE EARLY CHURCH.--It was not only the menace and the torture, the rack and the scourge, the stake and the sword, that raised itself against the Churches of God. The ridicule of the satirist, the "world's dread laugh," the storm of the philosophical leaders of the public opinion, the reasoning of the learned; contempt, and wonder, and pity; all that could move the affections, or break the resolution; the fear of infamy, which shrinks from slander; the love of approbation, which excites to virtuous and useful actions, and leads men to honourable eminence;--all of those, and more than those powerful motives of action, appealed in vain to the hearts of the primitive Christians. The more their spiritual enemies within, and the turbulent heathen without, opposed the Churches of Christ, the more they "multiplied and grew;" till the majority of the empire professed the faith of Christ, and the Emperor of Rome became the convert and protector.--Rev. G. Townsend's New Testament.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, 1839.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.--The Brig. Emline, arrived on Tuesday morning in 4 1/2 days from New York; the Great Western steamer arrived on the morning of the 15th inst. in 23 days from Bristol. The Great Western experienced very boisterous weather. She brought 110 passengers, among whom are Judge Paribarton, the Hon. J. Cunard, M. Tobin, and P. Furlong, Esqrs. The following is a summary of the news brought by her.

The Liverpool steamer had not arrived at the departure of the Great Western, consequently the intelligence which she would bring relative to the Congressional proceedings in relation to Maine, had not been received, but the President's Message, arrived by the England, Capt. Wajle, and the protocol of Mr. Fox and Mr. Forsyth, together with all the preliminary proceedings, had reached Great Britain but had produced no particular sensation at all.

There is no news of any general interest. Queen Victoria is in good health. Parliament in session, the Duke of Wellington not dead, nor sick, and Louis Philippe, as before, in a peck of troubles, for fear of having an opposition majority elected to the Chambers.

A report was in circulation on the evening of the 22d, in London, that a Message was to be brought down to Parliament for a supply of 20,000 additional troops to the army.

Vice Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey, K.C.B. is appointed to succeed the late Sir Charles Paget on the West India and American stations.

Ministers experienced a defeat in the House of Lords on the 22d ult. on a motion for enquiring into the state of crime, and the administration of justice in Ireland, which motion Lord Melbourne strongly opposed.

Standard Office, March 22d, 5 o'clock.--We understand that a meeting of the Cabinet Ministers took place this morning at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, in Berkeley Square, upon the subject of

* A powerful writer has observed: "When the vague notions of justice and expediency are set aside by an examination of facts, the defenders of War have recourse to their last argument--it is that which upheld the Slave Trade, and which has been employed to justify every injustice since the world began--the argument of necessity."

the division last night, in the House of Lords. The result of the deliberation has not yet been officially made known, but it is strongly rumoured in the best informed circles that Ministers have determined to resign.

Seven o'clock.—The report of the resignation of Ministers is in a great degree corroborated.

A petition or rather a demand signed by 1,200,000 people, the signatures of which we expect to amount to 2,000,000, is to be presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Attwood, on the 6th of May, demanding universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and payment for the members of the House of Commons. As the House is expected to refuse taking any notice of it, the results are likely to prove serious. Government is being prepared to repel any rising that may take place among the people. Artillery and Rocket Brigades have been ordered from Woolwich to proceed to Manchester, where the disaffected appear to be strongest.

A. RADICAL CONVENTION.—This body is actually sitting in London. It excites notice though not alarm. O'Connell is one of the members. In reference to the determination of the government not to repeal the corn laws, and the strengthening of the Military power of the throne, the *chartists*, as these conventionists are called, recommend a rural police—every man to go armed with a bludgeon, and to resist any attack on his person, etc. Robespierre is eulogized—the Woburn or Duke of Bedford's estates pointed out as among the spoils to be divided, if the landlords and capitalists, who are denounced as "robbers, traitors, and murderers," do not yield to the people—that they ought to be pursued by fire and sword, etc. The Rev. Dr. Wade, one of the members, was censured for depreciating physical force. All Yorkshire is said to be actually armed.

The London Times recommends that that portion of New Brunswick which lies west of the town of St. John's along the shore of the Bay of Fundy, until it meets the present Maine frontier or Passamaquoddy Bay, including the whole of Charlotte County, "extending north to what is called in the maps the "military post" on the St. John River, and thence along the southern extremity of the highlands, of which "Mars Hill," forms a part, until it strikes the meridian close to the old landmark, should be given in exchange for the disputed territory.

The English papers are full of accounts of turbulence in Ireland, which has attracted at last attention in the House of Lords. Lord Normanby states the riots to amount to no more than the riots of the last forty years.

The Queen Dowager of England, Adelaide, was expected home in April.

A letter from Athens informs us that Sir E. Lyons the British Minister had received peremptory instructions from his Government, to insist upon the most complete satisfaction for the Ionian subjects residing in Greece, who have lately had frequent occasion to complain of the treatment they have experienced. Sir E. Lyons had had several conferences on the subject with the members of King Otho's Government.

Mons. Papineau, of Canada, arrived in Paris March 9th, and attended at Lafitte's soiree the next evening, where he was a lion of the first water, and introduced to all the liberals. His arrival was deemed opportune for the coalition, as a new excitement for increased agitation.

Accounts from the Canadian frontier state that the horrible system of midnight burnings, continues on both sides of the lines. Twenty buildings have lately been destroyed in this way in Champlain and Odletown. Governor Seward, of New-York, has issued a proclamation, offering a reward of one hundred dollars, for the detection of any person concerned in setting fire to dwelling houses, barns, and other buildings in Clinton county, on the frontier of that State.

FIRE.—A large fire occurred at Mobile on the 31st of March, which destroyed property to the amount of 150,000 dollars.—A fire four days previous to the above had also destroyed a large amount of property. The whole supposed to be the work of incendiaries.

Several fires have lately broke out at Hudson, N. Y. and caused the destruction of considerable property. They are charged to incendiaries.—*Observer.*

WOODSTOCK, April 6.—Lieut. Colonel Maxwell, of the 36th Regiment, left here on Thursday last, for Head Quarters. Major Brooks, of the 69th Regiment, assumes the command in the county of Carlton—an Officer eminently qualified for the task. The last of the 36th Regiment left here this week for Fredericton. One company of the Royal Artillery arrived here yesterday from the Tobique. Four companies of the 69th are here in garrison, one at the Grand Falls—a detachment of which is stationed at the mouth of the Restook; the remainder of the Regiment is in St. John. We understand that the Barracks will be built here next summer.—*Times.*

CANADA.—The Sackett's Harbour Journal says:—On Monday last our village was the scene of pleasurable and grateful excitement, occasioned by the unexpected arrival of Col. A. Mc

Donnell, Sheriff of Midland District, U. C. on board the British steamer Commodore Barrie, from Kingston, with twenty-two of the Prescott Prisoners, pardoned by his Excellency the Lieut. Governor. Col. McDonnell sent for the Magistrates of our village, and stated to them that he had been requested by His Excellency the Lieut. Governor to inform them what he had done for these prisoners; and that he earnestly hoped that it would have a happy effect in allaying the excitement which had led to so much trouble and distress to both governments; and if it should have that tendency, the remaining prisoners, in due time, would receive the benefit of it.

To whom the undersigned magistrates delivered the following note:—

SIR—The undersigned feel it a duty and pleasure for themselves, and in behalf of their fellow citizens, to tender to you, and through you to his Excellency the Lieut. Governor and people of Upper Canada, our unfeigned gratitude for the kind and noble exercise of the pardoning prerogative vested in his Excellency, and extended to those our deluded fellow citizens; and we do assure you that the exercise of this clemency on the part of your government cheers the hearts of us all. A glad smile is lit upon every countenance among us; and we beg you will be pleased to communicate to his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, and the people of your Province, that the Message you have so kindly delivered to us shall be communicated to our fellow citizens and the public.

With sentiments of profound respect,

We have the honor to be

Your most obedient servants,

ZENO ALLEN,

EDMUND M. LUFF.

The pardoned prisoners, before separating for their respective homes, all signed a paper containing an expression of their gratitude.

IMPORTANT.—*Mexican Treaty of Peace Ratified*—By an arrival at New Orleans, bringing news from Tampico to March 17th, we learn that the treaty of peace has been ratified by the Mexican Congress, and that Bustamente is now concentrating his attention upon the insurrectionary movements in the provinces. An army of 7000 men, under General Arista, Cos, etc. were rapidly advancing upon Tampico, driving Urrea, with his 2000 men, before them. The greatest consternation prevailed.

GAY'S RIVER.—On Tuesday, 9th inst. a frightful casualty happened here. A tree fell upon Mr. Alexander Annand, which crushed his head in a dreadful manner and terminated his earthly career in an instant. He was in the prime of life, and but 16 months married.—*Journal.*

MECHANICS INSTITUTE.—Mr. A. McKinlay, Pres. delivered a highly interesting Lecture, on Gases, etc. illustrated by beautiful experiments, last evening. Next Wednesday evening the annual meeting, for election of Officers, is to be held.—*Nor.*

H. M. Ships, Edinburgh and Pique, we are informed, are ordered to remain on this station.

Letters etc. for the Editor may be directed to Thomas Taylor, at Miss Manning's, Poplar grove.

A number of original pieces will be attended to, and inserted as early as possible.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, after a short illness, in the 33rd year of her age, Margaret N. wife of Mr. Richard Goreham; funeral on Sunday next at half-past one o'clock.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, April 20th.—Am. schr William Henry, Fredericksburg, 7 days—flour, to J. H. Braine; Endeavour, Houghton, Liverpool, N. S. 12 hours—sugar, to D. & E. Starr & Co; Powels, Duncan, St. Thomas, 25 days; rum, sugar, molasses and salt, bound to Sydney; passenger, Mr. Elmsley.

Sunday, April 21st.—brigt Argus, Kinney, Gibraltar, 52 days; wines, fruit, etc. to Fairbanks and Allison; schr Mariner, Gerard, Philadelphia, 10 days; rye flour, to S. Binney.

Monday, April 22d.—schr Vernon, Cunningham; Falmouth, Jan. via Shelburne, 26 days; rum and ballast to J. Strachan.

Tuesday, April 23d.—Schr Eagle, Wilson, St. Andrew's, 4 days; lumber and shingles; Emily, Crowell, do do; American brig Emeline, Shute, New York, 4 1/2 days; beef, pork, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co.

Thursday, 25th.—brigt. Coquette, Wilkie, Grenada, 22 days, ballast, to W. J. Starr.

Friday, 26th.—Barque Earl Durham, Canso, to P. Furlong; brig John Delany, Fayal, 14 days, fruit, and corn, to R. H. Skimming; Barque Acadian, Auld, Greenock, 28 days, general cargo, to W. Stairs and others—Passengers, Messrs. A. Richardson, Watson, Robson, Murdoch, Masters Smith and Henderson; Mail Boat brig Roseway, Burney, Boston, 53 hours.

AUCTION.

FURNITURE, &c.

BY J. M. CHAMBERLAIN,

At his Room, to-morrow, Saturday, 27th April, at eleven o'clock:

A QUANTITY of new and second hand Furniture, consisting of, 4 Bedsteads, kitchen and dressing Tables, Wash Stands, wash Tubs, Chairs, a large Looking Glass, handsome round mahogany Table, a sup. Scotch Carpet, elegant pattern, about 18 yards; Carpet Mat, Coal Scuttle and Furnace, a Feather Bed, 1 doz. new gilt cane bottom Chairs, 1 doz. do rush do do., 1 doz. 2d hand do do., German Silver Spoons and Table and Dessert Forks, elegant plated Pen Cases, a Spanish Guitar, a GOLD MEDAL, wt. 15 dwts.

ALSO—1 cask pale Seal Oil, 5 puns. Molasses, 5 chests Congo Tea, Paints, Glass, Nails and some articles of Dry Goods, 1 case Palm/Leaf Hats, 20 doz. Corn Brooms, 1 bale of new Feathers, 40 bbls Nova Scotia Apples, in good order; 1 Rotary Cooking Stove, complete. April 26,

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

WEEKLY TRIP TO WINDSOR.



THE Steamer NOVA-SCOTIA, Capt. Reed, will leave on Monday,—for Eastport and St. Andrews, returning on Tuesday.

Wednesday—for Digby and Annapolis, returning the same evening. Time of leaving St. John, 7 o'clock, a. m. Thursday Evening—for Windsor returning on Friday—leaving Windsor the same tide she arrives. For further particulars enquire of the Master on board, or at the Counting Room of E. BARLOW & SONS. St. John, April 20, 1839.

DISCONTINUATION.

W. & J. MURDOCH,

AFTER the 1st of May ensuing discontinue their RETAIL business. They cannot withdraw without thanking the community for the liberal support they have received.

WHOLESALE.

W. & J. MURDOCH, after the 1st of May ensuing, will re-open their Warehouses ENTIRELY for WHOLESALE, and solicit a continuance of that Business, which will still be conducted on their usual liberal terms. SPRING IMPORTATIONS expected to be received in a fortnight. April 19th.

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough, Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing, Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogshend, ditto ditto.

Also, Siding from 5 to 18 feet long, and 4 to 10 inches wide, one edge thick the other thin.

The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation.

The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers.

N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogshends, do. do.

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blakslee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.

Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

NOTICE.

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

B. VIETS, N. F. LONGLEY.

Digby, April 1, 1839.

ANNUALS FOR 1839.

A. & W. MACKINLAY have received per the CLIO, from Liverpool, the following ANNUALS, viz.

- Friendship's Offering,
- Forget Me Not,
- The Keepsake,
- The Book of Beauty,
- The Oriental Annual.

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

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

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

ROYAL ACADIN SCHOOL.

THE COMMITTEE of this valuable Establishment hereby give notice, that the Institution is now open as a Normal or Model Seminary, for the educating and training of TEACHERS, both male and female—under the Superintendance of Mr. HUGH MUNRO, from the Normal Seminary, Glasgow, who will take every pains to fit them for taking charge of Schools throughout the Country.

The Committee also beg leave to state, that every exertion will be used, to obtain situations for such as are deemed competent. One of the Female Teachers, if found duly qualified, will be appointed to take charge of the Female Department of this School, after the July vacation; and all applications made to them for Teachers, will be promptly attended to.

The School Rooms having undergone considerable alterations and repairs—the Establishment is now well fitted for the reception of Scholars. Subscribers will obtain Tickets for the admission of Scholars from the Secretary.

JAMES C. HUME, April 19, 1839.

LAWYER'S LYRICS.—No. 1.

BY THOMAS GREENAWAY.

Oh when will Lyttleton, or Coke,
Whose crabbed words my soul provoke,
Yield me a little gain?
Oh when will these confounded books
Inspire me, by their dusty looks,
With any thing but pain?

From laws of property I learn
That all of mine is yet to earn;
Yet I am hardly pleased,
When from the law of debt I see
That even I, ere long, may be
In infinitum seized.

Fee simple only hints to me
I am not worth a simple fee,—
A thought that makes me pale:
My wig is all of me that's hair,
And the three bobs that dangle there
Is all my wealth in tail.

Yes, in the bench must rest my head,
Because I to the law was bred,
Which is not bread to me;
For, like a bird without a bill,
I cannot eat, remaining still
A male without a fe —

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

CULTIVATION OF VOCAL MUSIC.—Whatever tends to refine, to civilize, to exalt the intellectual faculties of man, is not merely ornamental, but useful. This is the character and purpose of all the arts, whether painting, sculpture, poetry, or music. Rising above and beyond the limits of the sensible and material, they delight in the contemplation of the infinite and spiritual, and know no bound or limit for the sphere of their exertions. Every power and every faculty with which man is endued is given to be improved and enjoyed. There is the same mutual adaptation between knowledge and the human mind as there is between light and the eye, sound and the ear, seed and the earth. When the Almighty on the one hand so constituted the seed that when deposited in the earth it germinates and grows and produces fruit, and when on the other he so constituted the human body that the fruit nourishes and sustains it, he in the most emphatic manner commanded man to cultivate the earth and reap its fruits. In like manner, when he endued the human voice with sweetness, compass, flexibility, and power, and made it capable of giving expression to every emotion of the heart—when he bestowed on the ear the power of the nicest discrimination, and rendered it one of the channels through which pleasure is conveyed to the mind; when he also established those laws which control and regulate production, diffusion, and combination of sound, rendering each beneficent provision tributary to and dependent upon the other, and uniting all in beautiful harmony; can we doubt that these gifts were dispensed with a view to their enjoyment, or that by cultivating the powers thus bestowed we are not only best consulting our own happiness, but rendering to their Giver the acceptable tribute of obedience?—*Taylor's Gresham Lectures.*

ETYMOLOGY OF THE NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—The following countries were named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. These names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion—so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle—from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic of the country.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch—from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria also—for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin—as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica, signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footstep of man, which it resembles.

Syracuse signifies bad savor, called so from the unwholesome marsh upon which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Charybdis, the holds of destruction.

Etna signifies furnace, or dark, or smoky.

The above were gathered from a very ancient history of Britain.

INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.—An old monkey at Exeter 'Change, having lost his teeth, used, when nuts were given him, to take a stone in his paw and break them with it. This was a thing seen forty years ago by all who frequented Exeter 'Change, and Darwin relates it in his 'Zoonomia.' But I must say that he would have shown himself to be more of a philosopher had he asked the showman how the monkey learned this expedient. It is very possible he may have been taught it, as apes have oftentimes been taught human habits. Buffon, the great adversary of brute intelligence, allows that he had known an ape who dressed himself in clothes to which he had become habituated, and slept in a bed, pulling up the sheets and blankets to cover him before going to sleep; and he mentions another which sat at table, drank wine out of a glass, used a knife and fork, and wiped them on a table-napkin. All these things, of course, were the consequence of training, and showed no more sagacity than the feats of dancing-dogs and bears, or of the learned pig, unless it were proved that the ape on being taught these manipulations became sensible of their convenience, and voluntarily, and by preference, practised them; a position which no experiments appear to support. Smellie, however, mentions a cat which, being confined in a room, in order to get out and meet its mate of the other sex, learnt of itself to open the latch of a door; and I knew a pony in the stable here that used both to open the latch of the stable and raise the lid of the corn-chest, things which must have been learnt by himself from his own observation, for no one is likely to have taught them to him. Nay, it was only the other day that I observed one of the horses taken in here to grass, in a field through which the avenue runs, open one of the wickets by pressing down the upright bar of the latch, and open it exactly as you or I do.—*Dissertations on Subjects of Science, by Henry Lord Brougham.*

THINKING.—Legitimate reasoning is impossible without severe thinking, and thinking is neither an easy nor an amusing employment. The reader who would follow a close reasoner to the summit and absolute principle of any one important subject, has chosen a chamois-hunter for his guide. Our guide will, indeed, take us the shortest way, will save us many a wearisome and perilous wandering, and warn us of many a mock road that had formerly led himself to the brink of chasms and precipices, or at least in an idle circle to the spot from whence he started. But he cannot carry us on his shoulders; we must strain our own sinews as he has strained his, and make firm footing on the naked rock for ourselves, by the blood of toil from our own feet.—*Coleridge.*

THE SHEPHERDS OF MONT PERDU.—There are places in Mont Perdu, and even near its base, that affords good pasture for sheep. They are in very high regions, and appear the more striking from the desolation in other parts of the district. Hither a few shepherds repair during two or three months of the year. They are particularly careful of their flocks, whose docility is remarkable. Not less so is the good understanding subsisting between the sheep and the dogs. The celerity with which the shepherds of the Pyrenees draw their scattered flocks around them is not more astonishing than the process by which they effect it is simple and beautiful. If they are at no great distance from him, he whistles upon them, and they leave off feeding and obey the call; if they are afar off, and scattered, he utters a shrill cry, and instantly the flock are seen leaping down the rocks, and scampering towards him. Having waited until they have mustered around him, the shepherd then sets off on his return to his cabin or resting-place, his flock following behind like so many well-trained hounds. Their fine-looking dogs, a couple of which are generally attached to each flock, have nobler duties to perform than that of chasing the flock together and biting the legs of stragglers: they protect it from the attacks of the wolves and bears, against whose approach they are continually on the watch, and to whom they at once offer battle. So well aware are the sheep of the fatherly care of these dogs, and that they themselves have nothing to fear from them, that they crowd around them, as if they really sought their protection; and dogs and sheep may be seen resting together, or trotting after the shepherd in the most perfect harmony.—*Murray's Summer in the Pyrenees.*

ENORMOUS DISTANCE OF THE STARS.—The only mode we have of conceiving such intervals at all is by the time which it would require for light to traverse them. Now light, as we know, travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second. It would therefore occupy 100,000,000 seconds, or upwards of three years, in such a journey, at the very lowest estimate. What, then, are we to allow for the distance of those innumerable stars of the smaller magnitudes, which the telescope discloses to us! If we admit the

light of a star of each magnitude to be half that of the magnitude next above it, it will follow that a star of the first magnitude will require to be removed to 362 times its distance to appear no larger than one of the sixteenth. It follows, therefore, that among the countless multitude of such stars, visible, in telescopes, there must be many whose light has taken at least a thousand years to reach us; and that when we observe their places, and note their changes, we are, in fact, reading only their history of a thousand years' date, thus wonder fully recorded.—*Sir J. Herschel.*

CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness, which is a quality peculiar to man—a brute being capable only of enjoyment—opens, like spring, all the blossoms of the inward man. Try for a single day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind; be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion and hell, the sun-worshipper of clear self-possession; and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction, with that on which you have suffered it to grow up, and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate; truly you will wonder at your own improvement.—*J. P. Richter.*

SNEERERS.—The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem, but by lowering their neighbours. The severest critics are always those who have either never attempted, or who have failed in original composition.—*Hazlitt.*

Augustus, hearing that a Roman knight, who had lived extravagantly, had died overwhelmed with debt, and that his goods were to be sold at auction, gave orders to purchase his bedstead. Some of the courtiers expressing their surprise, "I should like," said he, "to have the bedstead on which a man could sleep, who owed so much."

WOMAN.—The appropriate character of woman demands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, love of dependence and protection, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principles or actions.

A SINGULAR FACT.—A British Captain at the battle of the Nile was giving an order from the quarter deck of his vessel, when a shot struck him in the head, depriving him instantaneously of sense and speech. Surviving, however, he was taken home and remained in the Greenwich Hospital fifteen months. At the end of that period, during which he had exhibited no signs of intelligence, an operation was performed upon him by a skillful surgeon, that in a moment restored him to his faculties. He immediately rose in his bed, and completed the order.

NARRATION OF EVENTS.—Upon scarce any occasion do the witnesses of a perturbed, violent, and agitated scene, agree minutely in narrating what has passed before their eyes; and there often exist circumstances of discrepancy, which, nevertheless, are not considered as affecting the general truth and consistency of the evidence. The truth is, the surprise or shock which the mind receives when an individual witnesses any thing very extraordinary, has an operation in preventing exact circumstantial recollection of what has passed; and the witness, insensibly on his own part, is, in the detail of minute particulars, extremely apt to substitute the suggestions of imagination for those of recollection.—*Genius and Wisdom of Sir Walter Scott.*

EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to twenty-nine thousand two hundred hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a-day for exactly ten years. So that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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

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