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COLONIAL PEARL.

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

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

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, 1839.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

THE MOB-CAP:

OR, MY GRANDMOTHER'S TRUNK

By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hartz.

It was past midnight, and the moon had gone down when the stage stopped at Edward Stanley's lodgings, who was about to visit his village home. The lamps threw a strong glare on the pavements, but the interior of the vehicle was in such deep shade, he could but imperfectly distinguish his fellow-travellers. He observed, however, that several young gentlemen occupied the front and middle seats, while an old woman, muffled in a cloak, sat alone on the back one. She turned her head sharply round as he entered, and the light glimmering under her large hood was brightly reflected from a pair of spectacles of such spacious dimensions, they seemed to cover her whole face, or at least all the face that was visible through the wide plaited border of mob-cap. Edward took the only vacant seat in the stage, at her side, with a very respectful bow, which was received with something between a hem and a cough, a sound diverting in itself, and rendered still more so, by its echo from the opposite seat; for the young gentlemen seemed determined to derive all the amusement possible from their antiquated companion. Edward had a convivial spirit, but he had too deep a reverence for age ever to make it a subject for mirth. It was in itself a sufficient guarantee for veneration, even when unaccompanied by those traits which impart a beauty to the faded brow, and to the hoary head a crown of glory. The recollection of his own grandmother, too, who had died since his absence from home—one of those fine, dignified relics of the majestic simplicity of olden time, which remind one so forcibly of the degeneracy of modern days—gave a tenderness to his manners, in addressing an aged person, which was peculiarly engaging in the present instance, from the effect of contrast.

'Take care, Grandmother,' said the young man opposite, as the stage jolted over a huge stone, 'take care of your spectacles. We shall not upset now, depend upon it.'

'No thanks to you if we don't,' cried she, muttering, in the indistinct accents of age. Then turning towards Edward, she continued—'It is really refreshing to see a well behaved, decent young gentleman, after enduring the impertinence of the dandies and jackanapes. Never mind, you may laugh now, as loud as you please; but if you live, you will be old yourselves, one of these days.'

She put her hand into her pocket, which seemed unfathomable in depth, and drawing out a snuff box, after rapping it several times, she presented it to Edward, who was obliged from politeness to take a pinch, and all the passengers petitioning for a similar favor, a sneezing concert commenced, in which the old lady herself acted the most sonorous part. After the mirth occasioned by this chorus had subsided, she dropped her box into her pocket, and it sunk, like a pebble descending into a vault. Edward began to enjoy his journey exceedingly: he never felt disposed to sleep in a stage coach, and the old lady declared herself of the same temperament, though he gallantly offered his shoulder as a pillow to the great amusement of the others, who were ere long nodding their heads to and fro, occasionally striking their heads against each other, or reclining backwards in more unsober attitudes. Edward and his muffled companion fell into the most familiar and agreeable conversation. She seemed very shrewd and original in her remarks, and exercised the privilege of age in inquiring his name, the place of his residence, &c.

'Ah,' said she, 'I knew you had a mother and sisters—or a sister whom you loved, from your kindness to me, an old woman, and a stranger.—Heaven be blessed for the influence of gentlemen on the heart of man. And you are going to the village of—Do you know any thing of the widow Clifton, daughter to Squire Lee, who lives some where in these parts?'

'Not personally—but report says she is such a gay, dashing character, I suspect she will find herself very much out of place in a sober country town. I hear, through my sister, that she is to take possession of her late father's dwelling, which has been fitted up for her accommodation in quite a princely style. You speak as if you knew her, Madam.'

'Yes, for I was a great friend to her Grandmother, a fine old lady as ever lived, a thousand times handsomer than Gertrude—but very likely you may not agree with me. Young eyes see differently from old ones.'

'Is she young?' asked Edward.

'Yes,' she is scarcely twenty, for she married, poor thing, at a very early age, and was left a widow soon after. She has need of more discretion than she has now, or ever will have.'

'I should like to see this gay young widow,' said Edward, nu-

singly, the vision of a pair of heavenly blue eyes that he had seen stealing softly before him, but it is not likely that we shall become acquainted, for my mother and sister live very retired, and when I am at home I devote myself to them.'

It was surprising in what confidential terms he was addressing his new acquaintance, and how entirely he forgot to ask her name and residence, though he had so freely imparted his own.

As the morning air came chill and dewy over the hill, she drew her cloak more closely round her, pulled down her hood, and seemed drowsy and silent. Edward was not sorry to be left a while to his own reflection. He thought of the mild eyes of his mother, at that very moment, perhaps, turned towards the window anxiously watching his coming, of the more eager anticipations of his only sister, and more than all, he thought upon the witching smile that caught his youthful fancy.'

He was roused from his reveries by the sudden stopping of the stage, and he found he was to be separated from his ancient friend. Jumping out with as much alacrity as if he were in attendance on youth and beauty, he assisted her as she descended with slow and difficult steps, and opening the gate for her to pass, gave her a cordial and respectful farewell.

'I shall not soon forget you, young gentleman,' said she, holding out her tremulous hand, 'and if the time ever comes when I can serve you, you will find the aged can remember the kindness of youth.'

Resuming his seat, his thoughts winged their way towards the home he was now rapidly approaching. In two or three hours, he began to distinguish the trees familiar to his boyhood. A little further, a majestic elm stretched its lordly branches over the street that passed it on either side, the land-mark of his school day pastimes.—Then a white house glimmered through the green foliage that overshadowed it,—and a moment more, Edward was in the arms of his mother, with his sister clinging around his neck. An only son and brother, returned after twelve months' absence, to beings whose best affections were garnered in him, might reasonably call forth very warm and joyous emotions. A shade however passed over their brows, as the saddened glance of Edward rested on the easy chair, where he had last beheld that venerable form, with placid brows, crowned with living silver, now laid low in the dust—and they all remembered the dead.

A year's residence in the heart of a city, would naturally produce some change in a young man, as yet only in the morning of manhood, and as Clara's admiring eyes ran over the face and figure of her brother, she blushed at her own rusticity. There was an indescribable something in his air and manner, that told he had been in a region different from her own, and a shadow of awe began to steal over the deep love she felt for him. Mrs. Stanley, whose chastened and pious thoughts were dwelling on the inner man, rejoiced that his heart remained unchilled, during his intercourse with the world, for the fountain of filial tenderness was still full and gushing over.

Edward Stanley was poor—that is, he had only his own unborn energies to carry him through the world. He had just completed his studies as a lawyer, having finished his last year with one of the most distinguished members of the bar, a friend of his late father, who, though he died poor in one sense of the word, was rich in the good opinions of his fellow men. Edward was resolved it should prove a year of probation, and adhered to his determination not to suffer even the holiest interests of nature to turn him aside from his steadfast course. The trial was past—he was admitted to the bar—and now felt privileged to rest and refresh himself for a while at the well-springs of the heart.

That evening, as he looked abroad and saw the moon, sending down such rills of light through the deep shades of the landscape, he thought how beautiful Fanny Morton had looked, when she stood a year ago, in the midst of such silver waves, and he longed to know how she would look then, standing in the self-same moon-beams. The wish was easily accomplished, for her father's house was but a short distance from his own, and he soon found himself near the threshold. The house was situated a little retreating from the street, and the path which led to it was soft and grassy, lying too in thick shadow, so his approach was not perceived. There she stood, almost in the same attitude, leaning against the door, looking upwards with eyes so deeply, beautifully blue, they seemed to have borrowed the color from the night heaven to which their gaze was directed. Her fair, flaxen hair glittered in the moon-light with a golden lustre, brightly contrasting with the pure whiteness of a brow, where the serenity of youth and innocence was now softly reposing.

'Fanny!' said Edward, emerging from the shadow: and she

sprang forward at the well-known voice, with a bounding step, and a joyous smile.

'Edward, I am so glad you are come.'

Her manner was so frank and affectionate, it relieved him from the agitation he felt in addressing her. Perhaps he felt a disappointment in meeting her childish expression of pleasure, instead of the deep silence of joy, for it is certain the romance of his feelings considerably subsided, and he uttered some commonplace sayings, instead of the high-wrought sentiments in which he had been indulging. He had never told Fanny in so many words that he loved her, but they had lived in the almost daily interchange of offices prompted by affection. In absence he had blended her image with every memory of the past and every hope of the future, and now in her presence, he acknowledged that she was fairer and lovelier than even the visions his fancy had drawn. The people of the village seeing Fanny again the constant companion of Edward and Clara Stanley, as in former times, prophesied a speedy union, though they dwelt on the excessive imprudence of the match, as they were both too poor to think of marrying, and many declared Fanny to be nothing better than a piece of painted wax-work, fit only to be looked at and admired.

They were returning one evening, about sunset, from a walk in the woodland. Fanny was literally covered with garlands, which Edward and Clara had woven, and with her straw hat swinging in her hand, and her fair locks unbound, she formed the most picturesque feature of a landscape, then rich in all the glories of summer. They turned aside from the path, for the trampling of horses' feet were behind them.

'Look, brother, look!' exclaimed Clara, as a lady, in company with two gentlemen, rode gaily by. She was dressed in green. Her long riding dress swept far below her feet, and waving feathers of the same colour mingled with the folds of a veil that floated lightly on the breeze. She turned and looked earnestly at Fanny, who, blushing at her fantastic appearance, drew behind Clara, when the veil of the stranger suddenly loosened, and fluttering fell at Edward's feet.—Never was a fairer opening for gallantry. The lady checked her spirited horse, and bending gracefully forward, received the veil from the hands of Edward, with a smile and a bow that would have repaid any man for a greater exertion. Her complexion was dark, but richly coloured with the warm hues of exercise and health; and when she smiled, her eyes were so brilliantly black, and her teeth so glitteringly white, that Clara could talk of nothing else for an hour after she reached home—and Edward caught himself wandering several times, who the lady of the green plumes could be.

'Yes,' said he, suddenly, when he saw at night, lights gleaming from the windows of the great white house on the hill.—'It must be Mrs. Clifton, the dashing widow.'

And Mrs. Clifton it proved to be, whose arrival caused no slight sensation in this quiet village.—Edward and Fanny were quite forgotten in the superior claims of one, who, though among them, was not of them. One represented her as proud as Lucifer, sweeping through the streets, with her officer-like cap and feathers.—another, as a Lioness, leaping her horse over hedges and walls. Some represented her as dark as an Ethiopian, terrible and grand—and others, as beautiful as an angel, and blithe as a wood-nymph. Meanwhile the unconscious object of these contradictory and most invidious remarks, continued her rides over hill and dale with unwearied activity, and sometimes she appeared in a splendid carriage, with a footman, who was said to be dressed in livery, though he wore a suit of sober grey.

What was the astonishment of Clara Stanley, when she saw one morning this splendid carriage stop at her own door, and Mrs. Clifton herself descend from it? Clara's next feeling was deep mortification; for both her mother and herself were dressed in plain calico morning frocks, and the room was in a state of particular disorder, for she was occupied in cutting and arranging work, and her brother had covered the table with papers he was about to examine.

'Oh, Edward!' cried Clara, if there's not Mrs. Clifton: what shall we do?'

'Do!' said he, laughing and starting up eagerly.—'Why ask her to come in?' and with an ease and self-possession that almost provoked the mortified Clara, he met this startling visitor at the threshold.

She introduced herself with so much grace and politeness, and fell into conversation so readily and simply, apologizing for what she feared might be deemed an intrusion, but expressing an earnest wish to become acquainted with neighbors in whose society she anticipated so much pleasure, so naturally and sincerely, that Clara's burning cheeks began to cool, and her confused senses to be

sufficiently collected to appreciate so signal an honor. Mrs Stanley was too truly refined and well-bred to share in her daughter's embarrassment. She was not ashamed of the simplicity of their dress, and she did not look upon the proofs of Clara's industry and Edward's literature scattered about the room, as at all disgraceful. Moreover, she was very proud of her son, and thought she had never seen him appear to such advantage as at this moment, when engaged in animated conversation with this graceful and charming lady. Mrs. Clifton admired the garden, the vines that made such fairy lattice-work around the windows, the pictures that hung upon the walls, till every thing around her became exalted in Clara's eyes; with charms unknown before. When she rose to depart, she urged Mrs. Stanley so warmly to visit her, and to suffer her to see much of Clara, it was impossible not to believe she was soliciting a favor. She was so lonely she said—the friends who had accompanied her were returned, and she had nothing but her books and harp for companions.—Her harp! Clara was crazy to hear a harp. The very idea carried her at once into the fairy land of romance, of Ossian's heroines and Milton's angels.

'Is she not the most charming woman you ever saw in your life?' exclaimed Clara, the moment she had left them. 'I quite forgot my calico frock and these linen shreds, long before she was gone. Did you ever see any one so polite and condescending? I wonder how she came to select us from all the village, to call upon,' and she smiled at the importance it would give them in the eyes of their neighbors.

'I am not so much surprised,' said Mrs. Stanley, 'as her father and yours were on intimate terms, and it is probable she has taken pains to ascertain his friends. She had just married when Mr. Lee came into the country, and as she went immediately abroad, she never visited the place during her father's life. She married very young, and I think I have heard she was not happy in her union. She certainly does not seem inconsolable at her husband's death.'

'Is she not delightful, Edward?' continued Clara, in a perfect fever of admiration. 'Did you ever see such eyes and teeth? and though she is dark, her complexion is so glowing and clear, I don't think she would look as handsome if she were fairer. I wonder if she will marry again?'

'You wonder at so many things,' replied Edward, laughing, 'you must live in a perpetual state of astonishment. But I do think, Clara, that Mrs. Clifton is very delightful, and very charming, and graceful, and I hope my dear little rustic sister will try to imitate her graces.'

Edward would never have breathed this unfortunate wish, had he anticipated how faithfully poor Clara would have obeyed his injunction.

The visit was soon returned, and if Clara admired her new friend before, she was now completely fascinated. She saw the white rising of her hands upon the harp, and heard the mellow tones of a voice tuned to the sweetest modulation of art. The rich furniture, the superb curtains, the paintings in massy gilt frames, seemed to her unaccustomed eye, equal to oriental splendor, and Mrs. Clifton some Eastern enchantress, presiding over the scene, with more than magic power.—Edward Stanley was passionately fond of music. He had never heard it in such perfection. But there was a charm in Mrs. Clifton's conversation even superior to her music. It was full of spirit, sensibility, enthusiasm and refinement. Then its perfect *adaptedness* to all around her! Every one talked with her better than with any one else, and felt when they had quitted her society, that they had never been so agreeable before; confessing at the same time, that they had never met with any one half so pleasing as herself. She certainly did flatter a little, that is, she told very pleasant truths, with a most bewitching smile, and another thing, which perhaps was the great secret of her attraction, she seemed completely to forget herself, in her interest for those around her.

It is very certain Mrs. Stanley's family thought more of their new neighbor that night, than their old ones. Even Edward forgot to dream of the blue eyes of Fanny Morton. His conscience reproached him for the oblivion, and when he saw the unenvying interest with which she listened to Clara's praises of the *dashing widow*, as she was called by the villagers, he admired the sweetness and simplicity of a character, pure as the untracked snow. He admired, but for the first time he felt a want in this sweet character. He had never discovered before, that Fanny was deficient in sensibility, that the shadows of feeling seldom passed over her celestial countenance.—He found too a dearth of thought and variety in her conversation, of which he had never been sensible before. A pang of self-accusation shot through his heart, as he made these discoveries, and feeling as if he were guilty of injustice, his attentions became still less frequent and he tried to restrain his restless and wandering thoughts.

Clara sat one morning in a deep reverie.—'Mother,' said she, at length, 'do you remember that fall crimson damask petticoat, grandmother left me, as a memento of old times?'

'Yes,' answered Mrs. Stanley, surprised at the suddenness of the question, 'why do you ask?'

'I was thinking it would make some beautiful window curtains for our parlor. The sun shines in so warm it is really uncomfortable to sit there, and the reflection of real curtains is very beautifying to the complexion.'

'Ah! Clara,' cried her brother, 'you never discovered how uncomfortable it was, till you saw Mrs. Clifton's fine curtains. You forget the blinds and the vines and the rose bushes. Pray have more reverence for dear grandmother's ancient relics.'

Clara blushed and was considerably disconcerted, but nevertheless continued her dreams of improvement. Her latent love for show and splendor to glimmer forth and to illuminate many an airy castle, she amused herself in building. To imitate Mrs. Clifton was now the end and aim of her existence. She practised her step, her air, her smile, before the looking glass, in her own chamber, till from a very simple and unaffected girl, she became conspicuously the reverse. She strung every window with *Aolian* harps and tried to sing in unison, when the wild winds swept the chords—but they disdained the harmony of the human voice, and mocked at her efforts. Edward felt quite distressed at an effect so contrary to his wishes, but he concealed his chagrin under a good humored ridicule, which somewhat checked her progress in the graces.—Once, when they were to accompany Mrs. Clifton in an excursion on horseback, and the lady, arrayed in her suit of forest green, was already waiting their motion, he knew not whether he was most amused or grieved, to see Clara descend in a dress of the same color, in which the imitation was too obvious and too defective not to border on the ridiculous, with a green veil wreathed around the crown of her bonnet, and suffered to stream back behind, in the form of a feather or plume. Though the affection of her brother would not allow him to wound her feelings, by making her fully aware of the extent of her folly, and he chose rather gently to lead her back to true simplicity and good sense, she did not escape a severer lash from those who envied her the distinction of Mrs. Clifton's acquaintance, and who revenged themselves on her damask curtains, *Aolian* harps, and new-born airs. Her present ambition was to possess a gold chain, an ornament she deemed indispensable to the perfection of a lady's dress. She did not aspire to so magnificent a one as wreathed the graceful neck of Mrs. Clifton, but she thought she would be perfectly happy with one of far inferior value surrounding her own. She had a long string of large gold beads, a parting gift from her sainted grandmother, an ornament too obsolete for wear, and which she had often sighed to convert into modern jewelry. An opportunity occurred, at the very moment of all others she most desired it. Mrs. Clifton was to give a party. The day before the event, Clara was examining her simple wardrobe, trying to decide on the important articles of dress, and mourning over her slender stock of finery, when a pedlar stopped at the door, with a trunk filled with jewelry and trinkets. He spread them before her admiring eyes, and when she hesitated and regretted—he offered to take any old ornaments in exchange, holding up at the same time a glittering chain, the very article for which her vitiated fancy was yearning. The temptation was irresistible and unfortunately she was alone. She flew to her little trunk of treasures, drew out her grandmother's beads, and the pedlar's eyes brightened as he saw the pure, rich, old fashioned gold, knowing their superior value to his own gilded trifles.

'Will you exchange that chain for these?' said she in a faltering voice, for in spite of her vain desire, the very act seemed sacrilege to her conscience.

'That would not be an even bargain,' he replied, and it was true—for the chain was nothing but brass, thinly washed with gold. Clara hung down her head. In proportion to the difficulty of obtaining the bauble, her longing increased.

'That is a very pretty little trunk,' cried the pedlar, 'it would be very convenient to hold my jewels. If you will throw that in, we will strike a bargain.'

Now the trunk was not Clara's. It belonged to her brother. It was the last keepsake bequeathed to him by this same good grandmother, whose legacies of love Clara was converting to purposes of vanity and pride. There was a letter in it, directed to him, with a clause on the envelope, that he was not to open it till he was of age unless he should find himself in some emergency, and especially in need of counsel. The old lady was supposed to possess considerable property, and it was also believed that Edward would be her heir. On her death, however, these expectations proved vain, and her grandson did not honor her memory the less, because he was not enriched by her loss. He took the letter as a sacred bequest, wondering much at the singular injunction, and told Clara to keep the trunk for him, as it was of no use to him, and she would preserve it with more care. Clara knew it was only entrusted to her keeping; and she turned pale at the thought of betraying a brother's trust; but she repeated to herself it was of no possible use to him, that he would probably never enquire for it, and it could not hurt her dear grandmother's feelings, who was sleeping cold beneath the clods of the valley. It was a thing too of so little consequence—and the chain was so beautiful. She emptied the trunk of its contents, gave it hastily into the pedlar's hands, with the beads which had remained on her grandmother's neck till she died, and gathering up the chain, felt—instead of the joy of triumph—self-upbraiding and shame. She would have recalled the act; but it was too late—the pedlar was gone. So poor was the gratification of vanity—but the bitter consequences of a deviation from rectitude she was yet to experience.

When arrayed for the party, she put a shawl carefully round her neck, before she made her appearance, to conceal her ill-got-

ten splendor—but the consciousness of having something to hide from the affectionate eyes that were bent upon her, gave a disturbed and anxious expression to her countenance that did not escape the observation of her brother; and when she saw Fanny in the unadorned simplicity of her own loveliness, she secretly loathed the acquisition for which she had sacrificed her principles of right.

'Let me see you, Clara, before you start,' said Mrs. Stanley—and she added, smiling, 'I hope you have not tried to look too well.'

Oh pray, mother, take care,' cried Clara, shrinking from the dreaded hand that touched her shawl; it will tumble my dress to take it off now. It is only my plain muslin frock,—and hurrying away, with blushes and trepidation, she felt that her punishment was begun. Arrived at Mrs. Clifton's—she became still more dissatisfied, when she saw their elegant hostess, dressed in the simplest attire, consistent with fashion and taste, with no ornament, but a cluster of roses, wreathed amidst locks of gipsy blackness and oriental redundancy. Her piercing eyes rested a moment on the beautiful Fanny, then flashed towards Edward, with a very peculiar expression. He understood their meaning, and an undefinable sensation of pain and displeasure oppressed him. Mrs. Clifton was too polite to confine her attentions to those she most wished to distinguish, but moved amongst her guests, endeavouring, as far as possible, to adapt herself to their different capacities and tastes. She had invited her father's friends, wishing extremely to make them her own, and to convince them that she valued their sympathy and good will.

'You seem dispirited this evening, Mr. Stanley,' said she, as Edward, unusually silent, stood leaning against the harp, from which he had more than once heard such thrilling music;—'perhaps I ought to say, pre-occupied. It may be wise to abstract the mind in the midst of a throng, but I am afraid it is rather selfish.'

'I should think the wisdom consisted in the subject of the abstraction,' replied Edward, 'and I believe I am as unwise as I am selfish.'

'I do not think so, said Mrs. Clifton, and she looked at Fanny, whose serene countenance was beaming from the opposite side of the room. 'Beauty, whether the subject of abstraction or contemplation, fills the mind with the most delightful ideas, and elevates it by the conviction that the hand that made it is divine. I do not agree with the moralist who would degrade it as a vain and valueless possession. The woman who possesses it, may exercise a boundless influence over the heart of man, and if exerted aright how glorious may be the result! Often and often have I sighed for the celestial gift—yet, perhaps, I should be neither better nor happier.'

You,' exclaimed Edward.

It was but a monosyllable, but the most labored panegyric could not have been half so expressive. The clear olive of Mrs. Clifton's cheek was coloured with a brighter as she laughingly resumed—'I did not solicit a compliment, but its brevity recommends yours. I know I am not handsome. I cannot be if beauty depends upon lilies and roses. In the gay and heartless world I have learned to shine as others do, and have tried the rules of art. My life has been passed much with strangers. You, Mr. Stanley, surrounded as you are, by all the sweet charities of home, living in its warm and sunny atmosphere, you do not know the coldness and the loneliness of the brotherless and sisterless heart.'

She spoke in a tone of deep feeling, and cast down her eyes with a deep expression of profound melancholy. Edward did not attempt to reply. He could not embody the new and overpowering emotions that were filling his soul, and he would not utter the common-place language of admiration. He felt like a man who had all his life been walking in darkness, and a dream had all at once awakened in a blaze of light.—Several now gathered round Mrs. Clifton, entreating her to play; and Edward availed himself of the opportunity of drawing back, where he could listen, unseen by her, to the melodious songstress of the hour. He looked at Fanny, who was now near the instrument, and compared the calm feeling of happiness he had enjoyed in her society to the tumultuous tide that was now rushing through his heart.

'I have loved Fanny like a brother,' thought he, 'ignorant of a deeper passion. And now I am a man and a fool!—'

A hand was laid upon his arm. 'Brother, are you not well? You look pale to-night.'

Clara was looking anxiously in his face, and he saw that her own was flushed with excitement.

'Yes, Clara, I am well—but what has disturbed you? Indeed I noticed before we left home that something seemed to weigh upon your spirits. Tell me the cause?'

She drew her hand affectionately through his arm, and for the first time noticed her new ornament.

'It is not the weight of this new chain that oppresses you,' said he, lifting it from her neck—'though it does feel rather magnificent. You have never showed me this new gift of yours. Who could have been the donor? and he thought of Mrs. Clifton.'

'Do not speak of it here,' whispered Clara, with so much embarrassment, it confirmed Edward's suspicions with regard to the donor; and though he regretted the nature of the obligation, he could not think it was prompted by kindness to an observation of Clara's imitative decorations. The truth was, Clara had been ex-

ceedingly annoyed by questions she could not, or rather would not answer.

Some one had suggested that it was a present from Mrs. Clifton, and though she did not affirm it, actually, she was glad to admit the idea, as an escape from further persecution on the subject. Still her conscience writhed under the implied falsehood, and she dreaded its detection. To add to her mortification, she overheard some one remark that Clara Stanley need not put on so many airs about her new chain, for it was nothing but pinch-back, and had a strong smell of brass.

She rejoiced when the hour of retiring arrived, and when she reached home she ran up stairs, went to bed, and cried herself to sleep. Poor Clara! she awakened that night from a terrible fit of the night mare, for she dreamed that her grandmother's icy hands were groping about her neck for the beads she had bartered, that the cold grasp grew tighter and tighter, her breath shorter and shorter, till she screamed and awoke. She dreaded the next day her brother's questioning about the mysterious chain; but absorbed in his own deep, over-mastering emotions, he forgot the subject when the glittering bauble was removed from before his eyes. From this time a change was observable in his character. He became as silent and abstracted as he had before been gay and communicative. He no longer talked of Mrs. Clifton, and even to Fanny he was cold and constrained. Fanny preserved the same equanimity of feeling, though she missed Edward's vivacity and smiles, and openly lamented the transformation. She looked rather more serious than usual, but the azure of her eye was undimmed, and the soft rose of her cheek remained undiminished in bloom. Edward turned from the sameness and lustre of her countenance, to gaze upon the changing face that "pale passion loved"—and while he acknowledged the hopelessness of his infatuation, he brooded over it, till it enervated all the energies of his soul. It was fortunate for his mind, that domestic circumstances of a perplexing nature roused it into exercise. Some very unexpected claims were made against the estate. Mr. Stanley had died suddenly and left his affairs considerably involved, but his family now believed every thing was settled, and that the small property which remained was all their own. With the strictest economy it was just sufficient for a genteel support, and that was all. They had no means of meeting this unexpected agency, but by the sale of the house—a sorrowful expedient, for it was endeared by every association connected with a husband's and a father's love—besides it was their home, and where should they look for another? Edward remembered the letter of his grandmother. He wanted but a few months of being of age, and the hour of trouble had arrived. He opened and read it, then gave it into his mother's hands, with a countenance illuminated with joy.

"It is all well, dear mother—more than well—though dead she yet continues her guardianship of love. Clara, where is the trunk whose value I have just learned? It will save us from ruin."

Clara looked aghast.

"The trunk!" stammered she—"what good can it do us?"

"Read that letter—it will explain it."

The explanation may be given to the reader in fewer words. The trunk contained a false bottom, in which the good old lady had placed deeds and papers containing an amount of property which made a rich legacy to her grandson.—Knowing the temptations to which youth is exposed, and knowing too that necessity calls forth the noblest powers of mankind, she did not wish him to know of the existence of this property till he became of age; and being somewhat eccentric in her character, and fond of surprises, she had adopted this singular method of bequeathing to him her fortune. Clara read the letter, and sat like a statue of stone. She wished the earth to open and swallow her, the mountains to fall and crush her to atoms, to save her from the remorse and shame that had overtaken her.

"Clara, what is the matter?" said Edward, sitting down by her side; "can you not go for the trunk, Clara?"

The unhappy girl tried to speak, but only uttered a piercing shriek, and fell prostrate on the floor. Excessively alarmed, they raised and endeavored to bring her to composure, but she continued to wring her hands, and exclaimed—

"Oh, what have I done! what have I done!"

They gathered at length from her broken sentences, the extent of their misfortune. The treasure was lost, irredeemably lost, for it would be impossible to trace the course of one who led an itinerant life, and was probably now in some remote part of the country. If it ever were discovered, it would probably be at some distant day, and the demand was immediate and pressing. Neither Mrs. Stanley nor Edward could aid to the agonies of Clara's remorse, by unavailing reproaches, but they both keenly felt how much it added to their calamity, to think the means their guardian angel held out for their relief, was wrested from them by the hands of a daughter and a sister.

"We must submit," said Mrs. Stanley, with a heavy sigh, "to the will of God."

"We must act," said Edward, "and be not cast down, my mother. If heaven spares my life and health, we shall never know one real want. In this country there is no such thing as poverty, and as to vanity and show, let Clara's bitter lesson prove the emptiness of their claims."

Concluded in our next.

For the Pearl.

TO THE BIRD OF THE FOREST.

Where wakes the murmurs of the lonely wood,
And jutting rocks and pines commingling reign,
And thousand trees, their many winters stood,
Who seem to stretch their mossy arms in vain.

Few are the notes that break its solemn still,
These few how piercing, beautiful and wild;
Not as the strains responding to the rill,
But more the kindred of romance's child.

You little bird that gayly spreads his plumes,
Wrapt in the joys that swell his little heart,
His seat, a waving pinnacle assumes—
His notes alternate o'er the valley dart.

Give me to stray where mortals never trod,
With thee rough songster I would gladly flee,
With buoyant heart would spurn my native sod,
And winnow over wilds unknown, with thee.

With thee would tune and join my rugged lay,
Study thy ways and learn thy harmless life;
Far from contention, that doth day by day,
Involve my kindred in continued strife.

McK.

UNCERTAINTY OF TRADITION.

"It is a fallacious argument which would urge their nearness in time to the age of the Apostles as a proof that no mistakes of importance could be fallen into by the early Christians. Traditional truth, among imperfectly educated persons, does not pass from mouth to mouth, with that accuracy and certainty, even during a very limited period of time, which we are inclined to imagine. On the contrary, at a period when knowledge circulates slowly, and the collisions of well-informed minds with each other are comparatively rare (and such was the period now alluded to) it is surprising how many erroneous opinions, well-intentioned perhaps, but not therefore the less dangerous, may grow up within the space of a very few years. When the short season of actual contact is gone by, mere proximity or indefinite remoteness of time make, in fact, little or no difference in the degrees of evidence, which historical events are capable of receiving from the labors of literary men. A manuscript, for instance, of the Gospels of the date of the fourth or fifth centuries, is as complete a record at this moment, as it was on the day in which it was written; and, if preserved two thousand years longer, will be as completely so to future generations, as it is to the present. A well-informed historian at this moment has a far more accurate knowledge of the events connected with the Norman conquest, than was possessed by nine-tenths of the villagers of this country, who lived at that period. And yet it is upon this very fallacious, though plausible assumption, that knowledge must necessarily grow clearer and more certain in exact proportion as we approach to the fountain, that the argument in favor of tradition almost exclusively rests.

"Why, one is naturally impelled to ask, should the primitive ages have possessed a privilege which our own times have not, of escaping one of the most besetting infirmities of human nature, and of transmitting unmix'd truth orally from one generation to another, without any taint or superaddition of mere human speculation? If, with the preservative restraint of a written revelation, our own age has launched forth into extreme notions with scarcely any common centre in which to agree, why are we to measure the simple and unsuspecting Fathers of the primitive church by a different rule, and argue that, because they meant well, therefore divine truth orally transmitted, must necessarily have passed from them pure and unaltered? Dr. Middleton has observed, that learned men have reckoned about ninety different heresies, which all sprang up within the first three centuries. That the Holy Scriptures should have existed unaltered through the whole of that disturbed period, and 'like a light shining in a dark place,' should have served to check, in some degree, the eccentricities of human speculation, and to direct men's footsteps in the midst of so many conflicting opinions, we can well believe, and must feel thankful, that such no doubt was the case. But that person must have much more confidence in the general good sense and judgment of mankind than I am disposed to feel, who can suppose the oral communications of those successive ages to have descended to us equally pure; and yet, unless we admit them to have so descended, the whole argument which would set up their authority as equivalent to Scripture, falls of course at once to the ground.

"Justin and Irenæus, we are told, flourished within the space of about 150 years from the close of our Lord's ministry, and, therefore, their authority on points of doctrine must be far superior to that of the best informed theologians of the present day. Without wishing to assert any thing bordering on paradox, I must again repeat, I doubt the justice of the inference. In their time truth made its way slowly, and with difficulty, through comparatively isolated districts, unaided by that general spread of knowledge, that enlightened criticism, and that corrective good sense, resulting from an almost universal education, which is in our own day the great security against the growth of unsound and eccentric opinions.—Dr. Skuttleworth.

TUSCULAN POLICY.—When the Tusculans perceived that Camillus was coming against them, they filled their fields with husbandmen and shepherds, as in a time of profound peace. They left their gates open and sent their children to school as before. The tradesmen were found in their shops, employed in their respective callings; and the better sort of citizens were walking in the public places in their usual dress. Meanwhile the Magistrates were busily passing to and fro to order quarters for the Romans, as if they expected no danger, and were conscious of no fault. Though these acts could not alter the opinion which Camillus had of their revolt, yet their repentance disposed him to compassion. He ordered them therefore to go to the senate of Rome and beg pardon; and when they appeared there as supplicants, he used his interest to procure their forgiveness, and the grant of the privilege of Roman citizens.—*Life of Camillus by Plutarch.*

This story of the Tusculans exemplifies the doctrine, that among civilized nations, there is little danger that a people who refuse to fight will be destroyed by warriors. No duelist perhaps, would kill a neighbor who should refuse to fight him; and the example of Camillus would probably be followed by any general who has a regard for his character as a civilized man. Had the Tusculans resorted to arms, they would probably have been destroyed. By adopting a pacific policy, they not only saved themselves from destruction, but secured to themselves additional privileges. "When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." This is not all, there is something in the nature of a pacific spirit and a pacific policy which generally disarms the spirit of resentment in all civilized men of honor, and often in barbarians.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its wo;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

II.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all be ended with the close—
This is a mother's grief.

III.

To see, in one short hour decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief.

IV.

Yet when the first wild thro' is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think 'my child is there!'
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

The heart of man, after it becomes sordid and worldly, retains many delicious sentiments of young remembrance, as the withered rose retains the sweet perfume of its beautiful blushing; but of all the gentle affections of generous humanity, there is none that endureth longer, or beareth fresher, so much of the pure, the excellent, and the exquisite, as the gracious largeness of the parental love. It is the artery that supplieth the equality of tenderness in the spirit of man; and all that hath the holy name of charity and mercy, draw some portion of their virtue from its ventricle. But in its flowing, there is a mystery to cause both wonder and sorrow; for often it engendereth but aches and anguish; and yet to those to whom it is a fountain of such affliction, it would seem to give an augmentation of delight—making them cling to their children long after they have outgrown all need of care; yea, prompting them to encounter singular humiliations, and to fondle over them, even while they are fatally tainted by the foul plaguespots of crime, as if they loved the more because they esteem the less.

BALAAH'S ASS.—Bishop Burnet, who stammered, directed his chaplain to examine a young man: The first question was, "Why did Balaam's ass speak?" "Because his master had an impediment in his speech," replied the young candidate.

THE CHURCH OF THE CUP OF WATER.

"On a sultry evening, in the year 1815, the old curate of San Pietro, a village a few leagues distant from Seville, entered much fatigued into his poor habitation, where he was expected by Senora Margarita, his worthy housekeeper, seventy years old. Whatever misery one may be in the habit of witnessing among the Spaniards, it was impossible not to remark the indigence which appeared in the house of the good priest, whose walls were naked, and the furniture very scanty. Donna Margarita was busy preparing for her master's supper a pretty small plate of *olla-podrida*, in which nothing was found, notwithstanding the sauce and the pompous name of the ragout, but the remainder of the dinner, seasoned and disguised with the greatest skill. The curate smelt with delight the alluring dish, and said, "God be praised, Margarita, here is an *olla-podrida* which makes one's mouth water. By San Pietro! comrade, you must say more than one prayer in thanksgiving for finding such a supper at your host's."

At this word *host*, Margarita lifted up her eyes, and saw a stranger who had been brought by the curate. The countenance of the housekeeper suddenly discomposed itself, and assumed a strange expression of anger and disappointment. The look she cast at the stranger shone like lightning, and then directed itself to the curate, who cast down his eyes and whispered with the timidity of a child who is afraid of the upbraiding of his father:—"Well! when there is enough for two, there is always enough for three; and you would not have wished me to suffer a Christian to die of hunger, who has not eaten any thing these two days."

"Holy Virgin! what a Christian! he is rather a brigand!" and she went out muttering some cross words.

The curate's guest, during this unkind scene, remained standing and immovable near the threshold of the door. He was a man of high stature, half covered with rags, full of mud, whose black hair, sparkling eyes, and long carbine, must in fact have inspired but very little interest, and many suppositions fit to create alarm.

"Must I go away?" said he.

The curate answered with an emphatic gesture: "Never shall he whom I shelter under my roof be driven away from it; never shall he complain of a bad reception here: put down your carbine there, let us say grace and sit down at table."

"I never quit my carbine; two friends make one only, as the Castilian proverb says; my carbine is my best friend—I'll keep it between my knees; for if you are willing to leave me in your house, and politely suffer me to go out of it when I please, there are others who might offer violence to my inclination and force me out of it. Now to your health, and let us eat."

The curate of San Pietro was certainly a man of good appetite; but he remained in ecstacy before the voracity of the stranger, who, not contented with swallowing up the *olla-podrida*, almost entirely emptied the pitcher of wine, and left nothing of an enormous loaf of bread, which must have weighed ten pounds. Whilst he was eating voraciously, he cast uneasy looks around him; he was seen to startle at the most insignificant noise, and the wind happening to shut a door violently, he took hold of his carbine and examined it, as if ready to sell his life dearly. Having soon recovered from this fear, he placed himself again at the table, and continued his repast. "Now," said he, "you must complete your good reception; I am wounded in the thigh, and my wound has not been dressed these eight days. Give me some old rags, and then I'll rid you of my presence."

"I do not seek to get rid of you," replied the curate, whom his guest, notwithstanding the apprehension he betrayed, had contrived to amuse with his joyous talk; "I am somewhat of a surgeon, I will dress your wound, but not with the awkwardness of a village barber, nor with dirty linen, as you shall see." In saying this he drew out of a press a bundle, in which nothing was wanting; and rolling up his sleeves, prepared to perform the functions of a surgeon. The wound of the stranger was deep; a ball had crossed the thigh of the unfortunate man, and, in order to continue his walk, he wanted supernatural strength and courage.

"You will never be able to-day to set out on your journey," said the curate, in probing the wound with the satisfaction of an artist-amateur, "you must spend the night here—a night's rest will recruit your strength, diminish the inflammation, and permit the flesh to unswell."

"I must depart to-day, this very moment," interrupted the stranger, abruptly, "there are people waiting for me," added he, with a painful sigh; "and there are some who seek me," said he, with a wild smile, "come is the dressing of my wound finished? well! I feel at ease, and as light as if I was not wounded: give me a loaf of bread; pay yourself for your hospitality with this piece of gold, and farewell." The curate repulsed the offer with discontent. "As you please—I beg your pardon—farewell, my host."

In saying this, the stranger took the loaf of bread which, on the order of her master, and, in grumbling, Margarita had brought; and they soon saw his high stature disappear through the foliage of the wood which surrounded the house, or rather the cottage of the curate. In one hour after, a brisk volley of musket-shot was heard, and the stranger showed himself again, bleeding, wounded in the breast, and as pale as death.

"Hold," said he, on presenting some gold to the curate, "my

children—in the ravine—near the small river." He fell down; some Spanish gendarmes entered with carbines in hand, and experienced no resistance on the part of the wounded man, whom they tied fast; after which, they permitted the curate to apply a dressing to the large wound of the poor man. But in spite of all the observations he made on the danger of carrying away a man so seriously wounded, they placed their prisoner on a cart.

"Pugh!" said they, "whether he die of that, or on the gallows, his case indeed is settled. He is the notorious brigand Jose."

Jose thanked the curate with a nod. Then he asked for a cup of water, and, as the curate bent forward to approach the cup to his lips, "You know?" said he to him, in a dying voice. The curate answered by a sign of intelligence. When the people had gone, the old curate in spite of the remonstrances of Margarita, who represented to him the danger and inutility of thus going out in the night, traversed part of the wood, directed himself towards the ravine, and found there, near the corpse of a woman, killed no doubt by a random shot from the gendarmes, a baby, and a little boy four years old, who was pulling the arm of his mother to wake her up, as he thought she was asleep. You may judge of the surprise of Margarita, when she saw the curate return with two children.

"Saints of paradise! what do you intend to do with them, sir? we hardly have enough to live upon, and you bring back two children! I must then go and beg at every door for you and for them; and what are these children? the sons of a vagabond, a gipsy, a brigand, or, perhaps, something worse. I am sure they have not even been baptized." At that moment the baby began to cry. "And how are you going to do, sir, to feed this child: for we have no money to pay a nurse. It will be necessary to attend it constantly, and you do not know the bad nights I shall have to pass; as for you, you will have, as usual, a sound sleep. Holy Virgin! it does not seem to be more than six months old; fortunately, I have a little milk here; I'll heat it before the fire!" and, forgetting her discontent, she took the child from the arms of the curate, lulled it, and gave it kisses; and kneeling near the fire, whilst she was caressing the infant with one hand, she stirred the coals, and heated a vase full of milk. After the baby had been satiated, lulled asleep, and put to bed, the other boy had his turn. Whilst Margarita was giving him supper, undressing him, and preparing for him a kind of provisional bed, by means of the curate's cloak, the good man related to his housekeeper where and how he had found the children, and in what manner they had been bequeathed to him.

"All that's very well," answered Margarita; "but the difficulty is to know how we shall nourish them, and ourselves."

The curate opened the Gospel, and read, in a low voice, the passage relating to the cup of water given in the name of Jesus. "Amen," responded Senora Margarita.

The next day the curate caused the body of the woman, found near the ravine, to be buried, and recited for her the prayers of the dead. Twelve years after, the curate of San Pietro, then seventy years old, was basking in the sun before the door of his house, on a winter's day, and it was the first time for two days that a ray of the sun had shown itself through the clouds. Near the curate, a young lad, eleven or twelve years old, was reading aloud the curate's breviary, and casting at times an envious look at another lad, aged sixteen, robust, tall, nervous, and who was actively working in a small garden, belonging to the curate's house. Margarita, now become blind, was listening; at this moment the noise of a carriage was heard; the little boy uttered a cry of joy; "Oh! what a beautiful carriage!" In fact, a magnificent carriage, coming from Seville, stopped before the curate's house. A servant, richly dressed, approached the old man, and asked of him a glass of water for his master.

"Carlos," said the curate to the younger of the lads, "give a glass of water to this lord, and add to it a glass of wine, if he will accept it? go, quick."

The lord ordered the door of his carriage to be opened, and came out: he was a man of fifty years of age. "Are these children your nephews?" asked he of the curate.

"They are more than that, they are my children, that is, my adopted children."

"How so?"

"I am going to tell you, for I have nothing to refuse to a great lord as you are; and besides, poor and old as I am, unacquainted with the world, I want a good adviser to know how I can secure the prosperity of these lads:" and he related the story of the children, the same as has been related. "What do you advise me to do with them?" asked he, after terminating his recital.

"Ensigns in the king's guards; and in order that they may keep a proper house establishment, it will be necessary to allow them a pension of 4000 ducats."

"I am asking your advice, and not for a joke, Senor."

"And then it will be necessary to rebuild your church, and by the side of the church we shall place a handsome parsonage, and the whole will be enclosed by a beautiful rail. Look here, I have got the plan in my pocket: does it suit you? the name of *Church of the Cup of Water*, will be given to the work when completed."

"What do you mean? what vague recollections! these features—this voice!"

"It means that I am Don Jose Della Ribeira, and that I was, twelve years ago, the brigand Jose; I have escaped from prison. The times are changed; from chief of robbers, I became a party-leader. You have been my host, and you have served as a father to my children. Let them come to embrace me; let them come then, added he, stretching out his arms to the young lads, who threw themselves into them, and after he had done kissing them over and over with tenderness and tears, with confused words and interrupted exclamations, he gave his hand to the old curate: "Well! will you not, father, accept the *Church of the Cup of Water*?"

The curate turned to Margarita, and, with a lively emotion, said, "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

"Amen," said the old woman, who then wept for joy, at the happiness of her master and his adopted children, and who wept afterwards at the grief of parting with them.

In one year after Don Jose Della Ribeira and his two sons were present at the consecration of the church of San Pietro of the *Cup of Water*, one of the prettiest churches in the environs of Seville.

INTERESTING DISCUSSION.

"WHICH IS THE MOST AGREEABLE, A HANDSOME WOMAN OR AN AMIABLE ONE?"

[The article which follows was translated from an eminent French author, and will be found exceedingly interesting to the ladies in general, and young gentlemen in particular.]

It frequently requires an entire century to produce a really handsome woman. So many different qualifications on the part of the parents are necessary, that it is very seldom they are found united.

Beauty consists not only in the just proportion of all the parts of the body, but also in health and youth, which render it smooth and white, and tinge the lips and cheeks with vermilion. Gracefulness in the movements of the body is also essential to beauty, as well as a good expression in the eyes, which are the interpreters of the soul. But beauty is not perfect unless the mind has its attractions. When the beauty of body and mind exist together, we are easily attracted, though the person should not have uttered a word.

Beauty does not preserve itself through a course of excessive pleasures. Fire withers a handsome flower; while the coolness of water preserves it for a long time. So temperance long preserves that beauty which dissipation would soon tarnish.

It is beauty which, from the commencement of the world, has had such great influence in social intercourse. It enchains us in spite of ourselves, although we attempt to put ourselves in an attitude of opposition. We do not speak here of artificial beauty. Artifice does not conduce to a handsome countenance; and if nature has given it any attractions, paint effaces and tarnishes whatever it possessed of beautiful and precious. What is most brilliant is not always best; it is not brilliant and painted beauty that we wish to love, but a simple and natural beauty which is seated in the mind, and is thence communicated to the face.

Having considered beauty, let us examine what amiableness is, that we may determine which is the most to be loved.

Amiability is so necessary in society, that without it our intercourse would be made up of quarrels and disputes: agreeableness and frankness would be supplanted by flattery and disguise. Amiability is a benevolence which praises without flattering, corrects without offending, cures without pain, and removes the bitterness of remedies without destroying their virtue. It encourages the timid, enlightens the ignorant, treats the scrupulous with tenderness, and infuses strength into the feeble. Judgment and discretion constantly accompany it; it is prudent in its design, cautious in its language, open in its actions, equable in its thoughts; in fine, it is a secret charm, which fascinates the greatest and the lowest minds. It is not blind nor dumb: it has eyes to observe excellences and faults, and a tongue to praise without flattering, and to blame without rigour. It is a natural sweetness, which is appropriate in both sexes, but especially in that which is the most fair. It renders them affectionate without frailty, and complaisant without dissimulation. None but strong minds have this amiableness; and it is this which we wish to contrast with beauty; not that superficial politeness which fascinates and at the same time poisons the world. The latter is the accompaniment of weak minds; and it is upon such minds it produces most effect. Like the chameleon, it changes its character with the objects by which it is surrounded. It makes war upon virtue, it slanders with the slanderers, and in the company of the dissipated palliates profligacy. Little minds are ensnared by the net it casts around them; sensible people despise its finesse, its artifices, and plausible attractions.

Having informed our readers what species of beauty and of complaisance we had in view, in the question we proposed, we proceed to solve that question.

Experience shows that female beauty excites love; and, if it is accompanied with agreeable qualities of mind, its influence is very great. If a female is of a good height, and has an agreeable face

and a graceful walk, and is, besides, discreet, constant, and amiable, we are obliged to love her, by a natural inclination which we cannot resist. Though such a woman has only moderate endowments of mind, she will have great influence over us. She will control our inclinations, draw our will to the side which pleases her, and by a tyranny against which we feel no disposition to rebel, she will possess herself of our hearts.

Amiability does not effect us so soon as great beauty. Its charms are slower in producing an impression, even when accompanied with a moderate degree of beauty. It requires time to love a woman whose principal attraction is her agreeable disposition: we observe her actions, we watch her conduct, we study her disposition; and, finding it congenial to our own, our love is drawn to those qualities in her which we possess ourselves. It is not so with beauty: the effect of that is often instantaneous. But, as each of the two has peculiar attractions, our sentiments are frequently divided between them. Those who are influenced only by the eye, will prefer the beauty; those who are most intellectual will be for the amiable girl. The attractions of the former do not always last; those of the latter are permanent, and sensible people hold her in most estimation.

GOLDEN SENTENCES OF LORD CLARENDON.

Lord Clarendon, the great historian of his own age, and eminent as a statesman and philosopher, is very full and decided in his reprobation of war. From his essay we extract the following admirable passages:—"Of all the punishments and judgments which the provoked anger of the divine Providence can pour out upon a nation full of transgressions, there is none so terrible and destroying as war. It is a depopulation, defaces all that art and industry hath produced, destroys all plantations, burns churches and palaces, and mingles them in the same ashes with the cottages of the peasant and the laborer. It distinguishes not of age, or sex, or dignity, but exposes all things and persons, sacred and profane, to the same contempt and confusion, and reduces all that blessed order and harmony, which hath been the product of peace and religion, into the chaos it was first in.

"A whole city on fire, is a spectacle full of horror; but a whole kingdom on fire, must be a prospect much more terrible. And such is every kingdom in war, where nothing flourishes but rapine, blood and murder. We cannot make a more lively representation and emblem to ourselves of hell, than by the view of a kingdom in war.

"It was a very proper answer to him who asked, *why any man should be delighted with beauty?* that it was a question which none but a blind man could ask. Nor can any man ask how or why men come to be delighted with peace, but he who is without natural bowels, who is deprived of all those affections which can only make life pleasant.

"No kingdom can flourish or be at ease, in which there is no peace. It is only this which makes men dwell at home, and enjoy the labour of their own hands, and improve all the advantages which the air, and the climate, and the soil administer to them, and all which yield no comfort where there is no peace. God himself reckons peace the greatest comfort and ornament he can confer upon states.

"A greater curse cannot befall the most wicked nation, than to be deprived of peace. There is nothing of real and substantial comfort in this world, but what is the product of peace; and whatsoever we may lawfully and innocently take delight in, is the fruit and effect of peace.

"War breaks all that order, interrupts all that devotion, and even extinguisheth all that zeal which peace had kindled in us. It lays waste the dwelling-place of God as well as of man, and introduces and propagates opinions and practices as much *against heaven* as against earth, and erects a deity that delights in nothing but cruelty and blood.

"Are we pleased with the enlarged commerce and society of large and opulent cities, or with the retired pleasures of the country? Do we love stately palaces, and noble houses, or take delight in pleasant groves and woods, or fruitful gardens? All this we owe to peace; and the dissolution of peace disfigures all this beauty, and in a short time covers and buries all this order and delight in ruin and rubbish.

"Finally, have we any content, satisfaction and joy in the conversation of each other, or in the knowledge and understanding of those arts and sciences which more adorn mankind than buildings and plantations do the fields and grounds on which they stand? Even this is the blessed effect and legacy of peace. War lays our natures and manners as waste as our gardens and our habitations; and we can as easily preserve the beauty of the one, as the integrity of the other, under the cursed jurisdiction of drums and trumpets.

"They who allow *no war to be lawful*, have consulted both nature and religion much better than they who think it may be entered into to comply with the ambition, covetousness or revenge of the greatest princes and monarchs upon earth; as if God had inhibited *only single murders*, and left mankind to be massacred according to the humor and appetite of unjust and unreasonable men.

"It is no answer to say, that this universal suffering, and even the desolation that attends it, are the inevitable consequences of war, however warrantably soever entered into, but rather an argument, that no war can warrantably be entered into. It may be, *upon a strict survey and disquisition into the elements and injunctions of the Christian religion that no war will be found justifiable*; and, at all events, what can we think of most of those wars which for some hundreds of years have infested the world, so much to the dishonor of Christianity, and in which the lives of more men have been lost than might have served to have driven infidelity out of the world, and to have peopled all those parts which yet remain without inhabitants? Can we believe that all those lives are forgotten, and that no account shall be rendered of them?"

"We may piously believe, that all the princes of the world who have wantonly obliged their subjects to serve them in a war by which millions of men have been exposed to slaughter, fire and famine, will sooner find remission for all the other sins they have committed, than for that obstinate outrage against the life of man, and the murders which have been committed by their authority.—*Clarendon's Essays, XX, XXI, pp. 236—253.*

For the Pearl.

PHYSIOLOGY.—No. VI.

We are now to enter into a more minute consideration of the particular structures and their products: and to make the enquiry as simple as possible, we may first examine those organs whose office it is to assimilate the particles of food introduced into the body, or in other words, to perform the function of nutrition. And perhaps this would be rendered more intelligible, if we trace the history of a morsel of food, from the period when introduced into the mouth, until we find its nutritious particles constituting a part of the body. This recital will, of course, include the respective phenomena of digestion, absorption, circulation and respiration,—and secretion. Suppose then a morsel of food (either vegetable or animal) taken into the mouth, there to be masticated by the teeth, mixed with the fluid called saliva, which is prepared from the blood by small bodies called glands, situated near the cavity of the mouth, and which pour therein, by means of their ducts or conduits, the fluid above named. The morsel having been sufficiently masticated, is now, by means of the tongue, conveyed to the back of the mouth, and thence into the gullet, through which it descends into the stomach, there to undergo an important change. The stomach is a membranous bag, lined on the inner side by a covering, which prepares a peculiar juice, which is here intimately mixed with the food:—but besides this mixture, the stomach breaks down, and renders pulpy the substance introduced; this process is not always effected in a uniform period, some food requiring a longer time than others, and hence they are said to be less easy of digestion. The food then is retained here till thus changed, by a peculiar structure placed at the outlet; but when this is effected it is passed through into the first portion of the intestine, called the *duodenum*, (a word signifying twelve fingers breadth, that being the length of the part thus named); and here is added the bile, a fluid furnished by the liver: and also the juice supplied by the pancreas. Having passed through the duodenum, the mass now enters the small intestines; the inner surface of these is everywhere studded with minute glands, which absorb or suck up the nutritious particles, from the *chyme*, (the name given to the fluid after its admixture with the various fluids as above described) as it passes along. This process is continued, until the whole of the nutriment is extracted, when the residue is passed into the large intestines, and thus conveyed from the body. The glands which have extracted the nutritious particles, convey them, by means of their ducts, to a common receptacle; from thence, another tube or duct leads upward to a vein in the neighborhood of the heart, and thus they are conveyed to that organ, mixed with the blood of the vein. But they are not yet fitted to make a component part of the human frame, till after they have been submitted to the action of the air in the lungs; and to effect this, after having been received into the heart, they are propelled by that organ into the lungs; here they receive a supply of oxygen from the air; are then again carried to the heart,—mixed of course with the general mass of blood, which they now resemble in every particular. From the heart they are again propelled and circulated to every part of the system, by means of the arteries; and having arrived at the ultimate subdivision of these, they are by some secret of nature, changed into living fibre, and constitute a part of the body, either as muscle, nerve, bone, etc. or any other structure to which they may have been conveyed. Thus we have traced the process by which new matter is added. But, since our bodies do not daily increase in bulk, to the amount of new matter thus added, it is evident that there must also be a continual abstracting, or wasting:—and this is effected in various ways, by perspiration, by glands, which separate from the blood parts that are no longer useful, by actual wearing away of the surface,—as the external layer of the skin, the hair, nails, etc. But we must return again to this, after reviewing more closely the process of nutrition, and the organs which perform it. The length of the digestive tube in man is about thirty-six feet. In animals which live entirely upon *vegetables*, it is comparatively longer; and on the other hand, it

is considerably shorter in those whose food has been altogether *animal*. This, as well as the construction of the teeth and other parts, clearly indicates that Man has been wisely, and admirably adapted, so as to receive nutriment from either of these sources, notwithstanding the outcry made by some against animal, and of more against vegetable food. The coats of the tube are of three kinds, the outer one is very thin, and covered with a serous fluid,—the next is composed of a series of muscular fibres, some of which surround the tube like rings, others extend lengthwise; by the action of these, the food is continually pressed upon, and forced gently onwards; the inner layer is what is called a mucous membrane, the structure of it varies in different parts of the canal; it does not, like the other layers, present a continuous smooth surface, but is formed into innumerable folds or puckers, and by this arrangement, two important ends are effected; in the first place a larger surface is presented for the absorbent glands, and these puckers also serve the purpose of valves, and prevent the food being passed too quickly onward. In the stomach, the glands of the mucous membrane secrete the peculiar juice which alters the food and renders it an homogeneous mass; but in the small intestines, there are glands which imbibe the particles that are nutritive, these latter are termed absorbent glands. The muscular coat of the intestines, is not like other muscles, subject to the action of the will. This is sufficiently evident; for the digestive process is carried on as well while we sleep, as if awake:—and were it not for this wise ordination of Providence, this most important function of life, would be liable to continual interruptions. The fluids which are poured upon and mixed with the food during digestion, are prepared from the blood by bodies called glands:—these are essentially the same in their structure, but vary in their products. In the embryo, when these glandular bodies are being formed, the first thing noticed, is a simple indentation of a membrane, forming a sort of tube, to which an artery, vein, and nerve, are supplied; the artery carries to it the blood, which is to furnish the material from whence the new product is to be formed;—the vein, to carry away the superfluous quantity; the nerve to endue it with sensation, and connect it with the system; this is the simple elementary form of a gland,—and if we analyze one of the larger glandular bodies, we shall find that it is only a collection of these smaller elementary tubes. The blood vessels do not open into these tubes, but ramify or subdivide on their surfaces, and by some process unknown to us; the peculiar principle is separated which it is the office of the gland to prepare.

KNOW THYSELF.—The idea of men in general being taught natural philosophy, anatomy, and physiology, political economy, and the other sciences that expound the natural laws, has been sneered at, as utterly absurd and ridiculous. But I would ask, in what occupations are human beings so urgently engaged, that they have no leisure to bestow on the Creator's laws? A course of natural philosophy would occupy sixty or seventy hours in the delivery; a course of anatomy and physiology the same; and a course of phrenology can be delivered pretty fully in forty hours! These twice or thrice repeated, would serve to initiate the student, so that he could afterward advance in the same paths, by the aid of observation and books. Is life, then, so brief, and are our hours so urgently occupied by higher and more important duties, that we cannot afford these pittance of time to learn the laws that regulate our existence? No! The only difficulty is in obtaining the *desire* for the knowledge; for when that is attained, time will not be wanting. No idea can be more preposterous, than that of human beings having no time to study and obey the natural institutions. These laws punish so severely when neglected, that they cause the offender to lose ten fold more time in undergoing his chastisement than would be requisite to obey them.—*Combe on the Constitution of Man.*

ARGUMENT FOR A FUTURE STATE.—Dr. Nichols concludes his remarkable work on the "Architecture of the Heavens," with the following sublime and cheering reflection:—"This at least is established on grounds not to be removed. In the vast heavens, as well as among phenomena around us, all things are in a state of change and progress; there too—on the sky—in splendid hieroglyphics, the truth is inscribed, that the grandest forms of present being are only germs swelling and bursting with a life to come. And if the universal fabric is thus fixed and constituted, can we imagine that aught which it contains is unupheld by the same preserving law, that annihilation is a possibility, real or virtual—the stoppage of the career of any advancing being while hospitable infinitude remains? No! let night fall; it prepares a dawn when man's weariness will have ceased, and his soul be refreshed and restored. To some? To every creature these are words of hope spoken in an organ-tone; our hearts suggest them and the stars repeat them, and through the infinite, aspiration wings its way rejoicing as an eagle follows the sun."

AN ECCENTRIC PHYSICIAN.—A poor woman went to an eminent but eccentric surgeon, to enquire what was the proper treatment for some bodily wound—"Put on a *cataplasm*," was the answer. "But doctor, it's for a child." "Then put on a *kittenplasm*."

CUSTOMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

LETTERS OF LILIAN CHING, TO HIS BROTHERS IN THE ISLAND OF LOO-CHOO; WRITTEN DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

LETTER IX.

Mount Hope, 5th month, 1826.

The brief account in my last letter, of the benign and amiable character of the Lord Jesus, may have increased your astonishment at the military character of his professed disciples, and may have led you to suspect that—though meek and benevolent, he might be deficient in requiring by his precepts the same spirit in his followers which he exemplified;—that living as he did, among a violent people, he was afraid to speak against the popular prejudices and customs. If this suspicion has arisen in your minds, you will be still more amazed when the whole truth shall be told you. Although the Messiah had the meekness of the lamb, he had also the fortitude and boldness of the lion. A more fearless and faithful preacher never appeared among men. He prohibited the indulgence of every passion which tends to war, and required the exercise of that love which never fights, or seeks the harm of any being.

When Jesus appeared among the Jews, they had a popular maxim or precept, thus expressed:—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy." In one of his sermons, Jesus quoted this precept, as what they had often heard, and then, with all the authority of a Divine Teacher, he said—"But I say unto you—Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you,—and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you;—that ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

In the same sermon, he explicitly prohibited every thing of the nature of revenge, or rendering evil for evil; or what the fighting Christians now call *retaliation*, or *redress of injuries*. In the same sermon too, he gave his disciples a form of prayer, with which I have been much pleased. I think it is even preferable to any of the prayers taught by the priests at Loo Choo. As it is short, I shall transcribe the whole.

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen." Immediately after repeating this form of prayer for his disciples, Jesus said—"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will forgive you;—but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Jesus also said to his disciples—"Learn of me," and gave this as a reason, "For I am meek and lowly of heart."

An apostle of Jesus Christ, after exhorting Christians not to "avenge themselves," says, "Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." He then adds—"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." I may subjoin one more precept given by the Messiah himself, which is admirable, and of universal application. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

These are a few of the precepts of the Christian religion; I might mention many more of the same benevolent character; and I may say, that there is not one in the gospel which gives the least countenance to the spirit of war. Besides the precepts and prohibitions of Christ, he pronounced his benedictions, not on warriors, as Mahomet did, but on persons of the opposite character. Thus, in his wonderful sermon from which I have quoted so much already, he says—"Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of God. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the sons of God."

Such, my brethren, is the spirit, the very essence of the religion which is professed by the fighting nations of Christendom. The more you reflect, the more you will be astonished, that fighting men have called themselves Christians, and at the same time, glorified in their religion and in their wars. Perhaps no two beings ever appeared on earth more unlike than Messiah and Mahomet; and yet the Christians have surpassed the Mahometans in war achievements, and they glory in the fact! At the same time they reproach Mahomet on account of his warring disposition, and praise the pacific character of their Messiah! I doubt whether the universe contains a people more inconsistent than the Christians.

L. C.

LETTER X.

Mount Hope, 6th month, 1826.

By this time your astonishment has doubtless been raised to a greater height, and you will wish to know why it is, or how it has happened, that the Christian nations glory in a character so

perfectly the reverse of that of their God, of their Messiah, and of what is required by the precepts of their religion. I fear I shall not be able to set this matter in a true light, or to give an account which will be satisfactory either to you or to myself. The task is difficult, as you must understand me as only offering such conjectures on the subject as have occurred in the course of my reading and my reflections.

In reading one of the epistles of Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, I observed that he predicted a falling away among Christians, and the coming of "the Man of Sin, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God." It occurred to me whether by the "Man of Sin," might not be intended the SPIRIT OF WAR, personified and permitted to gain an ascendancy among Christians. This surely exalts itself above all that is called God by the Christians. For during its operations, it sets aside all the Christian precepts, and requires almost every thing which God forbids. It makes the precepts and prohibitions of God completely subordinate to its own mandates.

From the Christian histories, I have learned that the early Christians, for two or three centuries, refused to fight in the wars of their Roman sovereigns, supposing it to be forbidden by the Messiah. But the Christians were frequently persecuted by the Pagans: many were put to death, and others endured great afflictions on account of their religion. In the fourth century, Constantine became emperor, and professed to be a Christian. He was a warrior, and his military power was exerted for the protection of the Christians, and for the overthrow of paganism. The phenomenon seems to have both astonished and bewildered the Christians. They probably regarded the event as a special interposition of Heaven in their behalf, to free them from persecution, and extend their religion. Unmindful of the difference between the spirit of their Messiah and the military spirit of their Imperial Deliverer, they flocked to his standard, and engaged in wars, probably imagining that gratitude as well as interest required the measure. As Constantine was a successful warrior, with the name of the Christian Emperor, the Christians were enamoured and intoxicated with military glory. From that period to the present, the majority of professed Christians have indulged the military spirit, and discarded the meek and quiet spirit which the gospel requires.

At a period long subsequent to the reign of Constantine, the Roman Empire was overrun by a warlike people called the Northern Barbarians. As the Christians were then conquered by military savages, they were again under temptation to conform in spirit and practice to the wishes of their conquerors. As the Clergy succeeded in persuading the barbarians to embrace the forms of the Christian religion, they doubtless had to dispense with its spirit; and it is not improbable that the Christians of that age derived from their conquerors, more of the martial spirit than they communicated to them of the spirit of the gospel. When the Roman Empire became divided under a number of military sovereigns calling themselves Christians, the princes would naturally have great influence to render the military spirit more popular than the peaceful spirit of the Messiah. The martial spirit indeed became so popular under the government of military Christians, that it was deemed honorable for Christian bishops or ministers of religion, to head armies with the Sacred Book in one hand, and the sword in the other. What more shocking has ever been done by the priests of Mahomet! To military ancestors such as these, the Christians of the present age may trace their origin and their love of military glory. Conforming themselves too much to the popular spirit, the Christian ministers have generally failed to raise their voices against war, and have suffered their flocks to believe, that war is not inconsistent with the meekness and love required and exemplified by their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Indeed, so blind are a great portion of the Christians, that, like Mahometans, they believe that there is no surer way to Heaven than to die fighting. The benign spirit of meekness and love by which true Christianity is distinguished from Mahometanism, seems to be, in a great measure, lost or in a low repute among the majority of Christians;—and the martial spirit displayed in destroying vast multitudes of men, seems to be regarded as an ample substitute for every Christian virtue, and a pretty sure passport to glory, immortality, and heavenly bliss.

To illustrate the extent to which blindness prevails in this land, I will mention one or two facts, of which I have been credibly informed. Christians of different sects, so alienated from each other, that they cannot meet together for the worship of God, will in time of war, unite in the work of manslaughter! So it would seem that hatred to the people of a foreign country, will do more to unite these military Christians, than their love to God or their love to one another.

Another fact of which I have been informed, is this.—In the last war of this people on Britain, they were much divided in opinion as to the justice of the war on their part; yet many who professed to believe that the war was *needless, unjust, and wicked*, voluntarily engaged in it.—Some for the sake of commissions, some in hope of plunder or fame, and some because they were so ignorant as to think that they might safely fight in obedience to their rulers, even in a war which they believed to be wicked.

L. C.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, 1839.

By the Acadian, which arrived on Tuesday from Boston, we have received news from England and France, to the 12th of February. We refer our readers for particulars, to the following extracts.

BOSTON, March 23.

The packet ship *Duchess d'Orleans*, Capt. Richardson, arrived at New York on Tuesday evening, from Havre, by her Havre papers to the 12th, and Paris to the 19th, containing London dates to the evening of the 5th of February, have been received.

The Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, have expressed in very strong and indignant terms, their disapprobation of the lawless conduct of the American Banditti on the frontiers of Canada, and have reminded her Majesty's Ministers, at the opening of Parliament, that they ought not only to assert their determination to maintain her Majesty's Sovereignty in the Colonies, but that they ought also to be ready to make corresponding efforts to enable her to carry her intentions into execution.

The Addresses of the two Houses of Parliament were presented to the Queen on the 7th, with the usual formalities. On the 8th the Queen returned her gracious answer, thanking them for their loyalty, etc.

In the House of Commons, Mr. T. Duncombe's proposed amendment for a reform of the "Reform" Bill, was negatived after a debate of some length, by a majority of 426 against 86.

It is reported that Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary, has tendered his resignation.

Things in the North of Europe look rather squally. In consequence of the appointment of the Polish General Scherzynieki "to be Commander in Chief of the head quarters of the Belgian army," the Prussian and Austrian Ministers had demanded their passports. France was posting strong corps of observation on the Belgian frontier, and Prussia, jealous of the movement, was doing the same.

The Belgian Chambers were prorogued by a royal decree, from the 4th of February until the 4th of March.

LATEST FROM FRANCE.

The Prussian and Austrian Ministers at Brussels, had ordered their passports, and left that capital on the 6th of February. The *Observateur* says, that the King at the last interview which these ministers had with him, took occasion to let them know that he was by no means satisfied with the conduct of their respective governments towards himself, and especially with the manner in which they had observed the promises which they had made to him at the time of his mounting the throne.

In a note from Prince Metternich, the escape of General Scherzynieki from Prague, is considered as having been made with the co-operation of the Belgian Government, and this, together with his admission in the army, is styled a hostile demonstration against Austria. The terms of the note are said to have been strong and menacing; and the Prussian Ambassador having supported it, demanded in consequence his passports at the same time. It appears that the refusal of the Prussian government to allow the exportation of horses, has put the Belgian Minister of War to much inconvenience; as many as three thousand horses having been expected from Prussia for the remounting of the cavalry.

There was assembled on the Belgian frontier, distributed in different cantonments between Commerce and Lille, fourteen field batteries of six guns each; each gun having two hundred rounds of ammunition.

It was reported that all the French Generals in the Belgian service have been recalled to France.

A letter of the 27th from Dusseldorf, states that telegraphic intelligence of the muster of a French corps of observation on the Belgian frontier had arrived on the 26th at Berlin, that an order for assembling the war reserve corps of the Prussian Infantry had been immediately transmitted to Cologne, and that a similar order had been received by estafette at Dusseldorf, and it was expected that in a week all infantry regiments would be on the war footing.

An Amsterdam correspondent writes, that three thousand Prussians were collected at Gelder, and that Wessel had been reinforced with two regiments. Orders for the Landwehr had been sent to four divisions, and it was asserted at the Hague that twenty five thousand Prussians would pass the Rhine before the end of a fortnight.

The above extracts shew that war-clouds are gathering in the horizon of Europe; and its potentates think to prevent the dreadful catastrophe by a large increase of their forces. Austria marshals 80,000 men, as a corps of observation; Russia, besides her regular army of more than 700,000 is raising 120,000 foot with an immense addition to her cavalry; and we suppose that nearly all the other powers, like a flock of sheep following the bell-wether, or a pack of hounds started at the cry of game, or the scent of blood, will resist their fleets, augment their armies, and hold themselves, as armed conservators of peace, in readiness for the wholesale butcheries of war. What a way to prevent strife and blood-

shed! It is an outrage alike on humanity and common sense. If you wished to keep two duellists from fighting, or a gang of desperadoes from mutual mischief, would you arm them all from head to foot with weapons of death? Is full preparation for a duel the best means of preventing it? Does the practice, prevalent in the southern and south-western states of America, of wearing pistols, dirks and bowie knives, hold back men from bloodshed, or make the number of bloody and fatal affrays there less than the opposite practice occasions in New England? Every child can answer these questions; and yet the rulers of Christendom are contradicting this plainest dictate of common sense in their war methods of preserving peace. The whole war-system rests on this very contradiction of common sense; and still do the wise men of this world plead for its necessity as a guarantee of peace, and scout the idea of insuring peace by pacific means!

AUGUSTA, March 20, 1839.

The resolve on the Boundary, which passed our Senate on Tuesday, came up in the House the same day, on its passage to be engrossed. An amendment was offered by Mr. Delesdernier, to the effect that the military force shall not be withdrawn, until the Lt. Governor of New Brunswick shall abandon his claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the disputed territory, which led to much debate, but the house adjourned without taking any question. This morning the mover of the above amendment withdrew it and offered another, striking out all the original Resolve, and inserting new ones, which are in substance as follows: They affirm the indefensible right of Maine to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over the whole of the disputed territory, but waive for the present the exercise of such jurisdiction over that portion of the territory heretofore in British possession. They, however, declare it to be the duty of Maine to exercise jurisdiction over the whole territory, so far as jurisdiction is involved in the expulsion of trespassers and the protection of public property. They furthermore authorise the Governor to withdraw the military when he is satisfied that they are not necessary to sustain the civil force on the territory.

All expressed themselves satisfied with the Resolves as they would stand by the amendment—after which they were unanimously adopted. Mr. Vose, of Augusta, then offered two additional resolves to the resolves as amended, by way of amendment, and these also were adopted, after a slight alteration. The purport of the Resolves offered by Mr. Vose, is, that Maine will not consent to a conventional line, and that in the event of a refusal by Great Britain to assent to a joint commission for the survey of the line, as described by the treaty of '83—then it will be the duty of the General Government to take and maintain jurisdiction of the whole territory in dispute.

The Resolves are still kept before the House, as the nucleus around which members are pouring patriotic "war" speeches. They will pass without any material amendment, by an almost unanimous vote. Whether they will go through the other branch, time alone will determine.

From the Canadas we have no news of any importance. It is stated in one of the papers that the Hon. Chief Justice O'Sullivan died in consequence of a wound received about nineteen years ago, in a duel. A ball which he then received had not been extracted, and he was consequently subject to the most excruciating pains.—A Court of Inquiry has been instituted, to examine the accusations preferred against Colonel Prince in a pamphlet entitled "The Battle of Windsor," and vouched by a letter sent to Governor Arthur, accompanied by the signatures of the authors of that publication. The charges have reference to the conduct of Col. Prince in shooting the prisoners in the most barbarous manner long after the battle was ended. For the sake of our common humanity we hope the charges will prove to be unfounded.

The report concerning Col. Prince of U. C. having killed Mr. Baby in a duel, we are glad to find, is incorrect.

We shall be happy to comply with the request of "A member of the Colchester Literary and Scientific Society." A portion of the Essay will appear next week.

At the last meeting of the Institute Dr. Teulon resumed his former subject—the prevention of disease. The lecture was studded with useful and judicious remarks. Dr. Teulon will lecture next Wednesday evening.

Our youthful readers of both sexes will find the tale on our first page by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, one of a most amusing character. We hope, however, they will not devour the amusement, without imbibing also the instruction of the piece. Our author has a most hideous name, and yet she contrives to write most sweetly. Our young friends have not forgotten the Blind Girl's story, by the same author, in our first volume. The present tale will be concluded in our next number.

"MARMION," in refutation of our opinions on the unlawfulness of all war on christian principles, will receive our earliest attention. The letters of 'Lilian Ching' against war will be concluded in our next number; after which we shall have space for the interesting and able paper of our friendly antagonist. Our correspondent, we doubt not, will be too generous to suppose that we defer his article, merely to gain time to prepare our answer. We can assure him that his objections to the principle of total abstinence from all war, are old acquaintances, and for a long time were entertained in our own bosom; and it was not until we had been brought to view the whole subject by the clear light of the Gospel, unobscured by the doctrine of expediency, and the darkness of frail human reason, and in view of the unspeakable, perhaps we should say infinite, value of the immortal soul, that we were brought, very reluctantly to part with them. In saying this, we do not mean to claim any superior discernment, or devotion to the cause of truth; but we have made the war-question a distinct subject of long and rigid examination, and before forming our judgment on the matter, we read every thing we could procure which has been written since the Reformation on both sides of the subject.

* * In the last number of the Pearl, our publisher, by omitting to mention the source from which the piece was obtained, made us to say that we had delivered a "very interesting lecture on the Bones of the Human Body." Perhaps, however, he thought that we were decidedly of that opinion ourselves, and so neglected to give credit to the *Novascotian* for the assertion.

By the *INDUSTRY* from Boston we have dates one day later than by previous arrivals. There is no addition of news of any importance.

The steamer *Maid of the Mist* commenced her regular trips on Monday to St Andrews, Eastport, and Nova Scotia. This boat has been fitted up in complete order, and no expence has been spared by her enterprising owner to make her ready for the reception of passengers.—*Nov.*

From the *Novascotian*.

List of Lectures for remainder of Session.

Doctor Teulon, Physiology, etc.	April 3.
Mr. John S. Thompson, Morality of Shakspeare's Dramas.	April 10.
Mr. Titus Smith, Surveying, or some other Scientific subject.	April 17.
Mr. A. McKinlay, (Pres. In.) Oxygen, in its simple and compound states, illustrated with a variety of Experiments.	April 24.
Annual Meeting, for Election of Officers.	May 1.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Charles Brawdy, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Richard Gammon, of Lawrence Town.

At Gay's River, on the 19th March, by the Rev. Robert Blackwood, Mr. William McPhee, to Miss Mather Sutherland.—At same place, by the same, on the 21st, Mr. Samuel Herwin, to Miss Jane Karr, both of Lower Musquodoboit.—By the same, on the 26th, Mr. James Cotton, to Margaret Marshall, of Brockfield.

DIED,

At Sydaey, Cape Breton, on the 12th inst. Caroline Henrietta, third daughter of the hon. Edmund M. Dold, aged 2 years and 4 months.

At Liverpool, on Monday morning last, Harriet Hill, second daughter of Samuel P. Fairbanks, Esq. M. P. P. in the 17th year of her age—deservedly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, March 23d—brigt. *Helena*, King, St. John, N. B. 3 days; *Breeze*, Tucker, New York. 10 days—beef, etc. to J. & M. Tobin; *Pearl*, West Port Antonio, 34 days—sugar, etc. to C. West & Son.

Sunday, 24th—brigt. *Bee*, Adams, Maynages, 20 days, sugar, etc. to Frith, Smith & Co.; brigt. *Eclipse*, Arestrup, Ponce 28, and *Bermuda* 34 days, sugar and molasses to Saltus & Wainwright; *Mailboat* *Margaret*, Boole, Bermuda, 18 days, (14 to Shelburne) via Shelburne; *Nancy*, Bichan, Trinidad, do Cuba, 24 days, sugar, etc. to J. Strachan—left brigt. *Granville*, Lyle, from Kingston, loading; brigt. *Daphne*, Ingham, Bermuda, 16 days, sugar, etc. to Saltus & Wainwright; *Victory*, Darby, St. John 6, and Yarmouth 1½ days; Sir James Kempf, Philips, Liverpool, 2 days—flour, meal, etc. to J. A. Barry; schr. *Transcendant*, Kimble, Terceira, via Barrington, 37 days—wheat, corn and fruit, to Fairbanks & Allison.

Monday, 25th—Schr. *Belfast*, Nemes, Bermuda, 9 days—sugar and molasses to J. & M. Tobin; brigt. *Somerset*, Williams, Bermuda, 9 days—rum sugar, molasses and pork, to Frith, Smith & Co.; H. M. Frigate *Crocodile*, St. John, N. B.

Tuesday, 26th—Am. packet brigt. *Acadian*, Jones, Boston, 3 days—general cargo, to D. & E. Starr & Co; schr. *Adelle*, O'Brien, do. do.—do. to G. P. Lawson.

Wednesday, 27th.—Schr. *Industry*, Simpson, Boston, 3 days—general cargo to J. Long; *Congress*, Cameron, do. 4 days—flour, to

D. & E. Starr & Co. Enterprise; Patch, Campobello, 4 days—fish, to W. J. Starr; Nile, Vaughan, St. John, 54 hours—do. to J. Fairbanks; brig *St. Lawrence*, Marmond, Havana, 20 days—sugar and molasses, to the master.

Thursday, 28th.—Schr. *Roseway*, Barrington; Hope, Bruce, Shelburne, 1 day; Ann Reynolds, do, 1 day.

This Morning—American brig *Ella*, Matthews, Philadelphia, 10 days, 1600 bbls. flour and meal, and 160 do bread. to J. H. Braine; Am. schr. *Atlantic*, Plummer, Philadelphia, 5 days, to do.

CLEARED,

Thursday, March 21—Schr. President, Odell, St. John's N. F.—potter, tea, etc. by W. Stairs, J. Lydiard and others; 22d, brig *Dee*, Rees, B. W. Indies—fish etc. by H. Lyle; Am. brig *William Penn*, Taylor, Philadelphia—mackerel and herring by D. & E. Starr & Co. R. Noble and S. Binney; 23d, schr. *Hercules*, Crowell, St. John, NB—assorted cargo by T. C. Kinnear, and S. S. B. Smith. 25th—Nancy, Morrisey, Sealing voyage.

REAL ESTATE.

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

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

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

ANNUALS FOR 1839.

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

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

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

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

With an additional view to be given gratis to all those who subscribed for the first two numbers. 4v March 8.

JUST PUBLISHED,

THE DEBATES ON THE DESPACHES, In a Pamphlet form.

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

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

ASK YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT CHINA, OR EARTHENWARE.

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

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

—A L S O—

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

February 1.

EDWARD LAWSON,

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

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

January 18, 1839.

BANK OF NOVA-SCOTIA,

Halifax, 22nd January, 1839.

THE Stockholders are hereby called upon for the balance remaining unpaid on the Shares held by them in the Capital Stock of the Bank of Nova-Scotia, in two several instalments, viz—

Twenty-five per cent, or Twelve Pounds Ten Shillings on each Share, to be paid on or before the Fifteenth March next; and Twelve and one half per cent, or Six Pounds Five Shillings on each share, to be paid on or before the 1st May next.

By order of the President and Directors.

J. FORMAN, Cashier.

UNION MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH STARR, ESQ. PRESIDENT.

AT the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company, the following Gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year—viz.

James A. Moran, Joseph Fairbanks, J. Strachan, Wm. Stairs, David Allison, John U. Ross, Daniel Starr, Hugh Lyle, John T. Wainwright, James H. Reynolds, S. B. Smith, and Wm. Roche, Esqrs.

The Committee of Directors meet every day at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the office of the Broker, directly opposite the Custom House.

Jan. 18.

GEO. C. WHIDDEN, Broker.

A COUPLE OF STRAY LEAVES.

LEAF THE FIRST.—SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Well, my dear, will you go to the party to-night? you know we have a very polite invitation."

"Why, my love, just as you please; you know I always wish to consult your pleasure."

"Well then, Harriet, suppose we go; that is if you are perfectly willing; now don't say yes, because I do, for you know that where you are, there I am perfectly happy."

"Why, my love, you would enjoy yourself there I am sure, and whenever you are happy, I shall be, of course. What dress shall I wear, William?"—my white satin with blonde, or my ashes of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace, you always know better than I about such things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in any thing, now take your own choice to-night—but I think you look very well in the white satin."

"There, William dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be there to-night; and you must promise not to leave me for a moment, for I shall be so sad if you do."

"Leave thee, dearest, leave thee?
No; by yonder star I swear!"

"Oh William, dearest William, how beautiful that is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy."

"And Harriet, my own prized Harriet, would I not do anything in the world to give you one moment's happiness? Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last."

"Oh, do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall see many years even happier than this, for will not our love be stronger, and deeper every year; and now, dearest, I will be back in one moment, and then we will go."

"There she has gone, bright and beautiful creature she is—Oh! how miserable I should be without her; she has indeed cast a strong spell around my heart, and one that never, no never can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding on to virtue and happiness, and can I ever love her less than now?—can I ever desert her?—can I speak of her in less than terms of praise? Oh, no, it is impossible—she is too good, too pure—happy, happy man that I am."

LEAF THE SECOND.—SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear, I will thank you to pass the sugar, you didn't give me but one lump."

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a hog's head of vinegar. James, keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan, keep still, bawling! I declare it is enough to set one distracted,—there, take that, you little wretch."

"Why, Harriet, what has the child done? I declare you are too hasty."

"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you'd mind your own business, you're always meddling with what don't concern you."

"Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right if I have not—you're always fretting and fuming about nothing."

"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspapers all up!"

"Thomas, come here—how dare you abuse my papers?—I'll teach you to tear it again—there, sir, how does that feel—now go to bed!"

"Mr. Snooks, you horrid wretch, how can you strike a child of mine in that way? Come here, Thomas, poor fellow—did he get hurt—never mind—here's a lump of sugar—there, that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will spoil the children, you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child—it's strange that a woman can never do anything right."

"Never do anything right? faith! Mr. Snooks, if nobody did anything right in this house but yourself, I wonder what would become of us."

"Let me tell you, ma'am, and I'll bear it no longer, you are as snappish and surly as—a—she dog—and if there is a divorce to be had in the land, I'll have it; you would wear out the patience of a Job."

"Oh dear, how mad the poor man is; well, good night, my dear—pleasant dreams."

"There, she's gone. Thank heaven, I'm alone once more. Oh! unhappy man that I am, to be chained down to such a creature—she is the very essence of ugliness, cross and peevish. Oh! that I could once more be a bachelor, curse the day that I ever saw the likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce, I can't live with her any longer, it is utterly impossible."

PUN.—"Sir," said a man defending rather a notorious character, "I assure you it is pure innocence." "I quite agree with you," replied the other, "it is pure-in-no-sense."

IRISH-LATIN PUN.—A gentleman in company asked his friend for a potato, and on its being sent, his friend said, "I have sent you a nice mealy one." "Thank you," said the other; "you could not have sent me a *meior*!"

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

"He is a bad citizen," said Napoleon, "who undermines the religious faith of his country. All may not, perhaps, be substantially good, but certain it is, that all come in aid of the government power, and are essential to the basis of morality. In the absence of religion, I can discover no inducement to be virtuous. I desire to live and die in mine; nothing is more painful to me than the hideous spectacle of an old man dying like a dog!"

It must be plain that what is true in one country is not true in another. Monsieur Souchard, a late French teacher, used to tell his pupils that unless they cultivated their minds they were not so good as swine—for the flesh of the latter was good to eat; while their bodies were worthless after death. An inhabitant of Patagonia would have denied the soundness of this corollary.

Mankind are not like grains of wheat, all to be ground down by the same pressure. Some minds will be hardened by the force which others yield to, and some spirits will be broken by what is only a wholesome corrective to others.

It is stated that Teuxis, who lived three hundred and ninety-five years before Christ, and who was famous for being the most excellent colourist of all the ancients, could have used only four colours.

The first shock of grief carries along with it a kind mysterious support to the stricken soul, subdued only by the quiet certainty of its succeeding gloom.

Time tries the characters of men, as the furnace assays the quality of metals, by disengaging the impurities, dissipating the superficial glitter, and leaving the gold sterling and pure.

It is a practice entirely too prevalent in this queer world that we inhabit, to condemn the performances of others, when we know that the task could not be better accomplished by ourselves.

A wise man's kingdom is his own breast: or if he ever looks farther, it will only be to the judgment of a select few who are free from prejudices, and capable of giving him solid and substantial advice.

I consider every human mind to be a pendulum, oscillating in its natural state between human activity and divine, but never finding rest but in the centre, in which centre is nothing also but the total, yet free, submission of the human to the divine.

A correspondent of the Ledger asks the difference between sensation and emotion, to which the editor replies—"If you burn your fingers in snuffing a candle with them, you will have a sensation; if you are a young man or woman, and look at your sweetheart, you will have an emotion."

We have frequently observed that young men take more pains to cultivate the affection and elicit the good will of ill-tempered damsels, than to reciprocate and cherish the kind feelings of those who are frank and amiable. We suppose that this must be accounted for on the same principle that people are willing to pay a higher price for vinegar than for sweet cider.

Northcote, the painter, once said that the devil tempted everybody but the idle; the idle tempted the devil: and that the inside of the skull was the devil's workshop.

It was Sir Walter Scott, I think, who told the following story:—"A poor man in Scotland was about to be executed, and when the procession reached the gallows, those about him said, 'now we will sing any hymn or psalm that you may have a fancy to.' Upon which he replied, 'sing what you please. I shall not meddle in these matters.'"

Madame de Staël lived, and may say to have died, in the belief that revolutions were effected, and countries governed, by a succession of clever pamphlets. This is very near the truth. The powerful newspapers of the day, with what is called the leading article, are nothing more than a succession of clever pamphlets. It is said that three newspapers in France effected the revolution of July, 1830.

At a picture sale in London in 1832, Wilkie's Rent-day fetched seven hundred and fifty guineas, (about three thousand three hundred dollars,) and all his sketches in proportion. When his picture was put up, the room was quite full, and the company simultaneously cheered the picture by clapping their hands.

MAJOR DOWNING ON THE MAINE DISPUTE.—All we ask is to go by the Treaty, and now that our folks have got riled up about it, and know what the Treaty is, they'll make a spoon or spile a horn—and I don't see any other way of settling on't. If

England sends troops there, it will be "a Disputed Territory," for I would just about as soon think of going down in a Wolf Cave to coax out the wolves with bread and butter, as to attempt to drive out them long arm'd, hard fisted wood-choppers from the forests, where they know they have got law on their side. We found a pretty tuf work to rout out the Seminoles Down South—but that is cream and custards to routing out the Down Easters, if they get their dander up. They are amazin civil folks if you don't attempt to drive or scrouge 'em, and considerable liberal in a bargain too, if you don't try to pull eye teeth—for then it would be dog eat dog. Now I don't see only one way of settling this matter, or at any rate quieting on't for a spell—for there is no other way of *selling on't* but by the Treaty or something worse; but I go for *quieting on't*. England, I suppose, don't care how long it remains a *Disputed Territory*—and I suppose our folks don't nather, provided they aint losers by it.

Now for the sake of keeping the peace—let all the timber that is cut on this Disputed Territory be allowed to go to England as free of duty on one side as tother, no matter who cuts it—there is enuf on't for all creation to cut till the Queen gets to be a grandmother and by that time folks will be chopping other matters—an as regards a Passage across we don't care much about that, for it is about as likely that as many folks will in time go one way as tother, and so long as they don't trouble us, or likely to trouble us, we won't complain. We like to see folks moving, especially in the way of Trade, it keeps matters brisk and spry; and as for *sojering*, except on 4th July or some such day, *in ten years from this time folks will be ashamed on't*.

Now my advice is to our folks to keep cool, and make no stir about the matter till they get orders from Washington. The General Government aint asleep about it—all are wide awake—Congress will put the matter as strait as a pine log, and England will see the advantage of doing right—but if these Governors on both sides, for the sake of a flourish, lead their folks into hot blood, they may find they have begun to carve the meat before it is cook'd, and have a poor dinner on't. This is an everlasting Country in a real fight, when all takes hold—then we shall be sure to make clean work, and to git what we fight for. But if any part on't undertakes a fight afore the other part knows what the quarrel is about, it may make a muss and a dirty work only.

"There is always too eends to a stick—we have in this matter got hold of the *clean eend*, and let us keep it, and not in a hurry or untimely scuffle, change eends, and perhaps hold the nasty one, and that's all for the present—From your friend,

"J. DOWNING, Major.
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.—In Burmah when a young woman is taken very ill, her parents agree with the physician: that if he cures the patient he may have her for his trouble, but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay them her value. It is stated that successful physicians have very large families of females, who have become their property in this manner.

PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.—"Marm, mayn't I go and play horse to day?" "No, child you must stay in the house." "Now, look here, marm, if you don't let me, I'll go and catch the measles—I know a big boy that's got 'em prime!"

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.—A young man residing in Bury St. Edmunds was married on the morning of Friday week, acted as a bearer at a funeral in the afternoon, and played the violin for a quadrille party on the evening of the same day.

ROBESPIERRE.—A biography of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following manner: This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

BILLINGSGATE.—The Chinese have a Billingsgate of their own. A traveller says that on hearing a terrible altercation, he asked his interpreter what was the cause of it. "They wanshee too muchee dollaree for the fishee," was the reply.

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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Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.
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