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ADDRESS TO SPRING.

'Tis the sweet voice of spring,
As o'er each woodland hill, and sunny vale,
'Tis wafted on the balmy southern gale;
Hark! in the whispering breeze, a gentle song
Of softest melody is borne along!
'Tis the sweet voice of spring.

Telling of joy and love,
It lingers fondly o'er the few young flowers
That peep abroad in life's young sunny hours,
And hovers o'er each budding forest tree,
(That wakes from winter's sleep to summer's glee.)
Telling of joy and love.

Warmed by the balmy air;
The rill, that late in frozen sleep was bound,
Feels the soft breath, and hears the joyous sound;
And, waking from its cold and icy sleep,
Again foams wildly o'er the rocky steep,
Warmed by the balmy air.

In the bright hours of spring
When the sweet lustre of the sun's mild ray
Beams o'er the earth, and winter flees away,
Oh! there is nothing half so dear to me,
As the wild songster's early melody,
In the bright hours of spring.

Bentley's Miscellany.

HABITS AND OPINIONS OF THE POETS.

BEATTIE.

DR. BEATTIE had one peculiarity which often made his friends smile—the object of his supreme aversion was the crowing of a cock! So well was this understood that, in his latter days, the lads attending Aberdeen College, when they wished for a holiday, used to watch the professor as he approached his class-room and throw down a cock in his path! The noble chanticleer would flap his wings, and perhaps emit his favourite *solus cum sola*, when the querulous author of "The Minstrel," arrested in his progress as if by the sting of a serpent, turned on his heel, and shrank back into his house. There was no class or lecture that day. This morbid feeling even found its way into Beattie's poetry. In the midst of some of the finest stanzas of "The Minstrel" we are startled at finding the following anathema.

"Proud harbinger of day,
Who scared'st the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hath rest away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony's eye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear."

Was ever chanticleer so lectured before? The crowing of the cock is almost as poetical as the singing of the lark or the nightingale. It is associated in our minds with the fresh and healthy simplicity of nature—with the innocence of childhood, and the rural charms of a country life. We think of old Chaucer and his tale of the "Nun's Priest;" of his thrifty widow, whose homestead boasted a splendid chanticleer, that clapped his wings, and sang upon his roost before the matin-bell was rung.

"High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall.
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet,
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet;
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnished gold."

There is a picture, "glittering like the burnished gold," and worthy the brilliant pencil of a Jan Steen or Cuypp! Then, the "buried majesty of Denmark" vanished at the crowing of the morning cock, as Marcellus and Bernardo watched upon the platform—another poetical association added to "fell chanticleer." When Milton enumerates the attractions of a rural birth and liberty, he pictures the dappled dawn, the lark, the sweet-brier, and the vine; but he does not forget another feature in the rustic scene.

"The cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin."

"The life of man," says Jeremy Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines—"the life of man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as, when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sets away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and call up the lark to Matins, and by-and-bye he gilds the fringes of cloud, and peeps

over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brow of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly—so is a man's reason and his life."

Having thus buried the ridiculous idiosyncrasy of Beattie under a mass of authorities, let us see how he himself describes a morning in summer.

"But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side—
The lowing herd—the sheepfold's simple bell—
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley—echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above—
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

"The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark—
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sing—
The whistling ploughman stalks afield—and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings—
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs—
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour—
The partridge bursts away on whirling wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower."

This is a noble description, fresh as morn itself, and steeped in Parnassian dews. The landscape is Scotch, little idealised. There we have the wild brooks and mountains, shepherds in the lonely valleys, and the ocean murmuring among creeks and bays at the feet of ruined castles. The "clamorous horn" pertains more to merry England, and we must assign to it also the "ponderous wagon" and the "village-clock." The small Scotch carts and shellies are the reverse of ponderous, and a Scotch village is generally a very ragged, unsightly collection of houses. The laird builds his mansion within his policy, or grounds, away from his cotters, and from the shoemaker, tailor, and blacksmith; and the retired Scottish gentry generally settle down in villas adjoining towns. An English village—clean, neat, white washed cottages, with handsome houses here and there, each with his garden and green-painted rails, the village pump and pond, common, and old trees, and venerable church, sun-dial, and clock—presents a scene of quiet, comfort, and happiness that cheers and elevates the heart to witness. See it in a May morning, when the hedges, and orchards, and roadsides, are all one flush of blossom, and every twig and bush are rife with birds, and what scene can be more lovely? The system of inclosures has, in many instances, narrowed the range of the poor man's enjoyments, but there is at present a strong desire among the rural aristocracy to remedy this evil, and to revert to a better state of things. The Scottish peasantry are in a much worse condition; their landlords, ambitious of vying with the English squires, and of residing part of the year in the south, too often rackrent their tenants to accomplish this object; and the tenants, in their turn, screw down the price of labour to the lowest scale of existence. The soil is admirably cultivated; patient toil, and perseverance, and skill, have surmounted the difficulties presented by nature; yet the life of a poor Scotch cotter or labourer is really a scene of constant privation and ill-rewarded toil. Beattie, therefore, in drawing his native landscape, coloured it with the hues of imagination, and bathed its gloomy shadows in sunshine. Like Thomson, he looked on this goodly frame, the earth, with unqualified transport and delight; he saw in it the materials of poetry and of happiness, and, like the prophet whose lips were touched as with a coal of fire from the altar, he breaks out into a burst of inspired enthusiasm, the highest he ever reached.

"O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields—
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven;
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

It must have been the recollection of this stanza, and a few more of the same strain, in the "Minstrel," that prompted Lord Lyttelton to pay Beattie one of the finest compliments ever paid to his genius. "I read your 'Minstrel' last night," says the accomplished peer, "with as much rapture as poetry, in her noblest, sweetest charms, ever raised in my soul. It seemed to me that my

most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him sing again the beauties of nature, and the finest feelings of virtue, not with human, but with angelic strains."

To place Beattie, even by implication, above Thomson, is absurd. Lord Lyttelton, however, had seen only the first part of "The Minstrel," (the second was not published till some years afterwards,) and the first part of "The Minstrel" is as superior to the second as the first canto of the "Castle of Indolence" surpasses the concluding portion. The conception of his hero, Edwin, in which Beattie bodied forth his own early feelings, was well suited to the meditative nature of his genius. It is just sufficient to impart something of human interest and sympathy to the poem, without interfering with that love of description and abstract speculation most congenial to the poet. He wanted buoyancy and invention to have carried his hero into a life of variety and action. As it is, when he finds it necessary to continue Edwin beyond the "flowery path" of childhood, and to explore the shades of life, he calls in the aid of a hermit, who schools the young enthusiast through half the canto, on virtue, knowledge, and the dignity of man. The appearance of this sage is happily described.

"At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain passed and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man; his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small."

The progress of art and freedom, in embellishing life, and restraining violence and rapacity, is then sketched; and the poet paints with much force the triumph of reason and philosophy over superstition.

"In the deep windings of the grove no more
The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell—
Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell—
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon—
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon."

"Many a long lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with the eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves,
Of heaven his wretched fare; shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
But science gives the word; and, lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away!"

The character of Edwin gives a charm to the poem. It is a beautiful vision of purity and romantic seclusion—a being that might have existed in the golden age of the poets, before Astrea, the last of the celestials, had left the earth. Bred in obscurity, in shepherd life, among the mountains of the north, Edwin was "no vulgar boy."

The muse unfolded her treasures to him in solitude, and when knowledge was imparted to him, and philosophy and science dawned on his mind, nature still claimed his first and fond regard, and from her beauties, variously compared and combined, he learned to frame forms of "bright perfection." It is perhaps fortunate that "the Minstrel" was left a fragment; the poet had not strength of pinion to keep long on the wing in the same lofty region; and Edwin would have contracted some earthly soil in his descent. The dramatic faculty was wanting in Beattie; he could not have invented a succession of incidents, characters, scenes, and adventures—he was still the professor in his robes.

In his minor poems he works with the same materials. His "Retirement" displays another Edwin, "a pensive youth," musing among hoary cliffs and woods, and paying his early vows to solitude.

"Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose."

"For me, no more the path invites,
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is pain.

The poetry here is fully equal to that of "the Minstrel." His small piece, "The Hermit," is equally melodious, solemn, and tender: it is the most popular of all his shorter productions, and every schoolboy remembers "the close of the day when the hamlet was still."

Dr. Beattie's prose writings are justly famed for the purity of their English, and the delicate discrimination and fancy they display. He studied Addison long and deeply, and certainly attained to his perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance. His moral dissertations, his essays on language, on poetry and music, abound in happy illustrations; and when he estimates the character and genius of Dryden, Pope, and Swift, we feel that he is not unworthy to sit in judgment on these immortals. A paper by Beattie in the *Mirror*, on the subject of dreams, shows how much learning and reading he could bring even to a trivial and hackneyed subject. As a metaphysical reasoner, he was deficient in originality, in vigour, and in temper. In his latter years, when his nerves were shattered, he could not bear to look on his "Essay on Truth." Posterity seem to be of the same mind.

The most marked departure from the ordinary rules of acting and thinking which Beattie, who detested all extremes, seems ever to have made, was in the case related by himself in the education of his son. He was desirous to make a trial how far the boy's reason would go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of a God. The child was in his fifth or sixth year, and could read a little. The father went to his garden, wrote in the mould, with his finger, the three initial letters—"I. H. B."—of his son's name, and sowing garden creases in the furrows, covered up the seed. Ten days after, the little fellow came running to him, and, with astonishment in his countenance, told him that his name was growing in the garden. They went to the spot; the boy said it could not be by chance that the letters came there.

"Look at yourself, I replied," says Dr. Beattie, "and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs: are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?" He said they were. "Came you then hither by chance?" "No," he answered, "that cannot be; something must have made me." "And who is that something?" I asked. He said "He did not know." (I took particular notice, that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him) I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him, though he could not so express it, that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what it formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being, who made him and all the world, concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it."

The circumstance is like the lonely foot-print, seen by Crusoe in his desert island—a memento that could never have been forgotten. But how could the name of the Deity have been kept from the child till he was five or six years old, and after he had learned to read? There was, indeed, no maternal instruction, to breathe the evening prayer, and train the infant mind to piety; for the poet's wife was unhappily afflicted with mental alienation; but one would conceive the name and idea of the divinity must somehow have been imparted to the child. The father must have taken pains that it should be studiously concealed—a thing not easily done in ordinary circumstances, and perhaps not desirable—but Dr. Beattie's experiment was completely successful, and it has an air of striking interest and romance.

Beattie has himself given us a humorous sketch of some of his personal peculiarities. He was in the way, he said, of becoming a great man. "For have I not headaches, like Pope? vertigo, like Swift? gray hairs, like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes, (for fear of corns,) like Virgil? and sometimes complain of sore eyes, (though not of lippitude,) like Horace? Am I not at this present writing, invested with a garment not less ragged than that of Socrates? Like Joseph, the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams; like Nimrod, the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles, (in the air;) I procrastinate, like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixote, I rode a horse, lean, old, and lazy, like Rozinante. Sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses; and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil; this last instance I have on the authority of Seneca. I am of small stature, like Alexander the Great; I am somewhat inclinable to fatness, like Dr. Arbuthnot and Aristotle; and I drink brandy and water, like Mr. Boyd." The capital defect in Beattie's character was a want of spirit and independence. He did not always

"Feel his own worth, and reverence the lyre."

He accepted pecuniary assistance from Mrs. Montagu and his

other friends, when, as professor in a college, and as a gentleman, he should have spurned it. He was somewhat of a tuft-hunter, (to use a well-known colloquial expression.) The first canto of "the Minstrel" was inscribed to one of his earliest, warmest, and steadiest friends, Mr. Arbuthnot. When he republished it, he transferred the compliment to another—

"But on this verse if Montagu should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,
For her applause to me is more than fame."

His dread of going to Edinburgh, lest the metaphysical friends of David Hume should molest his peace, and almost endanger his life, is absolutely ludicrous. Some notions of self-importance are blended with this timidity. Beattie was not without his share of a poet's vanity. We have seen a curious manuscript, a short account of his life, drawn up by one of his friends: it had been submitted to the poet, and his corrections and additions are amusing. His observations on his own temper and disposition; the way in which he talks of his juvenile poems, (miserable productions they are,) as if he contemned them *more than his friends were willing to admit they deserved*, and other remarks of this kind,—betray a self-complacency which his enemies would have delighted to have known. Where there is weakness, there is always intolerance; and the manner in which Beattie attacked Churchill, after the latter was in his grave, reflects a stain upon his memory. Fortunately, the verses are as poor as the spirit in which they are conceived is mean and reprehensible. By nature, the poet of "the Minstrel" was a man of quick and tender sensibilities. A fine landscape, or music, (in which he was a proficient,) affected him even to tears. He was so electrified with Garrick in Macbeth, that he had almost thrown himself over the front seat of the two-shilling gallery; and he seriously contends for the grotesque mixture of comedy and tragedy in Shakspeare, (such as the porter's soliloquy in Macbeth, a mere sop to the frequenters of the gallery, which Shakspeare himself must have despised,) as introduced by the great dramatist to save the auditors from a disordered head or a broken heart. This is paraceti for an inward bruise with a vengeance. Such a physical and mental conformation does not bid fair for happiness in this world, and Beattie was sorely tried. His latter years were dark and lonely. His wife was in a madhouse; his two accomplished sons died when they had reached an age to stand in the relation of friends and companions to their afflicted parent, and he consoled his childless solitude with the reflection—"How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled by madness?" He became moping and peevish, and sought refuge in that fatal opiate, wine, till repeated attacks of paralysis removed him from a scene in which he had ceased to take interest, and where he had become almost an alien and a stranger. We stood lately beside his grave in the churchyard of Aberdeen, and, recollecting the painful circumstances that darkened the close of his life, we remembered with emotion his noble stanzas, appealing from earth to heaven—

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No; heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

DISCUSSION ON PEACE.

For the Pearl.

REPLY TO MARMION CONCLUDED.

"There is one community of Christians in the world, enlightened enough to understand the prohibition of war by our Divine Master, in its plain, literal, and undeniable sense, and conscientious enough to obey it, subduing the very instinct of nature to obedience."—*Dr. Southey's History of Brazil.*

"Nor let any one urge the difficulty of obedience in opposition to the duty of forbearance; for he who does this, has yet to learn one of the most awful rules of his religion—the rule which requires that we should be 'obedient even unto death.'"—*Jonathan Dymond.*

SIR.—The lawfulness of defensive war, you have simplified to the right of self-defence. This, we are aware, is one of the strong holds of the defender of war, the almost final fastness to which he retires. *The instinct of self-preservation*, it is commonly said, *is an instinct of nature; and therefore whatever is necessary to self-preservation is accordant with the will of God.* This is specious, but, like many other specious arguments, it is sound in its premises, but, as we think, fallacious in its conclusions. That the instinct of self-preservation is an instinct of nature, is clear—that, because it is an instinct of nature, we have a right to kill other men, is not clear.

The fallacy of the whole argument appears to consist in this,—that it assumes that an instinct of our animal nature is a law of paramount authority. On the contrary, christianity requires of us that we restrain and keep under subjection to its precepts our natural instincts or propensities; for he who will be at the trouble of making the inquiry, will find that a regulation of these in-

stincts, and a restriction of their exercise, is a prominent object of the christian religion. We do not maintain that any natural instinct is to be eradicated, but that all of them are to be regulated and restrained; and we maintain this of the instinct of self-preservation. What, indeed, are the dispositions and actions to which the instinct of self-preservation too often prompts, but actions and dispositions which christianity forbids? They are non-forbearance, resistance, retaliation of injuries. The truth is, that it is to the principle of defence that the peaceable precepts of christianity are directed. *Offence* appears not to have even suggested itself. It is 'resist not evil;' it is 'overcome evil with good;'—it is 'do good to them that hate you;' it is 'love your enemies;' it is 'render not evil for evil.' All this supposes previous offence, or injury, or violence; and it is then that forbearance is enjoined.

"The chief aim," says a judicious author, "of those who argue in behalf of defensive war, is directed at the passions. And accordingly, the case of an assassin will doubtless be brought against us. We shall be asked—suppose a ruffian breaks into your house, and rushes into your room with his arm lifted to murder you; do you not believe that christianity allows you to kill him? This is the last refuge of the cause: our answer to it is explicit—*We do not believe it.*" And when Marmion asks, Whether christianity allows one hundred christians to kill fifty pirates who seek to destroy them, our unqualified answer is, *WE DO NOT BELIEVE IT.* Marmion considers it right to slaughter them, but he cannot prove the lawfulness of the act by any part of the christian scriptures—and in the absence of any proof from the word of God of the propriety of his belief, we submit it to him and all our readers, whether our belief (in an argument) ought not to go for as much as that of an opponent? If Marmion demand what we would do in the case of the pirates, our unqualified answer is—We would if possible make our escape, or we would strive by superior skill or physical power to disarm them, as an act of benevolence to them as well as of duty to ourselves, and yet without endangering their lives—these, and many other similar things we might do, and in doing them, we should not only consult our own preservation, but would be performing an act of very great benevolence towards the aggressors. But if it should clearly appear that all this would not avail, and that certain destruction stared us in the face, if we acted as christians, we should most seriously endeavour to imitate the example of the Saviour, when he died in agony on the cross, "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" Or like his meek follower Stephen, we should commend our spirit to Jesus, and then pray for our savage foes, "*Lord lay not this sin to their charge.*" And does Marmion stagger at our reply? But why should he? Does not the highest authority in the universe say "*Thou shalt not kill—Resist not the evil man—Love your enemies—Bless them that curse you—Fear not them that kill the body—He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?*" Does this same authority make exceptions to these precepts? Does Jesus Christ suspend or modify these laws so that we are justified in resisting the pirates or evil men unto death—in hating them unto death—in slaughtering them? In what part of the christian code is the exception, or the suspension to be found? The advocates for killing in self-defence have never pointed out the chapter and verse for such modifications or permissions, and they never can. The modifications may be found in the works of fallible men, but not in the writings of divinely inspired men of God. But strange to say, these very men, ay and Marmion too, would believe as we do, were they but consistent. For instance, they understand the command *Thou shalt not bow down to idols*, to mean, *Thou shalt never bow down to idols*—so they read, *Thou shalt never take God's name in vain—never steal—never commit adultery—never covet—never bear false witness.* But most inconsistently they read, *Thou shalt sometimes kill*—that is, *thou shalt kill in self-defence.* Why not, thou shalt sometimes steal—sometimes bow down to idols—sometimes covet, as well as sometimes kill to save life. If Marmion may not worship idols, or steal, or covet, or bear false witness, or commit adultery in order to save his life, why may he kill for the same purpose? If six laws may not be suspended because life is threatened, why may the seventh? And if the lives of those we love dearest upon earth be introduced as a justification for killing, then we have a right to break the other laws of God for the purpose of saving our friends—we may worship at the shrine of paganism to save our wives and children! But only one commandment must bend to circumstances—but one precept must be suspended when life is at stake: the rest must stand unmoveable and we must be obedient unto death! Now if the system of counter-crime be allowable on christian principles with respect to one commandment, let it be extended to all he rest! Let it be understood that all the commandments of the Most High God are a dead letter when obedience to them will involve the loss of life! Let it be published throughout the wide universe that christians consider it right to sacrifice all the laws of christianity in order to preserve their lives! But christians would shrink with horror at such a proclamation, and yet with the most complacent exultation they advocate a violation or suspension of the commandment *Thou shalt not kill*, when life is at stake. Now we are as much filled with horror to

hear persons contending for the right of *sometimes* killing, as for the lawfulness of sometimes stealing, or sometimes committing adultery, or sometimes bowing down to graven images. What then is the principle for which we contend? *An unreasoning reliance upon God for defence in all those cases in which we should violate His laws by defending ourselves.* A confidence in God which will induce us to set aside our own views of safety and interest, and simply to obey precepts which appear inexpedient and unsafe. If there be any lesson of morality which it is of importance to mankind to learn, and if there be any which they have not yet learnt, it is the necessity of simply performing the duties of christianity without reference to consequences. Simple obedience without reference to consequences, is our great duty. If we could persuade ourselves to do this, we should certainly pass through life with greater consistency of conduct, and, as we firmly believe, in greater enjoyment and greater peace. And if God does not allow a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed, will he not preserve the lives of his servants from the violent hands of assassins, when their preservation will prove conducive to his glory and their good. Let us hear Jesus Christ—“Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

Marmion, however, would have the one hundred christians slay the fifty pirates. God says, Thou shalt not kill,—but Marmion thinks it is right to kill such foes. God says, Avenge not yourselves, for vengeance is mine,—but Marmion says, Take vengeance into your own hands. God says, Resist not the evil man, but Marmion says, Resist the murderer unto death. Accordingly, Marmion and his companions level their muskets and send the leaden messengers of death to the hearts of their foes. Or fighting yard-arm and yard-arm they cut with their swords, or plunge with their bayonets, or fire with their pistols, though every stroke, and thrust, and explosion, sends a deathless soul to perdition. The pirates raging with fury sell their lives as dearly as possible, and many of the christians with death-weapons in their grasp, are sent to the judgment-seat of him who hath said, Love your enemies—“For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?” Such a course of retaliation, resistance, and strife, we call, earthly, sensual and devilish. Will Marmion upon serious reflection, call it *christlike*? See the christians in deadly strife with the assassins—see the blood of their foes dripping from their hands! Is that imitating him who was led as a lamb to the slaughter—who gave his back to the smiters—who prayed his father to forgive his murderers—and who suffered for us, leaving an example that we should follow his steps? Is that “committing the keeping of our souls to God in well going, as unto a faithful Creator?” *Christlike*, did we ask? What is there distinctive in the religion of Jesus, if it be not that it teaches us to love our enemies, and do good to them that hate us? And what is there peculiar in the example he and his apostles have left us, if it be not that they never repelled injury by violence, but sought to overcome the evil dispositions of their enemies by forbearance and kindness?

We have referred to this utmost possible extremity, because we are willing to meet objections of whatever nature, and because, by admitting this, which is enforced by all our prejudices and all our instincts, we have shown that we give to Marmion and all who differ from us, a fair, an open, and a candid recognition of all the consequences of our principles. We would however beg the same candour of Marmion, and remind him that the pirate case has little practical reference to war: for if he should think that in this instance we have not supported our principles, he will yet recollect that very few wars are proved to be lawful. It has rarely indeed happened that wars have been undertaken simply for the preservation of life, and that no other alternative has remained to a people, than to kill or be killed. And let it be remembered that *unless this alternative only remains*, the case of the pirates is irrelevant; it applies not, practically, to the subject.

The allusion to piracy by Marmion, we think, was most unfortunate for his cause. A person of his intelligence needs not to be told, that if there were no spirit of war in the community, there would be no pirates nor highway robbers. We have encouraged piracy and robbery on a large scale. We have sent our privateers and public armed vessels for the express purpose of robbery and slaughter. The property of the innocent trader is seized on the high sea; and if he resists, he is shot dead, agreeably to the law of nations in Christendom. When our ships return loaded with plunder and prisoners, they are hailed with joyful acclamations, and the robbers are honoured and applauded. The custom of war has brought these evils of piracy upon us; and shall we use the actual existence of an evil as an argument for the continuance of a custom which has brought it upon us. And piracy can never be abolished so long as war on private property on the ocean is permitted by the law of nations—or so long as privateering is sanctioned by christian governments—or so long as markets are to be found in christendom for the sale of piratical goods. The fact is that piracy derives countenance from the war-system still cherished by christians themselves. “I am a pirate,” said one to Alexander the Great, “because I have only a single vessel. Had I great fleet, I should be a conqueror.”

“One murder made a villain;
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.”

We come now to the great objection of Marmion, namely, if the principles of peace were generally adopted, it would destroy civil government. It is a rule of honourable controversy that “the consequences of any doctrine are not to be charged on him who maintains it, unless he expressly avows them.” If an absurd consequence be fairly deducible from any doctrine, it is rightly concluded that the doctrine itself is false; but it is not rightly concluded that he, who advances it, supports the absurd consequence. The charitable presumption, in such a case, would be, that he had never made the deduction; and that, if he had made it, he would have abandoned the original doctrine. Marmion we are glad to say is an honourable disputant,* for while he labours to shew that our principles, carried out to their con-

sequences, involve the destruction of civil government, he admits that this would be “a position too monstrous for our approbation.” As the argument of Marmion is levelled at the reasoning of Dr. Wayland, inserted in No. ii. of the present volume of the Pearl, we may as well mention that Dr. W. in his chapter on benevolence towards the injurious, treats of three cases, and that we introduced but two for the consideration of our readers. His third case we will now present for the notice of Marmion.

“And third, where an individual has committed an injury against society. Such is the case when an offender has violated a law of society, and comes under its condemnation. In what way and on what principles is society bound to treat him? 1. The crime being one which, if permitted, would greatly injure if not destroy society, it is necessary that it be prevented. Society has, therefore, a right to take such measures as will ensure its prevention. This prevention may always be secured by solitary confinement. But this being done, society is under the same obligation to the offender, as the several individuals composing the society are under to him. Hence,—2. They are bound to seek his happiness by reclaiming him; that is, to direct all treatment of him, while under their care, with distinct reference to his moral improvement. This is the law of benevolence, and it is obligatory no less on societies than on individuals. Every one must see that the tendency of a system of prison discipline of this kind must be to diminish crime; while that of any other system must be, and always has been, to increase it. Nor is this chimerical. The whole history of prisons has tended to establish precisely this result. Prisons which have been conducted on the principle of retaliation, have every where multiplied felons; while those which have been conducted on the principle of rendering a prison a school of moral reformation, have, thus far, succeeded beyond even the anticipations of their friends. Such a prison is also the greatest terror to a wicked man; and it ceases not to be so, until he becomes, at least, comparatively virtuous. The whole experience of John Howard is summed up by himself in a single sentence: “It is in vain to punish the wicked, unless you seek to reclaim them.” By this quotation, Marmion will perceive that Dr. Wayland did not conceive that there was any inconsistency in advocating the unlawfulness of all war, and the propriety of civil governments punishing offenders with a view to their reformation. Two or three extracts will suffice to show that the argument of Marmion does not affect the question of the unlawfulness of war.

Erasmus, one of the early Reformers, on this subject holds the following language. “But they [the apologists for war] proceed to argue, that as it is lawful to inflict punishment on an individual delinquent, it must also be lawful to take vengeance on an offending State. The two cases differ widely in this respect. He who is convicted *judicially*, suffers the punishment which the laws impose: but in war, each treats the other side as *guilty*, and proceeds to inflict punishment, regardless of law, judge or jury. In the former case the evil only falls on him who committed the wrong; the benefit of the example redounds to all: in the latter case, the greatest part of the very numerous evils falls on those who deserve no evil at all; on husbandmen, on old people, on members of families, on orphans, and on defenceless young females. But if any good at all can be gathered from a thing which is itself the worst of all things, the whole of that good devolves to the share of a few most profligate robbers, to the mercenary pillager, to the piratical privateer. But if any one should exclaim, “that it would be unjust that he who has offended should not suffer condign punishment;” I answer, that it is much more unjust that so many thousand innocent persons should be called to share the utmost extremity of misfortune, which they could not possibly have deserved. But the objector repeats, “Why may I not go and cut the throats of those who would cut our throats if they could?” Do you then consider it as a disgrace that any should be more wicked than yourself? Why do you not go and rob thieves? they would rob you if they could.”

Our second citation is from the irrefutable work of Jonathan Dymond, entitled “an Inquiry into the Accordancy of War with the principles of Christianity; and an Examination of the Philosophical reasoning by which it is Defended.” “Some men talk as if the principles which we maintain were subversive of all order and government. They ask us—Is the civil magistrate to stand still and see lawless violence ravaging the land? Is the whole fabric of human society to be dissolved? We answer, no; and that whencesoever these men may have derived their errors, they are not chargeable upon us or upon our principles. To deduce even a plausible argument in favour of war from the permission “to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil,” it is obviously necessary to show that we are permitted to take his life. And the right to put an offender to death, must be proved, if it can be proved at all, either from an express permission of the christian Scriptures, or supposing Christianity to have given no decisions, either directly or indirectly, from a necessity which *knows no alternative*. Now every one knows that this express permission to inflict death is not to be found; and, upon the question of its necessity, we ask for that evidence which alone can determine it—the evidence of experience; and this evidence, the advocate of war has never brought, and cannot bring. And we shall probably not be contradicted when we say, that that degree of evidence which experience has afforded, is an evidence in our favour rather than against us. What then does the lawfulness of coercion on the part of the magistrate, prove upon the question of the lawfulness of war? If capital punishments had never been inflicted, what would it have proved? Obviously nothing. If capital punishments cannot be shown to be defensible what does it prove? Obviously nothing: for an unauthorized destruction of human life

advocates of anarchy, or of unlimited clemency? When the government of Canada pardoned all the rebels, did we extol the act? Have we written nothing in favour of solitary prison confinement? And have we not opposed capital punishments, because a long trial of ages has proved their total inefficiency to repress crime, and because other modes of punishment are more calculated to uphold the supremacy of the laws? As for talking about “righteous executions,” and executions being sometimes absolutely necessary, we deem them at best to be mere rhetorical flourishes. They may do very well in a poem, but are quite out of place in an argument. A counter assertion is all that is requisite to meet such strong reasons. Let the writer prove that God, under the Christian dispensation, authorises the deliberate slaughter of human beings on the gallows, and we will readily confess our error in all that we have said of the execution of the rebels in Canada. We never asked for their unlimited clemency: all we desired was that their lives might be spared. The taking of human life, the sending of soul and body, deliberately and on set purpose, so far from being accordant with the benevolence of the Gospel, is abhorrent to the feelings of humanity. And we maintain, that the protection of society can be secured as well, and that the other great objects of punishment can be secured better by imprisonment, than by death. In other words,—They are forbidden, and they are useless.

on the gallows, cannot justify another unauthorized destruction of it on the field.”

Another author refers to the subject in the following manner: “The broad, palpable distinction between the system of war and that of civil government is this—“The first cannot exist without the right to kill, the other can. In the former, the right to kill is the very soul, the whole life of the system: in the latter, it is a mere question of expediency. To abolish the entire war-system by enforcing the commandment, “Thou shalt not kill,” leaves, therefore, the whole civil system untouched. Hence it is obvious, that the denial of the lawfulness of war has nothing to do with the question of obedience to the magistrate. It has, indeed, no other effect, than to apply to the authority of the civil magistrate on the question of war, the same rule which governs in the case of capital punishments.” Again: “Because the head of every family in a neighbourhood may and should govern his children, you surely would not infer the right of these families to fight one another under any circumstances whatever; yet from the conceded right of a government to punish and restrain its own subjects, you argue its authority to wage war against other governments. The difference between the two cases, appears to me so plain and broad, that I see not how any logical mind can think of reasoning from one to the other. It is one thing for the head of a family to govern its members, and quite another for that family to fight another family sword in hand.” Once more: “If, on some occasions, the most peaceable are obliged to have recourse to the decision of the law for the redress of a grievance, why could not a council of modern Amphictyons be established in Europe, to settle national disputes? Surely the benign spirit of the Gospel should long ere now have taught Christendom to adopt an institution, of which the pagan wisdom of ancient Greece set them so charming and instructive an example.” Marmion lauds civil governments. And so would we extol a government conducted on christian principles. But if christian justice be the rule and guide of human councils—it can give no sanction to any sort of penal retribution from man, except that which leads to the correction of vice, and to repentance. We have an example of christian jurisprudence in practical operation, in the early history of Pennsylvania; and it appears that the constable’s staff was found to be sufficient, both to command the respect of the people, and to enforce the execution of the criminal laws, without sword or musket.

But Marmion argues in favour of war from civil governments as they now are—we argue against all war from civil governments as they should be. The great fault of civil government has been, that it has acted like an angry vindictive parent; and its punishments have seldom or never reformed a criminal. There is no exercise of love and compassion towards the delinquent, but only of anger and malice. “No one nation,” says the amiable Dr. Bogue, “since the day that Pilate testified of Christ, “I find no fault in this man,” and yet condemned him to death, ever administered a system of government according to christian principles, or pursued a regular succession of political measures, under the spirit of christian benevolence.” But although we allow that physical force may be used to a great extent without violating the law of love, we do not think that it can be carried, in any case, to the extent of depriving a fellow-creature of his life, and sending his soul to a miserable eternity. No circumstances whatever can justify it under the gospel dispensation. So Tertullian classes a participation in capital punishments with the aiding and abetting of idolatry itself. So also Lactantius; “It is unlawful for a righteous man to prosecute any person capitally—since all killing is prohibited. The divine law allows of no exception. It must ever be a forbidden wickedness to put man to death: for God has created him a sacred animal.” But when Marmion objects to our principles of peace as subversive of the power of the magistrate, he shoots at the wrong target; he should change his ground, and accuse us, not of weakening the hands of government, but of arming it with too much power, and leaving subjects entirely at its mercy.

We have now noticed the principal objections urged by our friend Marmion against our views of peace. If we have not removed them all to his satisfaction, we beg him to charge it to our inability to defend the pacific principles of Christ, rather than to the incorrectness of the views we entertain. There may be difficulties on our side of the question: it would be strange if there were not. But has the scheme of Marmion no difficulties to surmount? We verily believe that where we have *one*, he has fifty to remove. The candour of our opponent will induce him to admit that the difficulties are not all on our side. Whether we have succeeded in establishing the position THAT WAR OF EVERY KIND, IS INCOMPATIBLE WITH CHRISTIANITY, it is not our business to determine; but of this, at least, we can assure the reader, that we would not have intruded this inquiry upon the public, if we had not believed, with undoubting confidence, that the position is accordant with everlasting truth;—with that truth which should regulate our conduct here, and which will not be superseded in the world that is to come.

THE EDITOR,
[We had marked passages in Marmion’s article, to each of which we intended to have given a distinct reply. But as we have replied in general to every thing of importance, we think it best to leave the minor points. If our general positions are defensible, a thousand objections will not destroy their force. The case of the Algerines we should have noticed but for this reason—we do not know whether Marmion believes that it is right “to do evil, that good may come”—and that it is right for slaves to destroy their masters in order to gain their freedom. At the very time that the French were slaughtering the Algerines for holding in captivity the subjects of France, the French were themselves guilty of the same diabolical crime in respect to the negroes in their colonies. Would it be right for an African army (supposing it possible) to avenge the French nation for enslaving Africans? And it should not be overlooked that Algiers was not taken but with an immense sacrifice of human life—and still the climate is multiplying its victims. The nations of Europe look with a jealous eye at the possession of Algiers by France, England more especially, and perhaps at no distant day, the conduct of France towards Algiers may involve Europe in a bloody and expensive war. On the subject of the proper time to declare the commands of Almighty God in reference to peace, we may yet see occasion to vindicate the propriety of our conduct. According to the temporizing policy of the world—according to the pernicious maxims of the times, we were wrong—but not according to the unbending, uncompromising tenets of the Gospel of God. A matter of policy and a dictate of duty and conscience, are two entirely different things.]

* We wish that another writer who has controverted our views in a public journal, had acted as honourably as Marmion. For no; instead of this, he has read us a lecture on the superlative excellence of law—and on “the strange perversion of the idea of mercy that could prompt our government to extend unlimited clemency to wolfish bands of blood; while the sighs of the widow and cries of the orphan were unregarded.” And have we been the

SUPERSTITION AND CRUELTY.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.—The most ancient of the Canaanitish idols, was Aglibolus, or Baal. The meaning of the word "Baal," is "Lord;" and refers to the sun. Another idol was Malachobolus, or Moloch; a male personification of the moon. To both these idols human sacrifices were offered. Before entering Canaan, the Israelites received the strongest possible injunctions, to preserve them from adopting these abominations. Death was denounced against those who should imitate the idolators by offering their children. But notwithstanding these threatenings, the kings of Israel set their people the example of conforming to these horrid rites. Solomon built a temple to Moloch on the Mount of Olives; and Manasseh reared altars to Baal, and "made his son pass through the fire." It is believed that the children were sometimes obliged only to pass between fires, or to leap over them. Generally, however, there can be no doubt they were really sacrificed. So infamous did the valley of Tophet become, on account of these barbarities, that the prophet Jeremiah declared it should be called "the valley of slaughter."

Mr. Croker, in his "Fairy Tales and Legends of the South of Ireland," gives an account of some curious relics of the ancient worship of this deity. He says that May-day is called "the day of Beal's fire;" and May-eve, "the eve of Beal's fire."—from having been, in heathen times, consecrated to the god Beal, or Belus; whence, also, the month of May is termed, in Irish, "Mina Bealtine." He goes on to observe that the ceremony practised on May-eve, of making the cows leap over lighted straw, or faggots, has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now vulgarly used in order to save the milk from being pilfered by "the good people," as the fairies are called.

Moloch, according to the Jewish rabbies, was an idol of brass, with a calf's head, and seated on a brazen throne. It was hollow, and divided into seven compartments. In the first compartment was placed meal; in the second, a turtle; in the third, an ewe; in the fourth, a ram; in the fifth, a calf; in the sixth, an ox; and in the seventh, a child. The idol was then heated; and the whole of its contents were consumed together, amidst the noise of shouts, and warlike instruments. Milton thus notices some of the particulars we have mentioned:—

"First, Moloch!—horrid king!—besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though (for the noise of drums and timbrels loud)
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To this grim idol.

The wisest heart
Of Solomon he led, by fraud, to build
His temple, right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant vale of Hinnom;—Tophet, thence,
And black Gehenna called,—the type of hell!"

The grand object of worship among the Carthaginians, was Saturn; and the rites performed to his honour were of the same horrid character as those of Moloch. The statue of this idol was of brass; with its arms extended, and so inclined, that whatever was placed on them rolled into a fire. The most respectable authors of antiquity unite to assure us, that to this deity infants were sacrificed; and those who had no children of their own, purchased those of the poor for this dreadful purpose. The attendant priests were clothed in scarlet;—fit emblem of their bloody office! Their sacrifices were always attended by drums, and other noisy instruments; in the same manner as those of Moloch previously, and of the Hindoos to this day. When Agathocles was approaching to besiege Carthage, the inhabitants imagined they had offended Saturn, by neglecting the proper sacrifices; and two hundred children, of the first families in the city, were publicly immolated.

WORSHIP OF ANIMALS.—One of the most remarkable features of the Egyptian Mythology, was the worship of animals. They imagined that some animals partook of the nature of their celestial deities; and were therefore entitled to divine honours. Thus when the worship of the moon had become established, and her increase and diminution superstitiously considered, it was thought to bear some analogy to the dilating and contracting pupil of the cat's eye; and puss was accordingly deified. In the same manner, the asp and the beetle became sacred; because they were supposed to exhibit some faint images of particular deities. The hawk was dedicated to Osiris; the ass, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus, to Typho; the serpent, or dragon, to Neptho. Every element was laid under contribution; and men, women, bulls, cows, rams, goats, dogs, cats, snakes, crocodiles, frogs, beetles, and innumerable others, were all included in the sacred catalogue. Ophilitria, or serpent-worship, was very famous; and was celebrated with the most horrid rites. To this animal human victims were immolated. Richardson, in his researches in Egypt, discovered a tomb at Eiban al Melook, in which there is a representation of six men sacrificed at one time. The walls of their tombs are frequently covered with representations of this idol; as may be seen by consulting the volumes of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" devoted to "Egyptian Antiquities," and Dr. Taylor's recently published work on the subject.

The bull was sacred to Osiris; and was called Apis. It was to be black, with a square piece of white on the forehead. Many years sometimes elapsed, before an animal could be found exactly answering this description. When Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, (called, in Scripture, Ahshuerus,) invaded Egypt, he desired the priest to show him their god. They immediately, with much pomp, led Apis before him. Cambyses, enraged at their stupidity, drew his dagger, and thrust it into the animal's thigh;—of which wound poor Apis died. The priests were shocked at his profanity; and predicted the most direful calamities in consequence. Sometime afterwards, Cambyses, in drawing his sword, wounded his own thigh; and, like the bull, died of the injury. The priests, of course, did not fail to represent it as a judgment on his daring crime. Dr. Prideaux, in relating this occurrence, actually coincides with the priests; and thinks that God punished the king for his contempt of their religion, though that religion was idolatrous. For so eminent a man, and a Dean of the Church of England, such an opinion appears a little extraordinary.—Dr. Rogers.

THE MAID OF RONA.

About the beginning of September, 1746, some months after the final overthrow of the brave, but unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, and his devoted adherents, at the battle of Culloden, a French ship was hovering round the Western Isles, in order to carry off to France such of the unfortunate insurgents, as were still hunted by their merciless enemies among the fastnesses of their native mountains.

At this period, the small and barren island of Rona was the hiding-place of Captain McDonald, a younger brother of the chief of Moidart, and one of those daring spirits who had rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to the government, by their activity in fomenting the rebellion, and afterwards, in facilitating the escape of the prince. He had been some weeks on the island, under the protection of Rory M'Allister, his foster-father, who, with his wife, was the only inhabitant of this barren-rock, when, to his great joy, he one evening descried a ship, carrying the private signal of his party, standing off to the westward. He immediately answered the signal; and anxiously awaited the approach of night.

The day was closing with every appearance of a coming storm; and Rory M'Allister's practised eye could discover, that the brave bark, which had ventured into the very jaws, as it were, of the British ships of war, was closely reefed, as it passed between him and the fiery disk of the sun, just disappearing in the western waters.

At any other time, Captain M'Donald would have hailed the approach of a storm with pleasure, as it would have afforded him an opportunity of leaving his cold, desolate retreat; to enjoy in security the comparative comfort of his humble friend's fire-side—a luxury he dared not venture upon, while the little island was accessible to the boats from the men of war. Two parties had been already despatched on different occasions to pay domiciliary visits to Rory, on suspicion of his harbouring his foster son; but a very slight search sufficed to convince the pursuers that no human being could be concealed on the premises, viz., a mad cabin, containing one apartment; and the barren rock, surrounded for the most part, by perpendicular cliffs, appeared very little better calculated to afford shelter.

Rory had, however, discovered a place of concealment which he thought would defy the most active vigilance of his foster-son's enemies, and had accordingly carried him thither from the mainland. It was a cave opening into the face of the rock, a little above low-water mark, and rising in numerous shelves and compartments to the very brow of the cliff, where it ended in an aperture sufficiently large to admit light and air, but not ingress or egress to a full-grown person.

In this cave, then, did Captain McDonald pass the three weeks previous to the commencement of the present narrative, except such intervals of stormy weather as secured him from all chance of a surprise. He sometimes descended, with the assistance of his faithful friend, by ropes let down the face of the rock, and at other times, when the weather permitted, was carried round the island in Rory's skiff. It will be observed that the refugee's hiding-place became a prison during a portion of the time, owing to the rising of the tide, and, on such occasions, he received his scanty sustenance through the aperture at the top. Captain McDonald was too much excited by the hope of escape, to retire to his strong-hold on the evening in question; but as the storm increased, his hopes began to vanish. Towards midnight it blew a hurricane, and, although it was impossible for any boat to effect a landing, yet he continued to look out at intervals, through the pitchy darkness, in the forlorn hope of seeing or hearing a friendly signal. Soon after midnight, a gun was heard to windward, and, notwithstanding the apparent uselessness of such a step, he proceeded in the direction of the cave, which was at the western extremity of the island. He had not been long there, when he distinctly heard another report, and saw a flash at no great distance. It was now evident that those guns were fired by a ship in distress, and as it was to windward, and probably not aware of the dangerous vicinity, its fate was but too likely to be soon decided. It was im-

possible to warn the ill-fated vessel of its danger; Captain McDonald, therefore, could only await in painful anxiety the fearful catastrophe which, in all human probability, must inevitably occur.

There was every reason to fear that the distressed ship was that which had been seen on the previous evening, a circumstance which greatly added to the intensity of his anxiety, as not only was his own escape rendered impossible for the present, but the lives of the brave men who had attempted to save him were likely to be sacrificed. The storm still raged with unabated fury, when Rory observed to his foster-son, that he fancied he could distinguish the sound of voices amidst the raging of the elements. Just at this instant a vivid flash of lightning burst through the surrounding gloom, and exhibited to their view for a moment a ship within a hundred yards of the cliff. In a few seconds a crash was heard—it had struck on a ledge of low rocks, about a cable's-length from the island. A confused cry of wild despair, rose for a moment above the warring elements, and then all was silent, save the thundering roar of the breakers dashing against the rock, which shook to its foundation.

As the tide was low at the time, McDonald determined to descend the face of the cliff, in the hope of rendering assistance, much against the advice of his friend, who remonstrated on the folly and madness of such an attempt, but in vain. He reached the mouth of the cave in safety, and, advancing to the edge of the lower rock, observed a dark mass left by the receding wave within a few feet of the spot where he stood.

He made a dash at the object, and, pulling it beyond reach of the breakers, discovered a large dog, much exhausted, but still holding in its teeth the clothes of a child which he had evidently brought ashore.

The brave Highlander carried the child—a girl, as appeared from her garments, into the cave, and returned to the beach, but without further success.

It was impossible to ascend with the child, which now gave signs of returning animation, by the same way he had descended: he therefore proceeded to the aperture at the top of the cavern, and succeeded, after some difficulty, in handing it to Rory M'Allister, enjoining him, at the same time, to hasten with it to his hut, and use every means to restore life.

Before he could return, the advancing tide had driven the faithful dog into the cave, and cut off his own retreat for the present.

Rory and his wife, having used every means in their power to restore warmth to the frozen limbs of the child so providentially saved from the waves, had the satisfaction of seeing her open her large dark eyes—fixed and meaningless, indeed, but still beautiful; they only wanted the familiar objects that were wont to meet their waking gaze, to light them up with conscious expression. But, alas! she had been rudely separated from those objects—from all, except the faithful dog, probably, the last of her old friends—and left floating on the wild ocean, from which she was only saved to float on the ocean of life, the more dangerous of the two to a beautiful, but friendless orphan girl.

Her scattered senses were, by degrees, recalled, and she began to speak, but in a language unknown to her kind attendants; nothing, therefore, could be learnt from her, concerning the ill-fated ship.

By the time the tide had receded so far as to allow Captain M'Donald to leave his hiding-place, the morning was far advanced, and the storm had entirely subsided. As he approached the mouth of the cavern, a melancholy scene presented itself: several human bodies, horribly disfigured, were lying on ledges of the rock, or jammed into crevices; a considerable portion of the fore-part of the wreck was still to be seen on the rock on which it first struck, and the remainder floated about in the little bay in front of the cave. He was roused from the contemplation of this heart-sickening scene, by the appearance of one of the government cruizers rounding the island a little to the southward. He immediately retreated to his place of concealment, where he had not been long when he became seriously alarmed for his safety on seeing a boat put off from the man-of-war towards the wreck, which had attracted its attention. As the boat, in which were five persons, boarded the wreck, the noise roused the dog which had hitherto remained in the cave, and dashing into the water, he made for the rock. The unfortunate rebel's situation now appeared desperate; he had no doubt his hiding-place would be explored; to fly was impossible, and to offer resistance madness; he had, therefore, almost made up his mind to submit quietly, when he recollected a large fragment of rock which had frequently attracted his notice, in his descents into his stronghold. It was a huge mass, which some convulsion had deposited on a projecting point of the rock, on the southern verge of the cavern, about twenty feet above low water mark, and immediately overhanging the narrow passage which led to the only landing-place, which was on the opposite side. Although his fragment had been accidentally poised with such mathematical exactness as to resist the violence of the frequent storms to which it was exposed, yet a little mechanical force judiciously applied was capable of dislodging it.

The idea of overwhelming his enemies by the removal of this rock, no sooner occurred so Captain M'Donald, than, with that promptness peculiar to minds familiarized to danger, he seized a handspike belonging to the wreck, and, clambering along the side of the cave, took his station behind it. The boat was, by this

time, rapidly approaching him, and had reached the fatal point just as the powerful Highlander had applied his lever to the fragment, and concentrated all his strength for one desperate effort. The brave soldier felt a momentary pang of regret at the stern necessity that impelled him to such an act, even towards those who would have shown him no mercy.

It was but for a moment—in the next instant the rock fell with a tremendous crash, scattering the boat and its devoted crew into a thousand pieces. Turning with pain from this scene of destruction, he ascended the cliff by the rope, which had not been removed since the previous night, and, hastening to join his friend, proposed, as the only course left open, that they should all leave the island immediately. This was readily agreed to by Rory, who had every reason to fear the vengeance of the enemy for the part he had taken in the affair.

They reached the mainland in safety; and Captain M'Donald soon afterwards escaped to France, and Rory continued to evade the vigilance of his pursuers among the wilds of his native mountains, till his offences had been forgotten; while his wife, and the child that had been saved from the wreck, found shelter and protection with the Lady of Moidart.

This child, whose parentage could never be traced, afterwards became the grand-daughter of the Lady of Moidart; and, on the restoration of the family estates, was the honoured mistress of those halls which she had entered a friendless orphan, and where she had been long known by the title of the beautiful "Maid of Rona."

ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.

No 2.

In insanity, all the faculties are not deranged. There may be merely an absurd belief upon some one point;—the patient being in his senses with respect to other subjects. Many who are deranged will read, and understand what they read. They will paint, exhibit skill in mechanical contrivances, work, and talk rationally on many subjects; and some will even shew extreme sagacity in accomplishing their mad purposes, in concealing their mad impressions, and convincing others of the truth of their mad notions. In a case of insanity tried at Chester, before Lord Mansfield, the patient was so clever, that he evaded questions in court the whole of the day; and seemed to every body perfectly sane. Dr. Batty, however, came into court; and, knowing the point of the man's derangement, asked what had become of the princess, with whom he had been in the habit of corresponding in cherry-juice. The man instantly forgot himself; and said it was true he had been confined in a castle; where, for want of pen and ink, he had written his letters in cherry-juice, and thrown them into the stream below; where the princess received them in a boat.

This, however, is not all; for patients often have some of their mental faculties increased by insanity. Dr. Rush says he had a deranged female patient, who composed and sang hymns and songs delightfully; although she had previously shewn no talent for music or poetry. There was here an excitement of one part of the brain; while another part was going wrong. Dr. Rush also knew two cases of insanity, in which great talent was shewn for drawing. Dr. Willis had a patient, who, in the paroxysms of insanity, remembered long passages of Latin authors, and took extreme delight in repeating them; but not at other times. Dr. Cox mentions a musician, who talked madly on all subjects but music; for which his talent appeared increased. His performances on the violin were strikingly singular and original. Dr. Rush mentions the case of a gentleman who was deranged; but who often delighted and astonished the rest of the patients, and the officers of the Institution, by his displays of oratory when preaching. Pinel, a celebrated French physician, mentions the case of a man who was very vulgar at other times; but who, in his paroxysms of insanity, while standing upon a table in the Hospital, discoursed every eloquently upon the French Revolution; and with the dignity and propriety of language of the best educated man. Circumstances similar to these have been seen in fever. When the brain is labouring under the excitement of fever, a person who has previously shewn but little talent for singing, may sing very correctly; and sometimes, although an individual may be delirious, he will speak very eloquently on certain subjects: This is a state which does not last long.

So much with respect to the intellectual faculties: But the propensities and sentiments are frequently disturbed in insanity. Some are so far disturbed as to be very superstitious; some are very respectful; while some again, are very impious. Some are thievish; some are modest; some are quite the opposite; some are very silly; some are very cheerful; some are melancholy; some are fearful. Some have felt an impulse to kill themselves; and some to kill others. When I was at the University (Cambridge), there was a person who was said to have attempted, three times, to set the College on fire. It was ascertained that, when he was young, he attempted to drown a child; yet nobody ever suspected him of being mad. You may recollect the instance of a man, who murdered a very excellent gentleman and his lady (Mr. and Mrs. Bonar) at Chiselhurst, in Kent. The murderer was a footman in the family; and, one night, he left his room, went up stairs to the apartment of his master and

mistress, and beat their brains out with a poker. He was asked his reason; but could give none. He said he had always been treated by them with the greatest kindness; but he felt suddenly in the night a desire to kill them; and he supposed the devil had prompted him to the act. No other symptom of insanity was detected in him; and he was hanged. Dr. Gall mentions the case of a person at Vienna, who went to witness an execution; and was seized with a propensity to kill. At the same time, he had a clear consciousness of his situation. He expressed the greatest aversion to such a crime. He wept bitterly; struck his head; wrung his hands; and cried to his friends to take care, and get out of the way. He felt the inclination; regretted it; and entreated every one to prevent his doing mischief, by putting him into prison. Pinel mentions the case of a man, who exhibited no unsoundness of intellect; but who confessed he had a propensity, in spite of himself, to commit murder; and his wife, notwithstanding the tenderness he really felt for her, was near being murdered by him;—for he had only time to warn her to fly. In the interval he expressed the same remorse; felt disgusted with life; and attempted, several times, to put an end to his existence. In a work by Mr. Hill, you will read of a man who was tried at Norwich, in 1805, for wounding his wife, and cutting his child's throat. He had been known to tie himself with ropes for a week, to prevent his doing mischief to others. One of the members of a family in London is said to have used these words:—"Do, for God's sake, get me confined; for if I am at liberty, I shall destroy myself and wife! I shall do it unless all means of destruction are removed; and therefore do have me put under restraint! Something from above tells me I must do it; and I shall!" Arsenic was put into a pudding; and the maid-servant was executed for it; but many persons were perfectly convinced of her innocence.

Dr. Gall mentions having seen a person in prison at Friburg, who had set fire to his house four times in succession; and who, after he had set fire to it, tried to put it out. Some have an irresistible desire to steal, without any other mark of insanity. Gall says, that the first king of Sweden was always stealing trifles. Instances are mentioned of a German, who was constantly pilfering; and of another who, having the desire to steal, entered the army;—hoping that the severe discipline there would restrain him. But he gave way to the propensity even there; and was very being near hanged. He then became a friar, with the same hope; but he still felt the same desire, and carried all the things he could to his cell; but as he could get only trifles, he was not noticed. Gall also mentions that a person at Vienna, in the habit of stealing, hired a lodging in which to deposit his thefts; and when he got a stock, he sold them. He stole only household matters. The wife of a celebrated physician at Leyden, never went into a shop to buy anything without stealing; and a countess at Frankfort had the same propensity. Another lady, notwithstanding all the care with which she had been brought up, had the same desire to pilfer. You will find it related of a physician, that his wife was always obliged to examine his pockets in the evening, and restore to his patients the things she found there. He always took something, as well as his fee. Meritz speaks of a criminal who, at the moment he was about to be executed, stole the confessor's snuff-box. Dr. Burner, who was one of the physicians to the king of Bavaria, speaks of a person who enjoyed abundance, and had been well educated; but who, notwithstanding, was always stealing; and was made a soldier by his father, and at last got hanged. The son of a celebrated and learned man,—himself very clever, and respectably connected in every respect,—could not resist this propensity; and I could go on to furnish you with instances without end, of individuals who acted thus (as it would appear) from insanity;—not from any criminal motives; but from a blind desire too strong for them to resist.—*Dr. Elliotson's Lectures on Medicine.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF GEOMETRY.—A Geometer is a man who labours according to rule. He is always with a plummet and rule in his hands; he measures, he calculates, he draws lines, he acquires the habit of doing all things by rule; he looks upon nothing as clear that he has not calculated; and in as far as possible, proceeds with the same exactness in all other sciences. Geometry accustoms the mind to a regular process, to an exact calculation; and geometrical truths are always evident, as there is no rule without a clear proof. It is, therefore, highly proper for all young persons to endeavour to acquire a geometrical understanding, to make the best use of the natural geometry which God has implanted in the minds of all men, even to act upon certain and undoubted principles.

HAPPINESS.—Our life, it is true, has it bright and its dark hours, yet none are wholly obscured, for when the sun of happiness is set, the reflected moonlight of hope and memory is still around us.

ILLUSIONS.—People talk of the fallacy of illusions, yet are led astray by them. They are like insects, which avoid the broad clear light of day; but if they see a candle at night, fly right into it.

LIFE.—This life is a cradle in which we are rocked and hushed to sleep, but do not move a step forward.

PROVERBS.

Proverbs are said to be the condensed wisdom of ages; the wise sayings of our own country are probably more in number and at least equal in terseness and point to those of any other nation. Ray's collection is the largest, but he has left several unexplained, and given in many instances wrong elucidations. The lapse of time has undoubtedly rendered some of them totally unexplainable, particularly the local ones alluding to customs long obsolete, or persons now forgotten; but those of a more general application from the use of words which have long ceased to form part of our English vocabulary, require now the aid of a glossary. The following have been wholly unexplained both by Ray and the Gnomologia of Fuller.

"Two slips for a taster."

A slip was formerly a cant word for a counterfeit piece of the current coin, it was commonly made of brass, and silvered over; taster is not yet obsolete for sixpence. Shakspeare alludes to the slip in *Romeo and Juliet*.

"Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?"

"Mer. The slip, sir, the slip!"

The obvious meaning of this adage is, that quantity should not be preferred to quality.

"What is gotten over the devil's back is spent under his belly."

This proverb is derived from the Welsh. "A gasgler ar farch Malen dan ei dorr ydd a." Malen, according to the legendary tales of the ancient Britons, signified an evil spirit, or devil, who was supposed to be in possession of a magic horse, on which witches were carried to any place for evil purposes; hence the origin of the proverb, indicating that what is got dishonestly is generally spent in riot and extravagance.

"Essex stiles, Kentish miles, Norfolk wiles, many men beguiles."

What reason our ancestors had for complaining of the Essex stiles, or the extraordinary length of Kentish miles, is now a vain conjecture, but the Norfolk wiles can be better understood. The Norfolk men were said to be notoriously given to legal litigation; this is manifested by the statute, 33 Henry VI., which limits the number of attorneys allowed to exercise their profession in that county.

"A man's a man, though he hath but a hose on his head."

Caps made of woollen were anciently worn in England by the lower classes, long after the introduction of hats, which were chiefly worn by the nobility, and other men of rank. Breeches were formerly called hose, from the Saxon *hosa*, and were generally made of woollen. I consider the term was applied to the cap, or covering for the head, because made of that material, the covering for the leg is now called hose, and that article in the great manufacturing counties of Leicester and Nottingham, is still distinguished by that name, viz., *Jersey hose*, which are made of wool, but those made of cotton are usually called stockings.

"He is in his better blue clothes."

Blue was of old the prevailing colour of the clothes of servants in livery—and the retainers of great men; the city of Coventry was at one time famous for its blue dye, and hence, perhaps, the universality of the colour; the custom of wearing blue is retained to this day in the almost general costume of charity children, and the jackets of watermen. Pliny states that blue was the colour in which the Gauls clothed their slaves, and the bedesman, a privileged beggar, wore a blue gown; but probably the custom in England derived its origin from the facility of getting the article of home manufacture, and as far as regarded the colour, not to be obtained elsewhere. Coventry blue was for centuries distinguished for its beauty and durability. The proverb alludes to a person dressed extraordinary fine, and beyond his grade in society.

"The black ox never trod on his foot."

This proverb is said to be founded on an historical fact; it is applied to a person to whom misfortune has never happened; the ancient Britons had a custom of ploughing their land in partnership, each person finding one draught ox; if either of the oxen died, or became disabled during the process of ploughing, the owner of the land (if not his own beast) was compelled to find another animal of equal value, or at his option to give an acre of land to the owner of the dead or disabled animal; this acre was called "*erw yr uch adu*," i. e. "the acre of the black ox," and many acres in Wales are at this day known by that title; without this explanation the words convey no conceivable meaning.

PERSIAN APOPTHEGMS.—A sage, whose eyes and hands were lifted up towards heaven, offered up this prayer to the throne of mercy;—"Great God, have pity on the wicked; for thou hast done all for the good, when thou hast made them good."

A man is born, he begins to build, and dies; another is born, who also begins to build, and dies likewise. Thus generations succeed each other; everything is begun: nothing is finished. Happy the man who has gained on earth the prize of goodness; his reward awaits him in the other life.

SCIENTIFIC.

HALL'S PATENT PADDLE-WHEELS.—The objects of this invention are, the removal of the distressing and injurious tremour in steam-vessels, occasioned by the stroke of the paddle-boards upon the water; the avoidance of the lift of back water; and the employment of the powers of the engine to the greatest possible advantage.

In its construction, the arms or spokes of the wheel diverging from each extremity of the shaft are not opposite and parallel to each other respectively, as in the ordinary wheel, but those at one end are placed alternately with respect to those at the other end of the shaft. The paddle-boards uniting these arms will be consequently at angle with the axis of the wheel. They are also joined together so as to form angles with each other throughout their entire breadth, and salient and re-entering angles with the side of the vessel. The paddle-boards are made to assume the requisite form by being slightly twisted from right to left, and left to right alternately, which is readily effected by previously steaming them, and they are sufficiently rounded to preserve an equal dip in the water in dispositions of the wheel. There is thus obtained a continuous surface representing a single paddle-board, carried in alternate directions from arm to arm round the wheel until the extremities meet.

The paddles are affixed to each wheel, so that the salient angles of the one-wheel shall enter the water at the same instant with the salient angles of the other, and, as necessarily follows, the re-entering angles of each wheel also enter simultaneously. The resistance is then identical with that of oars when rowing, with the advantage of being continuous.

In action, the paddle-boards thus arranged enter the water in an endless series, and increment by increment, without noise or any concussion upon the water, and present to it, throughout the entire revolution of the wheel, an equal and constant resistance; while the action upon the water is at right angles with the shaft or line of motion.

The results of this construction are:—

1. Perfect freedom from all vibration communicated to the vessel by the paddles.
2. Absence of any disagreeable noise or flapping of the paddles upon the water.
3. No lift of back-water by the emerging paddles.
4. The greatest regularity and smoothness in the action of the engine.
5. Increased speed imparted to the vessel beyond that hitherto obtained with equal power, by the avoidance of the lift of back-water, and the application of a continuous propelling power in place of the alternating or reciprocating one heretofore employed.

When the vessel is laden beyond her ordinary trim, or where it may be deemed desirable to employ deeply-immersed wheels, the advantages desirable from this construction are proportionally augmented.

Although the expression "paddle-boards" has been exclusively used in the above description, iron or other metal may be substituted for wood. The construction partakes of the properties of consecutive arches resting alternately upon each other, and consequently present the strongest form of which divided parts are susceptible. Simplicity is also a prominent characteristic of these wheels; and, as regards expense, they do not exceed that of the most ordinary paddle-wheels in present use.—*United Service Journal*.

THE NEW ART OF SUN PAINTING.—While France and England contend for the honour of this new invention, let the following contrast of the conduct of the claimants be placed in parallel:—

"Mr. Daguerre's ingenious discovery, which has assumed the name of 'Daguerrotype,' continues to excite great curiosity and admiration. It is affirmed that the Emperor of Russia has offered 500,000 fr. for his secret, and that he has declined the munificent reward. It is not likely that his friend, M. Arago, will succeed in obtaining a larger national one from the Chambers."—From a Paris Letter in the *Post*.

M. Daguerre had better secure what he can for his discovery at once, as Mr. Talbot, his English competitor, is determined to make no secret of his plan, which was detailed at the last meeting of the Royal Society. We give it as concisely as we can:—

The subject divides itself into two heads, the preparation of the paper, and the means of fixing the design. To make what Mr. Talbot calls ordinary photogenic paper, he selects paper of good firm quality and smooth surface; none answers better than superfine writing paper. He dips it into a weak solution of common salt, and wipes it dry, by which the salt is uniformly distributed throughout its substance. He then spreads a solution of nitrate of silver on one surface only, and dries it at the fire. The solution should not be saturated, but six or eight times diluted with water. When dry, the paper is fit for use for all ordinary photogenic purposes.

"Nothing can be more perfect than the images it gives of leaves and flowers, especially with a summer's sun, the light passing

through the leaves, and delineating every ramification of their nerves. If a sheet of paper, thus prepared, be taken and washed with a saturated solution of salt, and then dried, it will be found, (especially if the paper has been kept some weeks before the trial is made,) that its sensibility is greatly diminished, and, in some cases, seems quite extinct; but, if it be washed again with a liberal quantity of the solution of silver, it becomes again sensible to light, and even more so than it was at first. In this way, by alternately washing the paper with salt and silver, and drying it by times, Mr. Talbot increases the susceptibility of the paper."

With regard to fixing the images, Mr. Talbot, after repeated experiments, finds, that if a photogenic picture be washed over with iodide of potassium much diluted with water, an iodide of silver is formed, which is absolutely unaltered by sunshine. This process requires caution: for, if the solution is too strong, it attacks the dark part of the picture. Mr. Talbot's usual method of fixing consists in immersing the picture in a strong solution of common salt, and then wiping off the superfluous mixture and drying it. If the picture thus washed and dried be placed in the sun, the white parts colour themselves of a pale lilac tint, after which they become insensible. Those preserved by iodide are always of a very pale primrose yellow, which turns to a full gaudy yellow whenever exposed to the fire, and recovers its former colour when cold.

Pictures with this prepared paper are taken, in the ordinary manner, with the camera obscura.

Sir John Herschel has, since the discovery was made known, turned his attention to this subject, and has already obtained the pictures from the light of Daniell's great galvanic battery; Sir David Brewster, too, has taken up the investigation.

NEW LAMP FOR LIGHT HOUSES.—Professor Faraday recently gave an interesting lecture at the Royal Institution on the subject of a new lamp invented, or rather brought to perfection (for the invention is not, it appears, altogether new), by Mr. Gurney, which Mr. Faraday proposed to call the "oxy-oil lamp," for want of a name better describing its nature, not having, as he stated, been at present informed what name the inventor intended to give it. The new lamp most nearly resembles the common Argand lamp, with this difference, that its burners may be made to equal at the lowest two and a half, and at the highest number fifty of the common burners, and into the flame of which a stream of oxygen gas is introduced, by which operation the character of the flame is changed from a dark smoky light to the bright and indeed brilliant light of the hydro-oxygen lights now used for microscopic exhibitions. The application of oxygen gas to the light of common oil lamps is not new, Dr. Priestly having discovered the use of such applications many years ago; but to Mr. Gurney belongs the merit of having overcome all the difficulties which stood in the way of its practical application and every-day use. The lamp in question is more immediately intended for light-house purposes; and Mr. Gurney it seems, has been engaged for three years in the most persevering and undaunted experiments in completing his task, which is the more laudable, inasmuch as, on the authority of Mr. Faraday, for five-sixths of that time all his efforts appeared fruitless in overcoming the objections to, and surmounting the obstacles which stood in the way to the completion of this useful invention. The introduction of the oxygen has the effect of decreasing the length of the flame, which is thus better adapted for the marine purpose to which it is destined; and it has the greatest of all recommendations—namely economy, in its favour. This is not, however, apparent at first view, for the gas costs double the amount of the oil. But the introduction of the former effect such a diminution in the consumption of the latter, that not only is the expense of the gas and the apparatus used in its preparation, paid for; but an ultimate saving, as well as a most superior light, is the result.

TO TAKE INK-SPOTS OUT OF MAHOGANY.—It is perhaps not generally known that a piece of blotting-paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted, will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF PAPER, AND STAINS OUT OF LINEN.—One tea-spoonful of burnt alum; a quarter of an ounce of oxalic acid; a quarter of an ounce of salt of lemons, and half a pint of cold water. Place in a bottle, and apply with calico.

Otto Guericke first observed the spark and light of electricity. Dr. Wall first noticed the resemblance of electricity to thunder and lightning.

Villain, in ancient times, meant a country labourer. St. Pelagius was a Cambrian, of the name of Morgan, and his heresy arose from his mixing some of the tenets of druidism with Christianity.

In sound, as in light, the angle of the incidence is equal to the angle of reflection. The laws of catoptricks to apply to sound.

LAW.—Law, like the commandment, does justice unto children in the third and fourth generation, but unfortunately lets the father starve in the meantime.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 1839.

A London paper of the 6th ult. has been received during the week. The extract annexed on the state of the revenue we copy from the Gazette.

LONDON, APRIL 6, 1839.

The Revenue Tables for the quarter and the year are published in another part of *The Sun*; and we can congratulate our readers on their very favourable character. The increase on the year, as compared to the year ending April, 1838, is 2,122,866*l*. The increase in the present quarter as compared to the corresponding quarter of last year, is 565,243*l*. The increase of the Customs is for the year 1,053,179*l*., for the quarter, 349,899*l*. Nothing is a better test of the well-being of the people than the Excise revenue, and this has increased in the year 334,002*l*., and in the quarter 135,658*l*. Stamps have increased 143,101*l*. in the year, but have decreased 7,941*l*. on the quarter. The Taxes yield in the present year 73,577*l*. more than last, and the present quarter 45,864*l*. more than the corresponding quarter of last year. The whole increase of the Post-office revenue in the year is 25,257*l*. and of this 23,000*l*. accrues in the present quarter.

We are glad to find that the report of the injurious conduct of the Baptist Missionaries in Jamaica proves to be unfounded. The following is an extract from a Despatch from Lieut. General Sir Lionel Smith, Governor of Jamaica, dated January 6th, 1839.

"But I will tell your lordship on what the agents in this country have founded their complaints against the Baptists and Stipendiaries. Previous to the 1st of August there were meetings of the planters in several of the parishes to fix wages. This was, no doubt, watched with suspicion. Were the poor negroes to have no friends to advise with, against a combination which was to grind them down to gratuitous labour with their old masters? This was the sin of the ministers and the stipendiary magistrate. They were found the friends of the negro when the object was to impose upon him, and then it is complained they interfered with 'the free and voluntary dealing' of master and servant.

"There was the same senseless clamour against me for advising the poor women not to perform heavy field labour (cane hole digging), my answer is that the first step to improve the civilization of the negroes in the West Indies, is to raise the condition of the women. I preferred the dictates of humanity to the interest of short sighted planters."

The Council of Upper Canada have refused to pass the Assembly's Bill for sending Commissioners to England. The Clergy Reserves question remains as unsettled as ever.

We are happy to record the following expression of regard entertained towards the Hon. Joseph Cunard by the inhabitants of Miramichi. The accompanying remarks are from the Gazette of Wednesday.

The Hon. JOSEPH CUNARD, who crossed the Atlantic in the Great Western, arrived at Chatham, Miramichi, on the 23d ult. He was received not only respectfully but very affectionately by the Inhabitants. A procession of the Tradesmen and industrious classes met him as he approached, accompanied him into the Town, and presented to him the subsequent Address. The compliment paid to him he richly deserves—he, as well as his Brothers, have done much for Miramichi. Their Enterprise and extensive Establishments have greatly promoted its prosperity and afforded employment to large numbers of Mechanics and Labourers: we like this exhibition of good feeling—we like to see the valuable services of an Individual so honorably and gratefully acknowledged.

TO THE HON. JOSEPH CUNARD.

SIR—

We, the Mechanics of Chatham, beg leave to express the pleasure we feel in congratulating you upon your safe return to your home; to acknowledge the value we attach to you as an intelligent and enterprising Merchant; for the patronage, encouragement and preference, at all times bestowed on our domestic manufactures; and for the determined spirit on every occasion evinced, to promote the local interests of the town, as well as the general prosperity of Miramichi.

We are deeply impressed with the large claim you have upon this section of the Province, for the praiseworthy manner in which you steered them through the crisis which convulsed the manufacturing and commercial worlds, in a way highly creditable to yourself and advantageous to them.

We notice with the liveliest emotion, the announcement of the stupendous undertaking which the firm of Samuel Cunard & Co.—of which you are the head in Miramichi—have entered into with Government, for the conveyance of the mails between Great Britain and the North American Colonies, by Steam. We are fully aware of the magnitude of this arrangement, and duly ap-

preciate the advantages the Colonies must derive from this measure—unparalleled in commercial annals—which must bring in its train a lasting debt of gratitude to those who have so zealously stood forward in the cause of such vital importance to the Colonies. And when we consider that a period of twelve months has only elapsed since the first permanent Steam Vessel crossed the Atlantic, we may in truth declare, that Miramichi has great cause to be grateful for your unwearied enterprise since your residence among us.

With ours, our wife's, and our children's heart-felt wishes for a continuance of that prosperity and happiness, which has hitherto marked your career, and that, by the wisdom of Divine Providence, you may be long spared to this community, we beg to subscribe our names, on behalf of the body of Mechanics.

[Here follow the names of the deputation, appointed at the meeting.]

A handsome tea and breakfast service has been presented to Mr. Wightman, Three Rivers, P. E. I. by the officers of the Malabar. The present was tendered in consideration of the important services which Mr. Wightman rendered to the Malabar when in danger on the rocks off Cape Bear, P. E. I. on the 9th October, 1838.

A person has been committed for trial at Picton for striking David Sutherland, hostler. The fall occasioned by the blow caused the death of the latter in about 30 hours. The two persons were engaged in a dispute which led to angry words and then angry blows. What a blessed thing it would be if our peace principles were generally embraced! They would save many a poor fellow from an untimely end. When do you hear of a Quaker settling differences by an appeal to brute force?

Captain Blackburn of the 69th, in a letter to the Commissioners of Sable Island, speaks in the highest terms of the exertions of Captain Darby in landing the troops at Shelburne when they were wrecked off Cape Sable, on the 2nd March last.

Arrived on Sunday last, Her Majesty's ships Pique, Andromache and Wanderer, from Jamaica, in 18 days passage, with the 8th Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Ball. The disembarkation took place on Monday afternoon.—The Corps appeared in a very healthy state.

H. M. Steamer Medea, which arrived on Sunday, was fired into between Havanna and Jamaica, by a French man-of-war brig. One man, unfortunately, was killed, and several wounded, by the discharge. The facts of this untoward occurrence appear to be as follow:—The Medea passed and spoke the Frenchman at the fall of the evening,—shortly after passing, the Commodore, who was on board, recollecting that the Brig might not have heard of the ratification of peace with Mexico, thought it well to give the information. The Medea altered her course, and went after the Brig for this purpose. To the latter this movement appeared suspicious; when the vessels had neared each other, the Frenchman, without any preliminaries, blazed away at, as he thought, the hostile Mexican. The people on board the Steamer were astounded by this reception,—her heavy metal was brought to bear, and a few minutes would have sufficed to give an awful answer, but the Commanding Officer forbore; the Frenchman made an apology, which was accepted, and so the matter appears to have ended.—*Nov.*

HOTEL.—The piece of ground known as "Fairbanks' Garden," has, it appears, been chosen as the site of the proposed Hotel.—*Ib.*

THE SEASON.—The Harbour looks unusually well just now; a number of vessels, including some ships of war, and the war-steamer Medea, lie in its spacious anchorage. The Spring vessels have brought out vast supplies of British manufactures, as our streets and stores attest. Business seems brisk, real estate is rising in value, and the dawn of much more active and public-spirited times, we trust, has commenced.—*Ib.*

A quarrel took place last evening between two truckmen of the town. In the heat of the dispute one of the truckmen struck his antagonist a violent blow with one of the wooden pins of the truck, which caused the immediate death of the latter. The name of the deceased is John Doyle. We are sorry to have to record two sad cases of the lamentable effects of anger and malice in one number of our paper.

The Mail for England by H. M. Packet Tyrian, will be closed to-morrow evening, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

MARRIED.

At Dalhousie, N. B. on Thursday, the 31st January last, by the Rev. James Stephens, Mr. John M. Campbell, Merchant (formerly of P. E. Island), to Annabella, second daughter of the late Mathew Stewart, Esq, both of that place.

DIED.

At LeHave, on Saturday, 27th ult. Mr. Alexander Sims, late of the Ordnance Department in Halifax.

At Somerset, Bermuda, on Friday, the 19th April, at half-past 12, James Righton, Esq. at the advanced age of nearly 92.—This venerable gentleman was highly respected and deservedly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a Member of the House of Assembly, and an Officer of the Militia for many years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, May 4th—schr. Swallow, McGrath, Ponce, 28 days—sugar, to J. Allison & Co; John Ryder, Wilson, Xagua, 28 days—sugar and molasses, to do; Woodlands, Johnston, St. John, N. B., 6 days—salt, to J. Fairbanks; brig President, Crum, St. Thomas, 14 days, 8 on the coast—sugar, to M. Richardson; brig Condor, Lanigan, Kingston, 31 days—ballast, to J. & T. Williamson; Am. brig. Florence, Rider, Alexandria, 8 days—flour, to S. Cunard & Co.; brig Transit, Newbold, Demerara, 27 days—rum, to J & M. Tobin; schr Dove, McNeil, Guyama, 31 days—sugar, D. & E. Starr and Co.; Abeona, Patton, Guyama, 13 days—sugar, to Frith, Smith & Co.—schr Breeze, Wilson, sailed 10 days previous; brig Tamer, Hathard, Trinidad, 25 days—sugar, to Salties & Wainwright; brig Humming Bird, Godfrey, Ponce, 26 days—sugar, to do.

Sunday, 5th—schr Bachelor, Shelburne—dry fish; Stranger, Crawford, Lunenburg; Govt. schr. Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 3 days; barque John Porter, Crowder, Liverpool, G. B. 49 days—salt, dry goods, iron, etc. to Fairbanks and McNab, and others; brig Herald, Berwick, New Orleans, 24 days—flour, pork, etc. to Fairbanks and Allison; schrs. Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 6 hours—dry fish; Meridian, Crowell, St. Stephens, 7 days—shingles, to the master; spoke yesterday off Liverpool, brig Westmoreland, 55 days from Liverpool, bound to St. John, N. B.; Superb, Smith, St. Stephens, 8 days—shingles to Fairbanks and Allison; H. M. S. Pique Capt. Boxer, Montego Bay, Jam. 17 days, with part of the 8th regt; H. M. S. Andromache, Capt. Baynes, do. and H. M. Brig Wanderer, Com. Bushby, do. do. with the remainder of the 8th Regiment; H. M. Steamer Medea, Lieut. Nott, Bermuda, 5 days; schrs. Breeze, Wilson, Guyama, 27 days—sugar and molasses, to G. P. Lawson; James, Fraser, Annapolis—lumber; Irene, and Algerine, St. Andrews, to Fairbanks and Allison.

Monday, 6th—Am. schr. Aresimbo, Sargeant, New York, 12 days—flour meal, tobacco, to P. Furlong and J. Watt; Armide, Smith, St. Andrews—shingles, to Fairbanks and Allison.

Wednesday, 7th—Schr. Packet, Graham, Antigonish 8 days—Pork and Butter to J. H. Reynolds.

Thursday, 9th—schr Annandale, Wightman, P. E. I. 5 days, produce; schr. Hugh, Anderson, do. 9 days, produce.

CLEARED.

Saturday, May 4th—Anna, Barbara, Logan, P. E. I., assorted cargo by W. Rudolf; Lodi, Loveland, Boston—gypsum, etc. by J. H. Braine; Adelle, O'Brien, Labrador—assorted cargo, by J. A. Bauer; Coquette, Cooper, B. W. Indies and Bermuda—by W. J. Starr; Lady Chapman, Gilbert, B. W. Indies—assorted cargo by J. & M. Tobin. 6th, Albion, Belfontaine, Montreal—sugar, by S. Binney; Emily, Crowell, Gaspe, assorted cargo, by Fairbanks & Allison; Trial, McDaniel, Labrador—do. by Fairbanks and McNab; Fame, Figget, B. W. Indies—do. by D. & E. Starr & Co. 7th—Brig William 4th, Mortimer, B. W. Indies—fish, lumber, etc. by J. A. Moren; brig. Heron, Wingood, do.—do. by Frith, Smith & Co. 8th—Barque Acadian, Auld, Charleston—ballast, by the master; Am. schr. Wilmot, Condon, Boston—wood by the master; schr. Rambler, Verge, Magdalen Islands—flour, salt, etc. by D. & E. Starr & Co.

9th—brig Placid, Harrison, B. W. Indies, fish, by J. A. Moren; brig Sarah, Williams, B. W. Indies, fish, flour, etc. by J. Leishman & Co. and others; schr Ann, Reynolds, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. by J. Fairbanks; schr Pearl, Hall; Am. schr Aresimbo, Sargent, Picton, ballast and stores; Am. schr. Olivia Brickett, Hopkins, New York, coal, by S. Binney.

New York, April 23—Arrived Br. barque Indefatigable, Wilkie, Liverpool—on the 17th March, lat. 42 2, long 39 fell in with the wreck of the schr Aurora, from London for St. John, NB. which vessel foundered same day—one of her boats came to us with four seamen, we bore down to the wreck and took off four more—the captain and two seamen were drowned. On the 20th March, lat 40 40, lon 42 36, fell in with the brig Augusta of Halifax, dismasted and abandoned and full of water.

A NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has commenced Business in the shop at the corner of JACOB'S and WATER STREETS, where he intends keeping a General Assortment of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND OTHER GOODS, suitable for Town and Country use, which he intends selling at a small advance for cash; and solicits a share of public patronage.

—He has on hand,—

Wheat and Rye Flour, Corn Meal and Indian Corn, Rice, Navy and Ship Bread, Crackers, Beans, Oatmeal, Molasses, Sugar, Teas, Coffee, Chocolate, Butter, Pepper, Allspice, Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Starch, Soap, Candles, Tobacco, Slop Clothing, Broad Cloths, Flannels, Cotton Warp, Corn Brooms, Tobacco Pipes, boxes Raisins, Almonds, Walnuts, a small quantity of excellent Pork for family use, together with a variety of other articles.

WINTHROP SARGENT.

Halifax, May 3—5w.

AUCTIONS.

BY RIGBY & JENNINGS,

At their Room, TO-MORROW, SATURDAY, at 11 o'clock. 1 JOLLY BOAT, 100 Women's DRESSES, 2 kegs Tobacco, 10 doz. Back COMBS, 6 gross Side Combs, 10 doz. Knives, Press Bedstead, Beds, Tables, Chairs, and other Furniture; 1 Beam Scale and Weights, Kegs, etc. etc

Also, at half past eleven o'clock:

100 Bushels BARLEY, 10 Barrels POT BARLEY, 10 Bushels TIMOTHY SEED, 20 Barrels RED TOP, 3 dozen Buckets, a few dozens red and blue Shirts. May 10.

BY EDWARD LAWSON,

On Wednesday, the 15th inst. at 12 o'clock, on the premises,



THAT beautifully situated COTTAGE on the Kempt Road, known by the name of KEMPT COTTAGE, together with two acres of good Land, Coach House, Stable, etc. well calculated for a gentleman's cottage. May 10.

DRUGS, SEEDS, TEAS.

THE SUBSCRIBER having by the late arrivals completed his extensive SPRING SUPPLY of the above, together with Spices, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, (Among the latter Farina's Eau de Cologne) Combs, Brushes, etc.

PAINTS and OILS, etc.

The whole are offered for sale on the most reasonable terms, at his Drug Store, near the Market. JAMES F. AVERY. May 10 6w

STEAM COMMUNICATION !!!

A STEAMER will leave St. John, N. B. for WINDSOR every Tuesday, and will leave Windsor for St. John every Wednesday during the season. JAS. WHITNEY & CO. May 10—tf

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

WEEKLY TRIP TO WINDSOR.

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

Wednesday—for Digby and Annapolis, returning the same evening. Time of leaving St. John, 7 o'clock, a. m.

Thursday Evening—for Windsor returning on Friday—leaving Windsor the same tide she arrives.

For further particulars enquire of the Master on board, or at the Counting Room of E. BARLOW & SONS, St. John, April 20, 1839.

SPICES, DRUGS, &c.

RECEIVED by recent arrivals and for sale low by the Subscriber—bags of E. I. Ginger, Cloves, Pimento, Caraway Seed, black and white Pepper, cases Cinnamon, Liquorice and Indigo, barrels Raze Ginger, Nutmegs, Currants, Saleratus, Soda, blue Vitriol, Alum and Copperas, boxes Arrow Root, Lozenges, Sugar Candy, Raisins, Windsor Soap, Black Lead, Starch, and Crown Blue, Olive Oil, in small packages; kegs of Salt Petre and Mustard, with a general supply of Drugs, Chemical and Patent Medicines, Apothecaries' Glass, Trusses, Lancets, etc. (6m) GEO. E. MORTON, Halifax, May, 1839.

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

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

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

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

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

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

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blakslee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B. Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

DISCONTINUATION,

W. & J. MURDOCH,

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

WHOLESALE.

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

ANNUALS FOR 1839.

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

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

Likewise, The third number of Peuley's Illustrations of Nova Scotia, containing the following views:

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

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

LAWYER'S LYRICS.—No. 2.

BY THOMAS GREENAWAY.

I'm sure I'm right, and fortune's spite,
To me at length is o'er:
She'll come, I see, to number Three
As well as number Four.

Two tedious years of hopes and fears,
I've counted here the clock;
But ne'er could see a client's fee,
Nor hear a client's knock.

Without reward I study hard,
And live by fate's decree,
Up two long pairs of narrow stairs
At chambers number Three.

There while I sit, no fees I get,
But daily cast a score
Of anxious looks at Mr. Snook's
Who lives at number Four.

As here I stand, full many a hand
Presents him with a fee,
And clients pour to number Four,
Like duns to number Three.

No single case here shows its face,
Except my case of books;
I wish the earth but knew my worth,
They wouldn't go to Snooks.

'Tis done at last! The pace so fast!
Those papers in the clow!!!
I can't be wrong: they must belong
To one who comes to law.

At length 'tis done, and fate's begun
To smile on number Three;
He doesn't know which way to go;
I'm sure he'll ask for me.

Yes, there he taps—you senseless chaps,
Why don't you ope the door?
He says—"Douce take this here mistake,
I wanted number Four."

WIT OF THE ANCIENTS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORS; WITH REFERENCES.

Thales used to say that the oldest of all things is God, for he is unborn; that the most beautiful of all things is the world, for it was made by God; that the greatest of all things is space, for it contains all things; that the swiftest of all things is thought, for it runs over all things; that the strongest of all things is necessity, for it conquers all; that the wisest of all things is time, for it discovers all.—*Diog. Laert. i. 35.*

When Philippus, a Roman orator, was pleading on a certain occasion, a witness was brought forward who was quite a dwarf. "May I question this witness?" said he to the magistrate who presided.—"Yes," replied the magistrate, who was in a hurry, "but let him be short."—"No fear," rejoined Philippus, "for he is already very short."—*Cic. De Orat. ii. 60.*

A good repartee is related of Caius Sextius, who had but one eye. Appius, a man of wit, but of no great purity of morals, said to him, "I will sup with you to-night, for I see," he added, looking in Sextius's face, "that there is room for one."—You must have clean hands, however, related Sextius, "before you sit down."—*Ibid.*

Thales, on a certain occasion, observed that death differed little from life. "And why do you not die then?" asked one of his hearers.—"Because it would make little difference," was the reply.—*Diog. Laert. i. 35.*

Thales being asked which was the elder of the two, night or day, "Night," replied he, "by one day."—*Diog. Laert. i. 36.*

Being asked whether a man could escape the knowledge of the gods when doing ill, "Not even," replied he, "when thinking ill."—*Ibid. Et. Val. Max. vii. 2.*

Being asked by one who had committed adultery, whether he might swear that he had not committed it, "Is not perjury," replied he, "worse than adultery?"—Being asked what was most difficult, he said, "To know one's self."—Being asked what was most easy, he said, "To give advice to another."—Being asked what was most pleasant, he said, "For a man to obtain what he desires."—Being asked what God is, he said, "That which is neither beginning nor end."

Being asked what was the most extraordinary thing that he had seen, he said, "An old tyrant." [He meant that it was wonderful that tyrants were not assassinated before they reached old age.]

Being asked what makes us bear affliction most easily, he said, "To see our enemies in greater affliction."—Being asked how a man may lead the best life, he said, "By forbearing to do what he blames in other men."

Being asked who might be considered happy, he said, "He who has good health, is at ease in his circumstances, and of an intelligent and cultivated mind."—*Diog. Laert. i.*

"Do not strive," said Thales to one of his friends, "to get riches unlawfully; and do not be ready to listen to accusations against those whom you have taken under your patronage."—*Ibid.*

"Whatever treatment you have shown your parents," said he to another, "expect a like return from your children."—*Ibid.*

He used also to say, that we should be as mindful of our friends in their absence as in their presence; and that we should not be anxious to adorn our person with dress, but our minds with wisdom.—*Ibid.*

Anus Sempronius was candidate for an office, and went, accompanied by his brother Marcus, to a certain Vargula, who had a vote. The brother saluted Vargula, and offered to embrace him. "Boy," cried Vargula, calling to a slave, "drive away the flies."—*Cic. De Orat. ii. 60.*

Nero, having a thievish slave, who pried into every thing about the house, said of him that he was the only servant in his family from whom nothing was either sealed or hidden. The same words might have been used of a good servant.—*Cic. De Orat. ii. 61.*

Spurius Carrilius, in fighting for his country, had received a severe wound, which made him halt so much that he was unwilling to go abroad. "Do not shrink," said his mother, "from showing yourself to your countrymen, for every step you take will remind them of what you deserve from them."—*Ibid.*

When Scipio Africanus was adjusting a crown on his head at an entertainment, it burst several times. "No wonder," said Licinius Varus, "that it does not fit, for it is a great head that it has to cover. [Magnum enim caput est.]—*Ibid.*

Quintus Cicero, the brother of the orator, was a man of diminutive stature. Cicero, seeing a gigantic half-length of him painted on a shield, remarked, "The half of my brother is greater than the whole."—*Macrob. Sat. ii. 3.*

Vatinius, during the civil war, was elected consul, but was deprived of his office a few days afterwards. "The year of Vatinius," observed Cicero, on his deposition, has been an extraordinary one; for it has contained neither spring, summer, autumn, nor winter." And on another occasion, when Vatinius complained that Cicero had not visited him when he was sick, "I set out," said Cicero, "to call on you during your consulship, but night overtook me on the road."—*Ibid.*

Revilius Caninius, during the same period, was consul but one day. "Revilius," observed Cicero, "has gained something by his election; namely, that it may be inquired under what consul he was consul."—*Ibid.*

He also remarked, on the same occasion, "We have had a wakeful consul, for he has taken no sleep during his whole consulate."—*Ibid.*

Calvus heard a bad orator make a short speech. "He has said little," said he, "but enough for his cause." [An ambiguity, like the remark of Nero on his slave; for the same might be said of the short speech of a good orator.]—*Cic. De Orat. ii. 61.*

Titius, a constant player at ball, was suspected of mutilating the statues in the temples of the gods at night. One day he did not come to play as usual, when his companions enquired what was become of him. "He may be excused for not attending," said Vespa Terentius, for he has broken an arm."—*Cic. De Orat. ii. 62.*

One of Crassus, the orator's, clients said to him, that he hoped not to be troublesome if he came to him in the morning before daylight. "Very well," replied Crassus.—"Will you order yourself, then," said the man, "to be called?"—"I understood," retorted Crassus, "that you hoped not to be troublesome."—*Ibid. c. 64.*

Cato the censor, in discharging the duties of his office, asking Lucius Porcius Nasicus whether he was married, put to him the usual question, "Ex tui animi sententia have you a wife?"—"No," replied he, "I have not a wife ex animi mei sententia."—*Ibid. c. 65.*

In a certain cause, Crassus the orator was engaged on one side, and Helvius Lama on the other. Lama, who was very deformed, interrupted Crassus several times whilst he was speaking. Crassus, at last, provoked by his impertinence, stopped, and said, "Let us hear what the handsome youth has to say." The audience laughing, "I could not," says Lama, "improve my figure, though I could my understanding."—"Let us hear then," rejoined Crassus, "the man of improved understanding." This retort caused a greater laugh.—*Ibid.*

In the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, Cicero adhered to the latter, though he greatly disliked his irresolution and want of activity. Wishing to let Pompey know what he thought of his supineness, he one day said to him, "I know from whom I should flee, but I know not whom I should follow."—*Macrob. Sat. ii. 3.*

When he joined the camp of Pompey, he was reproached with coming late. "I cannot think that I am late," said he, "for I see nothing ready?"—*Ibid.*

Pompey having presented a Gaul with the freedom of the city of Rome, "The worthy man," said Cicero, "gives the freedom of a foreign city to Gauls, when he cannot secure his countrymen the freedom of their own."—*Ibid.*

It was on account of such jokes as this, that Pompey said of Cicero, "I wish that he would go over to the enemy, for he would perhaps then have some fear of me."—*Ibid.*

A soldier of Augustus, who had been struck with a stone on the forehead, and had a large scar on the place, was one day boasting immoderately of his exploits against the enemy: "But when you run away," said Augustus, who overheard him, "you should remember not to look behind you."—*Macrob. Sat. ii. 4.*

WOMAN'S TALK.—The savages say that monkeys do not talk, for fear they should be made to work; women, on the contrary, the more they work, the more they talk. There seems to be a magnetic influence in their needles, to keep their tongues in perpetual motion. I have often thought what the reason of this could be. At first I supposed their fondness for repetition was only intended for the development of truth, as Kant and Jacobi maintain that demonstration is nothing but a continued advance in identical propositions; so that women, in continually repeating the same thing, were endeavouring to demonstrate. But I soon discovered the cause lay still deeper. Naturalists affirm that the leaves of trees are constantly in motion, in order to purify the air. Now the incessant vibrations of women's tongues produce the same effect as those of leaves. Hence it is a wise disposition of nature, that women talk most in large cities, in winter, within doors, and in large circles, because these are the very places where the air is most impure. Some petty, narrow-minded philosophers, who cannot understand the great designs of nature, but are always imagining some little supplementary object in all her operations—some such, I say, with whom I am very far from agreeing, reject the above theory, and suppose female loquacity to have been intended to express some ideas or sentiments of an intellectual being—perhaps, of the female herself. This is one of the things which Kant says can neither be proved nor disproved. I should rather be inclined to believe that talking is with them a sign that thought and internal activity have ceased, as the bell in a mill never begins to ring till all the grist is ground.—*Jean Paul.*

LAW.—All the machinery of law seems intended to delay the progress of a cause. It is like a watch, where all the wheels are intended only to check the motion of the main one. As Simonides, when asked what God was, asked first for a day to consider—then another—another, and so on, without end—a whole life being too little, as he thought, to study out this question in: so does the judge, when called upon to say what the law is, require postponement after postponement, till he dies, leaving the great question undecided.—*Ibid.*

THE PERFECTION OF WISDOM.—The great physician Galen, merely upon the contemplation of so exact and so perfect a structure of the human body, challenged any one upon an hundred years' study, to find how any of the least fibres, or the most minute particle, might be more commodiously placed either for the advantage of use or of comeliness.

ROYAL COCK-CROWER.—There was an officer whose employment it was to go the rounds as a watchman, and to crow like a cock. Upon the accession of George the Second, the cock ceased to crow, for his majesty disliked the practice.

ELDER BROTHER.—An elder brother is one who makes haste to come into the world, to bring his parents the first news of male posterity, and is well rewarded for his joyful tidings.

INTEMPERANCE.—The vine produces three kinds of grapes. The first pleasure, the second intoxication, and the third repentance.

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