

From Shelley's Poetical Works.

## STORM IN ITALY.

The thunder-stroke  
Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak  
Folded athwart their shoulders, broad and bare.  
The ripe corn under the undulating air  
Undulates like the ocean; and the vines  
Are trembling wide in all their trellis'd lines.  
The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill  
The empty pauses of the blast; the hill  
Looks hoary through the white electric rain,  
And from the glens beyond, in solemn strain  
The interrupted thunder howls; above  
One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye of love  
On the unquiet world.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE HOURS.

Cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,  
Which trample the dim winds; in each there stands  
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.  
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,  
And yet I see no shape but the keen stars;  
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth and drink  
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,  
As if the thing they loved fled on before,  
And now, even now, they clasp'd it. Their bright looks  
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all  
Sweep onward.

## ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

Thou wild west wind! thou breath of autumn's being!  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse in this its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours, plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving every where,  
Destroyer and preserver, hear, O hear!

'Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay;  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them: O thou,  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms, and the oozy weeds which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves, O hear!

## JARGONEL CANARIES.

Forth sailed Tim. in as lovely a morning as ever preceded a summer day in England. The few white clouds which flitted across the bright blue sky impaired not, but enhanced its beauty. The boyish spirits of Tim. danced along his veins, and sweet passages of British bards floated upon his memory. The ignorant and the vulgar thought Timothy a stupid boy, but if, through the injudicious and excessive indulgence of a strong natural tendency, he was culpably insensible to the world around him, there was a world of beauty within his own mind in which, meanwhile, he revelled and luxuriated.

Timothy arrived safely at the hat-maker's, and having selected one which the proprietor of the shop told him fitted as exactly as if he had been measured for it, received as change from the pound, which his mother gave him, twelve shillings, and departed, taking with him the hat enclosed in a paste-board box. Tim.'s heart was light, and he felt very happy, for he knew he had acted as his mother wished him to act, and he loved his mother with an intensity of love which only such natures as theirs can feel for each other. She had told him not to give more than ten shillings for his hat, and he had got, he was convinced, a good one for eight shillings.

Tim. walked merrily on, and just as he was leaving the town a woman placed before his face a little wired box, or temporary

cage, saying, "Will you buy a pair of beautiful birds to-day, sir?"

"I don't want any birds, thank you, ma'am!" said Tim.

"But they are such beauties," said she; "you never saw such before."

Tim. looked, and found that what the lady said was perfectly true. He had never seen such birds before. Their bodies were yellow, in colour nearly resembling a canary, as did their size. Their wings were green and white; their necks were encircled with red and blue rings alternately. There was a ring of white and then of black around their eyes. Their left legs were, the upper part white, and the lower part black; and their right legs, the upper part black, and the lower part white. The feathers of their tails were blue, red, brown, white, black, yellow, purple, and green, alternately. Tim. was lost in rapture at the diversity and beauty of nature's productions. He recollected that his mother, next to flowers, loved birds, and was certain she would approve of his buying these for her, if not too dear. "What is the name of those birds?" said Tim.

"They are called jargonel canaries," said the woman.

"Will they sing?" said Tim.

"Sing! I believe you!" said the woman; "they'll sing as Darby Pipes sang."

"How was that?" said Tim.

"Why, he sang till he was dead, and would not leave off then," replied the bird-dealer.

"What sort of note have they?" said Tim.

"That of the canary and nightingale mixed, with all the best points of the bulfinch," said the woman.

"But perhaps they are tender, and will die speedily from the effects of confinement?" inquired Tim.

"Nonsense," said the woman; "their constitutions are as tough as india-rubber, and a jargonel canary was never known to die."

"Astonishing!" said Tim., relapsing into a reverie.

"Will you have them?" said the woman.

"What do you want for them?" said Tim.

"Twenty-eight shillings," said the woman, "and half-a-crown for the cage."

"I have not got it," said Tim., "so good bye; I'm much obliged to you."

"Stop!" said the woman, "if you are poor to-day, you shall have them for a pound; and, as I know when you once hear them sing, you will want others, perhaps you will be a better customer for the next pair."

"But I have but twelve shillings," said Tim.

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" replied the woman; "I am dreadfully in want of money, or I would not sell these birds for less than ten guineas."

"I am sorry for you," said Tim.; "take this;" and he offered her half-a-crown.

"But I should like you to have the birds;" said she.

"I have not money enough," said Tim.

"Could not you give me what you have now, and pay me the remainder the first time you come to Addle-egg?" said the woman.

"Yes;" said Tim. "I shall pass through on my way to Aylesbury, on Tuesday, and then I will pay you the eight shillings."

"Very well!" said the distressed mother; and, receiving Tim.'s twelve shillings, she gave him possession of the cage of jargonel canaries—warranted never to die, and to sing after they were dead.

Away walked Tim.—the hat-box in his left hand—the cage of jargonel canaries in his right. His mother approved of the hat, but was rather astonished at the appearance of the birds.

"Where do they come from, Tim.?" said she.

"I do not know, mamma," he replied; "but I think it probable they came from China."

"Very likely," said Lucy; "China is a wonderful country, and singular in its productions."

"*Twit! twit! twit! twit! twit!*" chirped Lucy, hoping to obtain a specimen of their vocal powers.

"*Twit! twit! twit! twit! twit!*" chirped Timothy, with the same object. At each of these invitations the jargonel canaries turned their heads first on one side, and then on the other, and jerking themselves suddenly round so as unbecomingly to present their tails at their new possessors, gave each a shrill and melancholy "*cheep*."

"What sort of a person did you buy them of?" said Lucy.

"Rather a lady-like woman, mamma," said Tim.

"Lady-like! in what?" continued his mother.

"Why, she did not speak in the broad dialect of people about here. I think she came from London; and that is likely, you know, for of course these birds were brought to England in a ship; they could not fly all the way from China."

"Certainly not," said Lucy. "Did you ask the woman what they should be fed on?"

"I forgot that," said Timothy.

"Well, my dear," said his mother, "it is evident that the birds are afraid in the presence of strangers, and will not sing to-night; therefore, go to Widow Linseed's, get a variety of kinds

of bird-seed, put them in the cage, which then hang up in your bed-room window, high enough to be beyond reach of the cat, and say nothing about the purchase to your papa, until we have ascertained the song of the birds."

There was much wisdom in this last direction. Tim. did as he was advised, for Lucy never commanded; and went to bed, expecting to be aroused at early dawn by notes the most melodious and enchanting. In this he was disappointed. He turned on his pillow, and leaning on his arm, waited anxiously for the prelude notes of that melody which should combine the excellences of the canary, the nightingale, and the bulfinch. "*Cheep, cheep cheep*," said the jargonel canaries—a sound which Timothy began to think not at all descriptive of his purchase. As soon as it was quite light, he turned out, and taking down the cage perceived why the birds did not sing. Their colours had very much faded during the night—they were evidently moulting. He perceived too, at the bottom of the cage, here and there a small heap of dust, which looked like a pinch of pounded rainbow. This excited his surprise, but it was only one wonder added to those which he had read respecting China.

The moment his father had finished his breakfast and left the house, Tim. communicated this to his mother, regretting that her enjoyment of the birds should be thus delayed. The cage was brought down. "Dear me," said Lucy, "I don't know much of foreign birds, certainly, but in English birds I never saw such a change in a week as has here occurred in one night." So saying, she carefully opened the door of the cage, which was just large enough to admit her hand, for the purpose of catching one. The birds fluttered, and cheeped, and struck their heads, wings, and tails against the wires of their small prison, with the confusion of fear, and the energy of despair. Lucy was almost blinded by a cloud of many-coloured dust; and when this subsided, a couple of very sprightly cock-sparrows occupied the apartment of the late jargonel canaries.

"Hang the little wretches!" said Mrs. Tart, the housekeeper, who had just entered—"Give 'em to me, Missus, I'll finish their education for 'em." So saying, she snatched the cage from the not consenting, yet yielding, Lucy, and was proceeding to wring the birds' necks.

"No, no, no!" shouted Timothy, in a tone of energy unusual with him; and recapturing the cage, he ran with it into the garden. Here he opened the cage-door, and the birds, each uttering a quick sharp "*cheep*," as much as to say—"Thank you for me,"—flew, as if instinctively, direct to the stack-yard.

"Mighty foin!" said a voice of thunder behind Timothy, and at the same instant a broad horny palm alighted between his shoulders with such force that he grunted like a half grown pig, and the cage was sent pirouetting along the gravel-walk to some distance. "Papa!" said the boy in a tone half of pain, half of reproach, while in two copious streams the tears rolled down his flushed, then whitened cheeks. "Yes, mighty foin of thee," continued old Timothy, "to increase my family of sparrows, when I be a paying the buoys a farden a piece for every dead un, and returning 'em the bodies into the bargain—mighty foin! thee 'est be quoit an ornymet to Muster Rodwell's academy."

THE FAMILY.—If there are any joys on earth, which harmonize with those of heaven, they are the joys of a christian family. When the snow flakes fall fast in the wintry evening, and the moaning winds struggle at the windows, what is so delightful as to see the happy little ones sporting around a blazing fire. Look at the little creature in her night dress, frolicking and laughing, as though she had never known, and never would know, a care. Now she rolls upon the carpet, and now she climbs the chair, and now she pursues her older sister around the room, while her little heart is overflowing full of happiness. Who does not covet the pleasurable emotions with which the parents look upon this lovely scene.

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