

For the Pearl.

A resplendent "Pearl" in the Coronet of the Genius of British America has just now attracted my attention through the politeness of an esteemed friend. I truly regret having so long neglected a Colonial Gem of such commanding interest; more especially since my literary character has brightened in its blaze.

Notwithstanding her own plenitude of maturer Bards, and ripper talent, Nova Scotia was wont to patronize my unstudied offerings even of boyhood. With many of her Literati I have no personal acquaintance; yet I hold their names in proud and pious commemoration:—they are an ornament to the Province in which they live, and an honor to us all.

Dusily employed in preparing two new volumes for the press, I have little leisure for present composition—but the following stanzas, originally written in a Lady's Album, are at your service. After the lapse of a few months, I shall esteem it no ordinary pleasure to become your constant contributor—meanwhile may the shrine you have raised for the pilgrims of song and science be weekly visited by others in the true spirit of devotion.

STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Lady, when I was but a boy
In kindred halls beyond the billow,
Bright looks of love, and dreams of joy,
Or cross'd my path, or crown'd my pillow;

And I at times was wont to touch
My young wild harp in peace and gladness—
Alas, that music lov'd so much,
Should ever melt in tones of sadness!

But those were blest and sunny days—
So calm, so pure, and so unbroken,—
And my young heart beat high with praise
By lips of truth as warmly spoken.

Anxious to prove a world that seem'd
So full of promise, I had given
Full many a wish to distant lands,
Big with imaginary heaven;

And tho' much sorrow interven'd
At thought of kindred bosoms part'd,
As o'er the household group I lean'd,
Hope chased the tear affection start'd.

Suffice to say I had farewell,
And, issuing from the Cottage wildwood,
Before me was the wide wide world—
Behind, were all the loves of childhood.

If boots not now what lands remote
Have borne the imprint of the stranger;
Nor shall I in these stanzas quote
My pilgrimage thro' storm and danger:—

Much I have seen of earth's romance;
Oh mingled with its maze of folly,
And smiled—but oftener wept perchance
With less mysterious melancholy:—

For I have read the mournful tale
Of blasted hopes and friendships riven,
Too long for promise to prevail,
Unless that promise be from heaven:—

Yet there is light within my mind;
Within my soul a nobler treasure
Than growling worms of earth can find
In mad pursuit of pomp or pleasure.

What tho' before me lies the grave
Whose epitaph shall end my story,
Beyond its gloom I hope to wave
The Banner of my Master's glory.

Then let these pilgrim feet of mine
Awhile their wasted strength recover—
I rest me, Lady, by the shrine
Of Friendship.—Now my song is o'er.

N. B.

W. K. LECHETT.

For the Pearl.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Since the first day that your engaging little miscellany appeared a candidate for the public favour, I have earnestly observed its character and manner, nor did I permit the graces of form, or the hues of beauty that recommended its infancy to captivate my fancy and delude my judgment. I was anxious to scrutinize its purpose and disposition that I might surely discover what portion of imperfection was imbedded in so much apparent delicacy and refinement. This I consider was my right to do, because only upon its intellectual merits would you desire its success in the world; and only upon that testimony should we, your readers, be justified in accepting it. The very existence of our moral freedom and purity depends upon the virtue of our public Journals, now that so great a measure of our education in this Province is received through the medium of periodicals. My experience however has happily dissipated my suspicions, and is now followed by a full approbation of your editorial conduct, and I now eagerly render to your paper this light tribute to its character.

This, our Nova Scotia, you must with pride and joy remember, now holds a high seat in the Halls of Literature throughout the world; and her venerable Mother, England, with all her noble progeny of philosophers, poets, and heroes, gives her the flattering nod of recognition looking from her throne of Empires. This idea is almost enough to make us pray for an earthly immor-

ality: almost enough to draw our hopes from the promises of eternity, to find their rest in the enjoyment of political grandeur.—Britain! her monarch! her freedom, her glory, her temples and her piety! who among mankind would not sigh for the freedom, the honour of sitting at her feet! The man in Nova Scotia that would not, cannot love his country. But we are loyal and it is the surest test of our general intelligence. The loyalty of Nova Scotians is now signalised, and England has affectionately received it. These glories we must be sure to guard, and we can best enlarge them by a watchful attention to our public literature.

Ridicule and disgrace have at times been drawn upon us by the vile character of some of our public prints, and the national reputation has scarcely saved itself behind the shelter of its former good deeds: we have been barely able to escape the denouncement of our best friends abroad. Obscurity, infidelity, and sedition have strongly marked the inward corruption of some of our journalists. This has had the bad effect of imposing upon the minds of many foreigners the conviction that we are a disaffected and barbarous people.

These facts must teach us the necessity of a change in the taste and temper of our periodicals. Devoted as they are almost exclusively to politics and party, nothing stands more conspicuous than the pique, pride, or rancour, that swell the bosoms of their respective leaders. So much indeed is the public sentiment discoloured and distorted from these causes, that civil and religious discord have been most actively promoted. There is an advantage possessed by an editor, if he is artful and ambitious, that the public does not seem to consider. He stands forth a general courtier addressing himself at one time to the fancy, next to the pride, at spare times to the judgment, and always to the prejudice of the reader. This offering is so grateful to the thirsting vanity of our nature as to be swallowed in the lump; and the operation is the more certain as the author always addresses a silent multitude. There is no one mounted on the wings of this messenger as it comes fresh from the Press, who can by his talent and integrity, bursting with the eloquent indignation that slandered virtue feels, refute and neutralize such worthless sophistry before it has conveyed its insinuating poison into the veins and marrow.

How much then must we be interested in the blessing that an Editor of christian faith and veracity bestows upon the country? and how much should we oppose the terrible evil that a scoffer and libertine may inflict upon the country. The Editor who could make his paper an engine to delude and destroy, becomes the most unpardonable being alive.

A paper like yours seems most especially fitted to fill up a blank in our literature: one that may divert and instruct the public mind, without fostering disorder and discontent. It should be chaste, elegant, sparkling and pure. A gem worthy of the virgin's casket or the parson's desk.

As variety is the soul of all useful and judicious entertainment, thereby awakening to life and motion the many hidden associations of time and hope that cluster round our hearts, it will be your province to favour your patrons belines, with enigmas, riddles, conundrums, songs, legends, descriptive pieces, etc. sufficient to reach the most eccentric taste. Knowing this I intend to trouble you occasionally with some productions of those sorts, with the purpose to put your readers to the stretch of their ingenuity, and with the wish that a more capable correspondent may be tempted to surpass me.

Your most obedient servant.

COMUS.

For the Pearl.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROPHECY.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

NO. 4.

"From this red coloured mass, (the remains of the lesser Palace) the Mujellibah bears N. 26° W; Hillah, S. 16° W., and the Eirs Nimrod, S. 30° W. This mound rises to the west of an unequal and inferior range of hillocks, and joins another ridge branching off to the southward for the distance of a mile, and something less than half that breadth. This centre of hills is of the same height as another range extending along the eastern front of the Kasr, and running due north for one mile; at the same time occupying nearly the whole of the ground from the north face of the Kasr to the river's bank.

Adjoining these heaps, a little to the south, stands an enormous pile, which the natives call Al Kasr, or "the Palace," and which, next to the Mujellibah, is the highest and most attractive object on this side of the river, rearing its rugged head seventy feet above the level of the plain; I fell confident that here lie the Debris of the great Western palace, for the ground on the eastern face of this ruin is low, soft, and indented, as if the river had wandered from its original course. Its form is very irregular; its length is 820 yards, and its breadth 610. It is deeply furrowed throughout by ravines of great length, depth, and width; and crossing each other in every direction. Some are full sixty feet deep, which may be attributed to the Arabs, who were constantly at work to obtain the valuable bricks, which, from the vicinity of the

river, are with little trouble and expense conveyed to Hillah, or any towns north or south. In some of these ravines, fragments of detached walls are still standing, composed of burnt bricks, with their faces, or inscribed parts, placed downwards. The freshness of the inscriptions was amazing. In the fragments of building on the summit of the mound, neither bitumen nor reeds can be traced, there being but a simple layer of mortar to bind the materials together. The very heart of this pile appears to be entirely of the finest furnace-baked brick. On the top of this ruin, which is all that is left us of the greater Palace, are the remains of square piers or buttresses, defying the generally destructive power of time. These columns measured from sixteen to eighteen feet in height, and nine in thickness. I found it impossible to detach any of the bricks, so firmly did they adhere together. Hence their fresh appearance and excellent preservation. Their colour is a pale yellow, and several of these masses appear to lean from their centre, perhaps from some convulsion of nature.

The cuneiform, or Babylonian inscriptions, are plainly discernible on those bricks that project beyond the line of their original position. The observer must kneel down and look upwards; for the inscribed parts are placed downwards; evidently showing that the inscriptions were never intended to be seen or read; which is an extraordinary circumstance, and difficult to account for. It is astonishing that the thinnest layer of cement imaginable should hold the courses of brickwork so firmly and securely together. The natives appear to have entirely discontinued their work of havoc here, from the total impossibility of extracting a perfect brick. There are very conspicuous fragments of detached wall along the western and the northern face of the Kasr, which (as this part is the reputed site of the Pensile Gardens ascribed to Nebuchadnezzar,) perhaps supported the terraces attached thereto. Indeed it is easier to trace several long passages among the deep and innumerable ravines, than might be supposed, after the lapse of so many ages; but these fragments of building are daily becoming more hidden from view, and the avenues closed up with broken bricks, rubbish, glazed pottery, and huge masses of stone. I will however particularize a single specimen, in order to give some idea of their gigantic dimensions.

In one of the subterranean passages of a deeply furrowed ravine, I discovered a granite slab fifteen feet long, and five and a half wide; its surface exhibited bitumen with an impression of woven matting or straw, apparently laid on, in a perfect unbroken state. This circumstance may in some degree identify the site of the Pensile Hill, which we learn from ancient authors, were raised on pillars by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, to gratify his wife Amyctis the daughter of Astyages, King of Media. Quintus Curtius makes them equal in height to the walls of the city, viz. fifty feet. They are said to have contained a square of four hundred feet on each side, and were carried up into the air in several terraces, laid above one another, and the ascent from terrace to terrace was by stairs ten feet wide. The pilasters (no trace of the arch being found in the ruins) sustaining the whole pile were raised one above the other, and the fabric was strengthened by a wall, surrounding it on all sides, of twenty two feet in thickness.

The floors of each of the terraces, were laid in the following manner: on the top of the pillars were placed large flat stones, sixteen feet long and four broad; and over them was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen, over which were two rows of bricks closely cemented together by plaster, and over all were thick sheets of lead; and lastly, upon the lead was laid the mould of the garden. The mould, or earth, was of such a depth, as to admit the largest trees to take root and grow; and it was covered with various kinds of trees, plants, and flowers. In the upper terrace there was an aqueduct or engine, whereby water was drawn up out of the river for watering the garden."

Captain Mignan here describes a beautiful tree which the natives call Athleh—it is very ancient and is a superb tree 23 feet high. The wind fluttering through its delicate branches, has a mournful effect, and "seems entreating the traveller to remain, and unite in mourning over fallen grandeur." Captain Mignan notices the figure of the lion over a prostrate man, mentioned by Keppell. "The head of the lion has been broken off, and the sculpture is in a very barbarous style. Beauchamp, in speaking of this ruin, says, "On this side of the river are those immense ruins which have served, and still serve, for the building of Hillah, an Arabian city, containing ten or twelve thousand souls. Here are found those large and thick bricks, imprinted with unknown characters. This heap, and the mount of Babel, are commonly called by the Arabs, *Mitchouhah*, that is to say, *turned topsy-turvy*. I was informed by the master-mason employed to dig for brick, that the places from which he procured them were large thick walls, and sometimes chambers. He has frequently found earthen vessels, engraved marbles, and, about eight years ago, a statue as large as life, which he threw among the rubbish. On one wall of a chamber he found the figures of a cow, and of the sun and moon, formed of varnished bricks. Sometimes idols of clay are found, representing human figures." Vide Beauchamp's authority quoted by Major Rennell.

On a high spot, about fifty-five feet above the level of the plain, I traced a large square pilaster rising out of a conical mound.