A MERCHANT'S MUSINGS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWN.

From the Dublin University Magazine for June.

The sky, the sky, the clear blue sky!
I see it from my windows high,
O'er the church tower and heavy wall,
O'er the high rows of chimneys tall.

It smileth there as clearly blue,
As in past days 'twas wont to do,
As blandly clear, as softly sweet,
Upon this stirring, busy street.

I know 'tis summer—summer time—
Roses at home are in their prime,
My own small tree is gaudy now,
With crimson flowers on every bough.

I know beside my father's door
The aspen trembles as of yore,
And the clear rivulet onward sweeps,
To the small ledge from whence it leaps.

And the sweet linnet and the thrush,
Have builded in the old thorn bush;
They sing beside the rivulet's flow;
Do I not hear them even now?

It seems, indeed, but yesterday,
Since from that home I went away:
The memory is so clear and strong,
And yet, again, it seems so long.

How long since last I heard the call
Of friends, beside the waterfall;
How long since last my mother laid
Her hand upon my head and prayed.

How long, how long! a merry boy,
I left with mingled tears and joy;
And now I'm grown a steady man,
With teeming brain and plodding plan.

I've made me friends in other lands,
With other ties have joined my hands;
Have wife and children, lands and wealth,
Content and love, and hope and health.

Yet home, home, home! this summer day,
I long, I long, to be away;
To leave the hot and noisy town,
To bound once more o'er dale and down.

The early loved ones to embrace;
To look upon my mother's face;
To see her smile, as once she smiled;
To be again a very child!

Who totters in with merry shout?
Ah, baby! hast thou found me out;
Disturbing thus my reverie?
Come, little darling to my knee.

Reproach me not, my little one,
That I was yearning to be gone;
Dearer than memory's dreams can be,
Is the deep joy I have in thee?

Was I not murmuring even now,
That summer skies as bright should glow
On this dull town, as on the fair
Scenes, where my early memories are?

Oh! lighting up this busy street,
They shine upon a flower as sweet,
As rose or violet of the wild,
On thee, my dear, my blessed child!

I'll put the dreams of memory by,
And gazing on thy cloudless eye,
So by thy loving heart will see,
A pure, sublimed epitome,
Of my young happy days in thee!

ADVENTURE WITH A SERPENT.

The writer having been out shooting, lay down to rest under a tree, when suddenly he was aroused by a simultaneous barking of his dogs. On turning round, I beheld a snake of the Cobre de Capella species directing his course towards a point approximating very close to my position. In an instant I was on my feet. The moment the reptile became aware of my presence, in a nautical phraseology, it bodily brought to, with expanded head, eyes sparkling, and neck beautifully arched, and the head raised about two feet from the ground, oscillatting from side to side, plainly indicative of a resentful foe. I seized the nearest weapon, a short bamboo, left by one of the beaters, and hurled it at my opponent's head; I was fortunate enough to hit it beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell and lay apparently lifeless. Without a moment's reflection, I seized it immediately below the head, hauled it in beneath the shelter of the tree, and very coolly began to examine the poisonous fangs, of which the naturalists speak so much. While in the act of forcing the mouth open with a stick, I felt the head sliding through my hand, and to my utter astonishment, found that I had to contend with the most deadly of reptiles, in its full strength and vigour. Indeed, I was in a moment convinced of this, for as I tightened my hold round its throat, its body became wreathed round my neck and arm. If the reader is aware of the universal dread in which the Cobra de Capella is held throughout India, and the almost instant death which invariably follows its bite, he will in some degree be able to imagine what my feelings were at that critical moment; a faint kind of disgusting sickness pervaded my whole frame, as I felt the clammy fold of the reptile tightening about my neck. I still held the throat, but to hold it much longer would be impossible. Immediately beneath my grasp, there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted with the very firmness which I held it.

Finding in defiance of my efforts my hand was forced to my face, an idea struck me, were it in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument, it would prevent the reptile from using its fangs should it escape my hold. My gun lay at my feet—the ramrod appeared to be the very thing required, which with some difficulty, I succeeded in drawing out, having only one arm disengaged. My right arm was now trembling with over exertion, and my hold becoming less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod through the lower jaw up to its centre. It was not without considerable hesitation that I let go my hold of the throat, and seizing it with both hands, at once by bringing them both over my head with a sudden jerk, I disengaged the hold from my neck, which had tightened laterly almost to strangulation. There was then little difficulty in freeing my right arm, and ultimately to throw the reptile to the ground, where it continued to twist and writhe itself into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighbouring stream, to lave my neck, hands, and face in its cooling waters was my first act after despatching my formidable enemy. This concludes a true though plainly told story.

The fate of a gambler.—We extract from a foreign paper the following account of the melancholy consequences of indulging a propensity for gaming, as illustrated in the melancholy fate of a Bohemian nobleman:

"The dreadful passion for gambling has lately made another victim in Bohemia. The young Count J. B. Gravallasky had two years ago inherited 15,000,000 francs. He was then in his twenty fifth year, and always in gaming houses. He lost at Milan 500,000 florins; at Vienna 800,000 florins; at Prague 300,000 florins. This severe lesson, instead of tempering his passion, made it still stronger. He sold his furniture, then his estates, and even the revenues to arise from the dominions, composing his birth-right, for one hundred years, which property could not be alienated. All his money he lost also. Reduced to misery, and always dreaming of the possibility of winning back the immense fortune he had lost, he committed the serious crime of forging bills of exchange He was at Gratz, and there he found means to negociate, to Messrs. Clarenheim & Co. in that town, bills on which he had affixed the false signatures of the bankers, Reynenburger & Brothers, at Vienna. One of the partners of this rich house arrived on the same day at Gratz, and informed the Messrs. Clarenheim that they were the dupes of a sharper. Next morning the Count Gravallasky was arrested, but a short time after he found means to escape. He left Gratz, and went to Beraun, where he assumed the name of Karrner, and passed for a cabinet maker. He lived there quite in retirement; but, being discovered, he was put in confinement, and on the night of the 19th, or morning of the 20th Dec. he strangled himself with a silk handkerchief.

Examples of forbearance.—Cæsar having found a collection of letters, written by his enemies to Pompey, burnt them without reading: "For," said he, "though I am upon my guard against anger, yet it is safer to remove its cause."

Antigonus, King of Syria, hearing two of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent, "Gentlemen," said he, opening the curtain, "remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you."

The wife of Cowper, bishop of Lincoln, burnt all the notes which he had been eight years collecting, lest he should kill himself from excess of study; so that he was again eight years in collecting the same materials. But though few greater vexations could overtake a scholar, he never uttered an unkind word to his wife on the subject.

Socrates having received a blow on the head, observed that it would be well if people knew when it were necessary to put on a helmet. Being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly remarked that the man was not yet taught to speak respectfully. Alcibiades, his friend, talking to him one day about his wife, told him he wondered how he could bear such an everlasting scold in the same house with him. He replied, "I have so accustomed myself to expect it, that it now offends me no more than the noise of the carriages in the streets."

But the most perfect example of patience under suffering, and forbearance under injury, is that of our blessed Lord and Saviour, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously;" and who, although he was persecuted to the death, and expired in the midst of the most cruel insults and mocking, breathed out his last in praying for his enemies, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The Sheep Guarding the Shepherd. A Paris paper recites an amusing incident, which occurred recently in the Department of Nievre. The worthy old rector of the parish, over which he had been rector nearly twenty years, received preferment from his Bishop, and was ordered to a higher station in another place. He was greatly beloved by his flock, and was no less attached to them himself; he expected to have a parting scene, which would be painful to his feelings when he came to leave them, and he determined to take himself off quietly without letting any one into the secret. One morning therefore, he left the village at break of day, and journeyed towards his new benefice; but he had not walked above a league or two, before his departure became known, the inhabitants of the village assembled en masse, and determined to bring him back. Away they went after him, and in due time overtaking the stray shepherd, brought him back in triumph to his rectory, where they have since kept a guard of six men posted round his house to hinder any new attempt at flight. The old rector, overcome by the rather boisterous testimonials of affection from his parishoners had subsequently written to the Bishop begging to decline the preference offered him.

Right Dealings with Infidels.—In one of the back towns in Massachusetts, a few years since, there was a man who took in an infidel. He argued with, and as he thought, refuted all the Christians in the place. But there was one old professor in the village who would not debate with him. He spoke of the unspeakable love of Christ: of the preciousness of a good hope: of the comfort it afforded him. His conduct worried his sceptical neighbour. For all the rest he cared not a whit; but that old man—he thought about him most of the time---something harrowed up his mind so that he could not rest. And so great was the trouble this old man caused, that it led him to reflect, repent, and believe on Christ. When he came into conference to relate his experience, anterior to uniting with the church, he pointed to the hoary-headed member, and exclaimed, "the life of that man slew me." The power of holy living is great. May the Lord multiply "living epistles," read and savingly known to many.

One's Mother. Around the idea one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passion and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her monitory voice, and nothing but memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds; affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of rememberance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, which we doubt not that she possessed.

Mortality. In the clever little Pocket Diary, circulated gratuitously by the National Endowment Assurance Society, it is stated that the 'children of men' come into the world and go out at the following average,

Every moment	1
Minute	60
Hour	3,600
Day, (24 hours)	86,400
Week (7 days)	604,800
Month 30 days,	2,592,000
Year, 365 days,	31,536,000
Generation, 30 years	946,080,000

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Friday, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All communications, post paid, to be addressed to John S. Thompson, Halifax, N. S.

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HALIFAX, N. S. Printed at "The Novascotian" Office.