

rough, is another pleasing feature of the Park—but my business is less with the grounds than with the use made of a portion of them as a school of Natural History.

After walking two-thirds of the way round the Park, trees and shrubbery line the road on both sides; and the presence of something like a crowd apprizes a stranger that there is a sight to be seen in the vicinity, although the grounds have been so managed that as little as possible can be seen from the road. Everybody is admitted to the Zoological Gardens on payment of a shilling, except on Sundays, when an introduction by a shareholder of the company that owns them is necessary; and when, of course, the grounds are thronged by a greater number of well-dressed and stylish-looking people, than at other times. Indeed these Gardens have become so great a resort for the gay and fashionable, that thousands throng them on a Sunday afternoon, during the hours which intervene between a short sermon and a late dinner. Those who wish to see company, and study the biped, male and female, go to the Gardens on Sunday afternoon; those who want to study the inferior animals, as we call them, perhaps prefer some more tranquil season. A continual stream of visitors is passing in and out every day, while the carriages, hacks and cabs, which bring those who can afford to ride, stand at the gate—the drivers amusing themselves with observations on the folks they have driven and are awaiting for, in a strain that only Dickens can describe.

The Zoological Society was instituted in 1825, for the introduction of new varieties, races, and breeds of animals, for the purpose of domestication, or for stocking farm yards, pleasure grounds and woods. With this view they commenced a collection, which bids fair to rival, so far as living animals are concerned, the far-famed one at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. The grounds belonging to the Company occupy several acres of the Regent's Park, which are laid out in walks, and parterres, and ornamented with rural edifices. I entered these grounds through an iron turnstile, so constructed that it registered every revolution—by which the many could tell exactly the number admitted every day, and were thereby secured from fraud on the part of the porters who took the shillings at the gate. Having passed the Porter's Lodge, every step I took presented some attraction, or some agreeable surprise. The grounds had been so laid out, and the walks so contrived, that only a limited number of the treasures which the collection embraced were presented to the eye at one time. Here were several pits, twenty feet in depth, walled up and surrounded by a strong iron railing, for the accommodation of the bears, with poles in the centre for them to show their agility in climbing. Further on were ponds for the beavers, otters, and other amphibious animals. In one long range of cages every description of dogs might be seen and contrasted—in another all sorts of domestic fowls, and some crosses of these with the pheasant. The monkey tribe had a suite of separate apartments, and these seemed to afford the most amusement to the great majority of spectators, particularly the young ones. Lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, and most of the beasts of prey, were accommodated with cages; and as they were continually disturbed, that their forms and peculiarities might be seen to most advantage, their roaring and howling might almost have tempted me to believe that I was in an African jungle, but for the presence of so many other objects peculiar to merry England. It would be a vain task to attempt to repeat the names of one in twenty of the rare specimens of birds and animals to be seen here, or to describe the various ingenious contrivances for their accommodation, or the art with which they were arranged, so as to keep the attention continually on the stretch. A noble Elephant went through all the exercises usually exacted of his tribe by showmen, and in addition to many that I had witnessed before, wallowed and swam about a deep pond prepared for his accommodation. The Rhinoceros, with his extraordinary hide, impervious to a musket ball—and the Giraffe, with its short body, but head towering to a height of eighteen feet from the ground, are also there. Several hours were passed in these interesting Gardens, and yet they seemed but a few minutes; and when I presented myself again at the gate, I found that I was on the opposite side of the road to that at which I entered, having passed through an archway, which, without my knowing it, had conducted me beneath the broad carriage way to that portion of the grounds which lay on the other side. It was laughable to observe the astonishment which the good folks exhibited, on finding themselves facing the turnstile at which they had entered, without being conscious of having crossed the thoroughfare, nor ever dreaming that they had been passing beneath it.

The pleasure I derived from this visit was somewhat dashed by my finding, among the wild deer, a fine specimen of the North American Moose. This poor captive affected me more sensibly than I can well describe. He was not exactly a countryman, but, like myself, had made the long voyage across the Atlantic, and, for aught I could tell, might have crossed my path in my woodland rambles, and drank out of the very streams by which I had mused for hours with a fishing rod in my hand. He was in hopeless, and to one who had roamed the "mighty woods," humiliating and painful bondage. I lingered beside him for some time, and almost fancied there was some mysterious sympathy between us. A fellow hit him with a stick, and I was more than half inclined to return the civility. The image of that poor Moose haunts me to this very hour. On escaping from the bustle of the thoroughfares to a quiet nook, the following verses were thrown off to give vent to my feel-

ings; and although they may possess but little poetic merit, they faithfully record the impressions made on a Nova Scotian by

THE MOOSE IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Wild native of the western woods,
I grieve to see thee here,
Far from the hills, and groves, and floods,
To both of us so dear.

What evil stroke to bondage gave
That gaunt but agile frame?
Curse on the mercenary slave
That sold thee to this shame.

Wast thou in full career o'erthrown,
Wounded but not to die,
Or, lured by notes adroitly blown,*
Didst read the sylvan lie?

Or wast thou caught in tender years,
And brought from o'er the sea,
To grow, in agony and tears,
The idler's sport to be?

Poor captive!—would that we had met
Upon our native hills;
But here—to see thee thus beset,
My soul with sorrow fills.

The tiger roars within his cage,
The lion shakes his mane,
And tries the bars with baffled rage,
Then sinks to sleep again.

In far-off scenes I never scann'd
These monsters pant to roam,
But thou art from my own fair land,
And speak to me of home.

We've roam'd beneath the same tall trees,
Plunged in the same bright streams,
Both hear the murmur'd tones of those,
And see them in our dreams.

Thy thoughts, like mine, are far away,
By western lake and grove,
Where, free as air, we loved to stray,
Where now our kindred rove.

I go once more those scenes to tread,
But thou, a prisoner here,
Must heave the sigh and droop the head,
And feel the captive's fear.

Be mocked by idlers every hour,
That dare not, in the wild,
Unarm'd attempt to show their power
Or check the forest's child.

Farewell—poor Moose—I would my hand
Could set the captive free—
But often, in our own dear land,
My thoughts shall turn to thee.

PEREGRINE.

* A common mode of luring the Moose is to imitate the call of his mate by blowing through a trumpet made of birch bark.

For the Pearl.

SUPPORT IN EXTREMITY.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is something in death, even in its mildest form, frightful to human nature; but sometimes it is attended with circumstances so dreadful, that without assistance from a supernatural agency, the strongest minds are bent before it as the bulrush is before the angry blasts of winter. Such a death I lately had occasion to witness—I mean similar, so far as respects the affecting attending circumstances. A youthful and accomplished woman, mother of two interesting infant children,—in a land of strangers, separated from the friends of her youth, the dear associates of her childhood, by the broad expanse of the Atlantic ocean. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters, all far, far away,—with none around her dying couch except her distressed husband, that she could claim sympathy from, or indeed whose faces she had often seen previous to their coming to see her die. From health and strength, and buoyancy of spirits and hope, that maketh the heart glad, in little more than one short week, she was called on to contemplate the dreary mansions of the dead,—to separate herself from the husband of her first and fondest affection,—to leave him alone, with her infants, in a land of strangers, to battle his way through the wilderness of life without her,—without her who alone could soothe him in adversity, and make prosperity valuable. To separate herself from her infants in the helpless stages of their existence—who but a mother can describe or conceive a mother's anguish at such a time?—from the maternal arm, that would guard and protect them from every harm,—from her anxious bosoms where their little heads had been pillowed, whenever their wants or infantile cares required it—they were to pass into the hands of strangers, cold, and perhaps unfeeling and cruel strangers! The golden age of playful childhood would be lost to them, perhaps made an age of iron. If otherwise, if they should experience kindness and affection,—then (O distracting thought) they will forget her who bore them. Besides the anguish that those reflections would naturally occasion, she had to lay her fair form in the grave,—she that had heretofore adorned herself,—had been gayest among the gay, and brightest among the bright!—"whom beauty watched to imitate, was now to become the companion of worms." Add to these—she had to meet her Maker; to meet him whose holy and perfect laws she was conscious (who but is?) of having in thought, word, and deed, transgressed daily! She had to enter on those scenes in a land

of spirits that even the inspired apostle dared not contemplate with any better defined feeling than a hope—a lively hope, indeed, but still a hope. And with all these,—her body was racked with pain, and her mind was enfeebled by disease. If aught on earth could have solaced the human mind under these distressing circumstances, it might have been the presence of an affectionate mother. But when this devoted sufferer strained her eyes around to see that best relative, nought did they rest on but her disconsolate husband and weeping children! Well then might she be shaken as the reed is shaken with the wind. Well then might she be lost in the labyrinth of deep despair.

I am not recounting these scenes of affliction because I delight to dwell on human suffering, or to manifest any literary abilities, I have a higher and a holier end in view. I wish to exhibit to those of your readers who have ears to hear and hearts to conceive, one of the strongest proofs (a proof amounting almost to a demonstration) that the soul is immortal, and that it is in the keeping of him who hath said, "Because I live ye shall live also." This interesting and afflicted woman, weak by her sex, enfeebled by disease and suffering, amidst anguish and pain and disappointed hope, when flesh and blood failed her, and of all earthly things, "none could succour, none could save;" when indeed every earthly comfort and hope and consolation had fled,—when there were no feelings to occupy the mind but those of darkness, and all those considerations (worldly considerations I mean) that might rescue from despair, had utterly failed—then some power unknown to our earthly nature, (but in its effects to be seen and known by all) came in to her relief, and in a small still voice whispered of spiritual things, that filled her mind with comfort and peace and consolation. The terrors of death and the dread of the grave then passed away,—the yearnings of the mother, the solicitude of the wife, the desire of humanity,—all were superceded; all, strong and powerful as they are, were overcome by some power, known only to our earthly nature (as I have said before) by its effects. Weak and feeble as she was, she could meet death, and did meet death, as a strong man meets his enemy. Amidst pain and anguish, such as the hardest and the strongest in the days of their strength would, if unsupported by this power, sink under—a few moments before her death—she said, "I know in whom I have believed—I have placed my hopes on a rock, and he will not forsake me." These words were feebly, but distinctly, spoken, and they were the last she uttered. A very few minutes after, she breathed her last with as much ease and calmness as an infant going to sleep, and her countenance was left beautiful and interesting to look upon even in death.

Ye who would fain rob your fellow-men of the joyful hope of a glorious and immortal life beyond the grave,—contemplate the manner in which this afflicted christian was upheld in her hour of need, and hang down your heads and be ashamed.

11th December, 1839.

THE LAYMAN.

For the Pearl.

THE VILLAGE MANIAC.

'Twas Morn—the red sun rose with ray serene,
When forth we saunter'd o'er the village green;
But far we had not gone when, hark! a sound
Assail'd our ears. We stopp'd and look'd around,
And, lo! a Maniac 'neath a milk-white thorn,
Chaunting her ballad; woful, wan, and worn.
Simple the strain, but oh its pathos fell
Full on the heart, and bound it like a spell.
Of love, false love, her melancholy lay
Resounded. Oh! that man should e'er betray
The trusting heart, by heaven design'd to bless
With social sweets his hours of loneliness.
We stood and mark'd her well,—a faint fair trace
Of beauty, still was lingering on her face;
And in her faded eye your own might see
The workings of a heart that yet beat tenderly:—
Fantastic was her dress, a wreath of flowers,
Pluck'd fresh from sultry summer's balmy bowers,
Was twined around her brow, as if to cool
The flame within that reason could not rule.
Absorb'd she seem'd, or if she notice took
Of aught, 'twas but the bubble in the brook,—
For when, as if by chance, she rais'd her head,
And saw our forms, she darted to the shade.

When she was gone, I turn'd with anxious eye,
And of my Mentor ask'd her history,—
Who, having paused a space, as if to scan
The past, her tale of troubles thus began.

Poor mad Miranda! how unfortunate
Her life, how beautiful its opening date,—
Her parents bless'd their child with honest pride,
But ah! they sick'n'd soon, and droop'd, and died,
And she was left an orphan,—friendless left,
But heaven in mercy succours the bereft:
Our good old pastor, with unceasing care,
Took her, and o'er her breathed the pious prayer,—
And rear'd her with a sire's solicitude,
And she repaid him well, for she was good,
And dutiful, and loved him to the last.
On wings of down her young years o'er her pass'd,