

For the Pearl.  
THE LAST LAY.

VICTORIA'S HAND, VICTORIA'S HEART.

The small, the fair, the Royal hand!  
What can such grace impart,  
That, kneeling thousands may command;  
But who shall claim the heart?

Some scion of a royal line  
May but aspire to this,  
Victoria the heart, now thine,—  
Ah! will it then be his?

Happily it may, for woman still!  
Thou canst not be alone,—  
Thou might'st submit thy Sovereign will,  
Or thou might'st share thy throne.

But can thy heart divided be?  
That brightest, goodliest gem!  
Without equivalent for thee,  
More prized than Diadem!

Thy youthful, pure, and virgin heart—  
The pride, the hope of all!—  
Oh! may it never ache or smart  
For being brought to thrall!

Princes will kneel, and Nobles sue,  
And Monarchs will aspire;  
Heaven shield your virgin heart and trace  
From all insidious fire.

Rest this with Him who sits on high,  
Who can direct thy choice,—  
Who rules the armies of the sky  
Can rule the People's voice.

Fair Princess! let thy heart be His,  
With one intense desire;  
He only can secure thee bliss—  
He only raise thee higher.

M. M.

Halifax, September, 1839.

From the Herald of Freedom.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

We have had among the anti-slavery friends here an intelligent woman—Mrs. Mary Webster, of Boston, who has resided recently a considerable time in Florida, and witnessed some of the workings of the 'peculiar institution.' She told us considerable of the beauties of slavery, which fell under her own observation. Among other incidents in which she bore a part, was her rescue of a beautiful slave boy, the offspring of a young coloured woman and a very respectable lawyer now resident in the city of New York, and probably as much opposed to slavery as any body—of the same opinion, with regard to it, as all New England, and the free States generally. This little boy was sold with his mother, when he was an infant, to go from the place where he was born and where she was 'raised' a *house servant*, on to a plantation some 60 miles distant, where she was, for the first time, turned into a field, among a herd of men and women, and her want of field skill, experience and energy, to be supplied by slavery's propelling power, the whip. She failed, of course, to do her unwonted task, and they whipped her, of course, to bring her up to it. Mrs. Webster had known her and endeavoured to ransom her, before she went to the plantation, but could not effect it. She told her, however, of one friend, to whom she might resort in times of extremity, and told her to pray. The poor wretched creature endured her toil and her floggings till endurance was exhausted. Her little boy had grown sickly and emaciated, for want of sustenance to supply the cravings of our common nature. His mother was worked mercilessly and fed insufficiently for her own support,—more so for her own and the child's. She saw him wasting away and felt herself failing fast, and in despair she deposited him on a bed of sand, as Hagar did Ishmael—and crawled off underneath a forsaken shanty to die. The little wretch had been weaned before the time, that nursing him might not keep his mother from her task. He saw where his mother had crept, and impelled by keen famine, he at length made his way to her, and sought his old fountain of nourishment, the fainting and exhausted mother's bosom. She was missing, and supposed to be dead. But some of the slaves had spied the little one creeping towards the shanty, and following him there, discovered the mother. She was soon dragged out of her retreat, and an attempt made to make her renew her work. She watched her opportunity and made her way into a wood hard by, to hang herself; and get rid of her intolerable miseries. Looking up for a friendly bough, she spied a patch of blue sky, that in its beauty reminded her of God, of whom she had heard Mrs. Webster speak, and it occurred to her that she would pray to him before she put an end to her life. She prayed—like humanity in its utter extre-

mity, and God gave such assurance of His existence and aid, that she put off killing herself and returned to her hoe. She had delved at it but a few minutes, when a sturdy slave came up and told her he would do her task for her, which he did. She felt assured there was a God, and that he had heard her pray, and sent the man to help her. She took courage and resolved she would not kill herself. The next morning, a messenger appeared from Mrs. Webster, who had mustered 150 dollars—her all in the world, 'even all her living,' and sent it on to ransom the boy. Thus was God helping her again, and again she thanked him and took courage. But when the messenger saw the emaciated boy, he said he would not live to get to Mrs. Webster, and he refused to take him or leave the money. Here was a dilemma for the owner. He wanted the 150 dollars; it would be clear gain, for he knew the child would die. A slave wench ventured to say to him, he might send Sukey (his mother) with the child. Sukey could not do much, and so she was despatched home to the owner's dwelling, near Mrs. Webster's residence, along with the child. Here she thought God helped her in good earnest. The mother recovered her strength under the gentler usage of house service, and the child recruited with her. Mrs. Webster, after a time, prevailed on a neighbour to buy Sukey for a house servant, and this relieved her from the terrors of the plantation for the time.

The Seminole war broke in upon the sweet peace of the slaveholding region, and Mrs. Webster left it and brought her ransomed captive to the North. He bade farewell to his slave mother, and resolved in his boy imagination, that when he grew a man he would come back and buy her out of bondage. Mrs. W. brought him to Boston,—thence to Portland, where she learned of an asylum for him in the family and care of Rev. Parnel Beach of Campton—an abolitionist, if we have one in the North, and in a free town, if there is a town free this side the Canada line. He is now there rejoicing in freedom and home—though without a mother.

The friends of humanity in the city had given the bright eyed boy over 100 dollars, at different times, towards his filial project of buying his mother. The money is deposited in the Savings Bank in Boston.

WESTMINSTER COURT OF REQUESTS.

It is not always by squalid exterior, that poverty and privation are indicated. A silk dress often covers as much real destitution as the beggar's rags. Nay, the first has the most to endure, and is most worthy of pity, for the cadger, if he can procure as much broken victuals as will sustain existence, and obtain the undisturbed possession of a bunk for his nightly rest, repines little, if at all at his condition, while the "genteel" poor, on the other hand, has not only existence to support, but also station in society to maintain. The footsteps of famine are occasionally to be found impressed more indelibly on the lineaments of one that may be seen buttoned up in superfine broadcloth, than upon the countenances of those to whom misery has always been an inseparable bedfellow.

A rotund, full-priced baker, who brings his weekly batch of miserable debtors to this Court—bakers are not, generally speaking, celebrated for benevolence, especially Scotch bakers—stepped into the plaintiff's box, papers and ledger in hand, to make his claim to 25s. for bread supplied to a Mr. John Howard.

A tall young woman, wearing a handsome fur mantilla and evidently careful to exhibit the externals of gentility, presented herself to answer the demand. Her age might be either 18 or 28—the hollow cheek and spare form, produced by early sorrow or privation, or both, prevented a closer approximation to the truth.

A Commissioner—Is the amount disputed?

Young Lady—Certainly not. I have only to say, on the part of my father, that he sincerely regrets his inability to settle the account at once.

Chairman—How will he pay it?

Young Lady—I have 5s. to offer now, and my father wishes to have the indulgence of paying the rest at half a crown a week.

Commissioner—The bill is for bread, and it has been standing for some time. Judging from your appearance, I should think your father cannot be in such circumstances as to make it difficult to procure the few shillings left unpaid on this bill.

Young Lady—Appearances are often deceitful. It is equally distressing to my father and myself to ask for even one day; but unexpected sickness in our family has totally exhausted our little means.

Baker (pocketing the money)—Twa and saxpence a week is not enough. Ye gang about toon with a grand boa and a fine silk dress, while my wife maun wear a plaid shawl and cotton gown, because the likes on ye will eat an honest mon's bread wi'out paying for't. That fine tippet ye hae gotten on maun hae cost, may be, sax gowden guineas.

"It is true," said the young lady, colouring, "my dress may appear rather extravagant, and if I could with prudence dress at less cost I would do so, but upon a respectable exterior on my part, as a teacher of music, depends the subsistence of a sick father, and two young sisters. (The baker shut his book abruptly, and thrust his papers into his pocket.) As for the boa you allude to, that was pledged this morning to raise a few shillings to pay you the sum you have just received; and to provide food for those who have tasted little else beyond dry bread for the last week. The

tippet I have on was kindly lent me by my landlady, as the day is wet and cold."

"Well, Mr. Baker," said the Chairman, in a tone of compassion, "perhaps you will agree to the young lady's terms?"

"Oh aye," said the baker, "twa and saxpence a month. Pit it down if you will."

Chairman—Two and sixpence a week was offered.

"Mak it just what ye like," said the baker.

The order was made and handed to the young lady.

As she was leaving the court the baker stopped her:

"Gie me hand o' that bit of paper," said the baker.

The request was complied with.

"Noo," said the baker, thrusting some silver into her hand, "tak back your croon piece, and dianna fash yourself at a' wi' the weekly payment. Ye shall hae a four pound loaf ilka day, at my shop, and ye may pay me just when ye're able, and if I never git the siller, may be I'll no miss it; but mind, young leddy," said he, angrily, "gin ye deal wi' any ither baker Ise pit this order in force agin yere father."

The young lady looked her gratitude—the baker had vanished.—*English paper.*

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MIMIC.—In the beginning of the last century, an actor, celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author to take off the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments which he said afflicted his wife. The physician heard with amazement of diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient; for since the actor's great wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, having completely accomplished his object, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a bow and a scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy moneys, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money—thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The comedian turned to his employer and related the whole conversation with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author was convulsed with laughter. But his raptures were soon checked when the mimic told him, with emphatic sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public object of ridicule.

FALL FROM SUNDERLAND BRIDGE.—On Monday afternoon, as a sailor, named John Barnett, was engaged painting the metal works of the stupendous bridge in this town, the plank on which he was standing slipped at one end from its resting place, and the poor fellow was, in consequence, precipitated into the Wear. The man caught hold of one of the transverse ribs of the arch for a moment, but from the suddenness of the fall he could not longer retain his grasp. He remained a considerable time under water, but eventually appeared at the surface, when he again breathed the air. Being a good swimmer, he made towards a sloop lying at the north side of the river, though he was much impeded by the force of the tide. The men in the ship perceiving his situation, put off a boat, took him up, and landed him at Fenwick's Quay, when, to the surprise of all, he ran up the bank, jumped over a wall, and went to the bridge, for the purpose of locking up his working utensils, though he had fallen from a height of upwards of ninety feet! It was high water at the time of the accident, or his fall would have been one hundred feet. So little worse was the man, that he walked home as if nothing had happened. At present he complains of a little stiffness at his back, and he imagines from this that he fell into the water on his back. The man states that the effect produced upon his imagination, when he dashed into the water, was as if he had fallen into a flame of fire; he also states that he felt the descent so long that he thought he should never arrive at the bottom.—*Northern Times.*

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