

HOME IMAGES IN ITALY.

BY MRS. BODDINGTON.

I did not think to hear in Italy
The blackbird's song, to see the homely rook
Flapping along with his familiar croak
Back to its wood; or catch the enamell'd eye
Of small field daisy peering in the brook,
Or that of honied orchis,—charming idle fly.

I did not think within these distant meads,
Vital with insect movement, to have heard
The small grasshopper's file, or pluck'd the beard
Of purple thistle; or midst foreign weeds
Found home remembered things, by thought endear'd—
Hare bells, and scented thyme, and yellow blossoming reeds.

Mixing their hues with many a southern flower,
Nurs'd plants with us, but here a common grace,
That mingle with the daisy's humble race,
And carpet with fresh bloom the forest bower,
Where every bud and leaf of spring find place;
While from the tendril thin distils the fragrant shower.

I thought of stately pines that kiss'd the sky,
The breathless sky, and whisper'd to its ear;
And of the palm,—lone thing! that doth appear
Most out of place when gayer trees are nigh;
But when no other bough or branch is near,
Within its streaming leaves what far off fancies lie!

I thought of aloes and the leafy spread
Of the o'ertopping cedar; and the glow
Of warm pomegranate, and high scented blow
Of the rich orange, or magnolia sped
To its full beauty by the beams that flow,
Like rays of living fire, upon its perfum'd head?

But did not think to see the ruddy flush
Of our own currant, mingling with the leaf,
Finely indented, feathery, and brief,
Of delicate mimosa; or to crush
Our garden herbs, or hope with fond belief,
To scent the aroma of the home hawthorn bush,—

The bush which of itself doth often make
The hedge's sweetness; but here all find room,
Fox-glove and briony, and the purple bloom
Of deadly night-shade; while their thirst to slake
By the lone rill, their loved and dewy home,
The small veronicas, their humble station take.

Their little flow'rets, blue as childhood's eyes,
And beautiful as love—when love is kind,
Mix'd with the southern mosses here we find,
Inlaying the fresh ground with azure dyes;
While round the infant filbert's tender rind
The enmesh'd vine its lov'ly g ringlets ties.

Like our own forests, on the airy steep
The chestnuts rise; and bush, and tangled briar,
And surging grain, and the weed-kindled pyre
Recall our homes. We see the blue smoke creep
In wreath'd column from the cottage fire,
And love the barley shock, and duck-pool green and deep.

But sudden twilight's gone,—and its short stay
Tells us of distance! 'tis not here the light,
Flush'd deep'ning, ling'ring, that precludes the night,
And seems to chide its coming—second day
Sweeter than noon,—that in its tardy flight
Blushes to go—though ling'ringly away.

No: when the red light's o'er, the abrupt pall
Drops on the woods; and the cigala's note—
The foreign grasshopper with rasping throat—
That all day long rang out, yields to the call
Of thrilling nightingale, whose loud notes float
In darkness to the heart, and there like moonbeams fall.

On every spray, in every summer bower
A thousand lamps are lighted; twinkling by,
Like fairy's torch-bearer, the southern fly
Carries its starry fire, and in the hour
Of nature's sleep, when the night beauty's eye
Is gently oped, enshrines it in its flower;

Or, like a gossip's lantern in the ridge
Of furrow'd corn fields, lightly glides along,
Or hangs upon a vine leaf; while the song
Of the lone birds wakes through the light-knit hedge
A shivering life, and 'midst the planet throng
Slowly appears the moon above the mountain's ledge.

Then all is Italy! The lamp of night
Seems as if gently 'twere let down from heaven;

The air is balm—a thousand scents seem giv'n
To this sweet hour alone: and to the sight
The vine bower in the air by soft winds driven,
Or pergola starr'd o'er with living light;
And to the ear the southern sounds that fall
Faintly, though many join—and poesy to all!

MRS. HEMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF PAGANINI.

To begin with the appearance of the foreign wonder. It is very different from what the indiscriminating newspaper accounts would lead you to suppose; he is certainly singular-looking, pale, slight, and with long, neglected hair; but I saw nothing whatever of that wild fire, that almost ferocious inspiration of mien, which has been ascribed to him. Indeed, I thought the expression of his countenance rather that of good natured and mild enjoyment, than of anything else, and his bearing altogether simple and natural. His first performance consisted of a *Tema*, with variations, from the beautiful *Preghiera* in 'Mose'; here I was rather disappointed, but merely because he did not play alone. I suppose the performance on the single string required the support of other instruments, but he occasionally drew from that string a tone of wailing, heart-piercing tenderness, almost too much to be sustained by any one whose soul can give the full response. It was not, however, till his second performance, on all the strings, that I could form a full idea of his varied magic. A very delicate accompaniment on the piano did not in the least interfere with the singleness of effect in this instance. The subject was the Venetian air, "Oh! come to me when daylight sets." How shall I give you an idea of all the versatility, the play of soul, embodied in the variations upon that simple air? Imagine a passage of the most fairy-like delicacy, more aerial than you would suppose it possible for human touch to produce, suddenly succeeded by an absolute parody of itself; the same notes repeated with an expression of really comic humour, which forced me to laugh, however reluctantly. It was as if an old man, the "Ancient Mariner" himself, were to sing an impassioned Italian air, in a snoring voice, after Pasta. Well, after one of these sudden travesties, for I can call them nothing else, the creature would look all around him, with an air of the most delighted bonhomme, exactly like a witty child, who has just accomplished a piece of successful mischief. The *pizzicato* passages were also wonderful; the indescribably rapid notes seemed flung out in sparks of music, with a triumphant glee which conveyed the strongest impression I ever received, of genius rejoicing over its own bright creations. But I vainly wish that my words could impart to you a full conception of this wizard-like music. * * * I again heard this triumphant music last night. It is impossible for me to describe how much of intense feeling its full swelling, dreamy tones awake within me. His second performance (the *Adagio a doppio corde*) made me imagine that I was then first wakening in what a German would call the "music land." Its predominant expression was that of overpowering, passionate regret; such, at least, was the dying languor of the long *sostenuto* notes, that it seemed as if the musician was himself about to let fall his instrument, and sink under the mastery of his own emotion. It reminded me, by some secret and strange analogy, of a statue I once described to you, representing Sappho about to drop her lyre, in utter desolation of heart. This was immediately followed by the rapid, *flashing* music—for the strings were as if they sent out lightning in their glee—of the most joyous *rondo* by Kreutzer you can imagine. The last piece, the "Dance of the Witches," is a complete exemplification of the grotesque in music. Some parts of it imitate the quavering, garrulous voices of very old women, half scolding, half complaining, and then would come a burst of wild, fantastic, half fearful gladness. I think Burns's "Tam O'Shanter" (not Mr. Thom's—by way of contrast to Sappho) something of a parallel in poetry to this strange production in music. I saw more of Paganini's countenance last night, and was still more pleased with it, than before; the original mould in which it has been cast is of a decidedly fine and intellectual character, though the features are so worn by the wasting fire which appears his vital element. * * * —related to me a most interesting conversation he had held with Paganini in a private circle. The latter was describing to him the sufferings (do you remember a line of Byron's,

The starry Galileo, with his woes?)

by which he pays for his consummate excellence. He scarcely knows what sleep is, and his nerves are wrought to such almost preternatural acuteness, that harsh, even common sounds, are often torture to him; he is sometimes unable to bear a whisper in his room. His passion for music he described as an all-absorbing, a consuming one; in fact, he looks as if no other life than that ethereal one of melody were circulating in his veins; but he added, with a glow of triumph through deep sadness—"mais c'est un don du ciel." I heard all this, which was no more than I fully imagined, with a still deepening conviction that it is the gifted, beyond all others—those whom the multitude believe to be rejoicing in their own fame, strong in their own resources—who have most need of true hearts to rest upon, and of hope in God to support them.

TO REMOVE PANES OF GLASS.—Put soft soap on the putty for a few hours, the putty becomes as soft as if it had been put on a minute before.

HAPPY CONDITION OF THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

The condition of a community situated as are the great mass of agriculturists in New England, is more desirable than that of any other class of men within my knowledge. If it does not attach men and women to this life—if it does not make them so happy as to increase the love of life beyond the age of sorrow, toil, and pain—it is a condition which the "tall, the wise, the reverend head" may envy. Living within their own means, on the fruits of their own labour—enjoying abundance of the best products of the ground, and the first fattening of the flocks; and appetite sharpened and sweetened; the muscular powers strengthened; the mind made vigorous and active by labour; their dependence solely on the goodness of God; their prudence having looked forward even to the destruction of a crop with a providence to supply its place; with abundant leisure for all healthy recreation and all needful rest; with no worldly cares and vexations encroaching on the reflection which aids the better judgment; in the midst of those social and domestic relations which throw a charm about life—which give to moral suasion its greatest force, and which rear the tender thought to the ripe vigour of its highest usefulness; how can we conceive any state of imperfect, erring, dependent man, more truly enviable than that of the industrious, labouring, prolific farmer, who lives according to the best light of his own experience.

The merchant fails, nine times in ten, before a fortune is gained—the speculator, ninety-nine times in a hundred; the mechanic and lawyer gain only while their work is going on: the wages of the priest, like those of the common labourer, stop when he no longer works: the physician adds to his income no oftener than he visits the sick: the salary man, if he saves at all, saves only a specific sum: the farmer, more sure of success than either, in nine cases out of ten, certain of ultimate prosperity, lays his head upon the pillow with the reflection that while he sleeps his crops are increasing to maturity, and his flocks and herds growing in size and strength.—*Gov. Hill's Address at Keene, N. H.*

THE MASTRON.—It will probably be recollected that a nearly complete skeleton of this marvel of an extinct race of beasts was exhumed near Bucyrus in Crawford County about a year ago. A skeleton still more perfect and of larger dimensions was recently discovered in Missouri, about 20 miles south of St. Louis. In no skeleton found before, were the tusks implanted in the sockets, the superior part of the head in former skeletons being decayed. It is stated that such are the enormous dimensions of the head and tusks of the Missouri skeleton, that it required two stout men to carry the largest of the two tusks, and two yoke of oxen to haul the head and tusks from the place of disinterment to St. Louis! These have been placed by Mr. Roch in the St. Louis Museum, who says:—"The tusks were not situated in the same position as those of the elephant, or yet the moose, as was supposed by some. They diverge outwards from the head with a convexity forward, and the point turning backwards in the same plane with the head; the tusk found in the head measures ten feet one inch from the base to the tip, following the outside of the curvature, and two feet in circumference near the socket. The other tusk measures only nine feet—part of the root is wanting.—When placed in the head in their original positions, the distance from tip to tip measures sixteen feet."

The great essential to our happiness, is the resolution to perform our duty to God as well as we are able: and when this resolution is deeply infix'd, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind.

How beautiful are all the subdivisions of time, diversifying the dream of human life, as it glides away beneath earth and heaven.

Instead of looking down with contempt on the crooked in mind or body, we should thankfully look up to God who has made us better.

Half a wine glass of Olive oil, taken inwardly, is said to be a certain cure for the bite of a rattlesnake and other poisonous reptiles. A little should also be applied to the wound.

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