

THE WANDERING BEE.

The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead.

BYRON.

Whence art thou roaming, poor wandering bee?
To the boundless paths of the old blue sea,
From the flowery shores of the verdant earth,
To the ocean plains, where rude storms have birth,
Where no heath flower blows—where no roses bloom,
Nor is rest for thee on the golden broom.

Oh! why hast thou strayed from the sunny shore
To the cold sea breeze and the billows' roar?
Or why dost thou roam from thy quiet cell
Where thine own beloved companions dwell,
Where the honey-flower blooms in golden showers
In those garden homes of the sunny hours.

Comest thou with tales of thine own green dells,
Where the young bees hum in the cowslip bells,
Toiling away with their low sweet song,
Heedless that earth hath a sorrow or wrong?
Comest thou with tales of those happy things,
With the merry buzz and the fairy wings?

Or comest thou weary and drooping here,
Mourning—(what mourns not in earthly sphere?)
Mourning some loved—ay, some idolized thing,
Gone like the dead in hope's brightest spring?
Poor wandering bee! return to the shore—
The dead are the happy—they mourn no more.

Or comest thou with tales of home to me?
Art thou the herald of Destiny?
Hath death been busy on yonder shore?
Would they bid me back from the water's roar?
For thy pensive murmur hath tone of grief—
Well may I tremble—"the bright are brief!"

And the ocean is trackless, the world is dark!
There are sorrowful hearts in our lonely bark:
Oh! 'tis a sweet sorrow to hear thee sing,
Hovering, perchance, on a fated wing:
Go—go, thou art free—return to the shore—
But, messenger bee—wander thence no more!

HABITS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The following account of the mode of life of Louis Philippe is given by one of the journals:—"He is called very early, and is no sooner up than he begins to read the diplomatic despatches and the secret and confidential communications of the Ambassadors. He works until 11 o'clock, and then breakfasts upon plain bread and a pitcher of beer. He rarely indeed indulges in the luxury of butter. After his breakfast he transacts business with his ministers, and prefers receiving them individually; and these interviews over, receives other visitors, with whom he converses familiarly on trade, manufactures, buildings, mechanical inventions, &c. all which subjects he understands thoroughly. At three o'clock he shuts himself up in his cabinet, reads the journals, and the reports from the police, on which he makes and gives audience to intimate and devoted friends. At five o'clock, when he is at Neuilly, he goes out; and when he is at the Tuilleries, walks in the balcony which overlooks the garden. At six o'clock he dresses himself for dinner, but seldom arrives until it is nearly over, for he will not allow his family to wait for him. He is his own barber, and dresses with the greatest simplicity. When at dinner he sits between the Queen and his daughter the Princess Clementine, helps himself to soup, cuts up a poulet au riz, nearly the whole of which he eats, takes a cup of tea, and jumps up from table with some dried fruit in his hand, which he eats whilst conversing after dinner with architects and builders. He returns to pass a part of the evening with his family, and examine his sons in their scientific studies. The visitors who arrive are received *en famille*, and politics are generally avoided. At ten o'clock he retires to his cabinet, and then, except on very important occasions, he does not allow himself to be disturbed. At midnight he closes his books and commences his correspondence. He frequently remains in his cabinet till daylight, and then goes to bed, but is invariably called at seven, and sometimes six in the morning. Sometimes he sleeps for an hour or two in the day, and when on his journey to and from Neuilly sleeps soundly in his carriage. When in the country, if he does not go after dinner to look at his masons or his gardeners, he stretches himself out on a sofa and sleeps for an hour.

THE FIRST CLUBS.—The first club in point of magnificence in this metropolis undoubtedly is Crockford's. The internal decorations of this mansion are costly in the extreme; the members are for the most part the elite of the gay world, who can well afford to support the enormous cost of such an establishment. The *cuisine* is under the superintendence of the renowned Ude, who is engaged at an enormous salary. I need scarcely add that this department is perfect in its way: the dinners are *recherches* and unlimited as to price, and the suppers beyond all praise; and I have been told by more than one member that it is worth a year's subscription to taste

even once a pottage a la Reine, and a vol-au-vent, served up by this matchless artiste; his 'Pigeons en compote,' also, are euperlatively delicious, and a dish much relished by the proprietor. Opposite to Crockford's is White's Club, styled *par excellence* the exclusive; none but a certain set are admitted within its hallowed precincts. It has for years been the stronghold of the *oreme du bon ton*, and will ever stand pre-eminent as a coterie of distinguished leaders of fashion. Brooke's can vie with White's in point of antiquity, but it partakes more of a political character than any club of the olden time. Here do the Whigs congregate as of yore; but 'the light of other days is faded'—it can no longer boast a Fox or a Sheridan; it is something, methinks, nevertheless, to belong to a club that once enrolled such men as members. Boodle's is the 'Old English Gentleman's' Club, patronised by men of a certain age, who wear powder, shovel hats, white neckcloths, blue coats with brass buttons, drab smalls, and top boots; very red in the face and choleric withal; holding in abhorrence all innovations, and sending to an unnameable place, while sipping their port, all tee-tallers. These venerable bigots are for the most part wealthy landholders, glorying in the title of squire, and who adhere as religiously to the manners and habits of their forefathers as a Turk to the Mahomedan creed. The good old English fare is much patronised here, and the haunches of venison are unrivalled, the old gentleman being exceedingly particular as to the breed, the feeding, and the dressing.—*Sportsman.*

THE PROOF READER.—Let these sharp-seeing individuals, who are so ready in the detection of typographical errors, and so fervent in their denunciations against the proof reader, look for a moment at the following picture of that much abused individual, and henceforth entertain towards him more kindly feelings. He is worthy of all commiseration.—*Am paper.*

"In a printing establishment 'the reader' is almost the only individual whose occupation is sedentary; indeed, the galley-slave can scarcely be more closely bound to his oar than is a reader to his stool. On entering his cell, his very attitude is a striking and most graphic picture of earnest attention. It is evident from his outline, that the whole power of his mind is concentrated in a focus upon the page before him; and as in midnight the lamps of the mail, which illumine a small portion of the road, seem to increase the piteous darkness which in every other direction prevails, so does the undivided attention of a reader to his subject evidently abstract his thoughts from all other considerations. An urchin stands by reading to the reader from the copy, furnishing him, in fact, with an additional pair of eyes; and the shortest way to attract his immediate notice is to stop his boy; for no sooner does the stream of the child's voice cease to flow than the machinery of the man's mind ceases to work; something has evidently gone wrong! he accordingly at once raises his weary head, and a slight sigh, with one passage of the hand across his brow, is generally sufficient to enable him to receive the intruder with mildness and attention.

"Although the general interests of literature, as well as the character of the art of printing, depend on the grammatical accuracy and typographical correctness of the reader, yet from the cold-hearted public receives punishment, but no reward. The slightest oversight is declared to be an error; while, on the other hand, if by his unremitting application no fault can be detected, he has nothing to expect from mankind but to escape and live uncensured. Poor Goldsmith lurked a reader in Samuel Richardson's office for many a hungry day in the early period of his life!"

A FEW FACTS ABOUT LONDON.—London is the largest and richest city in the world, occupying a surface of thirty-two square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four and five stories high: it contained in 1831 a population of one million four hundred and seventy-one thousand nine hundred and forty-one. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. In 1834 there entered the port of London three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six British ships, one thousand two hundred and eighty foreign ships; two thousand six hundred and sixty-nine were registered as belonging to it in 1832, with thirty-two thousand seven hundred and eighty-six seamen. The London Docks covers twenty acres. The two West India Docks cover fifty-one acres; St. Katherine's Docks cover twenty-four acres. There are generally five thousand vessels and three thousand boats on the river, employing eight thousand watermen and five thousand labourers. London pays about one third of the window duty. In England the number of houses assessed are about one hundred and twenty thousand, rated at upwards of five millions sterling; about one-third are not assessed. The house rental is probably seven or eight millions, including taverns, hotels, and public houses. The retailers of spirits and beer are upwards of ten thousand; while the dealers in the staff of life are somewhat about a fourth of this number. Numbering all the courts, alleys, streets, lanes, squares, places, and rows, they amount to upwards of ten thousand; and on account of their extreme points, no individual can pass through them in the space of one whole year.

INFLUENCE OF COMMERCE UPON MORALS AND MANNERS.—The old members of a rising commercial society complain of the loss of simplicity of manners, of the introduction of new wants, of the relaxation of morals, of the prevalence of new habits. The

young members of the same society rejoice that prudery is going out of fashion, that gossip is likely to be replaced by the higher kind of intercourse which is introduced by strangers, and by an extension of knowledge and interests; they even decide that domestic morals are purer from the general enlargement and occupation of mind which has succeeded to the ennui and selfishness in which licentiousness often originates. A highly remarkable picture of the two conditions of the same place may be obtained by comparing Mrs. Grant's account of the town of Albany, New York, in her young days, with the present state of the city. She tells us of the plays of the children on the green slope which is now State Street; of the tea-drinking and working parties, of the gossip bickerings, and virulent petty enmities of the young society, with its general regularity and occasional backsliding: with the gentle despotism of its opulent members, and the more or less restive or servile obedience of the subordinate personages. In place of all this, the stranger now sees a city with magnificent public buildings, and private houses filled with the products of all the countries of the world. The inhabitants are too busy to be given to gossip, too unrestrained in their intercourse with numbers to retain much prudery: social despotism and subservience have become impossible: there is a generous spirit of enterprise, and enlargement of knowledge, and amelioration of opinion. There is, on the other hand, perhaps a decrease of kindly neighbourly regard, and certainly a great increase of the low vices which are the plague of commercial cities.—*Harriet Martineau.*

An Orchard is a very pleasing appendage of the garden. If thickly planted with dwarfs, the ground should be always kept digged, the surface around the stems mulched with stable litter, and the central intervals cropped in lines with potatoes. But if the trees be tall standards, not very near to each other, a very good crop of grass can be obtained, which may be made into hay, or cut green for a cow, always remembering to carry the fodder to the stall. The grass of an orchard is generally too much neglected; it ought never to be trampled by horses or cattle, but fed off by sheep in October and November, then dressed with some maiden loam, mixed with a fourth of rotten manure, and a trifle of soot and salt. Being sprinkled with a pound or two of Dutch clover to the acre, raked, or bush-harrowed, and rolled every March, a pasture of no despicable quality will speedily reward the industry of the occupier.

SWEARING.—A king was riding along in disguise, and seeing a soldier at a public house door, stopped and asked the soldier to drink with him, and while they were talking the king swore. The soldier said, "Sir, I am sorry to hear a gentleman swear." He swore again. The soldier said, "Sir, I'll pay my part of the pot, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing, that if you were the king himself I should tell you of it." "Why, should you?" said the king. "I should," said the soldier. His Majesty said no more, and left him. A while after, the king having invited some of his lords to dine with him, the soldier was sent for; and while they were at dinner, was ordered into the room to wait awhile. Presently the King uttered an oath. The soldier immediately (but with great modesty) said, "Should not my lord the king fear an oath?" The king, looking first at the lords, and then at the soldier, said, "There, my lords, there is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit and hear me, and not so much as tell me of it.—*Friend of Youth.*

PAVED AND MACADAMISED ROADS.—It appears that Blackfriars-bridge requires for keeping it in a proper state of repair £1000 per annum, when macadamised; but it was kept in repair, as a paved road way, for an annual average sum of £120. By a return presented to the House of Commons (1837) it appears that the first cost of converting one mile two hundred and fifty yards from a London pavement into a broken stone road, was £12,842; the annual expense of maintaining which road has been £403 or 1s. 2d. per superficial yard.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Saturday, 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.

AGENTS.

Arthur W. Godfrey, General Agent, Halifax, who will correspond with the local Agents—receive monies, and transact the business generally.

James L. Dowling, Esq. Windsor
W. H. Chipman, Esq. Louisa Horton,
Wolfeville,
Kentville,
Thomas Spur, Esq. Bridgetown,
Peter Bonnett, Esq. Annapolis,
J. H. Fitzrandolph, Digby,
H. G. Farish, Esq. Yarmouth,
J. W. Smith, Esq. Amherst,
Fort Lawrence,
Thomas Caie, Esq. Richibucto,
Silas H. Crane, Esq. Economy,
D. Matheson, Esq. River John,

Charles Morse, Esq. Liverpool,
R. N. Henry, Esq. Antigonish,
Mr Henry Stamper, Charlotte Town,
G. A. Lockhart, Esq. St. John, N. B.,
G. A. Reeve, Esq. Sussex Vale,
C. Milner, Esq. Sackville & Dorchester,
J. Taylor, Esq. Fredericton,
J. Caie, Newcastle, Chatham & Nelson,
Jos. Meagher, Esq. Carleton, &c.,
Wm. Esq. Bathurst,
Jas. Boyd, Esq. St. Andrews,
Messrs. Pengree & Chipman, St. Ste-
John Bourinot, Esq. Sydney (phené),
P. Caughloun, Esq. Restigouche.

HALIFAX, N. S.: Printed at The Novascotian office.