

For the Pearl.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Still, still was the battle-field, and silence was there,
Save the last gasp of life, and the dying man's prayer;
And a lone wand'ring mourner, who grieved in despair,
All else was the long sleep of death.

The hearts that were valiant, the eyes that were bright,
Had ceased now to beat, and were sealed up in night,
So silent they lay, in the moon's silvery light
That gleam'd o'er the blood-furrow'd heath.

Then, to pale quiv'ring lips, by the fond youth was press'd
The token of love, that he mark'd in his breast,
While wounded and weary he sank down to rest
And the life blood ran chill in each vein.

Then the eye of the father was dim and dim,
As he thought of the lone ones who waited for him,
While the angel of Death breathed o'er each limb
And laid him a corpse on the plain.

But the brow of one only whose hopes were in heav'n,
As calm as the deep in the stillness of even,
Show'd the saint and the soldier whose sins were forgiv'n,
Who relinquish'd his spirit in peace.

I wept as I walk'd through the ranks of the dead,
When my friends and my comrades had fall'n and bled,
I wept as I lock'd on their last gory bed
Where our fondest affections must cease,

In the morning they shone like the host of the sky,
When march'd in glory they march forth on high;
But now like that host when the tempest sweeps by,
Their light and their glory are gone.

No more shall their bugles awaken the brave—
No more shall their banners of victory wave—
For the green sward's the hall, and the grass is the grave—
Of those heroes whose spirits have flown

DELTA.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL MAN.

AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I labour under a species of distress which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear: but I will give you the history of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning but what he acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz., a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying me for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that I am tall and thin in my person, with a fair complexion and light, flaxen hair, but of such extreme susceptibility of shame that on the smallest subject of confusion my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect fall-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life, particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess what I believe has often been experienced by those whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorant and vulgar language has often made me blush to think I was his son, and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of one whom I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy. In short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek and Mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the 'wealthy, learned clown.'

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighborhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families—especially those who have marriageable daughters. From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls and the most pressing invitations; and, though I wished to accept their proffered friend-

ship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolved to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago I accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to what I have purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas, at Friendly Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches 'grown gentlemen to dance,' and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquisitions would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity. But alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory*, when unsupported by *practice*! As I approached the house a dinner bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my newly-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I tread upon the gony toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of his lordship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which, as I had never before heard of such a thing, greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I suppose, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me the more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an ink-bottle table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desirous to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon my face had been continually burning like a frebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having upset my plate in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fermentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trode upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to con-

ceal my agony. My eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and confusion, I was obliged to drop the cause of my torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil—another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire, and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, O, how shall I tell the sequel! Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief which was still wet with the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

There, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like 'a goblin damned.' The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth blistered, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned.

For the Pearl.

FORT MASSY.

In an autumn evening the hour of sunset is beautiful in every part of Nova Scotia. Whether the tints of the declining day rest on the tiny stream that placidly flows through the village of Truro—that scene of calm and quiet loveliness—or mellow the glowing landscape of Windsor, where the pale student with his tasselled cap saunters along for his twilight walk—whether the sombre front of Partridge Island is standing before you like a giant sentinel over the small hamlet of Parsborough, or from the bosom of the deep your eye rests with pleasure on the neat houses and trim gardens of Lunenburg—from whatever point of view you behold the burnished sky spreading its gorgeous and varied canopy of crimson over your head, until its reflected lustre lights up the distant hills and imprints its image on the sleeping waters, you gaze with delight on inexpressible beauty. Yet there is one spot on which I love to linger in such an hour more than all the rest. It is on the green mounds of Fort Massy. Before me is the dark blue sea, fringed with its woodland borders, and dotted with the islands of war and peace; on one side are peaceful retired and highly cultivated villas which would not discredit a more ancient country—on the other the life, bustle, and activity of a town. But here where I stand is solitude, deep and unbroken solitude. That sloping hill with its rude fence is beneath my feet, and I think of the sunset no more. It is a place of graves. Hark! the bugle is sounding to arouse the loitering soldiers of yonder barrack to their evening duty. But it cannot disturb your rest ye tenants of the tomb. Your task is done. Your sleep cannot be broken. Although the tide of battle should flow over your heads, no arm would be lifted up, no echo would be heard from your still and powerless ranks.

And is this the end of glory? Has the eagle-eye that darted vengeance on the foe been quenched for ever? Have the lips that shouted the cheer of victory become entirely mute? Are the hands that cast the thunderbolt of war more helpless than an infant's? Yes: the dream is passed. In that half acre of ground without a mark to tell where he lies, reposes many a hero, who only wanted the opportunity to win the laurels of a Marlborough or a Wellington. How unlike would be the history of the most of these men in life and death. Perhaps the sleeper in this grave was the beloved of some kind mother. He in some sullen mood of disappointment sought the battle field, but could not find death until the pestilence swept him from the earth, and he died in agony thinking of the gray hairs he had brought down in sorrow to the grave. Happily here may rest the body of some active, enterprising, energetic man, who being sick of the monotony of civil life sought the army, bore his part in sieges and battles—married—had a family, and quitted this life in hope of a better state of being. This may be the grave—But why indulge in fanciful meditations on their various fate. The gloom of night is now stealing over the works of nature, and a deeper gloom envelopes their history. Here too their wives and their children have been mould'ring side by side. How many links of affection have been broken! How the handful of earth that fell on the hollow coffin sounded like a knell of unutterable woe to many a widowed heart!

ALPHA.