

HOME.

My heart is with my Father-land,
Though far from its fields I roam,
On hills where the breezes soft and bland
Waft the scent of the bright flowers home,
By tropic gales are my temples fanned,
Yet I sigh for the breath of my Father-land!

Though nature does all her pomp unfold,
To catch my wandering eye;
I turn from her charms with feelings cold,
Or pass them unheeded by;
While the light of memory's magic spell
Hallows each scene in my native dell.

The birds fit by in joyous flight,
On wings of the rainbow's hue;
Or glittering round like gems of light,
Sip from each flower's dew;
But no warbling sweet from their throats arise,
Like the wood notes wild of my native skies.

The lofty palm with its shadowy plumes,
Waves in the sun-bright air;
The earth is rich with its gorgeous blooms,
And star-light flowers are there;
But a sweeter breath the flowers exhale,
That drink the dew's in my native vale.

Though each mountain path is arched across
By the fern-tree's feathery spray;
And the velvet hues of the verdant moss
Gleam bright in the rock-hewn way:
O'er each craggy slope of my native dells,
The purple heath shakes its fairy bells.

Though from the foliage-shaded hills,
The sparkling waters rush;
And gleaming round, a thousand rills
In the rays of the morning blush!
There's many a torrent, rainbow spanned,
Glides over the rocks of my native land.

Though the midnight skies are burning bright
With many a dazzling star,
The softer gleam of my own moonlight
To me is dearer far,
When its faint and silvery hues are cast
O'er hills where the days of my youth were past.

For what are these scenes so soft and fair,
The gales that sweetly blow;
The blossoms of earth or the birds of air,
Or the skies in their moon-bright glow:
If the lonely heart must at distance pine
From those on whom all its hopes recline?

The grass that springs on our father's graves,
Full many a thought endears;
There's a spell in the humblest shrub that waves
Near the home of our infant years,
Yea, the simplest leaf does our fondness share
If its parent bud expanded there.

Oh, thus! though far on a foreign strand,
My lonely lot is cast;
Still, still for thee, my Father-land,
The pulse of my heart beats fast;
While many a vision, soft and bland,
Bears me back to thy shores, my Father-land.

DANCE FROM LONDON TO NORWICH.

The Camden Society have just printed, "Kemp's Nine Daies Wonders, performed in a Daunce from London to Norwich." It is a rude and curious picture of the manners of the age; and throws much light upon the dramatic profession, of which he was a member, and a cotemporary of Shakspeare. "William Kemp," the introduction tells us, "was a comic actor of high reputation. Like Tarlton, whom he succeeded, 'as well in the favour of her Majesty, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience,' he usually played the clown, and was greatly applauded for his buffoonery, his extemporal wit, and his performance of the jig." The dance, which is prefaced by a woodcut of Kemp in his morris gear of cap and bells, &c. and his taborer piping and drumming before him, is minutely described in the narrative. Every stage he danced, by what numbers accompanied, by whom and how he was entertained; with the various incidents which befel him on this singular expedition, are all set forth as in the most orderly diaries of tourists and travellers. From this it appears, that crowds of thousands attended him from London to Bow, Ilford, and Romford; that he was elsewhere, in populous places, met and accompanied by the people in masses like aeronauts in

our day, he was welcomed by men of worship and estate, feasted by mayors and corporations, and, what aeronauts are not, was often handsomely rewarded for the entertainments his frolic afforded. He set out on the first Monday in Lent from the lord mayor's of London, and danced with rapid motion all the way to Norwich; so rapid indeed that good pedestrians could not long keep up with him, and as for whirling dervise companions, when any offered, he speedily danced them to a stand-still with fatigue and exertion. Of this the examples are so numerous that we shall extract some as specimens of the book, but we must copy a paragraph illustrative of the customs of the time:—"The multitudes were so great at my coming to Burntwood, that I had much a doe, (though I made many entreaties and staies) to get passage to my Inna. In this town two cutpurses were taken, that with the other two of their companions followed me from London (as many better disposed persons did:) but these two dy-doppers gaue out when they were apprehended, that they had laid their wagers and betted about my journey; whereupon the officers bringing them to my Inn, I justly denyed their acquaintance, sauing that I remembred one of them to be a noted cutpurse, such a one as we tye to a post on our stage, for all people to wonder at, when at a play they are taken pilfering. This fellow, and his half brother, being found with the deed, were sent to jayle: their other two consorts had the charity of the towne, and after a dance of Trenchmore at the whipping crosse, they were sent back to London, where I am afraid there are too many of their occupation. To bee short, I thought mysele well rid of foure such followers, and I wish hartly that the whole world was cleer of such companions." Now for the morris companions:—"At Chelmsford, a Mayde not passing foureteene yeares of age, dwelling with one Sudley, my kinde friend, made a request to her Master and Dame that she might daunce the Maurice with me in a great large roome. They being intreated, I was sonne wonne to fit to her with the beis; besides she would have the old fashion, with napkin on her armes; and to our jumps we fell. A whole houre she held out; but then being ready to lye downe I left her off; but thus much in her praise, I would haue challenged the strongest man in Chelmsford, and amongst many I thinke few would have done so much. * * * In this towne of Sudbury there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a Morrice keep mee company to Bury: I being glad of his friendly offer, gaue him thanks; wee set out; but ere wee had measur'd half a mile of our way, he gaue me ouer in the plain field, protesting, that if he might get a 100 pound, he would not hold with mee, for indeed my pace in dauncing is not ordinary. As he and I were parting, a lusty country lasse being among the people, cal'd him faint hearted lout, 'If I had begun to daunce, I would haud held out one myle, though it had cost my life.' At which words many laughed. 'Nay,' saith she, 'if the Dauncer will, lend me a leash of his beis, Ile venter to tread one mile with him my selfe.' I lookt upon her, saw mirth in her eies, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tucke vp her russet petticoate; I fitted her with beis, which [s] he merrily taking, garnisht her thicke short legs, and with a smooth brow bad the Tabrer begin. The Drum strucke; forward marcht I with my merry Maydemarian, who shooke her sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long myle. There parting with her, I gaue her drinke, and an English crowne to buy more; for, good wench, she was in a pitious heate; my kindness she requited with dropping some low courtesies, and bidding blesse the Dauncer. I bade her adieu; and to giue her her due, she had a good care, daunst truly, and wee parted friendly."

It seems that considerable sums of money depended on the performance of the exploit; and Kemp complains that some of it came but slowly in.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF YORK MINSTER.

This majestic fabric was erected at different periods, and on the site of former buildings, which have again and again been destroyed by fire. The first Christian church erected here, which, however, appears to have been preceded by a Roman temple, was built by Edwin, King of Northumbria, about the year 630. It was damaged by fire in 741, and rebuilt by Archbishop Albert about 780. It was again destroyed by fire in the year 1069, and rebuilt by Archbishop Thomas. It was once more burnt down in 1137, along with St. Mary's Abbey and 39 parish churches in York. Archbishop Roger began to build the choir in 1171; Walter Gray added the south transept in 1227; John de Romayne, the treasurer of the cathedral, built the north transept in 1260. His son the Archbishop laid the foundation of the nave in 1291. In 1330, William de Melton built the two western towers, which, however, were finished by John de Birmingham in 1402. Archbishop Thoresby, in 1361, began to rebuild the choir, in accordance with the magnificence of the nave, and he also rebuilt the lantern tower. And thus, by many hands, and with the contributions of many of the first families in Yorkshire, and also of multitudes who were promised indulgences for their liberality, this magnificent fabric was completed; of which it is said, in an inscription in the Chapter House:

"Ut rosa phlos phlorum,
Sic est domus ista domorum."
"As the rose is the flower of flowers,
So is this the house of houses."

More elegantly, but less literally rendered:

"The chief of houses, as the rose of flowers."

YORK MINSTER.—The nave is supported by eight clustered columns on each side, between which are five pointed arches of equal span. The columns are composed of circular piers, each surrounded by twelve attached cylindrical columns, and they have uniform foliated capitals and octagonal bases. The vaulted ceiling was constructed of fine ribs of oak, forming graceful arches, and at every junction a boss or tie carved with some scriptural history in device or relief. The wood of which the roof was constructed was given by Robert de Percy, Lord of Bolton. The windows of the side aisles are filled with the richest stained glass, which, as those aisles were not burnt, remain almost uninjured. The splendid west window, with its extremely rich and beautiful mullions, and its exquisite painted glass, was saved by the thickness of the walls and by its height from the ground, though the falling roof swept immediately in front of it, and though the walls below it are much scorched. The greatest injury received by York Minster in modern times was when set on fire by the insane Jonathan Martin, on the night of Sunday, the 1st of February, 1829. At that time the whole choir and lady chapel were burnt, the splendid organ, the tabernacle work, and the roof from the lantern tower to the east end of the building. The flames in that case were kindled from below, and gradually mounting upwards, seized upon the roof, which was destroyed. In the present case, the fire was in the opposite end of the Minster, and the fire proceeded first from the roof (of course after the wood-work in the south-west tower); and as the timbers must have been much eaten away by the fire before they fell, and there was no furniture or combustible material in the nave to feed the flames, it is reasonable to suppose that the walls will be far less injured than were those of the choir at the former conflagration. On the former occasion the side aisles did not suffer materially, and the great east window escaped; many of the monuments were shattered. In the nave there is scarcely any monuments, or any thing to receive injury, except the great columns and the pavement. In both cases the great lantern tower stopped the progress of the flames. It will be remembered that Jonathan Martin was tried at York (on the 32d March, 1829,) and acquitted on the ground of insanity, but afterwards confined for the remainder of his life in Bedlam, where he died some time since.

A STRONG CEMENT FOR GLASS, WOOD, &c.—Steep isinglass twenty-four hours in common white brandy, then gently boil and keep stirring until the composition is well mixed, and a drop, if cooled, will become a strong jelly. Then strain it through a clean linnen cloth into a vessel to be kept closely stopped. A gentle heat will dissolve this glue into a colourless fluid. Dishes of wood, glass, or earthen, if united with this cement, will break elsewhere rather than separate in the old break. In applying the cement, rub the edges which are to be united, then place them together, and hold them for two minutes, and the work is done, and incomparably better than any thing else for the purpose.

INFLAMMATION OF THE THROAT CURED BY ALUM.—Powdered alum applied by the finger to the part afflicted, very seldom fails to cure inflammation of the throat in a few days. Employed the first, second, third, or fourth day, while there is yet no abscess in the tonsils, it arrests all symptoms as it were by enchantment; the fever abates, and the swelling diminishes; the appetite returns, and the convalescence is quickly decided and complete.

ANTIDOTE TO ARSENIC.—Dr. Brown, of Somerset Co. Niagara, has used the following recipe successfully as an antidote for arsenic: "A table spoonful of sweet oil, mixed with fresh burnt charcoal, finely pulverized. The dose repeated as often as there is any vomiting. New milk given in the interim exclusively as a constant drink."

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.—Persons struck by lightning, if deprived of their senses, and discovered before they recover animation, should immediately have one or two buckets of water dashed upon them. People who have been considered dead, have frequently been restored by this expedient.

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