

the spheres, now, would be nothing, compared with the early labourer's whistle,—and his face would delightfully eclipse Cynthia, and Saturn, and all the starry host.—List, list,—it is a laugh and a human footstep. Hullo! ho! hoy!—Saved at last,—see the bullet head at the top of my tube, hiding the sky. It is I, my lad, bear a hand, you're a beauty although neither Mercury nor Mars. Haul in the slack now, and may you never want a hand to pull you out of a well. Haul away my hearty.

"Hey dey, bow bell, pussy cat is in the well,  
Who put her in?—little Jacky Green,—  
Who pulled her out?—brave Tom Stout."

A thousand thanks, Stout, and let me advise you to give wells a wide berth when returning home after a late sitting,—that advice is worth a dollar, it may be much better for you, and is much more convenient at present for your humble servant. Good morning.

For the Pearl.  
STANZAS.

'SAY not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee.'  
Proverbs, ch. xiii. v. 28.

Oh! bid not from thy doors depart  
The sufferer whom thou canst relieve;  
Nor say, while hily faints his heart,  
'To-morrow I will give.'  
A blessing waits thy gift to-day,  
But hope deferred on life will prey.

Bonds in thy veins the crimson tide,  
While youth and health the stream supply?  
Does pleasure's flowery path and wide,  
Allure thy heart and eye?  
And dost thou say, when youth is o'er,  
I'll hence return, and sin no more?

Oh! turn thee now; for length of days  
Not in the flowing cup is found:  
Nor age her silvery crown displays  
On brows with myrtle bound.  
Why, trifer, why this fond delay?  
Return, while yet 'tis called to-day.

Dec. 11th, 1839.

M—Y.

For the Pearl.

MY NEPHEW'S PORTFOLIO.

NO. 1.

CYRIL—my nephew Cyril—was a graceless boy. I once thought that something might be done with him: but from the moment when I saw all useful employment deserted—for no earthly reason, that I could see, unless for the pleasure of watching some hundreds of tons of fresh water, falling over a height of ten or twelve feet, in a neighbouring glen,—hearing the autumnal leaves breaking under his tread, as he strolled through the groves,—or looking upon the sun, in the evening, when every one knows that it looks like a drunken sot going into bed with a brandy face;—when I saw all this—I despaired—I gave him up. Cyril was fond of poetry. That was his besetting sin: and one would imagine that he was contemplating a successful hit on 'change, when he strained his eye after the gambols of a withered leaf—or watched a retreating sun beam—or fixed his gaze upon a queerly shaped cloud, as it sailed by him. He looked so pleased. Confound all poetry! The boy was my sister's son—an only child—and like unto his mother withal. The same eye of mild blue—the same fair hair—the same guileless innocence of face—everything that made my sister Ely to be loved and admired, were his. Now, I loved Ely, and I loved Cyril for her sake. But what right had he to be fond of poetry? Did I not tell him that he should not like it?—and he was to inherit my means—my hard-earned savings. Will you believe it? the fellow smiled upon me—smiled upon his old uncle—as though he pitied him. I turned him out.

It is a hard thing to be alone in one's old age—hard indeed. I once believed myself superior to the sympathies of the world: but experience begins to teach me, that the affection of a kindly heart is a thing not to be despised. This purchased attention is a worthless commodity;—like a miser's effort, it is too abundant to be the offspring of sincerity. To-day—when I was undoing the red tape of Cyril's Portfolio—I saw that fellow John winking at a wench who was passing out of the room. He would insinuate, in all likelihood, that I was a queer old grudge; and had no right, at all, to shed a tear over all that remained to me of Ely's son. Hang the caitiff! Had Cyril been there, he would have knocked him down for jesting at an old man—so, he would. Cyril, Cyril, boy, you have dealt hardly with your old uncle. You might have passed over the ebullition of an old man's anger—aye, when you knew that he doated upon you. But an old creature's heart was not worth sparing—you have crushed mine, Cyril—crushed the heart and hopes of your mother's brother. It could not well be thought upon that I would turn out of doors all my kith and kin, for the pleasure of living and dying desolate. Do not say so, boy—you could not—oh you could not believe it. Nay—you could not; no—

Poor Amy Collins! Here are the lines that Cyril wrote upon her death. If anything could recommend poetry to me, it would be, that it sometimes employs itself in portraying the virtues of such girls as Amy. I never met her like at all. So much kindness—so much unaffected, engaging simplicity of soul. She was, even in her childhood, unlike the other children of the neighbourhood. My stick was always safe, when I went up to her father's

house; and she handed it to me, at my departure, with so sweet an air, and such a sweet smile of childish affection! I loved that amiable girl. She was never found scampering about my heels, plucking my coat-skirts, and afterwards running away, laughing at the exciting effects of her rompish annoyance. No, do, Amy was no such girl; but she came up, and looked into my face, with her two bright eyes beaming affection for her father's friend, and watching the expression of my countenance for the permission of that nearer approach, which was always sure to be encouraged, and at which she always seemed to be delighted. Poor Amy! she grew up, as all who knew her expected that she would grow,—a fair, fragile, fond creature, whom it only required one to see, that he would pronounce her the destined victim of deceit, or the crown of sincere affection. It was her fortune to be the former.

I never liked that fellow who was coming up to Amy's house, and, in good truth, I believe that my feeling was heartily returned. One summer, I had been advised to give up my usual occupations on 'change. My health was not good, and I was obliged to try the country air. However, this trip to the country brought me into contact with the Collins family, and also with the fellow whom I alluded to before. The residence of Mr. C. was a sweet one. It was seated on an eminence, and overlooked a place that we called the "GLEN." The owner was a man of great taste; and from his house—unless a semicircular green space in front—down to the stream, was beautifully wooded, and laid out in a variety of shaded walks. To this I always entered a decided objection. No use, that I could see, in making young people sentimental. That spoiled Cyril. Be this as it may, here it was that I first met the fellow—confound him—who was paying attentions to Amy. He was well enough looking; and poetry—the bane of sincerity—that he could quote for eternity. I never liked the expression of his eyes. They seemed to me to be always seeking a confirmation of his own influence; and any, the most unintentional appearance of neglect, in gratifying his vanity, seemed to fill his heart with wormwood. Never mind fellows of this kind—sentimentalists, who are forever recurring to the one thing, of getting declarations of esteem and love and so forth. Give them up. They seek themselves—puppies, as they are—and seek others, only as a means to this ignoble end. Whenever you see a well-dressed, well-spoken, sentimental-looking personage,—whose mouth would almost serve for a nailor's bellows, so many and so deep are the puffs, called sighs, which he sends forth,—one who talks in a soft, well-modulated tone, of "interchange of feeling," "communion of soul," "breathings of affection," "chords of memory," etc.—who dwells continually upon nobility of heart, constancy of mind, purity of spirit,—and praises these shadows of qualities so incessantly, that one must be convinced he never knew the nature, or felt the influence, of any of them. When you see him ever on the watch, to find the extent of his own influence, and ever mortified at any appearance of disappointment,—when you see that, if he be not an ass, he must be aware that his suit is agreeable, and his qualities appreciated,—yet still wishing to monopolize every regard, and never "popping the question:"—believe me—I am long in the world—believe me, that the assurance of that man's love is VANITY. 'Tis true as truth can be, that he will "keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the heart."

Amy Collins found this. This fellow was the first she ever beheld in the light of a lover; and the poor girl thought him perfect. I said before that I disliked the man from the beginning. 'Tis most true. I watched him well while I visited Mr. Collins. When he talked of poetry, I talked of the "stocks;" when he sighed sentimentally, I looked between his eyes with astonishment; and when he began a soft, sonorous sentence, I always interrupted by enquiring the latest news from Spain. I read the fellow. I knew him to be a deceitful coxcomb; and I was almost heart-broken that I could make no impression against him, on the mind of my fair favourite. It was clear that he had succeeded—completely succeeded—and that Amy's affections were fixed upon him irrecoverably.

The last time that I saw Amy Collins, was at sunset of a summer evening. She stood midway between the house and the glen, looking upon that on which many a creature of disordered mind had looked before her—the sinking sun. A flood—the word is rather poetical, I believe—but a flood of light did pour itself between the trees, where she stood, arrayed in her own emblematic white; and as I viewed her, thus enveloped in the blessed beams of heaven, and scarcely less pure than they, I thought it a pity that that mean, cringing deceiver, should be allowed to stand alongside her. Why did not her father believe me, when I said that a canker would be fixed in the bosom of his child?

Amy was brought forth—a last request—to die in that same spot twelve months afterwards. She sunk into her grave—the victim of a susceptible heart, and a ruffian's desertion. If that fellow have peace upon earth, it shall not be the effect of my prayers.

But now for Cyril's lines:—

I saw her in youth: like a beautiful flower,  
That bloometh in sweetness, her innocence shone,—  
And the sunshine of hope and her love was the dower  
She had—and she trustingly gave it to one.

She smiled as he smiled, and her weak soul clung round him,  
A lone lovely tendril, whose life was his heart—  
And no oath, but that loneliness—loveliness, bound him—  
Should it not be enough!—that they never would part.

And I saw her again,—like a beautiful flower  
Was she still, but the bloom of her spring day was gone:

For the cold blight of falsehood had swept o'er the bower,  
Where, once, in the glow of her young hope she shone.

And no word of rebuke was there, then spoken by her—  
But sweetly, and calmly, she pined in decay;  
And the friends of her infancy often stood nigh her—  
And wept o'er their bud, as it wither'd away.

And it withered away!—tho' their tears often falling  
Would freshen its leaves, like some heavenly dew;  
For memory would come, with its magic recalling  
The past—and the past, again, darkened its hue.

And it withered away—until sorrow had wasted  
Each tint, that had brighten'd its loveliness—then—  
It drooped and it died—for the spoiler had feasted  
Upon it: and such are the children of men!

JASON DEVEREUX, gentleman.

For the Pearl.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THERE is nothing that strikes a Novascotian so strongly, on visiting the large cities of Europe, as a sense of the deficiency of his home in most of those delightful aids to knowledge which abound in these, and from a casual inspection of which more of accurate information may be gleaned in a few hours than it would require months or even years to acquire without them. In this respect, it is true, the inhabitants of provincial towns and agricultural districts are not much better off than ourselves, except that they have easier access to those stores, and many more chances of seeing them,—but if the inhabitants of great metropolitan cities, who have means and leisure, do not become wise in their day and generation, it must be their own fault. Let us take a single department of interest and instruction, to show the strength of the contrast between their advantages and our own. Once in two or three years a gang of Yankee showmen pass through the provinces, with a representative of Jim Crow, a Rattle Snake, and a young Boa Constrictor—a brace of Pelicans, an Elephant, a Lion, a Tiger, and half a dozen Monkeys; and the youth of Nova Scotia, having visited the Menagerie, as it is called, and above all laughed at the gambols of jacks on a black poney, retire to ruminate on the only practical and agreeable lesson in natural history they are ever likely to get at home, and to pursue the study of the forms, colours, habits and peculiarities of animals, in the pages of Goldsmith or Buffon—puzzling themselves with letter press and wood cuts for many an evening, when a single glance at the creatures themselves would be sufficient to resolve all their doubts, and leave them but little to desire. A Londoner, on the contrary, need scarcely open a book; and yet, if he takes any interest in such pursuits, he may, just in his leisure hours—on holidays and Sunday afternoons—fill his mind with a mass of valuable information, and form an intimate personal acquaintance with nearly every creature that roves over the four quarters of the globe. He may stand, like Adam, in the midst of the beasts, and, if he has not the privilege of naming them, he may learn their names, associating them with distinct images and characteristic traits, which the memory readily retains.

There are two very extensive Zoological Gardens in the neighbourhood of London. Passing those on the Surrey side of the Thames, let me glance for a moment at those in the Regent's Park, which are now the most fashionable, and will serve to give the Colonist an idea of what these collections are. Regent's Park is the largest and most suburban of those delightfully verdant open spaces, which have been truly described as the lungs of London. Like all of them, it belongs to the west or fashionable end, and is even more exclusively aristocratic than some of the others, from the partial exclusion of the general mass from the interior portions of it, although of course the roads are open to all. This Park extends over four hundred and fifty acres, and resembles a boy's kite, with the lower portion cut off, and is one of the most conspicuously attractive features of the north-west extremity of London. A broad carriage road surrounds it, forming a drive of several miles in extent. The Colliseum, of which some of my readers may have heard, but which I cannot more than allude to at present, stands on the right of the main entrance, and forms a prominent and noble feature. From thence, until one has made an entire circuit of the whole four hundred and fifty acres, the right of the road is lined by the most costly and elegant of English residences of modern origin, but built in the most ornate and striking style of modern domestic architecture. Cambridge Terrace, Cumberland Terrace, Hanover Terrace, Sussex Place, and some other names, mark the local subdivisions in this line of "houses," as they simply style the palaces in which many of the English nobility and gentry dwell; and although each has perhaps some feature peculiar to itself, there is a character of splendid uniformity pervading the whole—and if the Park were selected for a battle, with the weapons of the olden time, enough of architectural richness surrounds it to contain half the beauty of a kingdom as spectators of the scene.

A few private residences, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and enjoying nearly as much of rural seclusion as if situated at a distance from the metropolis, are seen at the left of the great carriage road; and, skirting what is called the inner circle, there are a few more. These are generally handsome residences, but are rather encroachments upon than portions of the Park itself, although they help to diversify and embellish what would otherwise have too much the appearance of a great green common. A piece of water, in the management of which art has supplied whatever nature left in the