

THE PEARL

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From the Monument.

THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

The delightful morning of the year, is coming up in smiles from the rosy east; she is spreading upon the face of nature the green garment of exceeding beauty and excellence, and upon the face of man the cheerfulness and gaiety her sweetness is so well calculated to produce. Like a healthful and happy maiden she approaches, tripping lightly over the cold and cheerless winds of winter, softening their severity and shedding light and loveliness in place of the darkness, dreariness, and gloom, that have reigned their season over the brightening hemisphere. The soil irradiated by her vivifying smile, becomes verdant beneath her footsteps, the branches of the trees swell and send forth their buds and blossoms, the vines and shrubs shoot up and show their fair leaflets and tendrils which gather strength and greenness from the warmth of the sun, and every passing breeze.

It is delightful to go forth into the fields, and gaze upon their freshness—to wander on some broad and bushy slope, or in the thick forest, and survey the change that is coming as it were "over the spirit of their dream;" it is but a little month since the icy fetters of the grim winter were upon them, and they seemed to shrink as if by instinct from the despotism of the unfeeling frost king, for he sat enthroned like a desolating tyrant and scattered his light and mildew upon all their borders.

How the spirit of man revives with the coming of spring? How his soul is cheered, and how he seems to start afresh in the journey of life? The farmer is not alone in his enjoyment of the beauties of his favorite nature; the man of business finds respite from his daily toil, and the perplexities which his contact with the bustling world brings upon him, in a ramble through the field and the forest—the gentleman of leisure and luxurious ease, relieves the monotony of his pleasures in a visit to the country residence of his friend, and even the perplexed and unpitied editor whose life has been very unjustly compared to a scene of worry and vexation, can lay down his "gray goose quill," for an hour or two, and crawling like a tortoise from his shell, his way to some lonely haunt to feed for the times on the floods of inspiration as they come down thick upon him; and how eagerly does he contrast the dull and dismal employments of the seemingly long and dreary seasons through which he was engaged in the pursuit of his confining avocation—with that hour of freedom—of emancipation—of supreme delight? It is he that is compelled to find sermons in the trees and brooks, and good in every thing.

And the ladies—"sweeteners of life and solders of society," how they come forth like other flowers when the spring animates their drooping spirits and revives their chilled and frozen fancies. Like editors the dear delicate creatures are housed up all winter,—some of them at least—and when the mild days come, so fair—so inviting, how can they resist the temptations they present? How can they help going forth to taste the sweets of nature and talk of pleasures yet to come? Have they not been singing for weeks, "spring time of the year is coming." And when it dawns upon the sky, shall they hide their sweet faces or only look out upon the brightness around, from the same dormitory in which they have been shivering for months? O no,—let them come out and show themselves and thus assist their sister flowers in dispelling the chilliness of winter. They are doubtless the finest and most valuable the spring possesses, and if there are benefits arising from the winds and suns of this happy season let the ladies enjoy them.

But while we rejoice at the approach of spring, and indulge in a few rough epithets in regard to the winter, call-

ing him destroyer—desolator etc, we must not, nay, we cannot forget, the many pleasant scenes and circumstances through which we passed during his reign. The friendships made—the bonds of love cemented—the happy firesides where the gay and giddy met and where the laugh rung "loud and free," have recorded many bright lines upon the page of memory, which winters yet to come may not efface. Through the long avenue of life they will follow us, and in death some of them will be vivid and remembered with satisfaction. Full many a scene of plighted love and consummated hope the old fellow has looked upon, and the actors will recur to him with pleasure for many years to come. And alas! alack!! many a poor soul will recollect the winter of "thirty seven," with a sad heart; on many a moonlight night when it was cold enough to chill the very blood in his veins, he has walked out with his "lady love" and whispered the "pains of bliss" that ran mad riot through his heart, and she has sighed as well understood response; unfortunate swain full often he pressed her lily hand while it was cold as marble, and when it was returned, and he had every reason to suppose that she was fairly "wooed and won," but traitress like she has forgotten now the sacred and solemn promise

"By moonlight that she made."

and the forsaken Adonis is left to feed upon his regret; we would hope for his sake that the spring may cheer his heart and lift him to another hope.

Farewell old winter, we've enjoyed all we can of thee, and thou art gone—sleep quietly with the years that cluster at thy side and around thee, and while thou dost send pleasant memories back to those yet doomed to live, may this bright spring cancel all the sorrows thou has left.

MILTON AND SHAKESPEARE.

By Robert Fletcher.

The name of Milton is his monument. It is venerable, national, and sacred; and yet, with whatever glory invested, it is inscribed, and not unworthily, upon this volume.

To her great poet England has done justice. His renown equals his transcendent merits. His name is a synonyme for vastness of attainment, sublimity of conception, and splendour of expression. A people profess to be his readers. His poetry is in all hands. It is in truth a fountain of living waters in the very heart of civilization. Its tendency is even more magnificent than its composition. Combining all that is lovely in religion, with all that in reason is grand and beautiful, it creates, while it gratifies, and at the same time purifies, those tastes and powers that refine and exalt humanity. It is almost of itself, not less by the invigorating nature of its moral than of its intellectual qualities, sufficient to perpetuate the stability of an empire. Constituting a most glorious portion of our best inheritance, his poetical writings are, emphatically, national works; and as such, long may they be revered and esteemed amongst us! "They are of power," to use his own words, "to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility." They will be lost, only with our language:—the tide of his song will cease to flow, only with that of time. Having won, he wears, the brightest laurels; and by the acclamation of ages, rather than the testimony of individuals, his seat is with Homer and Shakespeare on the poetic mount. To apply again his own language to his own achievements, he has sung his "elaborate song;"—he has performed the covenant of his youth, "to offer at high strains in new and lofty measures;"—his devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, "who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire

of his altar to touch and purify his lips, that his words may please," has been heard and answered!

England is invested with supremacy in literature, and is not indebted for her imperial precedence to any of her sons. Great as is the number of her gigantic minds, two men she has reared and ripened, Milton and Shakespeare, whose achievements alone have raised her to a towering pre-eminence among the nations. Neither the ancients nor the moderns can match these Englishmen. Make the selection from any age, from the bright eras of the past, from the Greek or Roman constellations, to the later luminaries, and theirs will be found to be the brightest names that Time wears in his gorgeous belt. To them an Englishman points, and by them settles the supremacy of his country. Without them we might claim equality with other kingdoms; with them we are entitled to superiority. When you think of England, you think of Shakespeare—you think of Milton—they are England. Other nations have heroes, and philosophers, and critics, and scholars, and divines, equal to our own, but they have not Shakespeare and Milton:—we have, and surpass them. Nature gave them to England, and no reverse of fortune can rob us of them. Their works are landmarks, pillars of truth, on these the high places of the earth—and they will be identified with our soil, when our institutions may have been swept from it, and when our political supremacy may have passed away. But with their works in our hands, and with our Bible, read, and believed, and revered, and upheld, in cottage and in palace, we need not fear the loss of our heritage—the luxury that enfeebles—the vice that enslaves—the wealth that corrupts—the anarchy that overwhelms:—intelligence and piety, wisdom, and religion, and power, will be cherished and perpetuated for generations;—and with those who love these things, and bear the ark of British freedom, we leave, for their guidance and delight, this Book.—*Introductory Review to Milton's Prose Works.*

From the North American Review.

THE THAMES AT NIGHT.

More striking still is the Thames. Above the town, by Richmond-hill and Twickenham, it winds through groves and meadows green, a rural silver stream. The traveller who sees it here for the first time, can hardly believe, that this is the mighty river which bathes the feet of London. He asks perhaps the coachman, what stream that is; and the coachman answers with a stare of wonder and pity, "The *Tems*, sir." Pleasure boats are gliding back and forth, and stately swans float, like water-lilies on a bosom. On its banks are villages, and church-towers, beneath which, among the patriarchs of the hamlet, lie many gifted sons of song.

"In sepulchres unheard and green."

In and below London the whole scene is changed. Let us view it by night. Lamps are gleaming along shore, and on the bridges, and a full moon rising over the borough of Southwark. The moonbeams silver the rippling, yellow tide, wherein also flare the shore lamps, with a lambent, flickering gleam. Barges and wherries move to and fro, and heavy-laden juggers are sweeping up stream with the rising tide, swinging sideways, with loose, flapping sails. Both sides of the river are crowded with sea and river craft, whose black hulks lie in shadow, and whose tapering masts rise up into the moonlight like a leafless forest. A distant sound of music floats on the air, a soft and mellow flute, and a horn. It has an unearthly sound, and is like a shooting star, a light comes gliding down the river, like a cloud above which glides a star. And from all this scene goes up a sound of human voices, a murmur,