

For the Pearl.

## THE PENITENT.

It was a summer's evening, sweetly calm,  
 With every zephyr redolent of balm,  
 When the Ascetic left his lonely door,  
 And silent sought the forest-shaded shore.  
 Not oft the noisy day beheld his face  
 Mingling with those, who press life's toilsome race—  
 Wrapt in himself, with sin and sorrow rife,  
 He shunned the tumult, and abhorred the strife.  
 Scarce o'er the horizon of existence shone  
 His star of hope,—e'er quenched in death—'twas gone.  
 And now all feelings cent'ring in the grave,  
 His heart became a lone sepulchral cave,  
 Whose dews of thought, congealing as they fell,  
 Hardened to stone around their death-lit cell.  
 Once had he fluttered amidst Fashion's rays,  
 And scorched his wings within its dazzling blaze—  
 Yet not unknown, nor all unhonored too,  
 He shone amidst the throng, which round him flew.  
 But even upon that golden day of light,  
 When youth soared joyous, and its sun shone bright,  
 Like that frail plant, which touched by Beauty's hands,  
 Closes each quivering leaf, and trembling stands,  
 So touched by praise, each flower of fancy shrank  
 Back o'er his heart, and there in silence sank.  
 Oh! ne'er before had that lone bleeding breast  
 So madly throbb'd, with agony oppress'd,  
 As now, when towards the glorious evening sky,  
 He raised in keen despair his blood-shot eye,  
 While memory, glancing thro' the gloom of years,  
 Turned back in gall the nearly-bursting tears.  
 Onward he sped—nor reck'd what path he strode,  
 So that it led from man's abhorred abode.  
 And now is gained the lone loved spot at last—  
 Down on the earth his wearied limbs he cast,  
 And gazed around with sullen vacant glance—  
 Oh! the dread misery of that silent trance,  
 Which heeds not e'en the beauteous scenes that lie,  
 Expanding in rich verdure 'neath his eye.  
 Yet there was Nature in her gayest dress,  
 Skating sweet odour from each dewy tress,—  
 The wizard trees their quivering shadows threw  
 Far o'er the deep's romantic wave of blue,  
 No breeze awoke the strains, which haunt their shades,  
 Which loads the storm that rives their azure braids—  
 But trembling silence floated on the air—  
 Save, where from out some scented arbour near,  
 The song-bird poured an amorous roundelay,  
 Or warbled vespers to departing day.  
 There Agriculture's Genius, smiling round,  
 Had heaped luxuriance on the happy ground—  
 The plumed grass its emerald mantle spread  
 O'er undulating plains—the armed head  
 Of bearded wheat, or prickly barley, rose  
 Towering between—and there, where dimpling flows,  
 You sportive streamlet with its sleepy strains,  
 Rich blossoming gardens wreathed their flowery chains,  
 Afar, the hills their rock-ribbed breasts expand,  
 Sublimely rude, and desolately grand—  
 While on their deep-scarred brows the fitting day  
 Sheds the wild radiance of its farewell ray.  
 And oh! the vast magnificence of Heaven,  
 Tinged with the thousand magic hues of even—  
 See, how the sun gleams thro' yon mighty cloud,  
 And bathes in ruby tints its rending shroud.  
 What gorgeous wonders flit before the sight,  
 Hung from that vast electric sea of light!  
 Rocks, cascades, iceburge, rise on Fancy's gaze,  
 Changing as sudden, as the waning blaze—  
 Now might imagination deem some giant sprite  
 Heaved rapid toucets up some rocky height,  
 The bastioned granite beats them back in foam  
 Wreathed into feathery curls—now some huge dome  
 In fairy splendour rises, pillared round  
 With snow-white columns with gay chaplets crowned—  
 It grows upon the sight—each tower soars higher—  
 'Tis gone, dissolv'd in streams of rosy fire—  
 A velvet mead appears—But cease—in vain  
 May mortal muse essay th' o'erpowering strain,  
 May mortal pencil on the canvas try  
 To stamp the unearthly glories of that sky.

The sun has set—the clouds all grey and still  
 To earth seem stooping from heaven's sunless hill—  
 Slow falls the veil of night—the robin's lay  
 In dreamy snatches whispers from the spray,  
 Where hangs his much-loved nest—the gentle flowers,  
 The stars of morning, gemming all her bowers,  
 In odorous sleep their delicate blossoms close—  
 There droops the lily—there the dreaming rose  
 Weeps her winged lover—who bright climes among

Breathes to some blushing flower his bridal song.  
 The lightning bug its fitful radiance flings  
 'Neath the dull shadow of its dusky wings.  
 What wakes the mourner from his bitter trance?  
 What sudden spell illumines that 'wilder'd glance?  
 Hark! to that strain so exquisitely low,  
 So thrillingly distinct, like sounds that flow  
 From Seraph's harp to Virtue's dying ear,  
 And in elysian hope charm every fear.  
 Wrapt in intensity midst that pale light,  
 His eye now dark with gloom, new strangely bright,  
 With hand upraised, as though in solitude  
 So deep, he trembled, lest some sound intrude  
 To break that floating harmony, he stood  
 Half bending forward, while upon his ear  
 Stole this sad descant, tremulously clear.

Farewell, bright orb, thy beams returning  
 Full soon shall gladden many an eye;  
 Unstained with tears, undimmed by mourning,  
 And hearts, unruffled by a sigh.

Yet dearer, sweeter, far to one,  
 Whose hope is bleeding o'er the tomb,  
 Whose thoughts thro' sorrows' channel run,  
 Is Evening's sympathizing gloom.

Bright rose my morning—fairest flowers  
 Of pleasure sparkled round my way,  
 But e'er had glow'd life's noontide hours,  
 The storm had scattered all away.

Cold on the grave thou sleepest love—  
 Where rosy garlands deck the ground,  
 Watered with tears I weep above,  
 Fanned with the sighs I breathe around.

But not as they, who hopeless sorrow,  
 Mourn I above thy early grave—  
 Hope points to an eternal morrow—  
 Faith soars to him who died to save.

Oh! thou, who triedst this bleeding heart,  
 God of all consolation come—

In mercy quench woe's fiery dart,  
 And take the wearied wanderer home.

'Twas woman's holy melting dirge of woe,  
 That trembled on his ear with its soft flow  
 Of sacred melody—its bird-like strains—  
 In incense wafted to the heavenly plains.  
 So Seraph-like—so meekly-mourning—stole  
 Those sweet complainings o'er the Ascetic's soul,  
 That every music chord of feeling woke  
 Responsive—the dark space, which bound him, broke  
 That demon spell, which like a vampire hung  
 O'er his seared soul—sudden around him sprung  
 New worlds of thought, o'er whose chaotic deep  
 Felt, yet unknown, like winds which o'er us sweep,  
 The spirit moved—to peace reducing strife—  
 And 'midst the troubled waters kindling life.  
 The fountain of his tears unsealed at last,  
 He knelt—he prayed—and mercy veiled the past.  
 So when to Israel's king, accurst of heaven,  
 An evil spirit, breathing death, was given,  
 The holy minstrel woke the entrancing strain,  
 Till flushed that stricken heart with life again.  
 The moonbeams shone upon the penitent's head,  
 As still he knelt in prayer—stern pride was dead—  
 Humility bowed down that haughty breast,  
 But dove-winged Hope breathed whisperings of rest.  
 He rose at last, with rapture in his eye—  
 And poured thanksgiving to the silent sky.

Oh! thou, who erst when Israel's erring race,  
 Turned back from sin, and trembling sought their God,  
 Didst from thy mercy seat shed pardoning grace,  
 And for love's sceptre change the avenging rod.

Hear thou in heaven this penitential prayer—  
 Which, like the living waters from the rock,  
 Beneath the wand of holy music here  
 Sudden from out my stormy heart is struck.

Lord, on this new-built altar of my soul  
 Pour down thy hallowing fire—and purge it free  
 From secret sins, whose tides to darkness roll—  
 Unbend faith's wing, and bid it soar to thee.

Oh! cheering Hope—Oh! Love divinely strong,  
 Even from the depths of hell thou hearest prayer.  
 Death cannot praise thee—let my living song  
 With sacred awe thy saving power declare.

Praise ever waits in Zion on thy name—  
 From heaven, earth, ocean, bursts the adoring song—  
 The harp of nature glows with holy flame—

Day speaks thy praise—Night—Morn—the theme prolong.  
 Shall man alone neglect the sacred lyre?

Forget thy bounties, and thy love despise?  
 No—glowing, bursting with celestial fire,

His hymns shall echo thro' thy listening skies. Epwin.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

When the idea of an *Original Pearl* suggested itself, there was one difficulty which appeared almost insuperable—What were we to do for anecdotes and facetiae that had not gone the round of all the jest books and all the papers? We mentioned the matter to a friend, who gave us abundance of encouragement. "There is no reason," said he, "why the anecdotes and jeus d'esprit should not be original, as well as every other department of the paper. There are thousands of them floating about the Provinces, many a great deal better than what we frequently see in print, and in fact all that is required to furnish a capital provincial collection, is some person to take the trouble to gather them, and put them into a suitable dress. Why," added he, "I have heard the Attorney General tell more good stories than Joe Miller ever invented—and as to Doyle, there is many a man in England living by his wit, who has not a tithe of his. Indeed I have often wished that some body would attempt to make such a collection—for certain I am that there are jokes enough made every year in Nova Scotia to fill up a page of the Pearl whenever you are at a loss." With a view to test our friend's theory we began to doubt the fruitfulness of the field of humour on whose fertility he seemed so much to rely—to banter him a little on the soundness of his opinion, when, in order to remove our scepticism, he proceeded to illustration. "What better jest," said he, "will you find in any modern collection, than Colonel Crane's description of a House of Assembly in the olden time?" "What was that?" said we. You shall hear:

POLITICAL WHIST.—Colonel Crane, said he, was for many years a Member of our Provincial Assembly, for King's County I believe; he was rather a tall strongly built man, with a good deal of natural shrewdness and humour. A friend met him once, coming out of the House of Assembly, (the Parliament met at that time in Cochran's Building,) and put the usual question—Well, Colonel, how are you getting on in the House? "Why," said the Colonel, half closing one eye, and seizing the gentleman by the button hole—"the honors are divided, and there is nothing to be got but by tricks."

"Then" said he, "take Doyle's reason for exempting Schoolmasters from the operation of the Militia Law."

TRAINING.—When the Militia Law was under discussion last winter, the question was asked whether or not Schoolmasters were to be exempted from training, and bearing arms. "I certainly think they ought," said Doyle, "for it is their business 'to teach the young idea how to shoot.'"

Another of those jokes he attributed, with what degree of truth I know not, to Squire Archibald, of Musquodoboit.

THE WRONG PLACE.—The Squire, said he, was unharnessing his horse in Fultz's yard one rather dark evening, when a chap from the country, similarly employed, happened to knock his shins against a log, and incontinently wished it in H— Stop, friend, said the Squire, you had better not wish it there, because you might happen to fall over it again.

Having acknowledged that these were pretty fair specimens, our friend again fell to expatiating upon the importance of a collection, and suggested whether something like one might not be attempted in any future Nos. of the Pearl that we might be encouraged to issue with an entirely original character. He told us a great many good stories, and at last nearly brought us over to his own belief. From the multitude of anecdotes that he poured out upon us, we have only room for the following:

RETROSPECTIVE FELONY.—Captain — was a very eccentric old German, and one of the first settlers in the County of Cumberland. He was an honest industrious man, and raised a large family around him, who now dwell amidst fruitful fields which were covered by the forest when their father went to the County where they reside. Among other things that the good Captain was remarkable for, was wearing a pair of leather breeches, upon one leg of which he usually sharpened his razor, while he polished it on the other. As there was no Doctor within many miles of him, the Captain often practiced as a man-Midwife, and most of his patients being sober temperate and healthy women, very few died under his hands. Indeed he was upon the whole rather a successful practitioner, for nature generally did the work, and the Captain had sense enough to interfere as little as possible with her operations. In course of time the Captain becoming wealthy, and the district in which he lived becoming of importance, he aspired to a seat in the Assembly; but when the day of trial came, although a great many of the old people voted for him, all the young freeholders, who might be, said literally to have passed through the Captain's hands, politically speaking, slipped through his fingers—almost every one of them gave plumpers against him. The Election having closed, and the successful candidate having made his speech, the Captain got upon the bench, and after briefly acknowledging the support received from his old friends, turned fiercely round upon the young freeholders, and, with clenched fist, thus addressed them, "You scoundrels, you traitors, if I had known that you would live to vote against me this day, by ginger you never should have come into the world at all."