

The following beautiful lines, so descriptive of life, are plaintive and pathetic to almost a painful degree; their melancholy however is of a high moral character, and it is relieved by gleams from that "better country," without hopes of which, the present, to many, would be gloomy indeed.

### ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES, (NOW MRS. SOUTHEY, HAVING BEEN RECENTLY MARRIED TO THAT DISTINGUISHED WRITER.)

Sunny locks of brightest hue  
Once around my temple grew.  
Laugh not, Lady! for 'tis true;  
Laugh not, Lady! for with thee  
Time may deal despitely;  
Time if long he lend thee here,  
May subdue that mirthful cheer;  
Round those laughing lips and eyes  
Time may write sad histories;  
Deep indent that even brow,  
Change those locks so sunny now,  
To as dark and dull a shade,  
As on mine his touch hath laid.  
Lady! yes, these locks of mine  
Cluster'd once with golden shine,  
Temples, neck, and shoulders round,  
Richly gushing if unbound,  
If from band and bodkin free,  
Well nigh downward to the knee.  
Some there were took fond delight,  
Sporting with those tresses bright,  
To enring with living gold  
Fingers, now beneath the mould  
(Wo is me!) grown icy cold.

One dear hand hath smoothed them too  
Since they lost the sunny hue,  
Since their bright abundance fell  
Under the destroying spell—  
One dear hand! the tenderest  
Ever nurse-child rock'd to rest,  
Ever wiped away its tears—  
Even those of later years.  
From a cheek untimely hollow,  
Bitter drops that still may follow,  
Her's I kiss'd—(Ah! dismal day)  
Pale as on the shroud it lay.  
Then, methought, youth's latest gleam  
Departed from me like a dream—  
Still, though lost their sunny tone,  
Glossy brown their tresses shone,  
Here and there, in wave and ring,  
Golden threads still glittering:  
And (from band and bodkin free)  
Still they flowed luxuriantly.

Careful days, and wakeful nights,  
Early trench'd on young delights.  
Then of ills an endless train,  
Wasting langour, wearying pain,  
Fev'rish thought that racks the brain,  
Crowding all on summer's prime,  
Made me old before my time.  
So a dull, unlovely hue  
O'er the sunny tresses grew,  
'Thinn'd their rich abundance too,  
Not a thread of golden light  
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now again a shining streak  
'Gins the dusky cloud to break:—  
Here and there a glittering thread  
Lights the ringlets dark and dead,—  
Glittering light!—but pale and cold,—  
Glittering thread!—but not of gold.

Silent warning! silvery streak!  
Not unheeded dost thou speak.  
Not with feelings light and vain,  
Not with fond regretful pain,  
Look I on the token sent  
To declare the day far spent;—  
Dark and troubled hath it been—  
Sore misused! and yet between  
Gracious gleams of peace and grace  
Shining from a better place.

Brighten—brighten, blessed light!  
Past approach the shades of night,—  
When they quite enclose me round,  
May my lamp be burning found!

### A STORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

A venerable old Dutchman, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principal cities of the republic with great honor, and having amassed a large fortune in the most unexceptionable manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days tranquilly at his country seat. But before retiring, he wished to take leave of his friends and connexions, and accordingly invited them all to a feast at his house.

The guests, who expected a most sumptuous repast, were much surprised on entering the eating-room, to see there a long oaken table, hardly covered with a coarse blue cloth. On being seated, they were served on wooden plates, with salted herring, rye bread and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk. Wooden vases, filled with small beer, were passed round for each of the guests to serve themselves. The extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused secret murmurings among the company; but out of

respect to his age and wealth, instead of showing discontent, they pretended to relish their frugal fare; and some of them even complimented him upon the cordiality of those good old times which he had brought to remembrance. The old man—who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction—did not wish to carry the joke farther, but, at a given signal which he gave, some servants, habited as country women, entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the brown one, and some pewter plates succeeded the wooden ones. Instead of rye bread, herring and cheese, they were served with good brown bread, fresh beef, boiled fish, and strong beer. At this unexpected change, the secret murmurs ceased; the polite invitations on the part of the old man became more pressing, and the guests ate with better appetite. Hardly had they time to taste the second service, when they saw a butler enter, followed by half a dozen servants in brilliant livery, bringing the third. A superb table of mahogany, covered with a beautiful flowered cloth, replaced the old oaken one. A side board was immediately covered with the richest plate and most curious china; and the sight of profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious wines were freely passed around, while the melodious concert was heard in an adjoining room. Toasts were drunk, and all were merry. But the good old man perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves up to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus:

"I give you thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for the favor which you have granted me. It is time that I should retire myself, and leave you to your liberty. But before the ball commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love the dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast which has appeared so odd. I have wished to give you an idea of our republic. Our ancestors rose to their high state, and acquired liberty, riches and power, by living in the frugal manner which you saw in the first service. Our fathers preserved these great blessings only by living in the simple manner of which the second service has retraced an image. If it is permitted to an old man who is about to leave you, and who tenderly loves you, to speak clearly what he thinks, I must say, I think that the extravagant profusion which you may have remarked in the last service, and which is the present style of living, will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of their brow, and our fathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise administration."—*Bangor Courier.*

### GETHSEMANE.

After ascending once more into broad daylight, we crossed over the rocky path leading to the summit of the Mount of Olives, and we then arrived at a square plot of ground enclosed by a low rough wall of loose stones, and overshadowed by eight enormous olive trees which appear to be of very great antiquity. This is alleged to be the Garden of Gethsemane, "over the brook Cedron, to which Jesus oftentimes resorted with his disciples." A piece of ground, marked off from the rest of the garden, is confidently pointed out as the spot where our Saviour was betrayed by Judas, when the latter, "having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, came thither with lanterns, and torches, and weapons." St. John xviii. It is called by the Italian monks "to terra dannata," or "the accursed ground."

This is certainly a most interesting spot. It is near the brook Cedron, and to the ancient road leading from the Mount of Olives into Jerusalem; and of all the tales and traditions treasured up among the pilgrims and ecclesiastics, this carries with it the greatest degree of probability. But here again, the absurd minuteness of identification made use of only tends to throw an air of ridicule over the whole history. A ledge of rocks at the upper end of the garden is confidently pointed out as the very spot where our Saviour found the disciples "sleeping for sorrowing," and "a stone's cast" from thence is small excavation, called the grotto of Gethsemane, which is positively affirmed to be the identical spot where our Saviour "kneeling down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!" St. Luke. The grotto is covered by a small chapel, the keys of which are kept by the monks of the Latin convent.—*C. G. Addison.*

### BEAUTIES OF SAM SLICK.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.—Do you see that are house on that risin' hummock to the right there? Well, gist look at it, that's what I call about right. Flanked on both sides by an orchard of best grafted fruit, a tidy little clever flower-garden in front, that the galls see to, and a'most a grand sarce garden over the road there sheltered by them are willows. At the back side see them everlastin' big barns; and, by gosh, there goes the dairy cows; a pretty sight too, that fourteen of them marchin' Indgian file arter milkin', down to that are medder. Whenever you see a place all snuged up and lookin' like that are, depend on it the folks are of the right kind. Them flowers too, and that are honeysuckle, and rose-bushes shew the family are brought up right; somethin' to do to home, instead of racin' about to quiltin' parties, huskin'

frollicks, gossipin', talkin' scandal, and neglectin' their business. Them little matters are like throwin' up straws, they shew which way the wind is. When galls attend to them are things, it shows they are what our minister used to call, "right-minded." It keeps them busy, and when folks are busy, they ha'n't time to get into mischief; and it amuses them too, and it keeps the dear little critters healthy and cheerful.

SIGNS OF DECAY.—Mr. Slick suddenly checked his horse, and pointing to a farm on the right-hand side of the road, said, Now there is a contrast for you, with a vengeance. That critter, said, he, when he built that wrack of a house, (they call 'em a-half-house here,) intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimbley out-side to sarve the new part as well as the old. He has been too lazy, you see, to remove the bankin' put there, the first fall, to keep the frost out o' the cellar, and it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimbley, and he has had to prop it up with that great stick of timber, to keep it from comin' down on its knees altogether. All the winders are boarded up but one, and that has all the glass broke out. Look at the barn!—the roof has fell in in the middle, and the two gables stand starin' each other in the face, and as if they would like to come closer together if they could, and consult what was the best to be done. Them old geese and vetren fowls, that are so poor the foxes won't steal 'em for fear of hurtin' their teeth,—that little yaller, lantern-jaw'd, long-legg'd, rabbit-eared, runt of a pig, that's so weak it can't curl its tail up,—that old frame of a cow, standin' there with its eyes shot-to, a contemplatin' of its latter eend,—and that varmint-lookin' horse, with his hocks swell'd bigger than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral,—is all his stock, I guess.

The goney has shewed his sense in one thing, however, he has burnt all his fence up; for there is no danger of other folks' cattle breaking into his field to starve, and gives his Old Mooley a chance o' sneakin' into his neighbours' fields o' nights if she find an open gate, or a pair of bars down, to get a treat of clover now and then. O dear, if you was to get up airy of a mornin', afore the dew was off the ground, and mow that are field with a razor, and rake it with a fine-tooth comb, you would 'nt get stuff enough to keep one grasshopper through the winter, if you was to be hang'd for it.

A RAKISH FARMER.—Gist look at him: his hat has got no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose by the side, like the bale of a bucket. His trousers and jacket are all flyin' in tatters of different colour'd patches. He has one old shoe on one foot, and an ontanned mocasin on t'other. He ain't had his beard cut since last sheep-shearin', and he looks as shaggy as a yearlin' colt. And yet you see the critter has a rakish look to. That are old hat is cocked on one side quite knowin', he has both hands in his trousers pockets, as if he had somethin' worth feelin' there, while one eye shot-to on account of the smoke, and the other standin' out of the way of it as far as it can, makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that did 'nt smoke could 'nt do that now, squire.

GENTILITY.—Do you see them are country galls there, said Mr. Slick, how they are tricked out in silks, and touched off with lace and ribbon to the nine's, a mincing' along with parasols in their hands, as if they were as fear'd the sun would melt them like wax, or take the colour out of their face, like a printed cotton blind! Well, that's gist the ruin of this country. It ain't poverty the blue noses have to fear, for that they needn't know, without they choose to make acquaintance with it; but it's gentility. They go the whole hog in this country, you may depend. They ain't content to appear what they be, but want to be what they ain't.

PREPARING FOR A PARTY.—If she hasn't a shew of doughnuts and prasarves, and apple sarce and punkin pies and sar-sages, it's a pity; it's taken all hands of us, the old lady and her gall too, besides the helps, the best part of a week past preparin'. I say nothin' but it's most turned the house inside out, a settin' up things in this room, or toatin' 'em out of that into t'other, and all in such a confustrigation, that I'm glad when they send me of an arrand to be out of the way. It's lucky them harrycanes don't come every day, for they do scatter things about at a great rate, all topsy turvey like,—that's sartin.

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