

For the Pearl.
STANZAS.

..... "Ignorance is the curse of God.
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven."—Shakspeare.

I
O let that curse no more controul
The minds that else were pure and high,
But lend in youth the soaring soul
The wing with which she seeks the sky!
The darkest clouds that round us lie,
The gloom that o'er the earth prevails—
That shrouds the soul and dims the eye—
That feared and fatal curse entails!

II
Unmindful of your heavenly birth,
Ye weigh your hoards of treasured gold
Against the soul's immortal worth,
And hide a mine of thought untold,
That else would all its light unfold!
Oh! lost to every nobler aim,
To Mammon's hateful service sold,
Who quench the soul's ethereal flame!

III
Behold how bright, how fair a scene
Our heavenly Maker's hand hath wrought!
The glorious sky—the wide terrene!
O think ye these were made for nought?
For aims and ends with wisdom fraught
God gave to man a living soul:
O prize the gift, and take ye thought
Its wayward passions to controul!

1840.

J. McP.

THE POOR RELATION.

'Will you tell me,' said the stranger, 'inquiring at the door of a descendant of the Worthingtons, whose the dwelling of Thomas Worthington, Esq. is?'

'It is that noble edifice which you see yonder beyond the long row of factories.'

The enquirer moved slowly on, apparently scarcely able to sustain himself, from physical imbecility. He was met at the outer gate by a servant.

'Will you tell your master that a distant relation, from across the water, who experienced many misfortunes, desires to see him.'

The servant returned, and ushered the traveller into the outer hall; and in a few minutes the owner of the mansion appeared.

'I am, sir, your supplicant,' said the stranger. 'You doubtless recollect, that a brother of your mother, residing in Scotland, had many sons. Misfortunes have thickened upon one of them. He is poor, and from a recent loss of every thing by shipwreck, is now pennyless. He begs a lodging at your hands, and something wherewith to clothe his almost naked frame.'

'I have nothing to give to stragglers,' said the lord of the mansion. 'Most persons like you are impostors.'

'I am no impostor,' said the petitioner; 'here is proof that I am not,' taking a letter from his pocket; 'but I am your poor cousin; and if you will but relieve my pressing wants, Providence may put it in my power to reward your kindness.'

'I repeat I have nothing to give; and I should advise you to get some daily work to supply your wants.'

The stranger heaved a deep sigh and left the house. He tottered on. It was impossible to pass many dwellings, without encountering one owned and occupied by a Worthington or his descendant. He called upon many; told his misfortunes, and solicited relief; but all were deaf to his petition, and most of them shut the door in his face.

Late in the evening, an old Quaker gentleman, who accidentally heard the poor relation's story, while passing the door of the Worthingtons, offered him a lodging and supper. He went with the benevolent old gentleman, and on the following morning he again wandered forth to renew his calls of the day before. It was observed that he was very particular not to neglect to call upon every son of the deceased Mr. Worthington. He expended several days in this way, but every where there appeared the undisguised dread of a 'poor relation.'

At length he sought the magnificent dwelling of the hon. Benjamin Worthington, which was situated about two miles from the main settlement of the village of Weckford. It stood upon a commanding eminence, which overlooked the village, and was justly regarded as one of the most delightful rural retreats that the country could boast. After going through the usual ceremonies of the

door, he was introduced to the business office of the Oaklands Mansion. Presently the hon. Mr. Worthington appeared. The stranger repeated his solicitation for relief and claim as a relation; but here too he met with nothing but coldness and neglect.

'Then,' said the stranger, 'if you will not relieve the wants of your most unfortunate cousin, perhaps I can tell you something that will move your pity. You had a brother Thomas, who many long years ago most mysteriously disappeared?'

'Yes,' said the honorable gentleman; 'but he is no doubt dead, long and long ago.'

'He is not dead!' said the stranger, 'but after an age of misery, and misfortunes, he has returned in poverty and in rags; and now solicits you to clothe and feed him.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the honorable Mr. Worthington. 'Here is a mark upon my arm, received by a burn when a child, which proves the truth of what I say,' said the long lost son.

Horror seemed to convulse the frame of the lord of the Oaklands.

'Take this note; go to the Swan hotel, a small tavern directly upon the road, about two miles beyond this, and I will come to you with some clothes, and money to provide you a passage over the seas.'

The stranger departed; but not to the Swan hotel did he bend his footsteps. He wandered to the confines of Weckford, where he was told that a distant relation of the Worthingtons lived, in a small cottage a few miles beyond. Here he resolved to make himself once more known. He did so; and found the inmate, the widow of a cousin who had come to this country and settled many years before in a neighbouring seaport. He had died, leaving a very small property to his widow, and an only child. Mrs. Amelia Perley—for this was the name of the lady, received the relative of her dear husband. She bade him welcome to her table; provided some clothing for him at once; and with a sweet smile, that added pleasure to the offer, she proffered him a home beneath her humble cottage, until he could find one more congenial. The poor stranger accepted the favour of the kind-hearted widow, with becoming thankfulness, and remained under her roof a short time; but at length suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Whither he had gone, his kind hostess knew not, and the rich Worthingtons took no pains to enquire. They were not a little delighted to be so easily rid of a 'poor relation,' who might have been a burthen and a shame; but most of all was rejoiced the honorable Benjamin Worthington, to whom the disclosure of his relationship had been so alarming.

Time passed on, and the disappearance of the mendicant was forgotten in the whirl of fashion, business and pleasure; although the honourable elder brother was now visited by a painful recollection of the 'unfortunate' mark upon the arm of the returned wanderer.

It was a holiday in Weckford. Business was suspended, and the people were abroad, participating in the pastimes of the day. A superb carriage, with four white horses, and servants in livery, drove through Pleasant street, and stopped at the 'Mansion House,' the first hotel in Weckford. Parlours were taken in the name of 'Mr. Edmund Perley, and servants, from Scotland.' Forthwith it went on the wings of rumour that 'the rich Mr. Perley had arrived from Scotland.' As the Worthingtons were aware that the relations of their mother were reputed to be very rich in Scotland, they gathered to the hotel in great numbers, to offer their respects, and solicit the pleasure of honorable Mr. Perley's acquaintance. Day after day did the Worthingtons, and all the descendants, down to the lowest contiguity of blood, pour into the Mansion house, to beg the honour of the rich and honorable Mr. Perley's visit. The carriage of the honorable Benjamin Worthington was out from the Oaklands, and the barouche of Edward Worthington, Esq. from the Worthington Mansion. There was neither end to the family outpourings, nor to their solicitude to bestow attentions. The stranger was polite in his replies; and at last, in return, he invited all his kind relatives to honour him at his levee at the Mansion.

There never was such an outpouring of Worthingtons. The great halls of the Mansion House were filled to repletion. All was gaiety, beauty and fashion. It was a magnificent assemblage of the best and most respectable families of the town, and each one was anxious to outstrip the other in doing honour to the rich and distinguished Mr. Perley from abroad, when the 'poor relation' made his appearance in the midst of the brilliant assembly, dressed precisely in the same clothes in which he wandered through the village, and holding in his hand the same uncouth stick, cut from the wilds, which supported his feeble steps from house to house!

It would be impossible to delineate the various countenances which were there exhibited. We must leave the filling up of that picture to the imagination of the reader. It is only necessary to

add, that the stranger was the long lost Thomas, who had made an immense fortune in the Indies. He now immediately took steps to carry out the will of his beloved parent, receiving all the property it gave him. In the year following he purchased the delightful retreat of 'Auburn Grove,' where he erected a charming residence. He soon after led to the altar the amiable and affectionate young widow, Mrs. Amelia Perley, who was not too proud to welcome him to her humble cottage, as a relative of her departed husband, even though he appeared there in the borrowed tatters of poverty and misfortune. It was a lesson which is often repeated by the villagers at Weckford, and will do no harm by being repeated elsewhere.

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.*

From "Ten Thousand a Year"—Blackwood's Magazine.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

"How you love the 'dear old place,' Kate!" exclaimed Aubrey, in such an affectionate tone as brought his sister in an instant to his side, to urge on her suit; and there stood the Lord of Yatton embraced by these two beautiful women, his own heart seconding every word they uttered.

"How my mother would stare!" said he at length, irresolutely. "What a bustle every thing will be in!" exclaimed Kate. "I fancy I'm there already! The great blazing fires—the holly and mistletoe. We must all go, Charles—children and all."

"Why, really, I hardly know—"

"Oh! I've settled it all—and what's more, we've no time to lose; this is Tuesday—Christmas-day is Saturday—we must of course stop a night on the way. Hadn't we better have Griffiths in, to arrange all?"—Aubrey rang the bell.

"Request Mr. Griffiths to come to me," said he.

Within a very few minutes that respectable functionary had made his appearance, and received his instructions. The march to Shropshire was countermanded—and hey! for Yatton, for which they were to start the next day about noon. Mr. Griffiths first step was to pack off Sam, Mr. Aubrey's groom, by the Tally-ho, the first coach to York, starting at two o'clock that very day, with letters announcing the immediate arrival of the family. These orders were received by Sam (who had been born and bred at Yatton) while he was bestowing, with vehement sibillation, his customary civilities on a favourite mare of his master's. Down dropped his currycomb; he jumped into the air; snapped his fingers; then he threw his arms round Jenny and tickled her under the chin. "Dang it," said he, as he threw her another seed of oats, "I wish thee was going wi' me." Then he hastily made himself a bit tidy; presented himself very respectfully before Mr. Griffiths, to receive the wherewithal to pay his fare; and having obtained it, off he scampered to the Bull and Mouth, as if it had been a neck-and-neck race between him and all London, which should get down to Yorkshire first. A little after one o'clock his packet of letters was delivered to him; and within another hour Sam was to be seen (quite comfortable with a draught of spiced ale given him by the cook, to make his dinner sit well) on the top of the Tally-ho, rattling along the great North road.

"Come, Kate," said Mrs. Aubrey, entering Miss Aubrey's room, where she was giving directions to her maid, "I've ordered the carriage to be at the door as soon as it can be got ready; we must be off to Coutts—see!" She held two thin slips of paper, one of which she gave Miss Aubrey—'twas a check for one hundred pounds—her brother's usual Christmas box—and then we've a quantity of little matters to buy this afternoon. Come, love, quick!"

Now, Kate had spent nearly all her money, which circumstance, connected with another which I shall shortly mention, had given the poor girl not a little concern. At her earnest request, her brother had, about a year before, built her a nice little school, capable of containing some eighteen or twenty girls, on a slip of land near the vicarage, and old Mrs. Aubrey and her daughter found a resident school-mistress, and, in fact, supported the little establishment, which, at the time I am speaking of, contained some seventeen or eighteen of the villagers' younger children. Miss Aubrey took a prodigious interest in this little school, scarce a day passing without her visiting it when she was at Yatton; and what Kate wanted, was the luxury of giving a Christmas present to both mistress and scholars. That, however, she would have had some difficulty in effecting but for her brother's timely present, which had quite set her heart at ease. On their return, the carriage was crowded with the things they had been purchasing; articles of clothing for the fee-