

For the Pearl.

## LOVER'S RHYMES.

Oh! it's no use of talking—no indeed it is not,  
Of forcing love from the heart—its favourite spot,  
There it will stay,

Do what you may,

Her image will follow you the live long day—

So it's no use of talking—no indeed it is not,

Of forcing love from the heart—its favourite spot.

Though sometimes you're tempted to nothing more do,  
So careless she's got, and so cold to you,

She's left off smiling,

The moments whiling,

Oh! what shall I do if there's no reconciling,

Yet it's no use, &amp;c.

Oh! it drives to distraction, the very heart it doth pinch,  
And every thought of her look sinks it lower an inch,

But in dreams that night

Her eyes as bright

And as charming will look as the sun before night,

So it's no use &amp;c.

As I'm going up stairs perhaps we'll meet and she'll smile,  
So hope—"hope congenial"—be mine the meanwhile;

Why surely that's her!

"O! how dy'e do, sir?"

Oh! mother 's so cruel she'll not let me stir,

But it's no use &amp;c.

"For sometimes she says I must linger up stairs,  
Nor trouble my head about kitchen affairs,

But to own, my dear J.

When you're not in the way,

She wouldn't mind if I staid in the kitchen all day,

But it's no use &amp;c."

"But pray what's the reason, sweet Love, of all this,  
That Mama's put an end to our mutual bliss?"

She used not be so

About three weeks ago,

Does she think any harm?—Oh! do not say so,

For it's no use &amp;c."

"Why that night we were playing at Tit-tat-to,  
You remember the time?"—"O! surely I do,

'Twas the only sight

For many a night,

I fear'd you'd forsaken and left me outright,

But it's no use &amp;c.

"Never mind, my dear girl, never tell the sad story,  
It's all true that I thought, and no allegory,

Must we part—and forever?

Oh! never—no, never,

Shall my true love for thee, dearest M. ever waver,

So it's no use &amp;c.

"Oh! I'll never cease thinking of you till cold Death  
Shall take away life with his withering breath,

So if you'll be mine,

Let this be the sign—

Just give me your heart and I'll give you mine—

For it's no use of talking—no indeed it is not,

Of forcing love from the heart—its favourite spot. J.

**LORD BROUGHAM AND NEWSPAPER WRITING.**—Whilst he was Lord Chancellor, he was in the almost daily habit of communicating articles to a daily paper, but with a degree of caution which few men would have imagined. Not a line of his writing ever came before the compositors, or even the editor. His communications were made by letter to his brother, by whom they were read to the editor, who wrote as Mr. Brougham read; and, in this way, the leading articles appeared, without its being possible to prove that they came from Lord Brougham's pen. On one occasion, when an article against the Whig Ministry had appeared in the Times, it was sent to Lord Brougham, who was sitting at Westminster in the Court of Chancery. The paper was folded in such a way that the article might meet the eye readily, and was handed up to the Chancellor. Sir Edward Sugden was pleading. The Chancellor laid the paper before him, took his pen, and, whilst the public and the bar imagined that he was taking notes of Sir Edward's speech, with whom, from time to time, he held a conversation on the points of his case, the answer was written. Less than a quarter of an hour sufficed for an article of about forty lines, full of spirit. When it was done, he made some excuse for quitting the bench for a few minutes, and went into his own room, when it was given to the editor to transcribe; for no man was to be permitted to possess a proof that the article came from him.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

**ANECDOTE OF AMERICAN WARFARE.**—The march through the deep recesses of what was then in July, 1755, a Pennsylvania wilderness, of a large and well appointed British army, under Gen. Braddock, and the terrible defeat and subsequent massacre of that host on the banks of the Monongahela, are well remembered. Three years af-

ter the fortune of war was changed, and an English army found itself, like that of Germanicus, near the spot where the bones of their countrymen reposed. In that army was an officer of rank, who had lost a father and brother in Braddock's defeat. An Indian guide told him that, in the battle of the Monongahela, he had seen an officer of high rank fall wounded; and a moment after, a young subaltern, who had run to his rescue, drop dead, slain by a random shot, and that the two bodies, he was sure, would be found together under the bough of a tree of peculiar shape, which he thought he could recognise. It was some instinct which told the young officer, who was Sir Francis Halket, then a major of the 42d regiment, that in the bodies of those who thus died together, he should find his own father and brother. The army proceeded through the woods, and along the banks of the river to the scene of battle. The Indian warrior discovered the place where he was posted on the day of carnage, and pointed to the tree under which the officers had fallen. The men were halted, and with Major Halket and the other officers formed a circle; the Indians removed the leaves, and the two skeletons were found, just as the Indian expected, lying across each other, the younger above the older. Major Halket said that as his father had an artificial tooth of peculiar form, he might be enabled to ascertain if they were indeed his bones, and those of his brother. After a short examination the sign that he sought was found, and the remains identified beyond mistake. As the son knelt in silence and in tears beside them, the pioneers dug a grave, and the bones being laid in it together, a Highland plaid was thrown over them, and they were interred with the soldier's honors.

**THE HONEY BEE.**—The Bee possesses the united skill of the mason, the architect, the geometrician and the civilian. Many naturalists of this and other countries have devoted much time in searching out their habits, admiring their sagacity, and in giving to the world the result of their researches. They have learned much, and there is much yet to be learned of this wonderful insect. I have myself kept bees for thirteen or fourteen years: I long since felt the necessity of preserving these little creatures from the barbarous custom of annual suffocation. For a while I tried the box-hive, but found my bees unwilling to enter it, and I lost several swarms in trying to force them into it. I abandoned this kind of hive, and finished a room in my garret, dark and tight, with a communication through the external wall of the house, through which to give them a passage-way. I placed a hive of bees in this room, their entrance into the hive being on a level with this communication, and near to it. To this room I have a door from my garret, never accessible to children or intruders. The room should be made impervious to rats and mice, which are very fond of bees, sparing not even their weapons of defence. This young swarm soon filled their hive, and then commenced their operations, beneath, above and around the hive, filling in their white virgin comb, without the aid of bars, slat-pieces or cross-pieces to build to, from the roof of the house to the floor of their room. At times, I stole into this apiary, and, by the aid of a light, viewed the progress they were making, and the splendid columns of combs they were erecting. They had the benefit of the labour of all their increase—all their progeny: there was no swarming, no colonizing from their numerous family. Give bees room and they never swarm. Who ever heard of bees swarming from a hollow tree, till the space within was filled? After the second year of their operations, and during the coldest of the winter, while these bees all laid dormant at the centre of their nectarine pile, I took my family stores from the external layers, which always contain the whitest and purest in the storehouse, and is the only portion which can be taken without injury to the residue. For many years, my table was supplied from this room with the choicest of sweets, from which many a friend has enjoyed a treat, and lingered to admire this simple contrivance for the preservation of the bee, and the storehouse so well adapted to receive the fruits of his labor.—*J. S. Keith, Oxford, Maine.*

O! my Nora's gown for me,  
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,  
Leaving every beauty free  
To sink or swell as heaven pleases.

**THEIR LAMENT.**—Ladies! we do not wish to be rude, but we are going to assail your corsets. Tom Moore was always considered a judge of female beauty, and despite the rage for buckram and whalebone, he luxuriates, as the above quotation proves, on the charms of his Nora Creina—"free as nature made them." The Roman ladies, and the beautiful divinities of the 'heathen Greeks,' did not trammel their persons with stays drawn drum tight—they did not distort nature by screwing her master-work into the shape of an hour glass; no, their robes floated freely on the breezes; stays were unknown and starch was out of the question.

They must have been fairy creatures, else why should they have been copied by master sculptors as the models of female perfection? In spite of the admonitions of Abernethy, the ribs are now so compressed as to lap over each other, and the lungs, which should have free play, are imprisoned in so small a compass that they are deprived of half their functions. What is the consequence? Consumption lays its cold and clammy hand upon the victim of fashion, the roses of health wither away, the form becomes emaciated, and the proud beauty, whose power was bliss to the heart of many a wor-

shipper, falls into an untimely grave, a victim to her own vanity. This is a short sermon, but we trust it will have its weight with some.

**DRESSES FOR ROYALTY.**—Once a week the Parisian *modiste* prepares a little box, containing models of dolls, dressed up in the coming mode. The box is left at the English Ambassador's, and by him duly forwarded to the Queen, with official despatches, that her Majesty may be able to judge how the fashions may become her. Such as she likes are ordered and brought over, like the models, by a diplomatic messenger.

Some of the grumblers say that the Queen should wear British manufactures as much as possible, and thus set a good example to the ladies of her Court.—Why she only follows the example of her elders.—The Empress of Russia recently had three dresses sent to her from Paris. One was of rich white satin, sprinkled over with bouquets of many colours, worked in gold and silk. Beautiful as the material was, it is said that the fashion of the make was equal to it. The second dress was of sky-blue *reps*, sprinkled over with bouquets of silver and white silk, delicately shaded with blue. The whole of these bouquets were connected by tendrils formed of silver, which luxuriantly ran over the whole dress. The manchetts and flounces were of silver lace, and extraordinary depth. The Empress's third dress was of rose-coloured satin, *glace* with white, having a sort of running pattern, which formed serpentine columns *en brachi*, just as if they had been wrought in embroidery. This dress (to be worn with pearl ornaments) was trimmed with deep flounces of lace.

**KEMBLE.**—Few men of milder, calmer, gentler disposition, steel-ed at the same time with a high sense of honour, and the nice-timed feelings of a gentleman, are probably left behind him. Two instances may be selected. A wrong-headed actor, having challenged him on account of some supposed injustice, Kemble walked to the field as if to rehearsal, took his post, and received the fire as unmoved as if he had been acting the same on the stage; but refused to return the shot, saying, the gentleman who wished satisfaction had, he supposed, got it—he himself desired none. On another occasion, when defending Miss Phillips against a body of military gentlemen, whose drunkenness rendered their attentions doubly disagreeable, one of them struck at him with his drawn sabre; a maid-servant parried the blow, and Kemble only saying, "Well done, Euphrasia," drew his sword, and taking the young lady under his arm, conducted her home in safety.

**A RHYME.**—A London poet, some years ago, offered fifty pounds for a word that would rhyme with "porringer." This was done about the time the Duke of York gave his daughter in marriage to the Prince of Orange. The next morning after the offer, the papers contained the following:

"The Duke of York a daughter had,  
He gave the Prince of Orange her,  
You see my friend I've found a word,  
Will rhyme with yours of Porringer."

**VICTIMS OF INTemperance.**—The superintendent of the Tennessee State Prison reports to the Legislature that out of 154 convicts now in that establishment, *sixty-one* attribute their crime directly to the use of ardent spirits; *sixty-six* are habitual, and *eighty-two* occasional drunkards, leaving only *six* persons out of the whole who abstain from the use of ardent spirits.

Writers and lecturers on health have said much about the bad air of theatres and crowded ball rooms, and of the highly pernicious effects upon health. They might have added a chapter for this meridian upon lecture rooms.

**RICHES MAKE THEMSELVES WINGS.**—Moralists have said that no man ought to be congratulated till he is in his coffin. The *Mechanics' Magazine* states in the biography of Mr. James, the proprietor of the railway system, that he was in 1812 worth £150,000, and lived to lose it all.

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