

For the Pearl.

## A SCENE FROM GESNER.

DEATH OF ABEL.

Book I.

The tranquil night had just its shades withdrawn,  
The vapours fled before Aurora's face,  
The purple eye of incense breathing morn  
Had beamed across the earth with radiant grace ;  
The glorious orb that rules terrestrial days,  
Behind the cedars of the mountain height  
Had darted forth his earliest purest rays,  
And summoned all the world to light and life.

Now from their verdant couch, their peaceful rest,  
Abel and his beloved Thirza rose,  
And quickly to a neighbouring bower they prest,  
Of intertwining jessamine composed.

The tenderest love, and purest virtue shone  
With mildest beams in Thirza's fine blue eyes,  
Her cheeks were like the fragrant rose new blown ;  
Twin corals to her lips were mean allies ;  
Her golden locks in waving rings unfurled  
Loaded her ivory neck with labyrinth toil,  
And o'er her bosom negligently curled,  
Affording beauty's self a beauteous foil.  
Fashioned of grace she walked by Abel's side,  
Whose ringlets circled on his steadfast brow  
Of ripest brown, and on his shoulders plied ;  
There terminal, they vouched each holy vow.  
An air serene, of wisdom fraught with grace,  
Formed and displayed the attractions of his look ;  
And with an humble yet majestic face,  
Across the pearly plain his way he took.  
So when an angel journeying from the sky  
Brings peace to earth—and God's good-will to man,  
Assumes a form congenial to our eye,  
Yet to conceal himself, say not he can,  
Some heavenly rays bespeak an angel nigh,  
And God with us, the saint is taught to scan.

Thirza—to love and tenderness awake,  
With placid smile address her equal spouse.  
“ The little birds this morn the silence break  
And warble praise from off their waving boughs,  
Then let me hear again the hymn you sung,  
And let me with you join to praise the Lord,  
Upon your lips I've oft with transport hung  
To catch the sacred strains those lips afford,  
In proper terms to speak my pregnant heart,  
To utter what my tongue cannot express,  
Does to my soul such extacy impart  
As makes me all desire our God to bless.”

Abel replied, requiting love with love—  
“ My Thirza, instantly to thee I'll yield  
Soon as thine eyes to me thy wishes prove,  
Oft as thy dear request appears revealed,  
I strive to accomplish with a lover's haste  
Thy whole desire.” They then the flowers among  
Were side by side in just relation placed,  
And she with him her Abel's matin sung.

“ Retire—retire, O sleep, from every eye,  
Intelligence again resume thy throne,  
Illusive dreams—to buried shadows fly  
Reason—reclaim—illuminate thine own,  
Thy central influence is the light of man,  
Like as the sun of this green fertile earth.  
Resplendent orb, which erst thy race began,  
Hail the propitious glories of thy birth !  
Beaming beyond the cedar's sombre shade  
Thy friendly rays bring light, and nature's youth,  
And in these beauties everywhere displayed,  
We learn the Eternal's reign of light and truth.

“ Retire, O sleep, retire from every eye,  
That every eye may see the hand of God :  
Ye hovering dreams to deepest shadows fly ;  
Go search where they have taken their abode.  
If in the gaping caverns of the rocks,  
Or to await us in the thickest groves,  
Umbrageous groves, which sol's refulgence mocks  
While in the topmost arc of heaven he moves.  
See where the towering eagle wakes to hail  
The new born day, there on the glittering sides  
Of marble rocks and mountain mists exhale,  
And on the morning breeze still gathering rides :  
All nature's incense rising to her God.  
As holocausts and offerings we proffer,  
'Tis thus she glorifies her sovereign Lord

Who pours his light each opening day on her.  
Praise him all things that are in earth, sea, skies,  
Whose wisdom planned your being, powers and place,  
Praise him ye blooming sweets that spring and rise  
Your varied gifts unbosom to his praise ;  
Ye winged inhabitants of fluid air  
Chant forth your melodies in varied song,  
And daily for his praise your lays prepare  
Who formed your notes, and does your strains prolong.  
Majestic lions—sound the breath he gives,  
And yield him honour by your awful mien,  
Whilst from the echoing rocks the sound yet lives  
And all around the Almighty's works are seen.  
But chiefly thou—my soul, thy God shouldst praise,  
Who did create, and does sustain thy powers  
High as the heavens,—let man his anthem raise  
To God the mighty Lord of us and ours.  
Before the lark tunes his aspiring note,  
Ere any creature lifts its natal cry,  
Let man in gratitude himself devote  
To him, who holds creation in his eye.  
In the grey twilight—in the blushing morn,  
While birds and beasts their lives suspend in sleep,  
From my warmed heart be ardent praises born ;  
Let me thy love in due remembrance keep.  
O love, deign thou to accept my humble song ;  
And let me cite all creatures to thy praise.  
Thy word gave life, and does that life prolong,  
Thy boundless grace crowns my revolving days.  
How grand and glorious are thy works, O God,  
Wisdom and goodness are impressed on all ;  
Through all the vast, thy bounties spread abroad,  
And has a voice on all my sense to call—  
A voice transporting to my inmost mind  
Ravished with beauties it can ne'er express.  
O God, though meek and frail myself I find,  
Fain would I strive thy holy name to bless.  
Maker omnipotent, what moved thee  
For ever, self-existent, perfect bliss,  
To order chaos—bid confusion flee,  
And call from nothing such a world as this ?  
What thee induced to form man out of dust  
And in his nostrils breathe the breath of life ?  
'Twas goodness infinite ! that praise I must ;  
'Twas love transcendent did the whole contrive ?  
This drew the plan of man's existence here,  
And told itself to him in rich display,  
To bless his being daily didst appear.  
And taught him, that “ to enjoy is to obey.”  
O smiling morn, in thee I see portrayed  
A lively emblem of thy maker, God :  
Where the bright sun dispels the gloomy shade,  
And light diffuses from his glorious road,  
Reviving lustre in thy face displayed,  
Down from the empyrean is o'er all conveyed.

“ Once th' Almighty spoke,—the darkness fled :  
Eternal silence heard his awful voice ;  
His fiat given,—th' effective mandate led  
Myriads of lives ; obedient to his choice.  
The pregnant earth emerged these varied forms,  
The air was flocked with birds of every plume,  
The feathered choir, which every grove adorns,  
That praise thee still—and still their work resume ;  
Th' echoing words return some thankful lays,  
In unremitting melody poured forth :  
That weakest instruments may perfect praise  
To God, the Lord supreme, of heaven and earth.  
Earth again hears th' Almighty maker speak,  
With varied shapes, and attributes conferred  
Forth to the light new forms of being break  
From heaving clods,—prolific at his word ;  
The sprightly horse now shakes his flowing mane,  
The noble lion, fired with freedom, roars,  
The antelope bounds o'er the verdant plains  
And ranging wide the forest deep explores ;  
And all around fresh forms of beauty burst  
Upon the astonished eye that scans the earth,  
Thy wondrous works can never be rehearsed,  
So wide their compass, so complete their worth !  
O thou Omnipotent, thy works are these,  
Thy light is life ; all wake at thy command,  
Whose eye their every want immediate sees,  
Whose providence feeds each with liberal hand.  
The day shall dawn when all the earth shall raise  
Accepted honours to thy boundless grace,  
When man thy works shall celebrate and praise  
From the sun's rising to his resting place.”

Thus Abel ceased, while his loved Thirza sat  
Mute by his side, enraptured with his song.

With holy joy, she seemed to hear him yet ;  
Her soul transported, would the notes prolong.  
Embracing Abel, in her snowy arms—  
“ My love,” she cried, and spoke it in her eye,—  
“ My love, the music of thy lips hath charms  
Which lift my spirit up to God on high.  
Thy tenderest care protects my feeble frame,  
Thy kind direction even guides my soul  
Up to the source from whence at first it came,  
Though clouds or darkness o'er my prospects roll :  
Turns her astonishment to ecstasy,  
When gratitude this bosom oft hath warmed  
To God most high, who gavest me to thee,  
And for that love which thee for me hath formed.  
Oh Abel loving thee, how sweet my lot :  
How dear this world to me, if thou wert not.”

W. F. T.

For the Pearl.

MR. EDITOR,

I am a disciple of the old school. Nay, start not, as if *somolusus naturæ* were presented before you ! I am not of mammoth-like dimensions, nor an antediluvian megatherion, to scare you from your propriety, but a plain old animal that has spent his years in cropping the grass of the olden time, and has no taste for the new, and the so-called improved herbage of the present day. I have no sympathies with the utilitarianism of this generation—my days have been passed in intercourse with the worthies that are gone—my feelings are buried in their graves. I am aware of the contempt that will be thrown upon one for this confession by the philosophers and wits of this busy, working, bustling age. But I will not conceal the truth, nay I glory in it. I like not the rapid conquests of the real and the practical over the ideal and the beautiful. I like not your crowded cities, nor the unceasing hum of their busy inhabitants. Manchester or Liverpool, or any other bloated centre of commercial life has no charms for me, to be compared with the ivy-covered ruins of Kenilworth, or the gigantic piles of Stonehenge. No, give me the blue expanse of ocean, and the majestic river rolling onward to meet it—or give me the boundless forest of my native country, as once it was seen in its glory far as the eye could reach—whose noble pillars were reared by ages,—and I care not for a steamer to pollute the waters of the one, or the sound of the axe to disturb the solitude of the other. Neither do I like the superficial literature of the age, when compared with the fine old folios, the precious relics of generations that are past.

But, Mr. Editor, I would not have brought my old-fashioned oddities to your notice, had not my ire been kindled by a paragraph I saw in a late Pearl. This purported to be an extract from the Boston Times newspaper, which lauded and magnified the “ Cincinnati Sun” for the following admirable bit of advice, viz. “ Let nothing unseemly, in word or action, pass the threshold in which there is a child.” Now as I am jealous of the rights of my favorite old authors, and dislike to see their beauties stolen by the moderns without any acknowledgement, I could not allow the opportunity to pass without complaining of the sacrilege. The remarks of the Editor of the Times upon the sentence in question were very just, but he little thought that the sentiment itself, instead of dating its birth at the obscure workshop of the “ Cincinnati Sun,” originated in the brain of one of the first poets of antiquity whose words run thus :—

“ Nil dictu scdum, visuque, hæc limina tangat,  
Iutra quæ puer est.”

Juvenal. 14. sat. : 45.

Truly the children of this generation are wiser than their forefathers, and thus it is, ye sages of old ! that your sacred fire is stolen by pigmy Prometheuses to animate their lifeless bones ! No wonder then that it is the fashion of the present day to decry all classical literature ; for by making the wisdom of the past a sealed book, the borrowed ideas of these plagiarists can less easily be detected. My indignation is not so much excited by the mere carelessness, or ignorance, of a stray Editor, except in as far as that carelessness and ignorance, are the effects of the spirit of the age. But it is the design of the utilitarians of the time that I would oppose. They would prostrate in the dust those geniuses who were the idols of my youth, and whose thoughts were the studies of my riper years. And I fear their wish will be accomplished. Once let the tide of public feeling be set against any specified object, no matter how long it has existed, or how deeply rooted in our prejudices, it will soon be swept away. And such will be the case with classical learning. The obloquy now thrown upon it must, ere long, bring it into contempt. It was not always so. There was a time when the productions of antiquity were the chosen companions of men of letters, when the perusal of their eloquent pages was the favorite amusement of the lady's boudoir—aye, when they were the chief study and delight of queens. There was a time too when an essay, though written in the pure style of Addison, would hardly have been acceptable to the public, unless it were adorned with some choice motto drawn from these sacred sources. But the scene is changed now. All things that were heretofore considered firm and stable are now in a state of