

From the New York Mirror.

LOVE FILLS A BLISSFUL MEASURE.

Love fills a blissful measure,
But ah! before we sip,
The urchin, for his pleasure,
May snatch it from the lip:
Not smiles alone have power
On buds that passion rears;
They seek both sun and shower,
And love sends smiles and tears.

Though love's a tyrant ever,
His reign is in the heart;
Whose strings we'd sooner sever
Than lose the pleasing smart:
We love through life's commotion,
And oft, 'mid doubts and fears,
(Like beauty from the ocean)
Our bliss is born of tears.

When fortune's storms are sweeping,
And moon-like friendship's light
Shines coldly on our weeping,
Nor lasts through sorrow's night:
When dove-like peace flies from us,
Till o'er our cloudy fears,
Love builds his bow of promise
Above the flood of tears!

GRAVITIES AND GAETIES.

TOPICS FOR THOUGHT.

The books in circulating libraries are so liable to abuse that I am not much surprised, however I am grieved and incensed at these scribbling liberties; but I am astonished to find that the crime is known in higher quarters. In the library of the Literary Society of Newcastle, and in some of the first libraries in other parts of the kingdom, I have seen evidence of its existence. The most slanderous personal reflections are not spared, any more than the most silly and unnecessary comments. Alterations are made in celebrated writers with the most sacrilegious audacity—dates are changed—the lie is given, and every species of remark that malice or stupidity, or both combined, can invent, are fearlessly written. It has been observed that the reason why England had so few institutions open to the public, as in France and in other foreign countries, was, that Englishmen would either steal their contents, or commit on them irreparable injuries; and certainly if foreigners had our base system of abusing books fully exposed to them, they would think this reason amply borne out by facts.—*The Library.*

But if the winter be dark and gloomy, it is amply compensated by the continued light of the summer months. The nights begin to be very short early in May, and from the middle of that month to the end of July, in Shetland, darkness is absolutely unknown. The sun scarcely quits the horizon, and his short absence is supplied by a bright twilight. Nothing can surpass the calm serenity of a fine summer night in the Shetland Islands. The atmosphere is clear and unclouded, and the eye has an uncontrolled and extensive range: the hills and the headlands then look more majestic, and they have a solemnity superadded to their grandeur: the water in the bay appears dark, and as smooth as glass; no living object interrupts the tranquillity of the scene, but a solitary gull skimming the surface of the sea; and there is nothing to be heard but the distant murmuring of the waves among the rocks.—*Huffmann.*

In the reign of Richard the second, the barons petitioned that no Villein (as the persons of labouring condition were then called) should be permitted to send his son to school. In our times the princes and nobles of the land, most distinguished for rank and fortune, for intelligence and virtue, are the patrons of schools for the education of the children of the poor, and among the foremost to assist in the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions.—*Higginson.*

Swedenborg teaches as soon as death has seized upon the mortal part, that in general a state of insensibility for a time, shorter or longer, according to the general character of the dying person, and the disease of which he died, takes place. When all things are prepared for the entire separation of the spirit from its frail tenement, it is awakened as from sleep, and by the operation of divine power, raised up in a spiritual body, a living human being, being immediately surrounded with objects of sense and human spiritual beings, who converse with it respecting the new state of life into which it has entered.—*Essay on Swedenborgianism.*

The philosophic spirit is a talent acquired by labour, art, and long habit, and enables us to judge correctly of everything in the world. It is an understanding that overlooks nothing, a union of just reasonings that nothing can overturn, a sure and judicious taste of whatever is excellent or vicious in nature. It is the rule of the true and the beautiful. Nothing, then, is perfect in the different productions of genius, but what is animated by the spirit; upon it particularly depends the glory of the Belles Lettres.—*M. Nance.*

A phenomenon in the political world now took place, for a stripling, just of age, upborne on the wings of royal and popular

favour, succeeded to the post of Premier, and kept it upwards of twenty years. William Pitt, the younger son of that William Pitt, earl of Chatham, who had been the rival of Henry Fox, Lord Holland, to a greater portion of eloquence than his father added all his ambition. He was the first minister, since the accession of the house of Hanover, who dared to remain in place in defiance to the declared sense of the House of Commons; and such was the gullibility of the nation, that merely by using the magic sounds of peace and economy, he contrived to involve it in more wars and debts than any other statesman since the Conquest. On great occasions he displayed an extraordinary portion of talent, but yet he, at the same time, did not stoop to cunning and chicanery, for his sole aim was success, and he was determined either to obtain or to preserve it at all hazards.—*Fox and Pitt.*

Dress is a religious duty. But young ladies may be religious over-much. They ought to be at their toilette at least one hour every day—at serious needle-work two—and their thoughts chiefly occupied by dress there—that is to say, mentally devising various pretty fancies wherewithal to beautify their persons, and now and then introducing a pattern into practice. Plenty of time left in the twenty-four hours for reading and writing, and also for thinking about the next world. Whatever you do with the next world, never forget this: you were placed here to be pleasant and pretty, neat and tidy, to dance and sing, paint and embroider. Also, "still the house affairs will call you hence, which, ever as you can, with speed perform. You'll come again, and, with a greedy ear, devour up my discourse; in which, heaven forbid that any maiden should ever let fall her eye on one single syllable that may awake a painful blush: on many, heaven grant that they may bring around the dear little coze corners of her lips the mantling of her inexpressible smile."—*Art of Dress.*

I viewed Jupiter, and compared its figure with that of Saturn. An evident difference in the formation of the two planets is visible. To distinguish the figure of Jupiter properly, it may be called an ellipsoid, and that of Saturn a spheroid.—*Herschel.*

Harrowing a thing as it is to behold a fellow-creature walking to his own grave in the full enjoyment of health and faculty, plunging with full consciousness into a state of existence the nature of which is to us a mystery, there was something scarcely less painful in considering the motives of many of whom this mournful exhibition of man in his worst point of view was attended. We allude to the numbers of respectably dressed females, who seemed collected there for the purpose of beholding some pleasurable sight. Reflecting that in the old country no families attend such spectacles except those of totally depraved and vicious habits, that the delicacy and sensibility of the sex can neither delight in such scenes, nor be thereby improved, we feel bound to call upon their fathers, brothers, or husbands, as the case may be, to prevent their appearance in a place which ought not to yield them either delight or profit, and where they can expect no other feeling than those of bitter disgust at their want of moral decency.—*Niagara Chronicle.*

The barbarities and desperate outrages of the so-called Christian race, throughout every region of the world, and upon every people that they have been able to subdue, are not to be paralleled by those of any other race, however fierce, and however taught, and however reckless of mercy and of shame in any age of the earth.—*Howitt's Colonization and Christianity.*

The glowworm possesses the curious property of causing its light to cease at will. Dr. Burmeister mentions the curious fact, that while catching some of the flying species in his hat, they have so suddenly and entirely ceased to shine, that he has fancied that they must have escaped. When disturbed, these insects emit a bright but frequently interrupted light; and when laid upon their backs they shine without intermission, in consequence of the continual motion in the endeavours of the insect to regain its position.—*Westwood's Classification of Insects.*

Reserve is generally the consequence of ill health, or grief of some kind, which makes people low-spirited, timid, and suspicious. Travelling or free locomotion has generally the effect of setting the blood in healthy flow, and dissipating mental as well as bodily impurities.

The torrent and the blast can mar the loveliest scenes in nature. War, with his ruthless hand, may rival the elements in their work of destruction; but it is passion alone that can lay waste the human heart; the whirlwind and the flood have duration in their existence, and have bounds for their fury, the earth recovers from the devastation of the conflict, with a fertility that seems enriched by the blood of its victims; but there are feelings that no human agency can limit, and mental wounds which are beyond the art of man to heal.—*Cooper.*

It is the unfortunate tendency of literary habits to enamour the studious of the seclusion of the closet, and to render them more conversant with the philosophy and erudition of bygone times, than with the sentiments and feelings of their fellow-men.—*Mad-den.*

Friendship, the wine of life, should, like a well-stocked cellar, be continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think that al-

though we can seldom add what will equal the generous first growth of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it mellow and pleasant, warmth will no doubt make a very considerable difference; men of affectionate temper and bright fancy, will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are dull and cold.—*Boswell.*

Lady-Day, or Day of the Blessed Virgin, of the Roman Catholics, was heretofore dedicated to Cybele. "It was called: Hilaria," says Macrobius, "on account of the joy occasioned by the arrival of the equinox, when the light was about to exceed the darkness in duration;" and from the same author, as well as from Lampridius, it appears that it was a festival of the Mater Deum. Moreover, in a Greek Commentary upon Dionysius, cited by Dempster, in his Roman Antiquities, it is asserted, "that the Hilaria was a festival in honour of the mother of the gods, which was proper to the Romans."

Never to hear patiently of evil, nor speak that which is mischievous and wicked; to utter no lies, prevarications, or hypocrisy; to use no deceit nor over-reaching in trade or dealing; never oppress the weak and humble, nor offer violence to your neighbour; to keep your hands from pilfering and theft; and in no way to injure a fellow-creature.—*Brahminical Books.*

Women should be acquainted that no beauty has any charms, but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that has these, is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the educating her children, for an affection for her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.—*Epictetus.*

The Abbe Maury, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the democrats, during the French revolution, was one night seized by the mob, who looked around for a lamp-post to suspend him on. "Pray, my good friends," said the abbe, "were you to hang me to that lamp-post, do you think that you would see any the clearer for it?" This well-timed wit softened the rabble and saved his life.

I am sent to the ant, to learn industry; to the dove, to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to the robin-redbreast, who chants it as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience.—*Warwick.*

Inquietudes of mind cannot be prevented without first eradicating all your inclinations and passions, the winds and tide that preserve the great ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation.

It is one of God's blessings that we cannot foreknow the hour of our death: for a time fixed, even beyond the possibility of living, would trouble us more than doth this uncertainty.—*King James.*

Conversation augments pleasure, and diminishes pain, by our having shares in either: for silent woes are greatest, as silent satisfaction least; since sometimes our pleasure would be none but for telling of it, and our grief insupportable but for participation.—*Wycherly.*

The way to cure our prejudices is this, that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own.—*Locke.*

We can behold with coldness the stupendous displays of omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author, to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.—*Grove.*

Among the writers of all ages, some deserve fame, and have it; others neither have, nor deserve it; some have it, not deserving, others though deserving, yet totally miss it, or have it not equal to their deserts.—*Milton.*

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