

Selected for the Pearl.

## THE WORLD.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,  
Yet, yet there is bloom on the waste;  
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,  
There are honey drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow cloud stay,  
And note all the shades of our lot;  
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way,  
Are bask'd in, enjoyed, and forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright,  
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,  
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,  
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around,  
There are spots where the poison shrub grows,  
Yet are there not hours when nought else can be found  
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose.

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,  
And strange is the path that we take,  
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers  
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,  
The soul's harmony often may mar,  
But I think we must own, in the discord of life,  
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

Earth is not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom,  
And the voice of the grateful will tell,  
That He who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,  
Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well.

Should fate do its worst, and my spirit oppressed,  
O'er its own shattered happiness pine;  
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,  
And some pleasure *must* kindle in mine.

Then say not the world is a desert of thrall,  
There is bloom, there is light on the waste;  
Though the chalice of life has its acid and gall,  
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

ELIZA COOK.

## A DINNER PARTY.

Samuel Russell, when a young man, and Cresswell (afterwards of Covent-Garden Theatre), belonged to a small strolling party in Kent. This concern breaking up they applied to the manager of the Deal Theatre for employment, and succeeded in obtaining an engagement. The Theatre, it was stated, would open in a few days. In the mean time their finances were in a woful plight, Cresswell not having a farthing, and Russell possessing only three shillings and sixpence in the world. To render the matter worse, the latter, fancying that he had friends in Deal, laid out his three and sixpence on a pair of second hand white kerseymere breeches, in which he intended to enact the part of *Belcour*. After making this purchase, Russell, to his mortification, discovered that the friends from whom he had expected assistance had quitted Deal.

Cresswell was a stout melancholy person, and paraded the sands with an awfully craving appetite, and no-credit Russell, *pour passer le temps*, went to his lodging to try on his kerseymeres. Whilst admiring them he imagined that he felt something like buttons inside the lining at the knee. He proceeded immediately to cut open the seam, and to his great delight, miraculously discovered three half guineas, which had probably made their way from the pocket of some fortunate former possessor of the small clothes. Highly elated with this piece of luck, Russell hit on an expedient to have some fun, in consequence, with poor Cresswell. Accordingly he went to a tavern—the Hoop and Griffin—and ordered a roast fowl and sausages and a bottle of sherry, telling the waiter to lay the cloth and he should return. He then sought Cresswell, whose appetite and despondency had increased to an imminent degree.

"What is to be done, Cresswell? This is Thursday, and the theatre will not open until Monday next. If you can last so long as that, I cannot."

"I last," said Cresswell. "I am now perfectly empty. Look at my waistcoat."

"Come along," says Russell, "let us put a bold face on it. It is of no use being poor, and seeming poor too. Let us go to the Hoop and Griffin, and try and get a dinner. We cannot be worse off than we are at present."

Cresswell was a modest, reserved man, but he followed Russell into the coffee room of the tavern, which was vacant. As they stood before the fire the waiter was busily engaged in laying the cloth. When he had left the room, "Cresswell," said Russell, "I have made up my mind to one point. You and I will dine with the gentleman for whom that cloth is laid."

"Heavens! Russell, what is your intention?"

"No matter," replied Russell, "leave it all to me."

He then looked out at the window as if to observe whether any person was coming.

"Here goes," says Russell, and he rang the bell consequentially. "Waiter, tell your mistress to send in the dinner."

"Yes sir."

"Bless us!" exclaimed Cresswell, "you surely are not going to get us in such a dreadful scrape? We had better be hungry than dishonest."

"Necessity has no law," said Russell, "and so I shall tell the gentleman when he comes."

The waiter now entered with the roasted fowl and sausages, placed them on the table, and left the room.

"I cannot resist it, Cresswell," exclaimed Russell. "How nice this fowl smells!" Accordingly he sat down and removed the covers.

"Let me exhort you to take care what you are about," said Cresswell. "You know we neither of us have got a farthing. Oh! if you had not laid out your money on these deplorable breeches! Good Heavens! you are cutting up somebody else's fowl! Suppose the gentleman should come! Hadn't you better wait for him, and explain?"

"Hang the gentleman!" said Russell. "I'll fight him if he does not like it. Sit down, I say, I'll hold you harmless."

Cresswell was in great distress, and endeavoured in every way to persuade Russell to desist from his fraudulent mode of proceeding. At this moment the waiter bustled in with the bottle of sherry. Cresswell inwardly groaned. "There's the gentleman's wine, too, to add to the misdemeanour!" At length, worn out with hunger, overcome by the savoury exhalation of the roasted fowl and sausages, and persuaded by Russell, Cresswell moodily seated himself at the table. While Russell was carving, he took the opportunity occasionally to peer out of the window, and remark, "He has not come yet." After some glasses of wine, Cresswell became a little less unhappy.

"For what we are going to receive," said Russell, "the — make us truly thankful."

"Amen!" fervently ejaculated Cresswell, and devoured his share of the dinner with an appetite that showed how much he was in want of it. When the fowl was diminished, Russell, looking into the street, saw a stranger coming into the tavern.

"Here he is," said poor Cresswell. "Now, it is all up with us."

"I will bet you a bottle of wine," replied Russell coolly, "to be paid in more prosperous times, that the gentleman will not take the slightest notice that we have eaten his dinner."

"I hope to heaven," said Cresswell, "he may not."

"Now, observe," said Russell, "when he comes into the room I will give him a look that shall prevent him saying a word to us."

Here the stranger entered; Cresswell modestly hung down his head; whilst Russell rose, and affected a sort of swagger, flourishing the carving knife, humming a tune, and sitting down again.

"You are a wonderful fellow, Russell," whispered Cresswell, "He has not taken any notice of the loss of his fowl and wine."

"Nor will he," said Russell. "He knows better."

Cresswell remained on tenter-hooks all the afternoon, expecting the gentleman to break out every moment. He never knew that his companion had hoaxed him; but he sat the stranger down as the greatest poltroon he had ever met in his life.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

## MODERN AMUSEMENTS.

There is much effort made now a days to give young girls what is called a good education. In what this actually consists, it is not my intention to say, just now. It rather is, to denounce certain particulars which I consider as repugnant to female delicacy, as they are likely to end in the entire loss of it. I refer to the Waltz, a dance so indecent in its attitudes and movements, as to call forth the most indignant reprehension.

Our fathers and mothers had their amusements as well as this generation, and dancing was one of them, but there were no such exhibitions as we now have. Then was the stately minuet performed by one couple, sideling along, curtsying on the part of the lady, bowing on that of the gentleman; the lady gracefully expanding her dress with both hands, the gentleman keeping at a respectful distance all the time, and finally leading his partner to her seat by the tips of her fingers. Here was grace and dignity of movement in the lady, and such respect in the gentleman, that he did not approach within twenty feet of her.

When I was a young man, dancing was comprised in the good old country dance, the more complicated cotillion, and the animated Scotch reel. In these, graceful attitudes, easy movements, and a fine person, were all displayed to advantage, while no figure permitted aught of familiarity between the sexes, or indecency of movement. These were times when the mother was not afraid. She could admit the amusement, without apprehension that delicacy would be shocked, or that any feeling would be excited, that the purity of the female sex ought to shrink from.

But for some years past, our intercourse with foreigners has introduced amongst us new amusements, as well as new ideas. I trust, however, that there are yet mothers left, in sufficient numbers, to aid me in my efforts to banish the Waltz as well from the assembly room as from private parties.

"Youth must have its amusements," it is said. Be it so, I am

not so rigid as to deny them; but let not amusements run into indelicacy first, to end in licentiousness afterwards.

It is vain to attempt to gloss over this subject by the jargon which fashion often uses, to cover either its heartlessness or its deformity. There is not a mother who considers this subject as she ought, not a father, nor a moralist, who does not admit, that a laxity of morals is an inevitable consequence of dissipation of manners. We see it wherever we go. We even see it placarded to draw the public notice. We hear of it, be where we may; but who takes the warning? The soldier who sees his comrade on his left hand fall in battle, is not more indifferent to his own fate, than are the votaries of dissipation and fashion, to the instances of ruin which are too often before their eyes. It does not seem to enter into the head or heart of the mother, that she herself stands upon the brink of a pit, into which her acquaintance has just fallen headlong; nor, that her own daughter may be lost in the quick sand, in which the daughter of her acquaintance has been lost.

It is a beautiful sight to see the fine form and face of a young girl rendered more lovely by a mind sensitive to the least approach, and even to the appearance of evil. Such an one, secure by her innocence and virtue, commands respect, as well as admiration, even from the most licentious. No man, be his principles never so libertine, can approach her, but with awe; such is the respect which vice involuntarily pays to virtue. But here is the danger. The fashion is, to come out and parley with the enemy—to give up the outposts. The enemy is then soon master of the citadel. A curse be on the fashions, the maxims, the amusements, which lead the young and inexperienced mind, to consider as trifling the first step towards indelicacy.

FIDELITY OF A DOG.—Mr. Sands, of Wirksworth, was stopped a few nights ago, by two ruffians with masks on, when on his way between Wirksworth and Matlock-Bath, and would no doubt have been robbed, and perhaps murdered, but fortunately he had with him a large and faithful dog, and the moment the cowardly wretches seized Mr. Sands, the dog was at one of their throats, and succeeded in bringing the fellow to the ground, and then leaving him, instantly freed Mr. S. from his other assailant, when he made off as speedily as possible; but his misfortunes did not end here, for thinking to get home a little sooner, he crossed some fields, but had not proceeded far when he fell into an old mine, about eighteen feet deep, and there he lay till morning, with his faithful dog whining at the top of the hole; and Mr. S. was a second time indebted to the noble creature for his life, as the dog's howling and crying brought several persons to the mine, who, on looking down, discovered Mr. S. lying on his back, bleeding and mangled. They procured a rope with which they got him out; he lay some time in a dangerous state; but is now in a fair way of recovery.—*Derbyshire Chronicle*.

OSTENTATION.—An old duke of Brunswick drove one Sunday to his banker's at Hamburg, but found he was not at home. It was then just church time, and he thought he might as well attend divine service. He went to church, and took a seat in his banker's pew, which was likewise used by some merchants. A young merchant's son came in after him, and looked at the stranger who, in his travelling clothes, made no great figure, with some contempt. Just at this moment the charity plate was heard on its way towards them, and the duke laid a gulden before him in readiness; the young man looked upon this as a sort of challenge, and determined to show the insignificant stranger his superior consequence, he took out a ducat and laid it before him as the other had done the gulden. The duke, who saw what kind of a man he had to deal with, determined to try him further, and added a ducat to the gulden; the merchant's son, in defiance, produced another; and so they went on till they each had a dozen ducats before him. The charity plate arrived; the young gentleman, to whom it was first presented, swept, with becoming magnanimity, his twelve ducats into the receptacle. The duke, who was older and deeper, put the gulden in the plate, and quietly replaced his ducats in his pocket.

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