

For the Pearl.
STANZAS.

"There is another and a better world."

1.

"Another and a better world!"
What comfort to the heart,
What gladness to the troubled mind
Does that high truth impart!
"Another and a better world!"—
How pure the soul must be
That dares in humble faith to hope
That better world to see!

2.

Perchance from that immortal sphere
Beyond the darkened tomb,
A single star, but dimly seen,
May light us through the gloom.
But, oh! how soon would Reason fail,
Without that brighter ray,
To guide us to that better world
Along so dark a way!

3.

I hear a deep mysterious voice
That oft the heart has stirred;
It tells of songs of endless joy
By mortal ears unheard;
It tells the Pilgrim darkling here
To fix his weary eye
Upon that land of living light,
That "better world" on high!

Queen's County, 1840.

J.

From *Loiterings of Travel*, by N. P. Willis.

CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.

It is almost a matter of course to deery the climate of England. The English writers themselves talk of the suicidal months; and it is the only country where part of the livery of a mounted groom is his master's great-coat strapped about his waist. It is certainly a damp climate, and the sun shines less in England than in most other countries. But to persons of full habit this moisture in the air is extremely agreeable; and the high condition of all animals in England, from man downwards, proves its healthfulness. A stranger, who has been accustomed to a brighter sky, will, at first, find a gloom in the grey light so characteristic of an English atmosphere; but this soon wears off, and he finds a compensation, as far as the eye is concerned, in the exquisite softness of the verdure, and the deep and enduring brightness of the foliage. The effect of this moisture on the skin is singularly grateful. The pores become accustomed to a healthy action, which is unknown in other countries; and the bloom by which an English complexion is known all over the world is the index of an activity in this important part of the system, which, when first experienced, is almost like a new sensation. The transition to a dry climate, such as ours, deteriorates the condition and quality of the skin, and produces a feeling, if I may so express it, like that of being glazed. It is a common remark in England, that an officer's wife and daughter follow his regiment to Canada at the expense of their complexions; and it is a well-known fact, that the bloom of female beauty is, in our country, painfully evanescent. The climate of America is, in many points, very different from that of France and Great Britain. In the middle and northern states, it is a dry, invigorating, bracing climate, in which a strong man may do more work than in almost any other, and which makes continual exercise or occupation of some sort absolutely necessary. With the exception of the "Indian summer," and here and there a day scattered through the spring and the hot months, there is no weather tempered so finely that one would think of passing the day in merely enjoying it, and life is passed, by those who have the misfortune to be idle, in continual and active dread of the elements. The cold is so acrid, and the heat so sultry, and the changes from one to the other are so sudden and violent, that no enjoyment can be depended upon out of doors, and no system of clothing or protection is good for a day together. He who has full occupation for head and hand (as by far the greatest majority of our countrymen have) may live as long in America as in any portion of the globe—*vide* the bills of mortality. He whose spirits lean upon the temperature of the wind, or whose nerves require a genial and constant atmosphere, may find more favourable climes; and the habits and delicate constitutions of scholars and people of sedentary pursuits generally, in the United States, prove the truth of the observation. The habit of regula-

exercise in the open air, which is found to be so salutary in England, is scarcely possible in America. It is said, and said truly, of the first, that there is no day in the year when a lady may not ride comfortably on horseback; but with us, the extremes of heat and cold, and the tempestuous characters of our snows and rains, totally forbid, to a delicate person, any thing like regularity in exercise. The consequence is, that the habit rarely exists, and the high and glowing health so common in England, and consequent, no doubt, upon the equable character of the climate, in some measure, is with us sufficiently rare to excite remark. 'Very English-looking,' is a common phrase, and means very healthy-looking. Still our people last; and though I should define the English climate as the one in which the human frame is in the highest condition, I should say of America, that it is the one in which you could get the most work out of it. Atmosphere, in England and America, is the first of the necessities of life. In Italy, it is the first of its luxuries.

LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

The paradox of "the more one does, the more one can do," is resolved in life at Washington with more success than I have seen it elsewhere. The inexorable bell at the hotel or boarding house pronounces the irrevocable and swift transit of breakfast to all sleepers after eight. The elastic depths of the pillow have scarcely yielded their last feather to the pressure of the sleeper's head, before the drowse is rudely shaken from his eyelids, and with an alacrity which surprises himself, he finds his toilet achieved, his breakfast over, and himself abroad to lounge in the sunshine till the flag waves on the Capitol. He would retire to his chamber to read during these two or three vacant hours, but the one chair in his pigeon-hole creaks, or has no back or bottom, or his anthracite fire is out, or is too hot for the size of the room; or, in short, Washington, from whatever cause, is a place where none read except those who stand up to a padlocked newspaper. The stars and stripes moving over the two wings of the Capital at eleven, announce that the two chambers of legislation are in session, and the hard-working idler makes his way to the senate or the house. He lingers in the lobby awhile, amused with the button-hole seizers plying the unwilling ears of members with their claims, or enters the library, where ladies turn over prints, and enfilade, with their battery of truant eyes, the comers-in at the green door. He then gropes up the dark staircase to the senate-gallery, and stifles in the pressure of a hot gallery, forgetting, like listeners at a crowded opera, that bodily discomfort will unlink the finest harmony of song or oratory. Thence he descends to the rotunda to draw breath and to listen to the more practical, but quite as earnest, eloquence of candidates for patents; and passes, after a while, to the crowded gallery of the house, where, by some acoustic phenomena in the construction of the building, the voices of the speakers come to his ear as articulate as water from a narrow-necked bottle. 'Small blame to them!' he thinks, however: for behind the brexia columns are grouped all the fair forms of Washington; and in making his bow to two hundred despotic lawgivers in feathers and velvet, he is readily consoled that the duller legislators who yield to their sway are inaudible and forgotten. To this upper house drop in, occasionally, the younger or gayer members of the lower, bringing, if not political scandal, at least some slight resumer of what Mr. Somebody is beating his desk about below; and thus, crammed with the day's trifles, or the day's business, and fatigued from heel to eyelid, our idler goes home at five to dress for dinner, and the night's campaign, having been up and on his legs for ten mortal hours. Cold water and a little silence in his own room have rather refreshed him, and he dines at six with a party of from fifteen to twenty-five persons. He discusses the vital interests of fourteen millions of people over a glass of wine with the man whose vote, possibly, will decide their destiny, and thence hurries to a ball room, crammed like a perigord pie, where he pants, elbows, eats supper, and waltzes till three in the morning. How human constitutions stand this, and stand it daily and nightly, from the beginning to the end of a session, may well puzzle the philosophy of those who rise and breakfast in comfortable leisure. * * * Some eccentric mechanic has presented the President with a sulky, made entirely (except the wheels) of rough-cut hickory, with the bark on. It looks rude enough, but has very much the everlasting look of old Hickory himself; and if he could be seen driving a high-stepping, bony, old iron-grey steed in it, any passer-by would see that there was as much fitness in the whole thing as in the chariot of Bacchus and his reeling leopards. Some curiously twisted and gnarled branches have been very ingeniously turned into handles and whip-box, and the vehicle is compact and strong.

Aside from Society, the only amusement in Washington is frequenting the Capitol. If one has a great deal of patience and no-

thing better to do, this is very well; and it is very well at any rate till one becomes acquainted with the heads of the celebrated men in both chambers, with the noble architecture of the building, and the routine of business. This done, it is time wearily spent for a spectator. The finer orators seldom speak, or seldom speak warmly; the floor is oftentimes occupied by prosing and very sensible gentlemen, whose excellent ideas enter the mind more agreeably by the eye than the ear, or, in other words, are better delivered by the newspapers, and there is a great deal of formula and etiquetical sparring which is not even entertaining to the members, which consumes time 'consumedly.'—Now and then the Senate adjourns when some one of the great orators has taken the floor, and you are sure of a great effort the next morning. If you are there in time, and can sit, like Atlas with a world on your back, you may enjoy a front seat, and hear oratory, unsurpassed, in my opinion, in the world.

OPENING CONGRESS.

"The republican procession, consisting of the presidents and their families, escorted by a small volunteer corps, arrived soon after twelve. The General and Mr. Van Buren were in the Constitution pheaton,* drawn by four greys, and as it entered the gate, they both rode uncovered. Descending from the carriage at the foot of the steps, a passage was made for them through the dense crowd, and the tall white head of the old chieftain, still uncovered, went steadily up through the agitated mass, marked by its peculiarity from all around it. I was in the crowd thronging the opposite side of the court, and lost sight of the principal actors in this imposing drama, till they returned from the Senate Chamber. A temporary platform had been laid, and laid in on the broad stair which supports the portico, and, for all preparation to one of the most important and most meaning and solemn ceremonies on earth—for the inauguration of a chief magistrate over a republic of fifteen millions of freemen—the whole addition to the open air, and the presence of the people, was a volume of Holy Writ. In comparing the expressive simplicity of this consummation of the wishes of a mighty people, with the ceremonial show which embarrasses a corresponding event in other lands, it was impossible not to feel, that the moral sublime was here—that a transaction so important, and of such extended and weighty import, could borrow nothing from drapery or decoration, and that the simple presence of the Sacred Volume, consecrating the act, spoke more thrillingly to the heart than the trumpets of a thousand heralds. The crowd of diplomatists and senators in the rear of the columns made away, and the Ex-President and Mr. Van Buren advanced with uncovered heads. A murmur of feeling rose up from the moving mass below, and the infirm old man, emerged from a sick chamber, which his physician had thought it impossible he should leave, bowed to the people, and, still uncovered in the cold air, took his hat beneath the portico.—Mr. Van Buren then advanced, and with a voice remarkably distinct, and with great dignity, read his address to the people. The air was elastic, and the day still; and it is supposed that near twenty thousand persons heard him from his elevated position distinctly. I stood myself on the outer limit of the crowd; and though I lost occasionally a sentence from the interruption near by, his words came clearly articulated to my ear. When the address was closed, the Chief Justice advanced and administered the oath. As the book touched the lips of the new President, there arose a general shout, an expression of feeling common enough in other countries, but drawn with difficulty from an American assemblage. The sons and the immediate friends of Mr. Van Buren then closed about him; the Ex-President, the Chief Justice, and others, gave him the hand in congratulation, and the ceremony was over. They descended the steps, the people gave one more shout as they mounted the Constitution carriage together, and the procession returned through the avenue, followed by the whole population of Washington. Mr. Van Buren held a levee immediately afterwards, but I endeavoured in vain to get my foot over the threshold. The crowd was tremendous. At four, the diplomatic body had an audience; and in replying to the address of Don Angel Calderon, the President astonished the gold coats, by addressing them as the democratic corps. The representatives of the crowned heads of Europe stood rather uneasily under the epithet, till it was suggested that he possibly meant to say diplomatic. * *

* "Made of the old wood of the frigate Constitution. It has a seat for two, with a driver's box, covered with a superb hammercloth, and set up rather high in front; the wheels and body are low, and there are bars for baggage behind; altogether, for lightness and elegance, it would be a creditable turnout for Long Acre. The material is excessively beautiful—a fine-grained oak, polished to a very high degree, with its colours delicately brought out by a coat of varnish. The wheels are very slender and light, but strong, and, with all its finish, it looks a vehicle capable of a great deal of service. A portrait of the Constitution, under full sail, is painted on the panels."