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THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

All hail to thee! queen of the fair and the brave!
Let the bold song of joy reach the skies:
Bright, bright o'er the foam of her own subject wave
See the star of Victoria arise!
Young queen of the ocean—prophetic our fire
To hail thee the greatest we've seen;
Hark! the thundering strain of the old sea-god's quire,
To welcome Victoria the queen!

May years full of glory and loyalty's love,
Be thine in thy place of renown;
To say that we honour thee, means not enough,—
For Britons all honour the crown.
But the crown that encircles young beauty's fair brow,
With fonder devotion is seen;
And chivalry sheds its roizance o'er the row
We pledge to Victoria the queen.

Long, long, royal maid, may the olive entwine
With the laurels that circle thy crown;
But if war should arouse the old lion again,
"I will be to increase thy renown.
To battle, while rushing, each heart would beat high
To triumph, as wont we have been;
Propitious to conquest, our bold battle-cry,
"Victoria! for England's fair queen!"

Lit. Gaz.

THE DISMAL MAN.

BY WILLIAM COX.

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare.
The earth with age was wan."—*Campbell.*

Jeremiah Nightshade was born in a dull back street in London, just at daybreak before the fires were lighted, one thick, foggy, raw, chilly, damp, drizzly, utterly comfortless November morning. The dismal appearance of the world when he first popped his head into it made such an impression upon him, that he never got the better of it, and as he grew up, he still continued to look at everything in a very bad light. All matters, great and small, presented themselves to his vision through a hazy and discoloured atmosphere. This earth he regarded as a huge storehouse of sorrows, troubles, trials, and tribulations; and his ideas concerning the next were not by any means of a comfortable character.

Jeremiah Nightshade was never known to smile. He used to look in the dictionary for the meaning of "cheerfulness," and words of similar import; and as for laughter, he regarded it as a singular and most extraordinary natural phenomenon—a strange affection—a spasmodic contraction of the facial muscles—a distressing and dangerous convulsion; and he was wont to say, that if people generally were only aware of the number of their species that had gone off in laughing hystericks, they would be a little more cautious how they gave way to such a senseless and utterly unaccountable propensity.

Jeremiah's face was very long and of a most funereal aspect. He undoubtedly belonged to the very extensive family of the "Croakers," yet he was a good deal unlike the vulgar body of that disagreeable brotherhood. He was not morose, or splenetick, or ill-natured; but simply lugubrious, sad, mournful, melancholy, and most unduly impressed with the calamities of existence. He was no raven—he desired not to croak evil tidings in order to render others unhappy, but naturally and unconsciously infected them with unhappiness, if his humour could be so styled. His horror of anything like merriment or jocularly was much of the same morbid character as that of the old gentleman in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," whose dislike of noise is so excessive, that all his ser-

vants have to answer him by sighs, and creep about the house in felt shoes. Having nothing on earth to think about or trouble him in reality, he was, therefore, troubled at all things. Property in the funds to the amount of five thousand pounds, besides ten shares in that capital speculation, the "London Cemetery Company," relieved him from the necessity of struggling against physical wants and difficulties; and the consequence was, that he had full time and leisure to indulge his mental malady which had latterly increased to such an extent, that all in the neighbourhood troubled with an exuberance of spirits, were invariably recommended by their friends to go and take a dose of Nightshade.

Jeremiah was somewhat of a literary turn. His library was not extensive certainly, but then it was grave and solid. Nothing light, or trivial, or amusing was admitted there. "Young's Night Thoughts," "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs," "Dodd's Prison Thoughts," "Drelincourt on Death," "Blair's Grave," with other works of a similar character, a few volumes of Shipwrecks and Remarkable Calamities, "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," "Harrison's Diseases of the Human Frame," etc. etc., made up the staple of his light literature; and never was he more pleasantly or tranquilly unhappy than when seated over one of those enlivening volumes on a dull, dreary evening, with the rain pattering monotonously on the almost deserted street, the silence of which remained unbroken except by the hollow knocking at, and opening and closing of an occasional door, as some shivering citizens sought shelter for the night in his humble domicile. This suited him exactly, and was what he termed sober and rational enjoyment.

Mr. Nightshade lodged in a house rented by a worthy clock and watchmaker, of the name of Phillips. This man was just the antipodes of Nightshade. He was not unlike a bottle of ginger pop; his body being of the shape of that particular kind of bottle, and his spirits full as light, brisk, and airy as the pleasant beverage contained therein. He arose early and worked late, in order to provide for seven matrimonial tokens which his wife, an industrious woman, (as it would appear,) had presented him with, and he sang and whistled all the time he worked. The shadow of care never fell upon him, except, indeed, when he came in contact and entered into conversation with Mr. Nightshade. This did him good in some shape. It had a sedative effect, allaying the effervescence of his spirits. It regulated him; for his great fault was that he did everything in a hurry, and his watches, like himself, went rather too fast.

It might be expected Jeremiah and he regarded one another as prodigies. They could not at all account for each other. "What can make Mr. Nightshade so unhappy?" benevolently conjectured Phillips, whenever the dolorous visage of Jeremiah darkened his door-way. "What does that man get to laugh at?" soliloquized Jeremiah a dozen times a day, as the hearty laugh of the man of watches ever and anon startled him in the midst of some dismal speculation—"it is awfully thoughtless of him, considering that he has a wife and seven children, and provisions on the rise, too!" But Phillips was not a man of thought—he was a man of action. He did his best for the day, and took no heed for to-morrow; his faith in being provided for was immense. With Jeremiah, on the contrary, "coming events" invariably "cast their shadows before;" and most sombre and gloomy shadows they were. He was ever "perplexed with fear of change;" "doubts and scruples shook him strongly." We are told from high authority that we are all made of clay; yet really it was rather puzzling to think how two such very different

kinds of animals could have been constructed out of anything like the same materials.

A favourite morning employment of Jeremiah's was to gain admission into the different churchyards of the metropolis, and edify himself by reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He had been twice apprehended on suspicion of being a resurrectionist on the look out, yet he could not resist the temptation of visiting these congenial spots; and this it was that principally induced him to become such an extensive purchaser of shares in the "London Cemetery Company," in order that he might follow the bent of his humour undisturbed. After impregnating himself with grave aphorisms and sepulchral reflections he used to come home to dinner, when, as he had to pass through the shop of the whistling, singing, care-defying watchmaker—the tenor of his thoughts would be interrupted by some such strain as—

"Come, lads, life's a whirligig—
Round we whisk,
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,
Merry go down's the life for me!"

"Eh! Mr. Nightshade. Live and laugh—that's my motto."

"And a very foolish motto it is, allow me to impress upon you, Mr. Phillips; more especially for a man of your years. You cannot in the course of nature expect to live long! Really you astonish me. I would think that the awful reflections which your employment must naturally generate, would—"

"Awful reflections!"

"Yes—awful reflections! Does not every tick of the watch in your hands remind you that you are hastening to the worms? I would think every stroke of the clocks around you would be a warning! Why, sir, you are five minutes nearer your grave since I entered this very shop!"

Jeremiah having just been five minutes in the said shop, the truth of this assertion was undeniable.

"Lord, Mr. Nightshade, I never think of such things. All I want is to make and sell as many watches as will provide for myself and family—God bless them!"

"Really, Mr. Phillips, you are as happy and as thoughtless as a child! It is very unbecoming—very. I will lend you 'Drelincourt on Death.'"

"La! Mr. Nightshade," cried Mrs. Phillips from the inner shop—how you talk! You should get a wife, and a parcel of young, merry faces round you, and then you would have no time for such dismal fancies."

This was too bad of Mrs. Phillips. The mere idea of of Jeremiah being the progenitor of "merry faces," was most preposterous.

"A wife!" groaned Jeremiah, as he seated himself in his solitary apartment—"a wife! What to do! To have a light, gadding, giggling, flirting, fantastical woman disturbing and perplexing my solemn thoughts day and night! To find myself chained to a shrew, a vixen, perchance worse! Children! noisy incumbrances that might grow up monsters of iniquity and end their days upon a scaffold! Children! that might have a legal, and not a natural claim upon me! Oh! the contingencies of marriage are fearful! No, no—no wife, no wife!"

How short-sighted are mortals; how irresistible is the passion of love! Six weeks after this anti-matrimonial soliloquy, Mr. Nightshade found himself a married man.

The thing came about in this way. A widow lady of the name of Starling, took lodgings next door to Mr. Phillips. Mrs. Phillips and she were not long in patching up