

SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

The winds are blowing wintery !
Lonely o'er the midnight sea,
Frozen sail and icy mast
Shiver in the northern blast !
Wild birds to their rock-nests flee,
For the winds are blowing wintery !

O'er the moor the cotter strides—
Drifting snow his pathway hides ;
Stars keep trembling in and out,
As though too cold to look about !
Glad he'll see his own roof tree—
For the winds are blowing wintery !

By the fire the cotter's dame
Sits, yet scarcely feels the flame ;
Often looks she from the door,
Fearing sad that dismal moor,
And weeping for her son at sea—
For the winds are howling wintery !

Selected for the Pearl.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

No 2.

In every affair of life, begin with God. Consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all your blessing and all your hopes, as your best friend, and your eternal portion ; meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him with sincere delight and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

You know yourself to be a man, an indigent creature, and a sinner ; and you profess to be a christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus ; but never think you know Christ, nor yourself, as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification : and let him be your constant introducer to the great God, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, *JOHN*, chap. xiv, v. 6.

"No man cometh to the father but by me."

Make prayer a pleasure and not a task ; and then you will not forget nor omit it. If you have lived in a praying family, let it not be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes, to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretence would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the Church, the certain and indispensable duties of the closet, or any other necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear religion would have been lost out of the world : and every day of the week exposed to a curse, which has no morning religion.

See that you watch and labor, as well as pray. Diligence and dependance must be united in the practice of every christian. It is the same wise men acquaints us, that the "hand of the diligent," and the "blessing of the Lord," joined together, "make us rich ;" *Proverbs*, cap. x. v. 4, and 22 : rich in the treasures of body and mind, of time or eternity. It is your duty, indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin ; but if you would effectually avoid the evil of sin, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous, opportunity. Set a double guard, wheresoever you feel for suspect an enemy at hand.—The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are tript into mischief between them.

FIDELITY, AND DEATH.

A Romance in Real Life.—Several years ago, a highly respectable young lady of this city, well educated and tenderly brought up, became attached to and married a young gentleman at that time in the commission business and with fine prospects. They lived together for a time, happily and prosperously. An opportunity soon offered, and Mr. B. was induced to visit the Western country, and became the proprietor of a hotel at a celebrated watering place in the interior of Pennsylvania. While there he unfortunately became intemperate in his habits, neglected his business, and was finally compelled to remove to another section of country. He again established himself at another watering place, where, after a brief career, the fiend of intemperance still dogging his footsteps, he was again compelled to sell out and remove.

His next location was in Maryland, where a few persons once more re-established him, his wife clinging to him through all his vicissitudes with the tenacity of woman, and the faint but constantly beaming hope that he would yet reform and resuscitate his almost lifeless fortunes. For the third time, however, strong drink obtained the mastery. He was sold out, and again compelled to try the south-west—passed down to New Orleans, his wife still clinging to him, and finally proceeded to Texas, where

he rallied for a little while ; but the period was brief, and intemperance and the climate acting together, soon put an end to his earthly career ; his poor wife, at the time, had two children with her, one a boy of three years and a half old, the other an infant of only eleven months, and not a dollar wherewith to provide them food ; her situation was terrible indeed, especially when we remember her early education, kindly bringing up, and the doting fondness with which she clung, in every misfortune, to her kind, but misguided and ruined husband. Appreciating her situation, a few charitable individuals engaged a passage for the widow and the little family on board the schooner *Harriet Porter*, bound to Philadelphia.

They had been out but a few hours, before the unfortunate woman, overcome by distress, anxiety of mind, and the condition of her children, was seized with a violent fever, and died a raving maniac. Her little infant was torn from her dead arms with difficulty, and kept on sweetened water for the rest of the voyage. Doubtless, the other passengers extended every aid possible ; but there was no female on board, and men are not exactly suited to nurse an infant of so tender an age, and at sea. The fate of the poor mother must, indeed, be lamented by every feeling heart. Her body was thrown into the sea, the little orphans are now in the care of a family in this city, who were acquainted with the deceased and who will see that their wants are abundantly supplied. The infant, when it arrived in Philadelphia, was completely emaciated, with scarcely enough of life remaining to animate its feeble frame.—*Phil. Inquirer*.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Sailing onward to the Temple, we arrive at that magnificent structure which spans the bosom of the Thames at its widest breadth within the metropolitan limits, and is named in honour of the great battle which at last gave peace to Europe. Around its arches clings half the romance of modern London. It is the English "Bridge of Sighs," the "Pons Asinorum," the "Lover's Leap," the "Arch of Suicide." Well does it deserve all these appellations. Many a sad and true tale might be told, the beginning and end of which would be "Waterloo Bridge." It is a favourite spot for assignations ; and a still more favourite spot for the worn and the weary, who long to cast off the load of existence, and cannot wait, through sorrow, until the Almighty Giver takes away his gift. Its comparative loneliness renders it convenient for both purposes. The penny toll keeps off the inquisitive and unmannerly crowd ; and the foolish can love or the mad can die with less observation from the passers than they could find anywhere else so close to the heart of London. To many a poor girl the assignation over one arch of Waterloo Bridge is but the prelude to the fatal leap from another. Here they begin, and here they end, after a long course of intermediate crime and sorrow. Here also, wary and practised courtesans lie in wait for the *Asini*, so abundant in London, and justify its cognomen of the Pons Asinorum. But with all its vice, Waterloo Bridge is pre-eminently the "Bridge of Sorrow." There is less ludicrous to be seen from its smooth highway than from any in the metropolis. The people of London continually hear of unhappy men and women who throw themselves from its arches, and as often of the finding of bodies in the water, which may have lain there for weeks, no one knowing how or when they came there,—no one being able to distinguish their lineament. But, often as these things are heard of, few are aware of the real number of victims that choose this spot to close an unhappy career,—few know that, taking any year with another, the average number of suicides committed from this place is above thirty.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

FINE ARTS.

The Daguerreotype.

We have seen the process performed by M. Ste Croix, at the Adelaide Gallery, and have heard Mr. Bradley, the enlightened superintendent of that establishment, lecture on the subject. Daguerre has faithfully adhered to his arrangement with the French government, and has made his process patent in the simplest words. While Mr. Bradley lectures, M. de Ste Croix performs the merely mechanical operation of polishing the plate, which requires great care,—the table being covered with a green cloth, a spirit lamp was drawn several times across it, so as to impart such a degree of heat as might dry the plate after its polishing. The operation of applying the iodine was not publicly performed, nor was the camera-obscura introduced into the lecture room ; but the plate was brought there with the yet invisible impression, and during the lecture exposed to the vapour of mercury ; after which it was produced and exhibited. The extreme caution required in the manipulation, the time necessary to its perfect performance, the extent of the apparatus, and its expense, will, we fear, prevent the general use of the Daguerreotype in England, where, after all, the impressions produced are neither so vivid nor so delicate as in a milder climate, and under a clearer sky. After the lecture the visitor is shown a series of plates manipulated by Daguerre himself. Two are interiors, composed of drapery, a bust, a vase, etc. and are sufficiently striking, but the out of door

scenes—peeps on the Seine at Paris—are exquisite beyond descriptions, so evidently sun-created, so clearly independent of the human touch, so slight, so delicate, so apparently evanescent, and yet so real, so distinct, so clear, so palpably the *alter idem* of the scene itself as to astonish while it delights. No one who has seen these plates can wonder at the enthusiasm of the French savans. A French, Spanish, or Italian sky must be brought to England before these fairy landscapes can be perfected here.

SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—How to make these pair of boots last as long as six, and longer :

The following extract from Colonel Macerone's "Seasonable Hints," appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, he says—"I will not conclude without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet, and their boots from wear. I have only had three pair of boots for the last six years (no shoes,) and I think that I shall not require any others for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner:—I put a pound of tallow and half a pound rosin into a pot on the fire : when melted and mixed, I warm the boot, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the sole nor upper leathers will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately make a polish, dissolve an ounce of bees' wax in an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a teaspoon of lamp-black. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them the wax and turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease, becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather ; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots or Shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing in them cork soles. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat, that, with it in the boot, the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor." M.

THE SECRET.—"Mother," said a fine looking girl of ten years of age, "I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning." "Why my child?" "Because I think it must be to see one you love very much." "And what induces you to think so?" "Because I have always noticed that when you come back, you appear to be more happy than usual." "Well, suppose I do go to see a friend I love much, and that after seeing and conversing with him I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know any thing about it?" "Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also." "Well my child, when I leave you in the morning and evening it is to see my blessed Saviour. I go to pray to him—I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy—I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against him—and above all, I ask him to have mercy upon your soul; and to save you from the ruin of those who go down to hell." "O! is that the secret said the child, 'then I must go with you."

"LET GLASGOW FLOURISH."—Glasgow, of all the cities of the world, has made the greatest progress in population and wealth during the last half century.—In 1770, its population was 30,000. It is now 270,500. Forty years since, its custom house dues were only £3000 per annum, and now they are £400,000.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.—The Poetry of our lives is like our religion; kept apart from our every-day thoughts, neither influence us as they ought. We should be wiser and happier if instead of secluding them in some secret shrine in our hearts, we suffered their humanising qualities to temper our habitual words and actions.—*Lady Blessington*.

RULE OF LIFE.—Man should carry life like a spirited falcon in his hands, allowing it to mount into the ether, and being able to call it back again to earth, whenever it is necessary.

"I'll cut your acquaintance," as the sword said to the gentlemen ven he vos a goin' to fight his friend.

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