

For the Pearl.

## TO MY SISTER.

My sister? I am sad for thee,  
And freely fall affection's tears,  
That dark affliction's doom should be  
The curse of these thy youthful years.  
A lot hereft of all that cheers  
A dark and rugged way, is mine;  
And, oh! a fate too like appears  
To be too early also thine.

Alas! that one so young as thou  
Shouldst feel the opening world so drear,  
To deep and wasting sorrow bow,  
And heave the sigh and shed the tear.  
In early youth when life is dear,  
When love is pure and hope is high—  
Oh! why should fortune's frown severe  
The smile of happiness deny?

Perchance this weight of mortal woe  
Some great and good design fulfills.  
But life is all too dark to show  
Why Heav'n in sovereign wisdom wills  
The darkest lot, the deepest ills,  
To those so fitly formed for joy,  
That when with bliss the bosom thrills  
They dream not of the world's alloy.

But wherefore murmur?—Man is blind—  
Or seeing part but dimly sees;  
But God is greatly good and kind  
And but in righteousness decrees.  
What though deprived of health and ease  
And every prospect of delight—  
What though all pleasure fail to please—  
He wills, and what he wills is right!

It must be so.—Perhaps the soul,  
An erring yet immortal thing,  
Unmindful of her glorious goal,  
To this poor world confines her wing.  
Perhaps our hearts too fondly cling  
To all decreed to pass away—  
To flowers that wither as they spring,  
And love with bitterness repay.

Then wherefore murmur? We but bear  
Part of the common lot of all—  
The toil, the pain, the strife, the care—  
The curse that followed from the fall:  
And though to us severe the thrall,  
As man was surely made to mourn,  
The doom that life may not recall  
Till death in patience must be borne.

1839.

ANON.

## CELERY.

The last number of Hovey's Magazine contains the following, on the cultivation of Celery:—

"There are six or eight varieties of celery cultivated, and all those who cultivate it, have their favourite kinds; nevertheless, I will venture to recommend the white solid, and the rose coloured solid celery, to be grown, either for the market or for private family use. The second week in April, if there is a cucumber frame at work, prepare two or three shallow boxes, and fill them with a fine rich soil, and sow the seed on the surface, with a liberal hand; then press it down pretty solid, with a piece of board, and cover it lightly with very fine sifted earth; this done, give the whole a gentle watering, and place the boxes in the frame, close to the front.

When the plants make their appearance, give them air every day, if possible, by propping up the sash, at the front, where the boxes are placed. As soon as it is perceived that the plants have the least tendency to grow weak, they must be removed from the frame, immediately to the open air, choosing some well sheltered spot. On the approach of foul weather, they may be removed to some place under cover, and taken out again after the unfavourable weather is over. If no frame, as spoken of, be at hand, sow the seed on a rich moist piece of ground, the last week in April, in a sheltered situation: the ground must be well enriched for this purpose, and the older the manure is, the better. Dig it over, and rake the surface very fine and even; then sow the seed pretty thick, on the surface, and with a clean spade beat it lightly down, nice and even, and cover about a quarter of an inch, with fine soil.

As soon as the plants are about two inches high, they should be transplanted into a nursery bed—but previous to this, the ground must be well manured and dug over; then lay a board on the ground, in order to stand upon, and set the plants out in regular order, at least three inches apart, plant from plant. When the plants are taken up from the seed bed, before proceeding to transplant them, do not neglect to rub off all the side shoots, which it will be seen are just making their appearance around the base of

the plants, and cut off the ends of the roots, if it is desired to produce first rate celery.

About the first or second week of July, the plants will be ready for final planting out—their strong, robust appearance, by this time, I imagine, will give great encouragement to the grower, by removing them with a trowel in a damp day they will scarcely feel the change.

One sure guide to go by is, always deep moist soil, whatever the sub-soil may be; for it matters not how rich the ground is made with manure; if there is a deficiency of moisture the growth will be stunted.

In preparing the trenches for the final planting, if the soil is deep, dig it out of the depth of eighteen inches in width: and the length as far as is thought proper for the number of plants; six inches of the trench must be filled up with the best old rotted manure that can be procured; as long strawy litter is not suitable, it should not be used. After the manure has been thrown into the trench, it should be dug over, in order to mix the soil at the bottom of the trench thoroughly with it; this done, cut a little of the soil from each side of the trench, for the purpose of covering it about an inch, and it will then be ready for the plants, which should be set out six or eight inches apart, in a straight line down the centre.

Keep the celery free from weeds, and earth a little, at different times, till the trench is nearly filled up; then earth it up no more, until it is done for the last time, which should be the first or second week of September, sooner, if necessary. I have two reasons for following this process. The first is, that the roots of the plants are already covered as much as they ought to be, if we suppose the sun and air has any effect on them, or is of any benefit to them. My second reason is, that the celery will make a stronger growth, and will be very much superior, both in size and quality, to that which is earthed up every week or ten day, as is generally done. Good celery ought to be solid, thoroughly blanched, and of large size, and perfectly clear of any blemish, such as rust or canker.

J. W. RUSSELL.

## DELIRIUM TREMENS.

One of the most frightful maladies consequent upon the abuse of vinous drinks, is *delirium tremens*, which bears with it a melancholy train of symptoms which are closely allied to some of the most aggravated forms of the disease which the sad catalogue of human afflictions present us with. Some time previous to the development of this disorder, there are observed weakness, languor and emaciation; there is no appetite for breakfast or for dinner; there is a slowness of the pulse, coldness of the hands and feet, a cold moisture over the whole surface of the body, cramp in the muscles of the extremities, giddiness, nausea, vomiting. To these signs succeed a nervous tremor of the hands, and likewise of the tongue; the spirits become dejected, a melancholy feeling pervades the mind: the sleep is short and interrupted: this may constitute the first stage; after which a second comes on, attended with the highest degree of nervous irritation, ending in mental alienation. Objects of the most frightful nature are present to the imagination; the eye acquires a striking wildness; the person cannot lie down; he fancies he sees faces of extreme hideousness before him, beings enter into a conspiracy against him: sleep is altogether banished. This disorder sometimes bursts forth after a debauch with tremendous violence, and in an unmanageable form; it is sometimes characterized by the exhibition of a furious delirium; the eyes become ferrety, the perspiration enormous, and the want of sleep is almost painful to the attendant. Oftentimes the paroxysm is of a melancholy kind; the appearance of the sufferer is very striking from his total helplessness; his incoherence of ideas, and his refusal to drink, which produces almost as striking an effect of hydrophobia, excite the utmost alarm. Death is sometimes sudden. Dr. Pearson witnessed a distressing incident in a patient who, for a considerable time before his death, imagined he saw the devil at the ceiling above the bed; and as the disease increased, he fancied the evil spirit approached him with a knife to cut his throat, and actually expired making violent efforts to avoid the fatal instrument.—*Dr. Sigmond.*

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

An old fellow whose name we veil under that of Hunks, died in the adjacent town of Charleston recently, who would have been a capital subject for Dickens. He was a miserly, close-fisted, real skin-flint, who, it was supposed by his neighbours, had scraped together, assuch characters will, in one way and another, a considerable sum of money.—This was not known, however. He lived like the poorest, shutting his door upon every intruder—till at last Death knocked, and he was obliged to open. During his sickness he was wont to send daily for a small purse of silver and gold hid in the wall of his cellar, which he would count over with that feeling of painful delight, which inhabits the bosom of the true miser alone. Disease, however wore down his frame rapidly, and at last he was unequal to the task of going through his daily custom of counting the pieces in his purse, and could only as they were displayed before him, pat them softly with his hands as a lady pats her favorite dog on the back.

One day during the last stages of the disease, he sent for a neighbor, and expressed a wish to impart a secret to him—"Go down to the cellar (said he) and in the further corner you will find

a tub. Raise it, and you will see a shingle, beneath which is a box." The individual followed the directions, and found a box of specie. "Now go to another corner"—said the miser, describing the place. Another box was found embedded in the earth. A day or two after, when he found he must soon leave all his earthly treasures, he desired to be raised up in his bed. His request was granted, when he immediately reached out his skinny hand beneath his pillow, and lo! another box was found cunningly concealed under it, containing about five hundred dollars in French gold pieces, which it is understood he took from one of the banks about the time of the suspension of specie payments. All these buried treasures were given in the keeping of his neighbour for the benefit of others. He said there was one other box, but that he didn't like to tell where it was, as he might want it himself. He however consented to write the place of interment on a piece of paper, so that the secret might not perish with him. He died soon after, and his hidden treasures were counted over at the close of the funeral ceremonies.

Thus died, at an advanced age, one, whose only aspiration, through a long life, seems to have been the hoarding of specie and burying it, where it could be of no earthly benefit to any one, —a perfect miser—a lover of money, not for the blessings which it might impart and diffuse around him, but for its own sake—not for the name of possessing it, for he feigned and was thought to be poor—but because the mere habit of acquisition had become a passion, and the bare consciousness of possession was a pleasure—a phantom of delight, which he hugged with rapture to his bosom. Well will it be for such if they have laid up treasures in Heaven as well as on earth.—*N. H. Eagle.*

DEER PARK AT TAYMOUTH CASTLE.—There is something indescribably striking in the appearance of the antlered herd feeding on their rich pastures, or bounding about in all the poetry of motion, with their graceful figures, branching horns, and soft sparkling eyes, which seem lighted up by intelligence. The picturesque appearance of the deer is greatly heightened by his almost preternatural acuteness of hearing and smelling: he stops at every whisper, crests his head, tosses his antlers, and seems to catch the most faint and distant sounds; whilst, at the same time, some are slowly ruminating on the grass, the fawns duly following their dams, and others are seen darting off unhunted to the woods. Deer feed generally in the night or at early dawn, and retire in the day to the shelter of the woods. Their morning retreat is thus picturesquely described by Gilpin:—

"The day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawn prospect wide;  
The hazy woods, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight, while o'er the forest glade  
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze  
At early passengers."

The deer park at Taymouth Castle contains seven hundred fallow deer, nearly a hundred red deer, some fine specimens of the black deer, and you can move in no direction without starting the light-footed roe: and in a small paddock to the east of the deer park are to be seen some specimens of the moose deer, which are so tame that they will come up and fawn upon you. There are also some wild Indian buffaloes, sent to this country a few months ago by Sir W. D. Stewart, Bart. of Murthly Castle and Grantully, from the rocky mountains of the New World.—*Old Sport. Mag. for Oct.*

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—Old parson W. of Bristol Co. Mass. related the following anecdote of himself. He wished to address every portion of his flock in a manner to impress them most deeply, and accordingly gave notice that he would preach separate sermons to the old, to young men, to young women, and to sinners. At the first sermon his house was full,—but not one aged person was there. At the second, to young men, every lady of the parish was present, and but few of those for whom it was intended. At the third, few young ladies attended, but the aisles were crowded with young men. And, at the fourth, to sinners, not a solitary individual was there, except the sexton and the organist. "So," said the old parson,—"I found that every body came to church to hear his neighbours scolded, but no one cared to be spoken of himself."

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