

For the Pearl.

TO ———, ———.

Hours there were when I believed
Thy heart was faithful, true to me;
I fondly hoped to me it cleaved
With love as pure as mine for thee.
These hours are gone—that hope is dead,
It never can return to me:
But still the heart whence it hath fled
As warmly beats as then for thee.

That heart was thine when it was warm,
With all the dreams of youth's gay years,
Ere it had known affliction's storm,
Or thought of disappointment's tears.
These dreams, their light, their joy, are gone,
They never can return to me:
My heart is cold to all beside,
But still it warmly beats for thee.

I've seen that friendship pass away,
Which once I thought could never change;
I've seen the face that smiled on me
In other years, grow cold and strange.
Life's dearest hours with me are o'er
My fondest hopes are gone from thee:
But still the heart they'll cheer no more
As ever fondly beats for thee.

February, 1840.

GERTRUDE.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The youthful maid—the gentle bride—
The happy wife, her husband's pride,
Who meekly kneel, at morning ray,
The incense of their vows to pay,
Or pour, amid their household train,
From love's full heart, the vesper-strain,
What know they of her anguish'd cry,
Who lonely lifts the tearful eye?
No sympathizing glance, to view
Her alter'd cheek's unearthly hue—
No soothing tone, to quell the power
Of grief that bursts at midnight hour;
Oh, God! her heart is pierc'd and bare—
Have mercy on the Widow's prayer!

Not like that mother's heavenward sigh,
Who sees her fond protector nigh,
Is hers, who, rest of earthly trust,
Hath laid her bosom's lord in dust.
Sleeps her young babe? but who shall share
Its waking charms—its holy care?—
Who shield the daughter's opening bloom,
Whose father moulders in the tomb?
Her son the treacherous world beguiles,
What voice shall warn him of its wiles?
What strong hand break the deadly snare?
Oh, answer, Heaven! the Widow's prayer!

For not the breath of prosperous days,
Tho' warm with joy, or wing'd with praise,
E'er kindled such a living coal
Of deep devotion in the soul,
As that wild blast which bore away
Its idol, to returnless clay;
And for the wreath that crown'd the brow,
Left bitter herbs, and hyssop bough—
A lonely couch—a sever'd tie—
A tear that time can never dry—
Unutter'd woe—unpitied care—
Oh, God! regard the Widow's prayer!

Hartford, Dec. 1839.

CHARACTER OF GOETHE.

The following extract will give the true secret of Goethe's peculiar character:—

"Recollecting that this passive and unmoved spectator was no stupid idler, incapable of comprehending or sympathising with the great movements of the world, we are naturally surprised at his extraordinary apathy; and it is therefore not idly or unintentionally that we have made these reflections. It is in fact this very idiosyncrasy of Goethe which furnishes us, we think, with the true key to his character and genius. The most apparent feature of Goethe's literary character, is egotism, a vast and unparalleled intellectual egotism. The great characteristic of his genius is its universality; or rather, we would express our idea of Goethe thus: He was a great naturalist. His whole life was spent in an ardent and systematic study of nature; and as he was unwilling to attach himself to any particular science, we find that his genius and time were devoted to the universal investigation of all. Every subject, there-

fore, in the whole universe, attracted and engaged his attention. He pursued with eagerness all the real and palpable sciences: anatomy, geology, chemistry, astronomy, botany, the fine arts; all the subjects in which truth is to be learned, and in which the student is placed in immediate contact with his great teacher, nature. The collection which he formed during his life, in the various branches of natural history, particularly in geology and botany, to say nothing of his extensive cabinets of medals, antiques, and the other subjects of archæology, continue to be objects of exhibition since his death, and would furnish in themselves, even had he not been the author of a whole library, of a whole literature, as his works may truly be entitled, a satisfactory result, even for a life as long as his. Habituated to these studies, and having, both from nature and education, a propensity to examine and investigate every thing that met his eye, as a fragment of universal science, containing, however apparently insignificant, a truth or at least a problem; it was natural that he should regard, with equal interest and equal composure, things vastly differing in importance in the estimate of the world. A bubble or a solar system were to him perfect specimens of nature's workmanship, and he recognised that the one as well as the other, contained within itself a whole world of scientific truth, which the intellect of man was unable wholly to master. Perceiving more accurately than any man the circumference of the human intelligence, and possessed with the desire and determination to occupy the whole contents of the circle, rather than to strive beyond the barrier which hems us in, he devoted himself to the study of nature in all her revelations. His universalism, therefore, led him to observe all things, but to estimate them as it were equally. The development of a national revolution was observed by him with the same calm and unimpassioned attention, as the development of a passion flower in his garden. Both were interesting to him as natural phenomena, both claimed his attention as a naturalist, and both were to him equally interesting, equally important. Immersed in the most profound egotism then, he studied Arabic, while the French were demolishing Prussia; with the roar of Jena's artillery in his very ear, he was engaged at Weimar, in a chromatic theory. When the court fled before the bayonets of the advancing conqueror, he packed up his papers and fled too; when they got to their resting place, he resumed his labours and finished his theory."

MORNING.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest bird; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herd, tree, fruit, and flowers.

That is a fine passage in Josephus in which he informs us that the people of Jerusalem issued out of the eastern gate of the city to salute the sun on his first rising; and there is nothing more beautiful in the celebrated Song of Solomon than those passages in which the admiring Naturalist exhorts his "fair one" to "rise up and come away"—at day break, and while the shadows of night are retiring to "await the Sun with healing in his beams." There is something in the opening of the dawn at this season that enlivens the spirit with a sort of cheerful seriousness, and fills one with a certain calm rapture in the consciousness of existence. "For my own part, at least," said an amiable moralist, "the rising of the Sun has the same effect on me as it is said to have had on the celebrated statue of Memnon; and I never see that glorious luminary breaking out upon me, that I do not find myself harmonized for the whole day." The wise man, too, found that early hours were auxiliary to both business and pleasure, and he accordingly corroborated his health and kindled his fancy by the air and scenery of the morning.

If there is any one time more than another auspicious to enjoyment, it is when the voice of Song is heard, warbling "under the opening eyelids of the Morn," filling Nature's great temple with the matin hymn of praise. It is the time for thoughts of love and hope: the creatures that delight in darkness have retired; the air is calm as an infant's breathing; and every herb and flower of the field is arrayed with its dewy jewelry to welcome and do honour to the hour—the hour which comes like the return of youth to age, and of re-awakened life to all. The heart of the town-prisoned man, contracted with the constricting cares of life, expands, rejoices, and takes in all; his dulled spirits dance, and his whole system, well nigh hardened into brick and lime, is juvenilized, amidst the rural influences of the first fresh hours of a June morning.

Nothing in the language of description can be more admirable than Milton's descriptions of the vernal glories of Paradise, and the transports of our first parents when first they looked upon that "delightful land." How touchingly does Adam exhort his consort to awake to the enjoyments of her shrubs and flowers:

Awake! the morning shines and the fresh field
Calls us! we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tender plants; how blows the citron grove;
What drops the myrrh; and what the balmy reed;
How nature paints her colours; how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

Even the austerity of metaphysical morals has allowed that castle building is no vicious employment, and the aerial architects of this species of structure will discover in their morning walks capital materials for those "houses not built with hands." The mind

is then docile to the lessons of Reason, and alive to the impressions of Fancy: and the man of business, as well as the idler and the poet, will find an early ramble most propitious to their respective avocations. To this, seriously and reverently, must be added that duty, pious gratitude, the gravity and stillness of the hour, as though a general orison was offering, and nature were on her knees, will all conspire to make our better thoughts rise to Him who "sheweth faithfulness every night, and loving kindness in the morning;" who "sendeth forth light, and it goeth," and who calls it again, and it obeyeth with fear.

DREAMS.

BY LORD BYRON.

Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their developement have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves, as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sybils of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by
The dread of vanished shadows. * * * *
* * * * The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
* * * * A thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

EARLY REPUTATION.

It is an old proverb that he who aims at the sun, to be sure he will never reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aims at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high, and though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aim at some inferior excellence. Young men are not in general conscious of what they are capable of doing. They do not task their faculties nor improve their powers, nor attempt, as they ought, to rise to superior excellence; they have no high commanding object at which to aim; but often seem to be passing away life without object or without end. The consequence is, their efforts are feeble; they are not waked up to anything great or distinguished, and therefore fail to acquire a character of decided worth.

Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful. We are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence, our temper and habits are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate. In this view, nothing is of more importance to young men than the choice of their companions. If they select for their associates the intelligent, the virtuous and enterprising, great and mostly happy will be the effect on their own character and habits. With these living patterns of excellence before them, they can hardly fail to distrust everything that is low and unworthy. Young men are in general but little aware how much their reputation is affected in the view of the public by the company they keep, the character of their associates is soon regarded as their own. If they seek the society of the worthy, it elevates them in the public estimation, as it is evidence that they respect others. On the contrary, intimacy with persons of bad character always sinks a young man in the eye of the public.—*Western Pres. Herald.*

The Acheron steamer, on her last voyage from Gibraltar, ran from the Rock to Malta in four days and eight hours, thus going at the rate of upwards of 200 miles per day.

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