

From the Metropolitan for April.

O! ROSY TWILIGHT STAR.

O! rosy twilight star,  
I behold thee shine afar,  
Now clouds near the sun are crimson and yellow;  
And the golden autumn light,  
With the shadows of the night,  
Is blent, and with the sounds of eve soft and mellow.

O! bliss-diffusing star,  
O! memory-hallowed bar,  
"Twixt the night and the day sweet division:  
Thou art purpling all about,  
Thou art wooing lovers out;  
And the world, in thy smile, grows elysian.

Now quiet with spread wings,  
Is descending on all things,  
And dews, blent with sleep, are wept from the willow,  
And the sun has bade "good night,"  
With a trail of glorious light,  
As he sank from the sight to sleep in the billow.

RICHARD HOWITT.

**ANECDOTE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.**—Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Bonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue, for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you! I suppose that you know I have been created King of Westphalia?" "Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first to"—"Eh! what! you are ceremonious, methinks: that night pass were I surrounded by my court; but at present, away with form, and let us be off to supper." Jerome upon this took his friends to one of the best restaurateurs in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C., shall be my secretary; as for you, P., who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the King of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could only master about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning where could resources be found? It was at last deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the King of Westphalia," and "I librarian to his majesty." "Excellent!" cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down as sharpers; "and that *noùte* yonder is, no doubt, the King of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome; "I am the King of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but we shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise; since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill," at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter, recognising the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect. The prefect flew to the minister of the interior. The minister to the emperor, who was at St. Cloud. The result of the whole was, that, on the following morning, the *Moniteur* contained an ordonnance, in which the King of Westphalia was enjoined to repair to his government *forthwith*, and prohibited from conferring any appointments till his arrival in his capital.—*Translated from a recent French Publication.*

**RUSE DIPLOMATIQUE.**—The Cochinchinese are a polite people, and punctilious observers of etiquette. At Yunglam, the chief mandarin questioned the propriety of one of his rank and numerous titles holding intercourse with Mr. Roberts, who came from a country where he understood there were no titles, and all men were equal. Mr. Roberts, perceiving that unless this objection were removed, all negotiation would be at an end, replied that the mandarin had been in some measure misinformed. He told him, if his Chinese secretary would take a piece of paper, he would enumerate his own titles and convince him of his error. The secretary selected half a sheet of paper, but

Mr. Roberts requested him to take a whole one, as that even would be scarcely large enough. The American officers present were of course at a loss to imagine how Mr. Roberts would extricate himself from this seeming difficulty. But not so Mr. Roberts. He dictated as follows: Edmund Roberts, Esquire, Special Envoy from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Cochinchina, Citizen of the United States, Citizen of Maine, Citizen of New-Hampshire, and continued enumerating himself Citizen of each of the twenty-four states; for being citizen of all, he was so of them severally. Before the sheet was half full, the mandarin exclaimed, it was unnecessary to go farther, as his titles already exceeded his own. Had he not been satisfied, Mr. Roberts intended to enumerate as many of the cities, towns and villages as he could remember, not doubting the success of his *ruse diplomatique*.—*Dr. Ruschenberg's Voyage round the World.*

**AN AMPHIBIOUS CHILD.**—Not long ago the city of Bangkok, in Siam, presented the singular phenomenon of an amphibious infant, that forsook its mother's breast, and betook itself to the water on all occasions. Luck-loi-nam, literally the child of the waters, swam when she was but one year old, and in 1832, when she had attained three years of age, was frequently seen swimming in the river. Her motions were not like those of other swimmers; she floated without any apparent exertion, turning round and round. When not in the water, she was cross and discontented, and when taken out cried and strove to return; if indulged, she tumbled and rolled about, seemingly with unalloyed pleasure. Luck-loi-nam, though well formed, could neither walk nor speak, but uttered a gurgling, choking sound in the throat. Her vision was imperfect, and up to the time mentioned, she had never eaten anything but her mother's milk. She usually applied to the breast, on being taken out of the river by her own consent. The mother of the child of the waters was a fine-looking woman, and had given birth to four children; two males and two females. The two brothers are dead, and the sister, eight or nine years of age, was always seen swimming in company, to protect the child of the waters against accidents, and give her direction that she might not get too near the boats, or the banks of the river. She has not been lately seen, and is supposed to be dead.—*Ibid.*

**HUMAN LIFE.**—Nor should we draw too dark a picture of the miseries of human life. Human life is a cloud, with sunshine on its borders; and if there is much to fear, there is something to hope for. There is no subject which the old Greek writers darken so much, when in a gloomy mood, as the life of man.

"O, life! unfriendly still to human joy,  
How do thine arrows every scene annoy!  
In youth my passions were by want restrained;  
And passion died in age, when wealth was gained,  
Through joys half-finished all our days are run,  
And closed in disappointment as begun."

But the Heathens saw not the tomb gilded by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. The epigram just cited is one of their most moderate pictures. The following comes nearer to the gospel. It is remarkable that St. Paul never speaks of Christians as dead; they have fallen asleep. So thought the writer of the following lines in Greek. I shall give them in English:

"Why o'er the virtuous dead should mourners weep?  
The virtuous never truly die—they sleep."

**IRISH TRANSFER OF A LOVER.**—A gentleman being on a tour through Ireland, with his family, passed a few days at Castle Blaney, where they were delighted with its beauties and the prosperity of the inhabitants in the town and neighbourhood. They were not a little amused with the stories of their host, who, conceiving that the gentleman would be more acceptable on his arrival in London, by the importation of something in character, informed him of a wedding that was to have taken place a few days previous. The damsel was courted by two lovers, and the favoured one agreed to resign his claim to the lady, provided the other would pay his bill of costs, which was agreed to, in consideration of its being sworn to before a magistrate. The following is a copy of this truly singular and novel bill:—"First acquaintance, eighteen shillings and sixpence; making the match, ten shillings; license, six shillings and sixpence; certificate, two shillings and sixpence; naming the day for the wedding, on which occasion five gallons of whiskey were drunk, one pound fifteen shillings; hire of six horses for visits, fifteen shillings; drinking success to the wedding, ten shillings.—Total, four pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence."

**CHINESE BULLETINS.**—"In Yunnan," said an imperial rescript some years since, "a son of the devil lately lifted his battle-axe against the Chinese throne; his name was Chanyinglan. He hired Wakenselin to make a seal like that of the emperor: this he affixed to a manifesto. The wrath of the emperor, swift as the lightning and loud as the thunder, fell upon the rebels, and they were scattered. Wakenselin was taken and cut into ten thousand pieces; but Chanyinglan fled to Seanchou. The faithful servants of his majesty were then rewarded with imperial munificence. The grand commissioner, Noyunching, was given a peacock's feather with two eyes: to Poh-Poh, a blue button;

and to Hyderhangti, a yellow tea-pot. The rebel Chanyinglan, in the hurry of his flight, was obliged to leave his tea-equipage behind him, and is supposed to be wandering in despair. Long may the wrath of heaven follow him," says the rescript, "and long may he be without his tea!"

**ENGLISH NAVY.**—An anecdote is told of a captain in the service, since dead, that while carrying out a British Ambassador to his station abroad, a quarrel arose on the subject of precedence. High words were exchanged between them on the quarter deck, when at length the Ambassador, thinking to silence the captain, exclaimed, "Recollect, sir, I am the representative of his majesty."—"Then, sir," retorted the captain, "recollect that here I am more than majesty itself. Can the king seize a fellow up and give him three dozen?" Further argument was useless—the diplomatist struck.

**DE GUSTIBUS.**—The following curious specimen of literature and style, was received by a British nobleman some years since:—"Limerick, 14th June, 1813.—Most puissant and gorgeous nobleman—I take the liberty of requesting from you information—whether or not John Stapleton has abandoned you? If he has, I resolutely say, he is bereft of all sense; for, if I am rightly informed, so good, beneficent and so pompous a master, no man ever served. His family are in the greatest disconsolation, tribulation and timidity, on his account. I therefore beg that your benignity, suavity and condescension, will write immediately; and, when you write, put on the letter these words—To Jno. Molloy, Doonas—care of Jno. Garvey, Bleach-office, Limerick;—and when it is delivered to me, I will receive it, which will confer a great obligation on your suppliant and humble servant. JNO. MOLLOY."

**THE IDIOT.**—It is very generally supposed that idiots are not able to understand any thing about their souls, or capable of attending to what is said to them. The following anecdote will shew that, at least in some instances, such a notion is incorrect. In a village in Buckinghamshire, there lived a poor idiot, whose appearance was so distressing, and almost disgusting, that some of the inhabitants wished the clergyman to forbid him coming to church, as had been his regular custom. The clergyman did not grant their request, for he thought it would be very wrong to hinder any one from coming to God's house, however loathsome his appearance might be. On Sunday the minister took this verse for his text, "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein" (Is. xxxv: 8). On hearing this, the poor idiot got up, and, regardless of those around him, clapped his hands, and cried out, "Then I shall be saved! then I shall be saved!"—*Christian Lady's Magazine.*

**SHAVING GRATIS.**—During the late war, a barber, who kept a little shop on the Hard, at Portsmouth, exhibited the following notice in his window:—"Broken down sailors shaved gratis." A poor tar, whose beard was of a week's growth, and who had not a single shot in his locker, seeing this benevolent invitation, entered the shop, described his state, and claimed the performance of the promise. The barber immediately complied; and having lathered his unproductive customer, proceeded to shave him with a razor which he had selected for the purpose, and the edge of which was in no danger of being easily turned. At every rasp the tears were ready to rush into poor Jack's eyes, and the blood to start upon his chin. In the midst of the operation a dog began to howl most piteously in the street. "What's the matter with the dog?" exclaimed Strap. "Oh!" observed his tortured patient, "I dare say some rascally flinty-hearted barber is shaving him gratis!"

**A PARAGRAPH FOR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.**—The Mobile Mercantile Advertiser bestows a just meed of virtuous indignation upon a "patron," of whom the editor heard that he had been seen laughing heartily over a paragraph in the paper of the previous morning, but who had not paid his subscription for two years! How could any many enjoy a joke with such a weight upon his conscience?

**OLD-BAILEY WIT.**—A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran away. The judge said to the witness, who had seized the prisoner—"What did he say when you caught him?" Witness—"My Lord, he said that he took the boots in joke."—Judge—"How far did he carry the joke?" Witness—"About forty yards, please your lordship."

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