

For the Pearl.

REFLECTIONS IN VERSE.

Though long ago, when I was young,
Dark tresses round my brow,
In many a curl profusely hung,
I am grey-headed now.

What griefs have agonized my mind,
Through years of toil and care,
Which passing on, have left behind
Their frost upon my hair!

These eyes—how bright they used to be!
But with'ring time has past,
And o'er their youthful brilliancy
A shade of dimness cast.

Though now I rank with aged men,
By life's rude tempest torn;
Yet I would not be young again,
And bear what I have borne.

Misled by fame's deceitful lure,
(How tempting were its wiles!)
I learn'd the miseries they endure
Who court ambition's smiles.

It long was mine in wretchedness
O'er blighted hopes to sigh;
Yet haply they who boast success
Know less of men than I:—

For though the disappointed may
In bitterness have quaff'd
Life's gall and wormwood deeply, they
Are wiser for the draught.

By sad experience sternly tried,
They well have learn'd to scan
The emptiness of fame and pride—
The villainy of man.

Insidious smiles the face may wreath—
The tongue of love may tell;
But deep within the heart beneath
Hypocrisy may dwell.

The hand may give a friendly grasp,
While in the heart may be
The deadly venom of the asp—
The serpent's treachery.

The humble man can never know
The hate—deceit—and strife,
Which, like the fiends of darkness, throw
Their shades o'er human life.

Oh! happy he, who never sigh'd
For fame's delusive toys—
Content obscurely to abide
Remote from pride and noise!

I—doom'd in other years to bow
Beneath misfortune's blast,
Eschew ambition's follies now,
That darken'd so the past.

And though mine is a lowly roof,
Where flatterers ne'er intrude,
Yet, from the world's cold pomp aloof,
I love its solitude.

If with'ring woes, through many a year,
I have damp'd my youthful joy,
Still nature's charms to me are dear
As when I was a boy.

I love to be afar from men,
Among the wild flowers fair,
That sweetly bloom in some lone glen—
For no deceit is there.

What though upon my staff I lean,
With tot'ring steps and slow,
To seek a tree-o'ershadowed scene,
I love alone to go.

Yes—dear were hills and vales and streams,
To me in youth's bright day,
Before I by ambition's dreams
From them was lured away.

And now a mournful ecstasy
My wounded spirit feels
In charms, which rural scenery
Delightfully reveals.

In lonely wilds which human feet,
Save mine, have seldom trod,
Beneath the forest boughs, 'tis sweet
To kneel and pray to God.

In hours of secret prayer, how vain
Appear ambition's toys!
How strives the spirit to attain
Less evanescent joys.

O Thou who hast my sins forgiven,
And saved me from despair,
Inspire me, while I think of heaven,
To lay up treasures there.

AN AGED PILGRIM.

THE TERRIER

May be correctly regarded as a variety of the hound, and takes his name from his disposition to pursue his game underground; he is the inveterate enemy of the fox, the badger, the polecat, and all the lesser kinds of vermin. A terrier or two generally accompanies fox hounds in the field, and it is surprising how energetically these little dogs will make their way over a country if the scent be good, they cannot go the pace, but they will persevere to the end. When a fox hangs to a cover, particularly to a gorse, they are very useful in forcing Reynard away; being smaller than the hound, they are enabled to thread the cover quicker, which in such cases is of great advantage. When a fox happens to run to ground, a terrier is often used in the process of bolting him; we have more than once seen them employed in main cartils. Not many years have elapsed since a fox was run into the earths of Pooton Wood by the hounds of Sir T. Stanley, and the pack being in want of blood, the worthy baronet immediately determined on digging him out. The earth was extensive, but the terriers soon fixed Reynard in one of the angles; the dog could be distinctly heard baying his game, and therefore by sinking a hole directly to the spot, the fox and the terrier were soon reached. It proved a vixen, heavy (it was near the close of the season) and during the time that the terrier had lain at her (face to face) she had contrived to bite him about the nose most severely, and that without having received a scratch herself.

The terrier ought to be regarded as indispensable in earthstopping, in order that stopping in the foxes may be prevented. About six years since met the Shropshire fox hounds at Acton Burnell, the residence of Sir Edward Smythe, eight miles from Shrewsbury. As the covers in the park and the neighborhood were known to be well stocked with foxes, Sir Edward (then master of the hounds) anxious to dispense his well known hospitality, remarked, "We need not be in a hurry; we are sure to find a fox in the park." Expectation was raised to the tiptoe when the hounds were thrown into cover; the field anxiously listened for the challenge; not a hound spoke! The covers of the park were all drawn blank; the hounds drew blank all day; not the least recognition of game was obtained. The foxes had been stopped in the earths; the previous night had been windy and boisterous, the foxes had lain at ground, and as no terrier had been employed, a thorough blank day was the consequence—not a hound spoke during the whole time!

Of late years the terrier has been crossed with the bull dog, for the purpose of producing fighting dogs. The terrier possesses invincible courage, without any mixture of the blood of the bull dog; but the savage, the unrelenting fierceness of the most worthless of the canine variety is thus engrafted upon the generous disposition of the terrier; the most interesting, the most valuable, qualities of the terrier are thus neutralized.

The Scotch terriers have acquired a character—not for beauty of form assuredly—but, as it might seem, for a fanciful superiority, on account of their grotesque appearance; these animals can scarcely be classed as genuine terriers, their illegitimate relationship to the turnspit being rendered manifest by their outrageously elongated form and crooked legs; that they possess generous courage we unhesitatingly admit, but certainly not to a greater extent than the much more beautiful and much more active terrier of this country.

Terriers are to be found of various colours in this country, some wire-haired, others smooth; the most beautiful which fell under our observation were black tan—their quality equal to their handsome appearance.—*Era*.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.—About two hundred and fifty years have passed away since was printed the first number of the 'English Mercurie,' the earliest periodical in the world. There had been printed a Gazette at Venice in 1731, but it was not a periodical. It was a mere 'folio of four pages,' relative to a then recent battle, and was sold for a coin called a Gazette—hence its name. We have no account of more than a single issue of it. The first number of the English Mercurie is preserved in the British Museum. It is about as large as two leaves of a common octavo, and contains altogether less matter than a column of the Chronicle. In 1773, the number of newspapers annually published in England, was 7,411,767; in 1780, they had increased more than two millions; and in 1830, the whole number was 30,483,741. Since that period the increase has been very great.

The first newspaper in America, was printed in Boston in 1705,

one hundred and thirty-four years after the publication of the English Mercurie—by John Campbell, and was called the 'Boston News Letter.' The first periodical issued in New York, was the Gazette, now published by Daniels and McCall.

NEWSPAPER PROFITS.—It is stated, on the authority of one of the late owners of the Baltimore Chronicle, that since its commencement, a few years ago, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been sunk in carrying it on.

February 3, 1738, died Sir Thomas Lombe, proprietor of the famous mill for silk-throwing, which, to denote its pre-eminence, is usually called 'The Silk Mill;' being the first and largest of the kind ever constructed in England; and it had a great influence on the commerce of the country. A complete model of this complete machine is deposited in the Tower of London. The original, brought from Italy, was erected at Derby. Sir Thomas Lombe received the sum of £14,000 from Parliament for having thus contributed to the national prosperity.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—In an imaginary conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio, from the pen of Walter Landor, there is the following passage: "The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressures of recorded sorrows."

CULPRIT.—The proceedings of the English Courts, in the old time, were managed in the French language, and this will lead to an understanding of the meaning of the word 'culprit,' which has caused much discussion among lexicographers and law writers. The word is clearly a corruption of the French *Qu'il parait*. The officer of the court says, 'Guilty or not guilty?' Now, if the prisoner replies, 'guilty,' and persists in so doing, his confession is recorded; but if he answers 'not guilty,' the officer says 'Culprit,' when he should rather say, 'Qu'il parait?' i. e. make it appear, or let it appear; and it amounts to no more than this, that the prisoner has an opportunity and full liberty of manifesting his innocence.

From a list of the periodicals published in the State of N. York, it appears that the whole number is 272—of which are embarked, in political controversy, 186, viz. Administration, 82; Opposition, 104. Religious Periodicals, 18; Philanthropic, 10. Daily papers, 28; Tri-weekly, 2; Semi-weekly, 12; Weekly, 206; Semi-monthly works, 6; Monthly do. (including reprints) 26. Of the above, there are published in the city of New York, 15 daily, 1 Tri-weekly, 10 Semi-weekly, 33 Weekly, 3 Semi-monthly, 17 Monthly, and 5 Quarterly Publications—in all 84.

Victor Hugo, the French novelist, in describing one of his heroines, thus moralizes on her qualities in a truly French strain:—"Poor girl; she had fine teeth, and she was fond of laughing that she might show them the better. Now the maiden who is in too great a hurry to laugh, is on the high road to tears; for fine teeth spoil fine eyes."

Mankind are inclined to laugh at every thing. We laugh at misfortune; we laugh at absurdity; we laugh at deformity; we laugh at the dress of foreigners, and they at ours. Three chimney sweepers meeting three Chinese in London, they laughed at each other till they were ready to drop down. In short there is nothing so serious but that a hearty laugh can be enjoyed at its expense.

HAPPINESS.—It is a very common error to suppose children happier than men. This is only true on the supposition that happiness is positive enjoyment, and we are in a condition to feel the most of it when our faculties are most fully developed, as it is the result of action.

PRINCIPLES.—A principle which is genuinely good cannot be run to ridiculous extremes. The way to test a principle is to carry it out to its farthest legitimate results. Run it to seed, and its fruit will condemn or commend it.

A Michigan correspondent of the Albany Argus states that the story about a wild child discovered somewhere in that State, is a hoax.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" said one of his brother judges to Curran. "Nothing but the head," was the answer.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Saturday, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All communications, post paid, to be addressed to John S. Thompson, Halifax, N. S.

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HALIFAX, N. S. Printed at "The Novascotian" Office.