

For the Pearl.

HELEN O' CALDERSHEE.

TUNE "JOHN ANDERSON MY JO."

Oh lovely Helen, it was thee,
Wha first enchained my heart
In the sweet Glen o' Caldershee,
Whar we twa last did part.
The saft fu' moon did witness there,
Our vows o' mutual love,
Whan tears bedimm'd thine eyes sae fair,
An' a' my heart did move.

Oh lovely Helen I've seen thee,
On sunny simmer days;
The bonniest flower in Caldershee,
That bloomed beneath the rays
O' the bright sun, wha never shone,
On face sae fair as thine;
An' aft us we twa sat alone,
Thou said, thou would'st be mine.

Oh lovely Helen, alas! from thee
I'm far, far parted now;—
But still the Glen o' Caldershee,
Does in my memory glow;
As on that night whan we did meet,
To part an' meet no more,
All in the calm moonlight sae sweet
I kiss'd thee o'er an' o'er.

St. John, N. B.,
April, 13th, 1839.

G. M. R.

EXCERPTS.

FROM STANLEY,
A new Novel by an Anonymous Author.

AUTHORSHIP.

"Authorship is the most hapless trade that has yet been invented. Doubtless it is a noble thing when the poet's soul, expanding through futurity, is conscious of immortality, and can exclaim 'Nomen erit indelibile nostrum.' (Ovid.) But there is no sort of venture in which the unavoidable risk is so great and the possible gain is so little; even in the highest success the loss is greater than the acquisition, and in ordinary cases the contest is against fearful odds. To write for one's livelihood,—to stimulate the weary and overtaxed mind at the harsh call of necessity,—to execute from dull compulsion the treasured dreams and hoarded schemes of a literary youth; to be obliged to think, and necessitated to imagine,—is a misery which, perhaps more strongly than any other, deserves the name of agony. And when we look at the career of the most fortunate writer, and consider the dark trials and the painful doubts and the ceaseless strivings which harassed his existence, and then remember how little of the final admiration reached him personally, as in a triumph the hero who rode in the van saw but a small part of the crowd which followed, we may well conclude with the reflection of *La Beaumelle* in a letter to *Voltaire*. '*La plus brillante reputation ne vaut jamais ce qu'elle coûte.*' In the case of a great poet, the sensibility which he pictures excites and wears his own; and while physically he is surrounded with enjoyments, his consciousness is with his imagination, and that is in the scenes of suffering. When Byron threw himself into the situation of his *Ginour*, he created in himself all the miserable passions which he described. As a writer his success was great;

'And yet he nothing reaped for all his pain,
But care and sorrow was his only gain.'

That man's sacrifice to fame was the most awful that ever was made—his own heart."

BYRON AND SHELLEY.

"Byron and Shelley were friends in life, and have often been classed together in literature; but they were in truth intellectual antipodes. The feeling on Byron's pages is all personal feeling; it is actual emotion, elevated and refined into the ideal. His sufferings suggested all his sentiments; and Experience was the parent of all his thoughts. Shelley's feelings were in his imagination, and he had no personality. It is the business of poetry to present to us the generalizations of ideal passions, and these are usually attained by forgetting or merging the individual and the real, and sending the mind to wander through the fabrics of fancy; in this sense, it is justly affirmed, that Byron succeeded by the magnitude of his failure. He wrote true poetry without being a poet, he shaped into poetry its antagonism. The other was born a bard. Hence, if in respect of the mental qualities of the two men as geniuses, the question of greatness be made, we give the palm to Shelley; if in reference to their moral abilities as performers, we name Byron. In the first view, Shelley possessed more of the poetical faculty; in the second, it is Byron's praise, that in despite of the defect of those qualities, he wrote yet more splendid verses than the other. The first was an intellectual superiority, the last was a personal triumph; in the one you praise the mind, in the other, you applaud the man; in that you extol the gorgeous fancy, in this you reward the victorious will."

"Shelley's mind seemed to be no portion of himself; his consciousness was apart from his conceptions. It is this which makes him often difficult to be understood, for usually it is through sympathy of temper that men attain to unity of thought. A flash of

mutual feeling brightens a chain of notions otherwise dark and perplexing. The poet, lifted by passion to some airy seat, bubbles of the golden forms pictured on the glassy bubbles which his fancy floats before him, and his words will be Pindaric to our sense unless we are placed in the same position by similarity of mood. Notions are but the expanded flower and foliage from the germ of feeling, and we must plant the latter in our heart, ere the atmosphere of our intelligence will be gladdened by the former. In truth, we never fully comprehend a poet's lines, unless we are beforehand in possession of the poet's meaning, and his words but remember us of our own images; in that case, he is explaining our affections to us, and giving us in ideas what we previously possessed in impressions. It is the business, therefore, of the judicious poet, by addressing the heart to fling his feelings upon us before he expands his meaning, and thus to aqueduct the chasm between our consciousness and his thoughts. There is no trace of personal feeling from one end of Shelley's writings to the other. Compare, for illustration, his ode to the sky-lark with Wordsworth's on the same subject; the one is a record of individual emotions and a retrospect of spiritual experience, and breathes, throughout, the sadness of a pensive soul; the other displays an artificial and mechanical ingenuity, and, as exquisite as a Greek chorus, is as cold as a Greek statue. It is this same absence of conscience and want of moral impressibility which makes the atheism of Shelley so thorough and undoubting. Byron suffered so intensely from the stings of mental remorse, and laboured with such agony of effort to brighten the blackness of vice into that image of light and beauty for which his spirit was self-stung to struggle, that when he most earnestly chants the glories of sin, he is unwittingly offering his tribute to virtue. The convulsion of passion under which he laboured was wrought by his striving to maintain the erectness of his spirit amid the tyrannizing encroachments of the devastations of wickedness."

THE MOON.

"The moon, whom I had last seen lofty and alone, like the high-hearted, solitary confessor of principle, who looks out upon a passionate and erring world from the castle of his strong but pensive thoughts, serene in the stillness of eternal sympathy with Truth and Duty, was now girt and garlanded by a thousand thin and pearly clouds, like the state of progressive girlhood whose baser being as it nears to womanhood, like a sea-bird sailing through a mist, seems gradually winged with a most soft and delicate accompaniment of feelings, fancies, hopes and dreams, which are now a portion of her loveliness. Night after night, the queen of the sky spreads forth her calm magnificence of glory to show to men that the joys of celestial quiet, though they may seem to be insecure and interrupted, yet are abiding, and unchanged; and to give us a glimpse of that deep and undying peace which lies beyond the clouds and tempest of the earth, in whose region alone dwell instability and variableness; and we may bless the benignant power which thus bids the elements minister unto the improvement of our moral life, and the phases of nature be the support of our spirits in the darkling struggles of our life's endurance."

THE INFLUENCE OF RESIDENCE ON CHARACTER.

"The place of one's nativity, or at least the residence of one's early childhood, exerts a greater sway upon one's character and history than the world commonly imagines; and I have always considered it important in studying the life and exploring the mental qualities of distinguished men to possess myself of some knowledge of the natural influences under which their infancy and youth were passed. Alike in the statesman, who amid the storms of popular rage, and upon the morasses of personal intrigue, stands in the gloom of his passionate thoughts, and dark severity of his stern emotions, and pours the electric ardors of his spirit over the wrongs of his country and the sufferings of principle, and in the deep souled bard, whose impetuous rush of passion, shocking the bar of custom, foams into poetry, you detect the generous swelling of a heart whose sighs have been timed by the lashings of the deep, and whose breast is ever haunted by the vastness of the sea. The epistles of Pope tells us distinctly of the lawns of Windsor, as the odes of Wordsworth proclaim the majesty and barrenness of hills that surround him; and the disparity between the characters of Lamb and Scott was not greater than the difference between the homes of their boyhood."

HONOUR AND HUMANITY.—In the year 1746, when England was at war with Spain, the Elizabeth of London, Captain William Edwards, coming through the Gulf from Jamaica, richly laden, met with a most violent storm, in which the ship sprang a leak, that obliged him, to save the lives of his crew, to run into the Havannah, a Spanish port.

The captain went on shore, and directly waited on the governor, told the occasion of his putting in, and that he surrendered the ship as a prize, and himself and his men as prisoners of war, only requesting a good quarter.

"No, sir," replied the Spanish governor, "if we had taken you in fair war at sea, or approaching our coast with hostile intentions, your ship would then have been a prize, and your people prisoners; but when, distressed by a tempest, you come into our ports for the safety of your lives, we, the enemies, being men, are bound, as such, by the laws of humanity, to afford relief to dis-

tressed men who ask it of us. We cannot, even against our enemies, take advantage of an act of God. You have leave, therefore, to unload your ship, if that be necessary to stop the leak; you may refit her here, and traffic so far as shall be necessary to pay the charges; you may then depart, and I will give you a pass, to be in force till you are beyond Bermuda: if after that you are taken, you will then be a lawful prize; but now you are only a stranger, and have a stranger's right to safety and protection." The ship accordingly departed, and arrived safe in London.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

JUVENILE TALES.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

A SIMPLE STORY.

THE only youthful inmate of a large old-fashioned house in an ancient town in the very centre of Old England, was Maria Walker. She lived with her grandmamma and two maiden aunts, whom she would have called very old indeed, though they by no means were of the same opinion. Indeed, the little girl most strenuously maintained, on all suitable, and many very unsuitable occasions, that they never could have been so young as they seemed in their pictures, which represented them as two tall awkward girls, just struggling into womanhood; one with a parrot on her hand, the other with an ominous kitten in her arms, and both with the blackest of hair, the reddest of cheeks, the whitest of frocks, and the pinkest of sashes.

Most people would have expected to find little Maria a very dull, unhappy child, it seemed such an uncongenial atmosphere for the buoyant spirits of a merry little girl; for the stillness of death reigned through the house, whose echoes were seldom awakened by any sound, save that of Lily's tail patting against the drawing-room door, when, finding it shut, she took that method of gaining admittance of the fireside circle, where her beautiful white fur contrasted very well with the rich folds of grandmamma's silks and satins. Lily was the descendant of the kitten in Aunt Maria's pictured embrace, and this was a circumstance which sadly perplexed the youthful mind of Maria, who could not reconcile the idea of so old a creature being the grandchild of so young a one; her grandmamma and herself, she justly observed, were the very reverse.

Maria, however, was a very happy child, though she durst not make a noise any where except in her own playroom at the top of the house. Of course she had her troubles like all other little girls, even those whose voices are never checked; and she used to get into sad scrapes sometimes; but then she used soon get out of them, and she was neither perplexed by regrets for the past nor fears for the future.

The very first serious difficulty Maria could recollect finding herself in, occurred one day when grandmamma and both aunts were gone out to dinner; an event of very rare occurrence, and of momentous interest in the family. Both aunts had had some scruples about the propriety of leaving Maria so very long alone, for company dinners at Oldtown were celebrated at two o'clock; but as neither of them seemed for a moment to contemplate the possibility of staying at home to take care of her, their anxieties assumed the form of strict injunctions to Mrs. Martha, the house-keeper, on no account to let her out of her sight.

Now, Mrs. Martha had not the slightest intention of being guilty of a breach of trust. But she had bought some fine green tea, and baked a very superior cake, and had asked two ladies' maids to drink tea with her; and it did not at all comport with her ideas of comfort, that Miss Maria should be beside them all the afternoon, and have it in her power to retail in the drawing-room next day, all the news which she hoped to hear.

Anxious to avoid equally the frying-pan and the fire, as she said afterwards to Hannah the house-maid, she determined to give Miss Maria the materials whereof to make a little feast, with her Tunbridge ware dinner service, and conveyed the little girl's little table and little chair to a spot on the grass plot opposite the large window that opened to the ground from her own room. There she placed them, with a large basket of toys, in the shade which the spreading wings of a monstrous eagle cut in box afforded, believing that the child would be constantly within sight, and, if she strayed, that she should miss her directly, and would quickly follow. Why the ladies were so very anxious on this particular day that she should be watched, she did not know, as Miss Maria was accustomed to play by herself in the garden for hours every day; "but I dare say it's but natural," she soliloquised, "when they so seldom go a-pleasuring, that they should be frightened about her."

Maria was in general a very good little girl, and if she had been allowed to have her childish curiosity reasonably gratified, the desire that now filled her whole mind would have had no place there. But aunt Charlotte so invariably insisted that little girls were never allowed to ask questions, for that, when they grew up they would know every thing that was good for them to know; and she had very recently smarted so severely under the laughter of her aunts, when she had asked if rivers had teeth as well as mouths, that she resolved she would ask no questions, but try to find out for her-