

THE COTTAGE.

Oh ! nothing in beautiful scenes can outvie
The peasant's lone cot in the vale,
With its wee bed of flowers, and small garden hard by,
And its wild briar that scents the wild gale.
The lattice half darkened with ivy, or vine,
Throws its green-shadowed light on the floor ;
And the porch over trailed with the delicate 'bine,
Makes gay the stone seat at the door.

Ere the bridge strode the brook or the forest grew old,
Ere the village spread over the green ;
When the vale was a common, bare, desolate, cold,
There the peasant's lone cottage was seen.
Then labour came forth, and wherever he trod,
The waste was a paradise fair ;
And the orchard now blooms, and the white harvests nod,
And wealth and store plenty are there.

MATHEWS THE COMEDIAN.

Mathews was killed in America, though he re-cross'd the Atlantic and died in Devonshire. He had been an immense favorite with the Americans in his first visit, and after so long an absence the managers thought he would prove an attractive star if he could be seduced to repeat his visit. Mr. Mathews's pecuniary difficulties obliged him to accept an offer in which his remuneration was to depend upon his superior attraction. Judging from his former success, he was vain enough to calculate upon immense profits. But there were two circumstances which marred his hopes—his imitations of American peculiarities, which the natives called caricatures, and Miss Kemble's book, which was voted both libellous and vulgar. The Americans are reported to be rather thin-skinned, and cannot bear the lash of ridicule. I don't know who can. Mathews in his first visit had been received with hospitality certainly unprecedented to an actor. He had opportunity and saw them in every position, public and domestic, from the States' Assembly to the boudoir—and to what purpose did he convert the information so obtained ! Why to write, or cause to be written, a drama, in which (with his admirable talent for imitation) the very people who had so hospitably received, entertained, and enriched him, were held up to the laughter, the ridicule, and sometimes the contempt of "the English nation." This is their version, not mine. Since which the *cidevant* Miss Fanny Kemble had been similarly received and lionised, and had afterwards written a *lashing* book, then married, and retired beyond the possibility of personal annoyance ! Not so Mr. Mathews ; he returned, and found that every American had entered into his memory's ledger the debt of gratitude due for the ridicule furnished to the laughter-loving sons of old England at friendly Jonathan's expense. Could it be wondered at that the doors which formerly flew open at Mathews's approach were now found barred against him ?—that theatres, which were formerly crowded, were now comparatively empty ? He asked the reason ! He was told that he had ridiculed and libelled them. He denied the charge. "Try me," he said, "and you yourselves shall be plaintiff, judge, and jury ; I will perform, as in England, that which you assert is both a ridicule and a libel." He did so : and the *nem con* verdict was—"Too dull, stupid, and contemptible for any American to be offended at." This was worse than their extreme rage—it was the death-blow to the poor mimic, to the man "who was wont to set the table in a roar." He tried to mask his feelings, but I saw through the mask—the wound had reached his heart ! It is true he tried to laugh at the affair, but it was a laugh which pride extorted from agony. This occurred at New York. At Philadelphia the same feeling was evinced. He was to play three nights in each week, and to have a per centage on the receipts. The public knew this, and kept away ; while on the other three nights the house was filled, to patronise an English actress, a lady who had never lashed the Americans in a book, or ridiculed their peculiarities in a drama. Debarred that society of which he was the soul and delight, mortified in vanity and injured in purse, with the most dreadful winter that had occurred for many years, poor Mathews was but the shadow of his former self, either as an actor or as a man. All went wrong with him, both at home and abroad : losses occurred in London, which American savings could not cover. With a sigh of agony I heard him confess himself "vanquished by untoward circumstances." These were his words. Anxiety of mind increased the body's weakness : there was a general breaking up of his constitution. His second farewell to America was woefully different from the first, both as to fame and profit—he reached his native land and died ! "Alas, poor Mathews !" —*London Sunday Times*.

LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.—Among the dry, quaint and philosophical scenes with which Mr. Neale's volume of "Charcoal Sketches" abounds, his soliloquy of a loafer, who had been sleigh riding and got spilt, is inimitable : "It's man's nature, I believe we can't help it no how. As for me, I wish I was a pig wot's fat ; pigs don't have to speculate and bust—pigs never go a sleigh riding, quarrel with their daddies-in-law wot was to be,

nor get into aprees, and make spoils of themselves. Pigs is decent behaved people and good citizens though they han't got no wote. And then they han't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings, and they don't have to be darnin and patching their old pants ; they don't wear old hats on their heads, nor have to ask people for 'em—cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes ! if I was a fat jolly pig belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me who was President. Who ever see'd one pig a settin' on a cold curb stone a rubbin' another pig's head wot got chucked out of a sleigh ? Pigs have too much good sense to go a ridin' if so be they can't help it. I wish I was one and out of this scrape. It's true pigs have their troubles as well as humans—constables ketches 'em, dogs bite 'em, and pigs is as done over suffers as men, but pigs never runs their own noses in scrapes, coixin' themselves to believe it's fun as we do. I never seen a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'sept on rum cherries."

THE CORPORAL.—During the American Revolution, an officer, not habited in his military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work, making some repairs upon a small redoubt. The commander of the little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber, which they were endeavouring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man, was oftener heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away ! There she goes ! Heave ho !" etc. The officer before spoken of stopped his horse when he arrived at the place, and seeing the timber sometimes scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, appearing to be somewhat astonished, turning to the officer with all the pomp of an emperor said, "Sir, I am a corporal !" "You are not though, are you ?" said the officer, "I was not aware of it." And taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops upon his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority, "Mr. Corporal Commander," said he, "when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send to your Commander in Chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunderstruck ! It was Washington.

CHINESE LITERATURE.—The Chinese are a reading people, and the number of their published works is very considerable. In the departments of morals, history, biography, the drama, poetry, and romance, there is no lack of writings, "such as they are." Of statistical works the number is also very large. Their novels are said to be, many of them, excellent pictures of the national manners. The plot is often very complex, the incidents natural, and the characters well sustained. China has had, too, her Augustan age of poetry. It is remarkable that this brilliant epoch in Chinese letters was during the eighth century of our era, when almost the whole of Europe was sunk in gross ignorance and barbarism. We subjoin a single specimen of their poetry, in a touching little piece, published in the second volume of the Royal Asiatic Transactions, and written some thousand years ago. Besides the pleasure its intrinsic beauty affords, it offers a convincing proof of the substantial identity of human feelings in all times and countries. The piece bemoans the fate of a maiden, betrothed to an humble rival, but compelled to become the bride of a rich and powerful suitor :

The nest yon winged artist builds,
Some robber bird shall tear away ;
So yields her hopes the affianced maid,
Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey.

The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell ;
Forth goes the weeping bride, constrained,
A hundred cars the triumph swell.

Mourn for the tiny architect,
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest ;
Mourn for the hapless, stolen bride,
How vain the pump to soothe her breast !

PAUL, preaching at Athens, beat the cunning Athenians with their own weapons. They had a law, that any who preached strange gods, should suffer death. When this was urged against the apostle, he pointed to the altar "to the unknown god," and said—"For, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'to the unknown god ;' whom therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." He could not be prosecuted under the law, for he preached a god to whom he found an altar. This circumstance, I have already regarded as a sort of providential interposition in favour of the Christian religion, as well as an instance of Paul's extreme aptness in taking advantage of everything that would tend to the advancement of his cause. Although, at several other places in Greece and Asia Minor, there were altars "to the unknown god," at no other, I believe, was there such a law as that at Athens, prohibiting the setting up of strange doctrines.

ADIEU.—In using this expression, which habit has rendered trivial, few persons recollect its real origin and meaning, and that in pronouncing it they recommend their friend a *Dieu*—to the protection of God.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The Subscriber, in appearing as the conductor of the "Colonial Pearl," feels called on to offer a few words, explanatory of his views.

The late proprietor of the "Pearl," being about to resign the publication, and to leave the Province, an opportunity was presented, which, the Subscriber thought, he might take advantage of with some benefit to himself and the public. The "Pearl," he has reason to believe, has been the means of causing the taste for literature to be more general in the provinces than it previously was,—and, as a literary vehicle, has become a favourite, in many places, where similar publications were but little known or cared for. This change must be considered beneficial,—for, to increase the reading propensities of a young country, particularly in the more quiet and humanizing paths of literature, is to bear an important part in public education. The existence of the "Pearl" has been instanced in neighbouring Provinces, as a proof that Halifax, and Nova Scotia generally, had rather outran other colonial communities in those particulars which denote a high degree of civilization ; which indicate that periodical details of passing events, and expositions of political theories, only, no longer satisfy,—but that, with these, are required, the more general utilities and elegancies and luxuries of intellectual life. If such a publication should be allowed to cease, and to become one of the items on the long list of failures, some degree of disgrace would be the result. The Subscriber undertakes to attempt the continuance of the "Pearl,"—and hopes for that patronage which will enable him to make successful progress.

Political opinions will be rigidly excluded from the "Pearl." The vehicles for such matter are sufficiently numerous ;—the "Pearl" seeks, by drawing on the stores of Fancy, and Criticism, and General Knowledge, to be a net-unwelcome visitor among circles of every political shade.

A summary of political intelligence, will be given, with such comments only as may seem requisite for explanation ;—the progress of Science and Art and General Literature, will, also, be regularly attended to, as opportunity shall be afforded ; so that a kind of mapping of interesting events will be presented, in a compass so brief, that none need plead bulk and intricacy of material as an excuse for inattention to such matters.

The Subscriber hopes that much of original composition will be found in succeeding pages of the "Pearl" ; and that correspondents, whose kindness he reckons on, will convince their readers, that real value and respectability are not sacrificed to novelty ; that original articles are chosen, partly, only, because they are original, but chiefly because they are not second to good materials for "selection."

The innocently amusing department of the Pearl will receive due attention,—and the Subscriber trusts that it will be found to blend the entertainment of the leisure hour, with the nurture of sentiments which are of great value, in the civil and social and religious relations of mankind.

The critical department, it is hoped, will grow up to that degree of importance in which it becomes an excellent auxiliary in the training of the mind ;—a science, improving the judgment and the taste, and enlarging the information, unalloyed by difficulties which retard other scientific studies, and of more general adaptation.

These departments of general literature, will be interspersed by such portions of matter relating to History, Statistics, Travels and other subjects, connected with real life, as will diffuse an air of fact, as well as of fancy, over the pages of the "Pearl,"—and, with the departments of News and Science, may make it palatable to those who do not wish that the mere, sweet,—should altogether supersede the useful,—in any work or relaxation.

The Subscriber has thus developed his views and intentions ; the assistance of friends, corresponding and subscribing, and the opportunities and practice which time only can furnish, will be requisite to enable him to carry out his anticipations ; for the present he bears his object in sight, makes endeavours towards it, and solicits the lenity and encouragement of an intelligent public.

J. S. THOMPSON.

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