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ORIGINAL.

Two persons took up the theme, *Reflections in a Well*, and wrote an article each, which have been handed for publication in the Pearl. The exercise is amusing and instructive, exhibiting the points of similarity and dissimilarity, the different trains of thought and modes of illustration, which two minds will strike into on the same subject. We understand that the articles were written in imitation of Lamb's Essays, although the work was not before the writers, nor recently looked into, by either.

For the Pearl.

REFLECTIONS IN A WELL.

TRIP—scrape—splash! Heavens, where am I? That confounded plank has driven my big toe nail half an inch into my flesh, while those that were upon my fingers have been torn off by the one on the opposite side, against which my nose was broken in the fall, and to which I vainly clung for support. Equally vain were my efforts to uphold myself by the aid of knees and elbows. No diner out ever saw such a spread as I exhibited in coming down—the Black Eagle of Prussia was nothing to me—would that I had had either its wings or its claws. Though never more *in need*, my knees were instinctively extended—had I been two inches longer in the hams, they would have fitted into the two first holes they met—but alas! they got bruised, like Irishmen in a drawn battle, to very little purpose. My elbows were also stretched out, and now I am out at elbows. The water is up to my middle—my pumps are two feet in the mud—would that there had been any other pump in the well, I never could have gone through the nose—my hat, which fell off in the descent, is wet, and my head is nearly as cold as though I had an iron crown upon it.

Hark! the Town Clock is just striking three, nearly four hours yet to daylight, and not a soul stirring in the street. What a situation for a gentleman, heated with dancing, and but half-an-hour ago revelling in the abundance of a good supper. Bathing is injurious to health after eating, and apoplexy is often the result. The wet hat may prevent the rush of blood to the head; where it is going I cannot divine, but it is escaping from below high water mark with great alacrity. What is to become of me, if struck with cramp or paralysis, I am brought upon my marrowbones or haunches, the water will then be over my head, and a bottle of prime Madeira will be spoiled. I have read Exodus often, but never sympathized with the Egyptians till to-night. What a dreadful thing it must be to be drowned in the sea, when even drowning in a well appears so horrible. I have heard of a man who by seizing hold of a bear's tail drew himself out of a hollow tree—what monster is there that I would not grapple with, to get out of this horrid place—I would seize a comet by the tail, or even the great bear himself. "Approach me like the rugged Russian bear," said Macbeth, when he had waded in blood beyond his depth, and the quotation is applicable to a man up to his middle in water. Some people never sleep without a fire escape in their bed rooms—a water escape would seem to be as necessary to foot passengers in this cursed town, where there are always two or three wells uncovered. A patent should be given for the invention, for if it be necessary to descend in a hurry in order to escape one element, to ascend would seem as necessary to avoid another.

By the way, talking of fires—what music the cry of fire would be now. The loss of a square would be nothing to the loss of a life so valuable as mine. Twenty houses could be rebuilt—but who is to rebuild me? The Phoenix that dies by fire comes to life again, but I never heard of the renovation of anything that died by water. A fire would bring people into the street. My cries would then be heard, and who knows but a suction hose might be lowered into this very well? All the silk hose in my wardrobe, including the pair on my feet, should be given for a gripe of that attached to No. 1—if I did not take care of Number One for ever after, then it would be my fault. But even if they did not draw me out, it would be a relief to have the water drawn. I remember to have listened to lectures on Hydrostatics at the Mechanics' Institute some time ago, and admired the great law by which fluids always descend to a level. All laws, human and divine, are broken at times, why should not water commit a similar offence for my benefit? If this water would but flow upwards to the level of the street, I should not mind being washed for half a mile along the dirtiest gutter on the surface. Truth is said to lie at the bottom of a well—I am therefore, for the first time in my life, in a situation to be taken for truth—I, who this very night have told fifty falsehoods to each one of a dozen partners. No doubt they are all thinking upon me at this very moment, but they can have no idea of the *depth* of my affection. Anna B. arrayed in her robe

de chambre and cap de nuit, is just taking a last look at the sweet features that she thinks have done my business. What an eye is sleep about to put a seal upon—what a bosom is there peeping from under that white dress—the very thought would ignite one anywhere where water was less abundant. Now she steps into bed, would that "we were wed," and I were stepping in with her—now a plump round arm is stretched out and the extinguisher descends upon the taper-wick, I should not be much afraid even to be in the dark with her. But "five fathom deep her love doth lie"—it would be bad enough to be buried or drowned, but I am neither—and yet am half under water and wholly under ground. I have always heard that pride would have a fall, but such a fall as this Lucifer could hardly anticipate. There was that horrible old maid, Marian Dubbs, who sat like a wall flower all night. I never danced with her, because she has no money, and is old and ugly to boot—but I wish I was standing opposite to her at the head of the longest contra dance that ever was attempted in Halifax. To get out of this confounded place, I would waltz with her at Government House—aye, even rest my head upon the place where her bosoms were, with the chance of being discovered by Anna B.

But, of what avail is it to recall the forms and the pleasures of society, the circle in which I move at present is not only extremely limited, but the most disagreeable that ever came in my way. A member of the Temperance Society might be quite at home here, but I am a cold water man against my will. Surely all my partners cannot expect to marry me—Emma Bootlace, who lives at the end of the street, has the worst chance, for she is of plebeian origin. If she were to reflect on this, perhaps she might steal out to drown herself in this very well. Should she come down head first, my wet hat might still be of service. But she would desire to die without unnecessary exposure of her person, and would no doubt go, like all decent people, feet foremost to her grave. What an eclaireissement should she find me here. We should have to stow close, for there is hardly room enough for us both. What a place for a flirtation—she would not refuse a few kisses, for no harm could come of it here. There would be no fear of interruption—our hearts, like these waters, could mingle in peace. Still I should be better pleased if she paused upon the platform, and gave me time to call out before she leaped in. If rescued by her aid from this accursed hole, she should be mistress of my person. At least she would be entitled to salvage, for I am waterlogged, and surrounded by rocks. Hark! it is her footstep. No—it is only a couple of cats courting over the way. Emma Bootlace loves me not—or if she has determined on drowning, has gone down to the market wharf.

There is a star right overhead. I know not if it be the one that I was born under, but that I shall die under it seems more than probable. The Egyptians are said to have had deep caves under the pyramids, from which they made observations upon the stars—a well would have done quite as well. Herschell's telescope has not so many glasses in it as mine. Oh! that that were the dog star. It might take the chill off the element. There comes the moon. I cannot see her, but her light streams through the only window there is in my prison house. How provoking, that she should have hidden herself in a cloud until I popped in here, and then smiles at my misfortune. I wish I were the man in the moon—it cannot be so cold there—there must be some fire, and I never heard of there being any water. There comes the cloud again—moon and star are both gone, and even the heavens look black upon me—I should have become an astronomer—a very Chaldean, but for that cloud. How dark it is getting, and the wind begins to howl—it is going to rain—I am a lost man if it does. After such a dry season there will be a desperate flood, and at least ten feet of water in the well before morning. I am but six feet in my pumps, and there will be four more than can be pleasant.

Narcissus died for love of his own image in the fountain—had he plunged in he would have been cured. I am by no means enchanted with my own reflections in the water. Hunger will be my portion before daylight, even if I live; and though it can break through stone walls upon the surface, it is powerless for such a purpose when a man is embowelled. If I had but the remains of that turkey, a side bone of which I nibbled towards the end of the feast, or even that bottle of Port, which almost untouched was smiling at the corner, as decanter after decanter of Madeira disappeared. Even a segar would be a comfort—it is one, happily, within my reach. There are three in my breast pocket, and the lucifers are still dry. Let no man despair. (Lights a match.) Puff—puff—now, fortune, I defy thee; and yet the sight of the general character and dimensions of my prison house, which the match gave me, has by no means increased my affection for it. There seem to be old bones at the bottom. Who knows but some poor wretch may have

perished here the last time the well was uncovered; and I may be standing like a monument upon his grave. If I had a rusty nail I would write his epitaph on one of these smooth rocks by which I am environed. Smooth and slippery and cold are they, like the polished rascals one meets in the world. But those above can be jostled aside, these hold their positions in spite of me. I care not, however, there is great comfort in that segar, at least so far as one half of my body is concerned. My lower extremities I throw out of the question—it is no use wasting a thought on them. If I were a mermaid, it would be all right; my tail would be in its natural element. But

"Come, never seem to mind it, nor count our fate a curse, How ever bad we find it, there's always some one worse."

Nova Scotia is not Lapland, thank heaven, the night cannot last six months—neither is this well the worst one for a man to fall into—there is one at Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, five hundred feet deep. Think of that, Master Brook—all the king's horses could not draw a man up alive who had had the misfortune to fall into it; but a kitchen wench, with a bucket and ladder line, would serve my turn. "Here's to our good friend Mopsey, wishing she were here." A habit of looking at the bright side even of a well is worth acquiring. How many poor devils are worse off even at this moment than I. A bear in a dead fall, with his back half crushed, and waiting for morning to reveal his misfortunes, and the settler to knock out his brains—a rat caught by the tail, so close that it will not break, and biting it off is impossible—darkness to these is deplorable, and yet daylight must be worse. An hour or two must close my term of solitary confinement, but what if it were to last for seven years. A chamber in Sing Sing is nothing but a dry well, with room to lie down. Then, fancy a poor wretch clinging to a hatch or lashed to a topgallant mast in mid-ocean—fathomless depths beneath him and the boundless sky above—the monsters of the deep plashing past him, with desire in their eyes and matchless energy in their muscular tails, and the only sail in sight two miles off, and going from him with a free sheet and a fair wind. Oh! there are many worse places than a well, and many greater sufferers than myself. I would rather be here at this moment than be a director of the Bank of England—notwithstanding all the rain in Europe it is very low water with that concern. I should have no objection to resemble its gold, because then I should go out faster than I came in. After all, even to die here would not be without its advantages. Instead of becoming "food for dust and worms" in the usual way, I should slowly dissolve in the pellucid spring water, and passing through the noses of innumerable tea pots, not only touch the sweet lips of all the fair ladies in the neighbourhood, but circulate warm and glowing through their frames. But then, what a number of ugly faces and red eyes would be washed in me, and I should be kneaded into bread and boiled into soup, and have to dilute every drop of bad liquor drank within four squares for an entire twelvemonth. By Bacchus, I could not stand that—there is madness in the very thought, every fibre of my frame burnt, glass after glass, in these vile decoctions. Murder! help! ho! a step at last—hurrah! to the rescue. (A drunken loafer looks into the well, and asks "does your mother know you're out?" hiccups, and staggers away.) Know I'm out! I wish she did. Curse that fellow, for a drunken knave. But it is lucky he did not attempt to rescue me—he would have realized Pindar's wish to the angler—the "gentle trout" would have "pulled the rascal in." But there is a light—somebody is astir—hallo! hallo! Ha, Doctor, is it you? Where are you going at this hour? "Mrs. Doldrum has just sent for me—it is near her time." True, Doctor, but my time has almost come. Tie your pocket handkerchief to the head of your cane—Mrs. Doldrum can wait, she is only in the straw, and I am in the water. I must be delivered first. Thanks, gentle Doctor—you draw as surely and as easily as one of your own blisters. I am by no means as tenacious as an old tooth, although I ached a good deal before I was extracted. Thanks, good Doctor, thanks—thou art a skillful operator. May Mrs. Doldrum have as good a time as I have had, and the babe unborn feel as joyful at the success of the accoucheur.

For the Pearl.

REFLECTIONS IN A WELL.

JUPITER, what a fall! Thunder, lightning, and all convulsions of nature, at once. How did I survive the crash? how much of me is yet alive? I fear to move lest I should find myself minus a pin or a fin.—But the truth will out, and the sooner the better.—Now for an overhaul.—It is well, thank heaven; I am left all right, contrary to my fears. It is well, considering all things, although I am in a well,—a leg shattered in two or three pieces, a collar bone

broken, would add most dreadfully to my calamity; in this lowest deep, there might be a lower still. I have reason to be, not only satisfied, but thankful,—what a lucky dog I am, I will laugh heartily on the morrow at this incident, and dare all my compatriots to such a leap. The rascals will call me Curtius, and say that I jumped into the gulph for the good of the community,—but they are not rid of me so easily,—I will have another turn about and jump about for this, Jim Crow's dancing days are not all gone. What a royal fall I have had,—I feel elevated in soul at the thought—would I could elevate my body—I can appreciate the fall of Lucifer and of Phœbus, hereafter, in a manner that I could never do before. How I can commiserate the tumble of these sons of the morning. My fall, some twenty feet, seemed immense,—what was theirs, rolling over and over, like tumbling pigeons, from the skyey battlements, to a place, thank heaven, considerably lower than even my present position. Like them also, I was rather too fond of the morning,—not rising early, indeed, but declining rest till the day stars had risen. A failure in my habits has brought me here. Had I waited some hours longer I would have had light to my path. Such accidents are enough to cause the decline of night walking in the realm. It was all the fault of my company,—a prosy speech, following a worse song, sent me home in dudgeon, and here I am. How cold my feet are, although I am standing on the remains of my hat. Would that it were waterproof, as it is labelled, and could take a passenger. However, no grumbling,—it is folly to fall out with one's self, after falling in,—or with one's circumstances, when they cannot be altered. Instead of being ankle deep, I might be over head and ears, and then, my creditors would have, even more than usual, cause for gloomy features. How precious was the late dry weather to me,—the farmers grumbled, and the good wives fretted, clover and clothes required a supply of the aqueous element, but the complainers little knew that my life hung on the fair weather, and that the well was preparing for my reception in the least obnoxious manner. A few bumps and scratches seem the amount of my bodily inflictions,—and as to my mind, it has acquired sensations and knowledge to which I was an utter stranger. That magnificent fall,—that indefinite dread, that crowding of life and death into a few seconds! Yes, I am richer than I was before by many chalks. The Doctor would be puzzled with my organs, now, I suspect. Each side does not correspond according to rule. I should be a tiger, if this left side of my cranium were consulted, but on the opposite, destructiveness is down to my own lamb-like character. Talking of *lamb*, reminds me of that prince of Lambs, Charles. How that fellow would moralize if he were here, how I might indite a strange story if I had a portion of his idealism. But, unfortunately, his essays are to my mind vague as a half forgotten piece of music,—sweet and plaintive, cheerful and sad, riotous and moody by turns, but nothing definite. I remember the movement, but not a note,—a word here and there, but not a line—if I did my lucubrations might be amazingly enriched, and the hours—"ayont the twal" would not drag on so slowly. But a fit of sordidness creeps on me here,—and there are other lines I would prefer to Elia's,—a rope's end, now, a rope's end, against any line in the *Iliad*.—This may not be, I am at fault in either of the lines. To avoid thinking of my cold, cold heels, let me to my head again. My intellectual spots are finely marked,—the scientific and poetic bumps push out like young horns. What a genius I must be in the morning. And then, my benevolence, and veneration, how magnificent;—rather tender, though, in their rapid growth; but what a good state these well sides must have knocked me into. I have, beyond phrenological doubt, improved fifty per cent by my fall;—and my face on the morrow—would it were come—will be a splendid index to a splendid development of the upper crust: barring black eyes, by the bye, which I strongly suspect to have been contracted in the descent. Yet no matter, all my bones are whole, and the extra holes at elbows and knees are not worth a thought. To say that they are worth nothing, would be to set too high a value on them, for my good friend Snip will charge something even for their obliteration. Would that I could, in one of my stumbling moods, stumble on some means of balancing his bill.—That would be a more curious feat than the balancing of the circus gentry, or the over-balancing into a well.—And such a fall! my precious limbs, "than you and I and all of us fell down." I wish that I could stand on my hands for awhile, and relieve my other extremities, which are like Poor Tom in the play, "all a cold." But I never learned such mountebank capers. I wish in my soul that I could mount-the-bank, and be off; this pellucid stream is too poetic by half for my notions, my lodging here is worse than "on the cold ground," and I am "all in the downs" without ever a ship under my feet.—Who knows what a shout may do. *Halloo, tally, ho, oh!—Halloo, water, fire, help, help, help!* No answer. My eyes what a noise I made, to myself. It was as if I were blowing a Brobdignag trumpet. It is vain. The succeeding silence is painful. How could I hope to be heard. The streets and alleys, and waste spots, which divide me from the thoroughfares where walkers by night most do congregate, are painfully distinct in my memory's map. If I had my chin above this horrid shaft—and what a shaft to have flung at a poor fellow—I could see the bumpkins' houses, not a stone's throw off,—but, after day's labour, they sleep well;—my voice could not reach them, although I should roar so as to spoil my singing for a week,—and if it did, they would only lie the closer, and wrap the blankets tighter about their ears, and hope that no larking "Waterford" was abroad, to the danger of their railings and windows.

Lying snug, and blankets, make my situation torture, by contrast,—this must not be, I must get up my spirits, if not my body,—or I may dissolve like sugar in a cup of tea. "Sweets to the sweet," or rather, cold to the cold; for my remaining warmth would not take the chill off this water lot of mine. How will spousy storm to see day breaking, and I still invisible. Perhaps even now she thinks of me, and little imagines what quarters her worse half has found. "Oh take me to your arms my dear." What music would her voice now be,—even though she were to favour me with a shower bath by way of punishment, before drawing me up.

The Yankee loafer wished he was a respectable pig, and I almost wish I was a well-conditioned frog,—how nicely I could enjoy this killing cold spring, and sit on a stone gaily,—taking mine ease in my well, and croaking away merrily to the moon. But "wishing," according to the poet, "of all employments is the worst," and I'll waste no more time on it. I do not believe the aphorism, by the bye, it may be the most unproductive employment, but as no news is good news, so no proceeds are good proceeds compared with disaster, and I wish it was no proceeds only with me, instead of proceeding into a well. What a predicament! was ever christian in such a pickle, and so far from being preserved,—I am losing all patience, and feel inclined to attempt my escape by storm. *Halloo, halloo up there, hoy!*—All silence, again. How idle is this baying of the moon. I cannot see the "apparent queen of night," but the stars shine brightly down on my dungeon. I look up, through this tube, which is of the earth, earthy, as through a great telescope, and see the gems of heaven, sparkling in unspeakable beauty. I will turn star-gazer, if not astronomer, and meditate on the starry heavens as well as Hervey. Is that Saturn, or Mercury up there? I know not, they are all one to me, but some of the heat of the former, and the wings of the latter, would be very acceptable. However, they seem more in danger of falling, up there on the brow of night, than I am; the world should indeed turn upside down, before I could be shaken out of my present strong hold. I cannot tell the names of these luminaries, nor describe their peculiarities, complacently as if I had visited each, like some of my friends,—but I know that their immense distances, their brilliancy, the heavenly field they move in, the music and poetry of every part of their existence, strike me very forcibly to-night, when I have no other objects of contemplation. Is there, in any of them, a poor fellow in a well, looking on other stars, on "this earth, itself a star," and not dreaming that he had a comrade in distress so far away? Has any pilgarlick, up there, been making too free at night, gone rather reeling home, and ended his dance as I have?—It is difficult to imagine such a possibility among such beauty;—silver, and gold, and azure, rolling orbs and ever-fixed space; but, at a distance, this earth, with whose bowels I have become so inconveniently acquainted, may look as heavenly as any. If I have no claim on the Mercury of the heavens, I seem to have on that of the earth, for here I am in this casing of mine, showing the state of the temperature like mercury in a thermometer. I am not over mercurial, nevertheless, and unfortunately there is nothing changeable in my scale,—it is down, down, steady to cold water degree, at all events,—and that seems quite enough for the fixing of all the volatility in my composition. What a magnificent cloud sweeps past, casting a gloom over my prison, as one would cover up a mouse in a stone jar. Another cloud, and another, roll along,—one like a camel, with its snow-white hump, and another with a giant face, peeping down ominously into my tube. Keep moving, good clouds, no conglomeration to-night!—a rattling rain storm might drown me in this huge bottle, and what a specimen for an Institute museum would I then be! What a penalty for not watering better what I took to-night. Banish the thought,—let me make a splash here, jumping Jim Crow, at the risk of frightening the frogs and rats out of their wits,—anything to keep vitality in my toes. I will be sadly out of tune to-morrow, a week's lying to will scarcely bring me round this bout. "Who will fill my vacant corner, who will sing my songs at night?" No matter. Let me but rise to the world, and to rise in the world will be the next care. One thing at a time, but here I can do nothing. What a fool I have been through life,—I could weep for my folly, only that my tears might add to the pool in which I am located,—Alas! alas! I have been running devious courses, which have appropriately ended in the Slough of Despond. I must look better to my ways in future.

As one cannot get out of a hobble, without getting into one, now is the time for showing my tact. To climb, one must not be on the topmost peak; here I am low enough for the commencement of operations;—let me see, or rather feel, carefully. Here are stones, and crannies between them, large enough for toes and fingers surely. If I had half the capabilities of a monkey now, how independent I would be of all my friends. Who knows what I may yet become, let me get as near the top of the tree as possible, here goes for a beginning. Ha, ha, loose, slippery, earth crumbling and stones sliding out.—I am not so bad as I might be; better to be ankle deep in water, star-gazing thus, than to have a ton of earth and stones between me and the moon. That would indeed be a consummation to all my dreams. "Paws off Censer," leave bad enough alone, rather than make it, much worse. Oh for some of that vaulting ambition now, which overleaps itself,—I would be careless what I fell on, so I got out of this.—What a contrast I am to place holders.—The struggle is generally to get in,—and to be out is synonymous with long faces. I wish I was among the outs;

—the sweets of this situation are few indeed, no salary, no power, no patronage, who would be in under such circumstances? And yet I am forced to hold office, am denied the miserable privilege of retiring. Satisfied with the pinching I have received getting in, I would require no pension on going out,—no compromise, no salve for my hurt feelings,—some sticking plaster, hot water to my feet, and an humble couch, is all I would crave; and yet here I must remain. "I can't get out," "I can't get out," as Stern's Starling said,—and the cry is quite as common, although not so prominent, among the world's cries, as "I can't get in." What multitudes of fellow sufferers I have, pilgarlicks reflecting in wells of every kind,—wells of debt, of family difficulties, wells moral, and political—who ardently long for free play of mental limb, amid the impalpable, but oh! how strong, walls which surround them.—Perishingly cold this is,—I seem to exhibit all the phenomena of capillary attraction, for the chill creeps up steadily and surely, through all my veins, as if it would overflow at my head, and pour off like an ornamental fountain. A pretty ornament I would make truly—I wish I was stuck on my own mantlepiece for one—my teeth chatter, and my head and inferior limbs shake, as elegantly as if I went by machinery.—A ladder, a ladder, my kingdom for a ladder. How would I bless the sight of one, and hail it as an invention of stupendous consequence. I have new notions of that which Jacob saw in his dream, and will reverence every rail of the next I see. Circumstances alter views strangely, yesterday I would be insensible to the sight of such an apparatus, and would think one thrust on me anything but an honour,—now I would gladly give up all my chance of the order of the garter, for a hodman's mode of approaching heaven. "Here swan-like let me sing and die," sang Byron, over his wine,—I run a good chance of dying like a swan, as far as sitting in the water is concerned. As to singing, I reckon that my croaking is not much unlike that of the princely bird. It keeps all its singing also until death, and then none hear the strain;—so my croaking, to which I always had an antipathy, remained for this frog-hole, and all are deaf to my new music.—Why am I like Brunel? Because I'm in the tunnel and can't get on.—Why am I like a Tee-totaller? Because I stand up for the cold water. Why am I related to Boz's Samivel? 'Cause I am a Well-er.—Why am I like Solomon? Because I'm deeper than my compatriots. Why am I becoming Yankeeified? Because I want to go ahead.—Why am I a paradox? Because I'm in a "moving" condition, and yet stock still.—Why am I like a dancing master? Because I have a spring at my heels. Why am I like a distressed poet? Because I wish for a good line. Why am I like one seeking a portrait painter? Because I want to be drawn to the life. So far so good. This conundrum feu de joie, has relieved me,—wish I was letting them off at the club,—but here is a sad damper for wit and dress boots. "Thus far into the bowels of the land," have I penetrated, and oh! for some "medicine for a well diseased," to cause it to eject its unwonted occupant from its dark, and too earthy jaws. However, from the head of this scorpion evil, I may pluck the diamond comfort, as Shakespeare says, or something to that effect. I am a shake-spear myself, to-night, for I am rather lathy and spear-like in my build, and as for shaking, witness every stone in my round house. But for the comfort of the thing:—what convulsion, or revolution, can affect me here? If an incursion of barbarians swept the face of the land, not one would stumble against me. No treasons can molest this castle,—no tempest can shake its walls,—no street brawlers will meddle with me,—no dun will ask am I at home here,—all the squally children and cross wives are as nothing at this depth. It is some consolation to be safe. Stage coaches may upset, robbers prowl, conflagrations rage, I am safely lodged here, below the reach of earth's affairs,—although, to tell the truth, I wish I could reach them. This is the place for truth,—is she not hidden in a well, and will I not become intimate with the goddess to-night? She whispers that, "patience is a universal plaster," I will apply it to my breast, wishing it may prove a warning plaster;—another of her select sentences is, "Come what come may, hope and the hour rubs through the roughest day,"—aye and roughest night too, thank Heaven, and the present one will soon be passed. "Hope and the hour,"—hold on hope, roll by hours, and deliverance will come with the morning. Again the clouds disperse, and the stars glitter, and the climbing moon, at last, sheds a slant ray down my prison. How well defined every stone is, I escaped by a miracle, a thicker skull than mine might have been irreparably damaged, descending by the ran as mine did. How the long grass and moss clamber by the sides, living here gaily as on the sunny bank. There is a place for everything, but this is no place for me, although I may be excused for not leaving it. I feel the moon's poetic attraction, but would that her physical were increased for a moment, and that she could raise me, as she does the tides, a few feet nearer herself.—Some philosophers say that the earth's centre is a mass of fire!—I have cause to doubt it, I am nearer it now than I was an hour ago, and the cold is vastly increased: I speak from experience,—and experiment, unfortunately. Nevertheless, there may be some foundation for the opinion,—for a poor fellow gets into "hot water" very rapidly, in this kind of centre-seeking,—if snarls of every description mean "hot water." How fascinating are those heavenly bodies, again they occupy my attention, as there is no other body in sight.—Surely, surely, that is the pearl of dawn which tints the zenith,—the east has been long since beautifully dappled,—I did not leave the sign of the stag so early as I thought, and rescue will yet save me from perishing piecemeal here. The music of

the spheres, now, would be nothing, compared with the early labourer's whistle,—and his face would delightfully eclipse Cynthia, and Saturn, and all the starry host.—List, list,—it is a laugh and a human footstep. Hullo! ho! hoy!—Saved at last,—see the bullet head at the top of my tube, hiding the sky. It is I, my lad, bear a hand, you're a beauty although neither Mercury nor Mars. Haul in the slack now, and may you never want a hand to pull you out of a well. Haul away my hearty.

"Hey dey, bow bell, pussy cat is in the well,  
Who put her in?—little Jacky Green,—  
Who pulled her out?—brave Tom Stout."

A thousand thanks, Stout, and let me advise you to give wells a wide berth when returning home after a late sitting,—that advice is worth a dollar, it may be much better for you, and is much more convenient at present for your humble servant. Good morning.

For the Pearl.  
STANZAS.

'SAY not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee.'  
Proverbs, ch. xiii. v. 28.

Oh! bid not from thy doors depart  
The sufferer whom thou canst relieve;  
Nor say, while truly faints his heart,  
'To-morrow I will give.'  
A blessing waits thy gift to-day,  
But hope deferred on life will prey.

Bonds in thy veins the crimson tide,  
While youth and health the stream supply?  
Does pleasure's flowery path and wide,  
Allure thy heart and eye?  
And dost thou say, when youth is o'er,  
I'll hence return, and sin no more?

Oh! turn thee now; for length of days  
Not in the flowing cup is found:  
Nor age her silvery crown displays  
On brows with myrtle bound.  
Why, trifter, why this fond delay?  
Return, while yet 'tis called to-day.

Dec. 11th, 1839.

M—Y.

For the Pearl.

MY NEPHEW'S PORTFOLIO.

NO. 1.

CYRIL—my nephew Cyril—was a graceless boy. I once thought that something might be done with him: but from the moment when I saw all useful employment deserted—for no earthly reason, that I could see, unless for the pleasure of watching some hundreds of tons of fresh water, falling over a height of ten or twelve feet, in a neighbouring glen,—hearing the autumnal leaves breaking under his tread, as he strolled through the groves,—or looking upon the sun, in the evening, when every one knows that it looks like a drunken sot going into bed with a brandy face;—when I saw all this—I despaired—I gave him up. Cyril was fond of poetry. That was his besetting sin: and one would imagine that he was contemplating a successful hit on 'change, when he strained his eye after the gambols of a withered leaf—or watched a retreating sun beam—or fixed his gaze upon a queerly shaped cloud, as it sailed by him. He looked so pleased. Confound all poetry! The boy was my sister's son—an only child—and like unto his mother withal. The same eye of mild blue—the same fair hair—the same guileless innocence of face—everything that made my sister Ely to be loved and admired, were his. Now, I loved Ely, and I loved Cyril for her sake. But what right had he to be fond of poetry? Did I not tell him that he should not like it?—and he was to inherit my means—my hard-earned savings. Will you believe it? the fellow smiled upon me—smiled upon his old uncle—as though he pitied him. I turned him out.

It is a hard thing to be alone in one's old age—hard indeed. I once believed myself superior to the sympathies of the world: but experience begins to teach me, that the affection of a kindly heart is a thing not to be despised. This purchased attention is a worthless commodity;—like a miser's effort, it is too abundant to be the offspring of sincerity. To-day—when I was undoing the red tape of Cyril's Portfolio—I saw that fellow John winking at a wench who was passing out of the room. He would insinuate, in all likelihood, that I was a queer old grudge; and had no right, at all, to shed a tear over all that remained to me of Ely's son. Hang the caitiff! Had Cyril been there, he would have knocked him down for jesting at an old man—so, he would. Cyril, Cyril, boy, you have dealt hardly with your old uncle. You might have passed over the ebullition of an old man's anger—aye, when you knew that he doated upon you. But an old creature's heart was not worth sparing—you have crushed mine, Cyril—crushed the heart and hopes of your mother's brother. It could not well be thought upon that I would turn out of doors all my kith and kin, for the pleasure of living and dying desolate. Do not say so, boy—you could not—oh you could not believe it. Nay—you could not; no—

Poor Amy Collins! Here are the lines that Cyril wrote upon her death. If anything could recommend poetry to me, it would be, that it sometimes employs itself in portraying the virtues of such girls as Amy. I never met her like at all. So much kindness—so much unaffected, engaging simplicity of soul. She was, even in her childhood, unlike the other children of the neighbourhood. My stick was always safe, when I went up to her father's

house; and she handed it to me, at my departure, with so sweet an air, and such a sweet smile of childish affection! I loved that amiable girl. She was never found scampering about my heels, plucking my coat-skirts, and afterwards running away, laughing at the exciting effects of her rompish annoyance. No, do, Amy was no such girl; but she came up, and looked into my face, with her two bright eyes beaming affection for her father's friend, and watching the expression of my countenance for the permission of that nearer approach, which was always sure to be encouraged, and at which she always seemed to be delighted. Poor Amy! she grew up, as all who knew her expected that she would grow,—a fair, fragile, fond creature, whom it only required one to see, that he would pronounce her the destined victim of deceit, or the crown of sincere affection. It was her fortune to be the former.

I never liked that fellow who was coming up to Amy's house, and, in good truth, I believe that my feeling was heartily returned. One summer, I had been advised to give up my usual occupations on 'change. My health was not good, and I was obliged to try the country air. However, this trip to the country brought me into contact with the Collins family, and also with the fellow whom I alluded to before. The residence of Mr. C. was a sweet one. It was seated on an eminence, and overlooked a place that we called the "GLEN." The owner was a man of great taste; and from his house—unless a semicircular green space in front—down to the stream, was beautifully wooded, and laid out in a variety of shaded walks. To this I always entered a decided objection. No use, that I could see, in making young people sentimental. That spoiled Cyril. Be this as it may, here it was that I first met the fellow—confound him—who was paying attentions to Amy. He was well enough looking; and poetry—the bane of sincerity—that he could quote for eternity. I never liked the expression of his eyes. They seemed to me to be always seeking a confirmation of his own influence; and any, the most unintentional appearance of neglect, in gratifying his vanity, seemed to fill his heart with wormwood. Never mind fellows of this kind—sentimentalists, who are forever recurring to the one thing, of getting declarations of esteem and love and so forth. Give them up. They seek themselves—puppies, as they are—and seek others, only as a means to this ignoble end. Whenever you see a well-dressed, well-spoken, sentimental-looking personage,—whose mouth would almost serve for a nailor's bellows, so many and so deep are the puffs, called sighs, which he sends forth,—one who talks in a soft, well-modulated tone, of "interchange of feeling," "communion of soul," "breathings of affection," "chords of memory," etc.—who dwells continually upon nobility of heart, constancy of mind, purity of spirit,—and praises these shadows of qualities so incessantly, that one must be convinced he never knew the nature, or felt the influence, of any of them. When you see him ever on the watch, to find the extent of his own influence, and ever mortified at any appearance of disappointment,—when you see that, if he be not an ass, he must be aware that his suit is agreeable, and his qualities appreciated,—yet still wishing to monopolize every regard, and never "popping the question:"—believe me—I am long in the world—believe me, that the assurance of that man's love is VANITY. 'Tis true as truth can be, that he will "keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the heart."

Amy Collins found this. This fellow was the first she ever beheld in the light of a lover; and the poor girl thought him perfect. I said before that I disliked the man from the beginning. 'Tis most true. I watched him well while I visited Mr. Collins. When he talked of poetry, I talked of the "stocks;" when he sighed sentimentally, I looked between his eyes with astonishment; and when he began a soft, sonorous sentence, I always interrupted by enquiring the latest news from Spain. I read the fellow. I knew him to be a deceitful coxcomb; and I was almost heart-broken that I could make no impression against him, on the mind of my fair favourite. It was clear that he had succeeded—completely succeeded—and that Amy's affections were fixed upon him irrecoverably.

The last time that I saw Amy Collins, was at sunset of a summer evening. She stood midway between the house and the glen, looking upon that on which many a creature of disordered mind had looked before her—the sinking sun. A flood—the word is rather poetical, I believe—but a flood of light did pour itself between the trees, where she stood, arrayed in her own emblematic white; and as I viewed her, thus enveloped in the blessed beams of heaven, and scarcely less pure than they, I thought it a pity that that mean, cringing deceiver, should be allowed to stand alongside her. Why did not her father believe me, when I said that a canker would be fixed in the bosom of his child?

Amy was brought forth—a last request—to die in that same spot twelve months afterwards. She sunk into her grave—the victim of a susceptible heart, and a ruffian's desertion. If that fellow have peace upon earth, it shall not be the effect of my prayers.

But now for Cyril's lines:—

I saw her in youth: like a beautiful flower,  
That bloometh in sweetness, her innocence shone,—  
And the sunshine of hope and her love was the dower  
She had—and she trustingly gave it to one.

She smiled as he smiled, and her weak soul clung round him,  
A lone lovely tendril, whose life was his heart—  
And no oath, but that loneliness—loveliness, bound him—  
Should it not be enough!—that they never would part.

And I saw her again,—like a beautiful flower  
Was she still, but the bloom of her spring day was gone:

For the cold blight of falsehood had swept o'er the bower,  
Where, once, in the glow of her young hope she shone.

And no word of rebuke was there, then spoken by her—  
But sweetly, and calmly, she pined in decay;  
And the friends of her infancy often stood nigh her—  
And wept o'er their bud, as it wither'd away.

And it withered away!—tho' their tears often falling  
Would freshen its leaves, like some heavenly dew;  
For memory would come, with its magic recalling  
The past—and the past, again, darkened its hue.

And it withered away—until sorrow had wasted  
Each tint, that had brighten'd its loveliness—then—  
It drooped and it died—for the spoiler had feasted  
Upon it: and such are the children of men!

JASON DEVEREUX, gentleman.

For the Pearl.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THERE is nothing that strikes a Novascotian so strongly, on visiting the large cities of Europe, as a sense of the deficiency of his home in most of those delightful aids to knowledge which abound in these, and from a casual inspection of which more of accurate information may be gleaned in a few hours than it would require months or even years to acquire without them. In this respect, it is true, the inhabitants of provincial towns and agricultural districts are not much better off than ourselves, except that they have easier access to those stores, and many more chances of seeing them,—but if the inhabitants of great metropolitan cities, who have means and leisure, do not become wise in their day and generation, it must be their own fault. Let us take a single department of interest and instruction, to show the strength of the contrast between their advantages and our own. Once in two or three years a gang of Yankee showmen pass through the provinces, with a representative of Jim Crow, a Rattle Snake, and a young Boa Constrictor—a brace of Pelicans, an Elephant, a Lion, a Tiger, and half a dozen Monkeys; and the youth of Nova Scotia, having visited the Menagerie, as it is called, and above all laughed at the gambols of jacks on a black poney, retire to ruminate on the only practical and agreeable lesson in natural history they are ever likely to get at home, and to pursue the study of the forms, colours, habits and peculiarities of animals, in the pages of Goldsmith or Buffon—puzzling themselves with letter press and wood cuts for many an evening, when a single glance at the creatures themselves would be sufficient to resolve all their doubts, and leave them but little to desire. A Londoner, on the contrary, need scarcely open a book; and yet, if he takes any interest in such pursuits, he may, just in his leisure hours—on holidays and Sunday afternoons—fill his mind with a mass of valuable information, and form an intimate personal acquaintance with nearly every creature that roves over the four quarters of the globe. He may stand, like Adam, in the midst of the beasts, and, if he has not the privilege of naming them, he may learn their names, associating them with distinct images and characteristic traits, which the memory readily retains.

There are two very extensive Zoological Gardens in the neighbourhood of London. Passing those on the Surrey side of the Thames, let me glance for a moment at those in the Regent's Park, which are now the most fashionable, and will serve to give the Colonist an idea of what these collections are. Regent's Park is the largest and most suburban of those delightfully verdant open spaces, which have been truly described as the lungs of London. Like all of them, it belongs to the west or fashionable end, and is even more exclusively aristocratic than some of the others, from the partial exclusion of the general mass from the interior portions of it, although of course the roads are open to all. This Park extends over four hundred and fifty acres, and resembles a boy's kite, with the lower portion cut off, and is one of the most conspicuously attractive features of the north-west extremity of London. A broad carriage road surrounds it, forming a drive of several miles in extent. The Colliseum, of which some of my readers may have heard, but which I cannot more than allude to at present, stands on the right of the main entrance, and forms a prominent and noble feature. From thence, until one has made an entire circuit of the whole four hundred and fifty acres, the right of the road is lined by the most costly and elegant of English residences of modern origin, but built in the most ornate and striking style of modern domestic architecture. Cambridge Terrace, Cumberland Terrace, Hanover Terrace, Sussex Place, and some other names, mark the local subdivisions in this line of "houses," as they simply style the palaces in which many of the English nobility and gentry dwell; and although each has perhaps some feature peculiar to itself, there is a character of splendid uniformity pervading the whole—and if the Park were selected for a battle, with the weapons of the olden time, enough of architectural richness surrounds it to contain half the beauty of a kingdom as spectators of the scene.

A few private residences, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and enjoying nearly as much of rural seclusion as if situated at a distance from the metropolis, are seen at the left of the great carriage road; and, skirting what is called the inner circle, there are a few more. These are generally handsome residences, but are rather encroachments upon than portions of the Park itself, although they help to diversify and embellish what would otherwise have too much the appearance of a great green common. A piece of water, in the management of which art has supplied whatever nature left in the

rough, is another pleasing feature of the Park—but my business is less with the grounds than with the use made of a portion of them as a school of Natural History.

After walking two-thirds of the way round the Park, trees and shrubbery line the road on both sides; and the presence of something like a crowd apprizes a stranger that there is a sight to be seen in the vicinity, although the grounds have been so managed that as little as possible can be seen from the road. Everybody is admitted to the Zoological Gardens on payment of a shilling, except on Sundays, when an introduction by a shareholder of the company that owns them is necessary; and when, of course, the grounds are thronged by a greater number of well-dressed and stylish-looking people, than at other times. Indeed these Gardens have become so great a resort for the gay and fashionable, that thousands throng them on a Sunday afternoon, during the hours which intervene between a short sermon and a late dinner. Those who wish to see company, and study the biped, male and female, go to the Gardens on Sunday afternoon; those who want to study the inferior animals, as we call them, perhaps prefer some more tranquil season. A continual stream of visitors is passing in and out every day, while the carriages, hacks and cabs, which bring those who can afford to ride, stand at the gate—the drivers amusing themselves with observations on the folks they have driven and are awaiting for, in a strain that only Dickens can describe.

The Zoological Society was instituted in 1825, for the introduction of new varieties, races, and breeds of animals, for the purpose of domestication, or for stocking farm yards, pleasure grounds and woods. With this view they commenced a collection, which bids fair to rival, so far as living animals are concerned, the far-famed one at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. The grounds belonging to the Company occupy several acres of the Regent's Park, which are laid out in walks, and parterres, and ornamented with rural edifices. I entered these grounds through an iron turnstile, so constructed that it registered every revolution—by which the company could tell exactly the number admitted every day, and were thereby secured from fraud on the part of the porters who took the shillings at the gate. Having passed the Porter's Lodge, every step I took presented some attraction, or some agreeable surprise. The grounds had been so laid out, and the walks so contrived, that only a limited number of the treasures which the collection embraced were presented to the eye at one time. Here were several pits, twenty feet in depth, walled up and surrounded by a strong iron railing, for the accommodation of the bears, with poles in the centre for them to show their agility in climbing. Further on were ponds for the beavers, otters, and other amphibious animals. In one long range of cages every description of dogs might be seen and contrasted—in another all sorts of domestic fowls, and some crosses of these with the pheasant. The monkey tribe had a suite of separate apartments, and these seemed to afford the most amusement to the great majority of spectators, particularly the young ones. Lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, and most of the beasts of prey, were accommodated with cages; and as they were continually disturbed, that their forms and peculiarities might be seen to most advantage, their roaring and howling might almost have tempted me to believe that I was in an African jungle, but for the presence of so many other objects peculiar to merry England. It would be a vain task to attempt to repeat the names of one in twenty of the rare specimens of birds and animals to be seen here, or to describe the various ingenious contrivances for their accommodation, or the art with which they were arranged, so as to keep the attention continually on the stretch. A noble Elephant went through all the exercises usually exacted of his tribe by showmen, and in addition to many that I had witnessed before, wallowed and swam about a deep pond prepared for his accommodation. The Rhinoceros, with his extraordinary hide, impervious to a musket ball—and the Giraffe, with its short body, but head towering to a height of eighteen feet from the ground, are also there. Several hours were passed in these interesting Gardens, and yet they seemed but a few minutes; and when I presented myself again at the gate, I found that I was on the opposite side of the road to that at which I entered, having passed through an archway, which, without my knowing it, had conducted me beneath the broad carriage way to that portion of the grounds which lay on the other side. It was laughable to observe the astonishment which the good folks exhibited, on finding themselves facing the turnstile at which they had entered, without being conscious of having crossed the thoroughfare, nor ever dreaming that they had been passing beneath it.

The pleasure I derived from this visit was somewhat dashed by my finding, among the wild deer, a fine specimen of the North American Moose. This poor captive affected me more sensibly than I can well describe. He was not exactly a countryman, but, like myself, had made the long voyage across the Atlantic, and, for aught I could tell, might have crossed my path in my woodland rambles, and drank out of the very streams by which I had mused for hours with a fishing rod in my hand. He was in hopeless, and to one who had roamed the "mighty woods," humiliating and painful bondage. I lingered beside him for some time, and almost fancied there was some mysterious sympathy between us. A fellow hit him with a stick, and I was more than half inclined to return the civility. The image of that poor Moose haunts me to this very hour. On escaping from the bustle of the thoroughfares to a quiet nook, the following verses were thrown off to give vent to my feel-

ings; and although they may possess but little poetic merit, they faithfully record the impressions made on a Nova Scotian by

#### THE MOOSE IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Wild native of the western woods,  
I grieve to see thee here,  
Far from the hills, and groves, and floods,  
To both of us so dear.

What evil stroke to bondage gave  
That gaunt but agile frame?  
Curse on the mercenary slave  
That sold thee to this shame.

Wast thou in full career o'erthrown,  
Wounded but not to die,  
Or, lured by notes adroitly blown,  
Didst read the sylvan lie?

Or wast thou caught in tender years,  
And brought from o'er the sea,  
To grow, in agony and tears,  
The idler's sport to be?

Poor captive!—would that we had met  
Upon our native hills;  
But here—to see thee thus beset,  
My soul with sorrow fills.

The tiger roars within his cage,  
The lion shakes his mane,  
And tries the bars with baffled rage,  
Then sinks to sleep again.

In far-off scenes I never scann'd  
These monsters pant to roam,  
But thou art from my own fair land,  
And speak to me of home.

We've roam'd beneath the same tall trees,  
Plunged in the same bright streams,  
Both hear the murmur'd tones of those,  
And see them in our dreams.

Thy thoughts, like mine, are far away,  
By western lake and grove,  
Where, free as air, we loved to stray,  
Where now our kindred rove.

I go once more those scenes to tread,  
But thou, a prisoner here,  
Must heave the sigh and droop the head,  
And feel the captive's fear.

Be mocked by idlers every hour,  
That dare not, in the wild,  
Unarm'd attempt to show their power  
Or check the forest's child.

Farewell—poor Moose—I would my hand  
Could set the captive free—  
But often, in our own dear land,  
My thoughts shall turn to thee.

PEREGRINE.

\* A common mode of luring the Moose is to imitate the call of his mate by blowing through a trumpet made of birch bark.

For the Pearl.

#### SUPPORT IN EXTREMITY.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is something in death, even in its mildest form, frightful to human nature; but sometimes it is attended with circumstances so dreadful, that without assistance from a supernatural agency, the strongest minds are bent before it as the bulrush is before the angry blasts of winter. Such a death I lately had occasion to witness—I mean similar, so far as respects the affecting attending circumstances. A youthful and accomplished woman, mother of two interesting infant children,—in a land of strangers, separated from the friends of her youth, the dear associates of her childhood, by the broad expanse of the Atlantic ocean. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters, all far, far away,—with none around her dying couch except her distressed husband, that she could claim sympathy from, or indeed whose faces she had often seen previous to their coming to see her die. From health and strength, and buoyancy of spirits and hope, that maketh the heart glad, in little more than one short week, she was called on to contemplate the dreary mansions of the dead,—to separate herself from the husband of her first and fondest affection,—to leave him alone, with her infants, in a land of strangers, to battle his way through the wilderness of life without her,—without her who alone could soothe him in adversity, and make prosperity valuable. To separate herself from her infants in the helpless stages of their existence—who but a mother can describe or conceive a mother's anguish at such a time?—from the maternal arm, that would guard and protect them from every harm.—from her anxious bosoms where their little heads had been pillowed, whenever their wants or infantile cares required it—they were to pass into the hands of strangers, cold, and perhaps unfeeling and cruel strangers! The golden age of playful childhood would be lost to them, perhaps made an age of iron. If otherwise, if they should experience kindness and affection,—then (O distracting thought) they will forget her who bore them. Besides the anguish that those reflections would naturally occasion, she had to lay her fair form in the grave,—she that had heretofore adorned herself,—had been gayest among the gay, and brightest among the bright!—"whom beauty watched to imitate, was now to become the companion of worms." Add to these—she had to meet her Maker; to meet him whose holy and perfect laws she was conscious (who but is?) of having in thought, word, and deed, transgressed daily! She had to enter on those scenes in a land

of spirits that even the inspired apostle dared not contemplate with any better defined feeling than a hope—a lively hope, indeed, but still a hope. And with all these,—her body was racked with pain, and her mind was enfeebled by disease. If aught on earth could have solaced the human mind under these distressing circumstances, it might have been the presence of an affectionate mother. But when this devoted sufferer strained her eyes around to see that best relative, nought did they rest on but her disconsolate husband and weeping children! Well then might she be shaken as the reed is shaken with the wind. Well then might she be lost in the labyrinth of deep despair.

I am not recounting these scenes of affliction because I delight to dwell on human suffering, or to manifest any literary abilities, I have a higher and a holier end in view. I wish to exhibit to those of your readers who have ears to hear and hearts to conceive, one of the strongest proofs (a proof amounting almost to a demonstration) that the soul is immortal, and that it is in the keeping of him who hath said, "Because I live ye shall live also." This interesting and afflicted woman, weak by her sex, enfeebled by disease and suffering, amidst anguish and pain and disappointed hope, when flesh and blood failed her, and of all earthly things, "none could succour, none could save;" when indeed every earthly comfort and hope and consolation had fled,—when there were no feelings to occupy the mind but those of darkness, and all those considerations (worldly considerations I mean) that might rescue from despair, had utterly failed—then some power unknown to our earthly nature, (but in its effects to be seen and known by all) came in to her relief, and in a small still voice whispered of spiritual things, that filled her mind with comfort and peace and consolation. The terrors of death and the dread of the grave then passed away,—the yearnings of the mother, the solicitude of the wife, the desire of humanity,—all were superceded; all, strong and powerful as they are, were overcome by some power, known only to our earthly nature (as I have said before) by its effects. Weak and feeble as she was, she could meet death, and did meet death, as a strong man meets his enemy. Amidst pain and anguish, such as the hardest and the strongest in the days of their strength would, if unsupported by this power, sink under—a few moments before her death—she said, "I know in whom I have believed—I have placed my hopes on a rock, and he will not forsake me." These words were feebly, but distinctly, spoken, and they were the last she uttered. A very few minutes after, she breathed her last with as much ease and calmness as an infant going to sleep, and her countenance was left beautiful and interesting to look upon even in death.

Ye who would fain rob your fellow-men of the joyful hope of a glorious and immortal life beyond the grave,—contemplate the manner in which this afflicted christian was upheld in her hour of need, and hang down your heads and be ashamed.

11th December, 1839.

THE LAYMAN.

For the Pearl.

#### THE VILLAGE MANIAC.

'Twas Morn—the red sun rose with ray serene,  
When forth we saunter'd o'er the village green;  
But far we had not gone when, hark! a sound  
Assail'd our ears. We stopp'd and look'd around,  
And, lo! a Maniac 'neath a milk-white thorn,  
Chaunting her ballad; woful, wan, and worn.  
Simple the strain, but oh its pathos fell  
Full on the heart, and bound it like a spell.  
Of love, false love, her melancholy lay  
Resounded. Oh! that man should e'er betray  
The trusting heart, by heaven design'd to bless  
With social sweets his hours of loneliness.  
We stood and mark'd her well,—a faint fair trace  
Of beauty, still was lingering on her face;  
And in her faded eye your own might see  
The workings of a heart that yet beat tenderly:—  
Fantastic was her dress, a wreath of flowers,  
Pluck'd fresh from sultry summer's balmy bowers,  
Was twined around her brow, as if to cool  
The flame within that reason could not rule.  
Absorb'd she seem'd, or if she notice took  
Of aught, 'twas but the bubble in the brook,—  
For when, as if by chance, she rais'd her head,  
And saw our forms, she darted to the shade.

When she was gone, I turn'd with anxious eye,  
And of my Mentor ask'd her history,—  
Who, having paused a space, as if to scan  
The past, her tale of troubles thus began.

Poor mad Miranda! how unfortunate  
Her life, how beautiful its opening date,—  
Her parents bless'd their child with honest pride,  
But ah! they sicken'd soon, and droop'd, and died,  
And she was left an orphan,—friendless left,  
But heaven in mercy succours the bereft:  
Our good old pastor, with unceasing care,  
Took her, and o'er her breathed the pious prayer,—  
And rear'd her with a sire's solicitude,  
And she repaid him well, for she was good,  
And dutiful, and loved him to the last.  
On wings of down her young years o'er her pass'd,

And as a lily in the wild see grew,  
Warm'd by the sun, and water'd by the dew,—  
The rose of Sharon ne'er had lovelier streak  
Than that which blossom'd on fair Miranda's cheek :  
But early frosts obstruct the fairest flower,  
And beauty flies from sorrow's luckless bower,  
And hearts wax wild when bleak misfortune's rain  
Falls fast, and wrongs can fire the coldest brain,  
And desolation lights her funeral fires  
When life's last hope in agony expires.

Yes, ere her twentieth summer sun had fled,  
Her kind protector mingled with the dead,  
And she was cast upon the world once more,  
Like shipwreck'd wretch on solitary shore,  
Of all the ills of fate lamenting sore.  
But fortitude was nigh, and bore her up,  
For still some balm-drops linger'd in her cup.  
She knew that life had trials, knew that all  
Must brave them from their cradle to their pall ;  
But when by village gossip she was told,  
Her lover had deserted her for gold,  
Had to a wealthier given his heart and hand,—  
Oh ! how it shook her frame : the waving wand  
Bends not more lowly in the boisterous gale  
Than meek Miranda, when she heard the tale.  
Yet did she not despair, no, calm consign'd,  
She curb'd her anguish with a power refined,  
And soon became as social and serene  
As if her hopes had never blasted been.  
To woe she now could lend a lightsome smile,  
With pleasing prattle others' cares beguile,  
Could look upon her own past joy and pain,  
As destiny which all that live must drain,  
Like her, in greater or in less degree,  
Whilst journeying onward to eternity.  
And if perchance her cheek assumed a hue,  
Changed from the tints it wore when cares were few,—  
If faded from its place the bloom of spring,—

In autumn beauty she was ripening ;  
Pensive, and rich as fruit upon the bough,  
Too tremulous as ruder breezes blow.  
And soon eventful currents stirr'd the air,  
A youth with pleasing mien, and fortune fair,  
After a lapse of years, in absence spent  
Beneath the star that rules the occident,  
Return'd with ardent hope, and anxious eye,  
To mark once more his haunts of infancy.  
He saw Miranda, and at once confest  
The sacred flame that thrill'd within his breast ;  
But judge his rapture, when he found that she  
Repaid his vows with mutual sympathy,—  
Oh ! they were happy, happy as the first  
Fond pair in Eden, ere the fiend accurst  
Beguiled the witless woman. Need I tell  
Their joys to lovers ? Lovers know them well.  
Often at eve beside the silent brook,  
When Hesperus in heaven his station took,  
They talk'd in meek communion's holiest tone,  
Of all the wonders of the torrid zone,—  
The lofty Ceiba, towering large and high,  
And loftier still, and lovelier to the eye,  
The proud Palmsta,—beautiful and vast,  
Shrinking to pigmy growth the tallest mast ;—  
The Tamarind, the golden Orange grove,  
Where quick as lightning or a thought of love  
The Peri of the isles, in gorgeous glow,  
T'witters from blade to blade, from bough to bough.  
But why rehearse their converse ?—it was dear  
To them, though cynics in their pride may sneer.  
There was but one regret to mar their bliss,—  
Ere heaven could grant connubial happiness,  
The youth to foreign lands again must hie ;  
But ere twelve moons had gemm'd the midnight sky  
He would return, the waste of waters o'er,  
And leave his love and native land no more.

They parted,—o'er the deep he sail'd away,  
And she has watch'd and wept for many a day,  
Not that the light of hope, life's lamp, had fled,  
But absence weigh'd upon her heart like lead ;—  
Whilst others sought their sports with keen intent,  
" She sat like patience on a monument " ;—  
Of if at evening hour she sought the grove,  
Where Philomel was wont to warble love,  
She heard him still, but ah ! his song was changed  
Since 'neath the pendant boughs she last had ranged ;  
And oft returning o'er the well-known plain,  
A form approach'd her from the ruin'd fane,  
Approach'd, oh Heaven ! *thine* eye aright can see,  
Is it illusion or reality ?  
The wan cold moon withdrew her trembling light,  
The spirit fled and darkness veil'd her sight.

Time rolls apace. When hope was all but flown,  
She dream'd they walk'd within a woodland lone,

And on a bank of wild-flowers sat them down,  
To talk of love and all that love might own ;  
It was a glorious eve, a blessed time,  
Such as has seldom been since nature's prime.  
The fiery-footed sun, far in the west  
Had like a mighty monarch gone to rest,  
And in the east the round red moon arose,  
Attended by the star that gleams, and glows,  
Like beauty's eye ; while flowing at their feet  
A small rill rippled on in accents sweet  
As modest merit's song, when twilight grey  
Alone is listening ; and there they lay  
Lock'd in each other's arms : oh is there aught  
In life's lone vale with heavenly joys so fraught  
As when two mutual hearts unseen, alone,  
In pure embrace are molten into one ?  
Entranc'd she gazed upon his placid brow,  
'Twas bright and beautiful and pure as snow  
New-fallen from the clouds ; his liquid eye  
Met her's at every glance, and spoke reply  
To all her looks of love ; she was so blest  
She sunk with rapture on his heaving breast,  
And then as if to crown her joyance, he  
Clasp'd her in his embrace so lovingly,  
She nothing but oblivion's sweetness knew—  
Her dream was chang'd ! and ocean heaved in view,  
The boundless, vast, unfathomable sea,—  
Stretching away like an eternity.  
At first it seem'd as glass, so calm, so fair,  
The heavens with all their blue were mirror'd there,  
And, but for one small speck, its surface broad,  
Was desolate as at the hour when God  
Gathered it in a heap, and bade it roll,  
An emblem of his might from pole to pole.  
But when young zephyr o'er it shook his wing,  
It moved and quiver'd like a living thing,—  
And with a gentle ripple, and a swell,  
Dislosed a bark ! she knew its bearing well !  
Awake ye winds, she cried, blow breezes blow  
Your balmy breath, ye waft my lover slow !  
And soon her aching eye beheld with dread  
The storm fiend o'er the deep in darkness tread,  
The big winds bellow'd with tumultuous breath,  
" The ship hung hovering on the verge of death,"  
The waves like mighty mountains, high and hoar  
Bore her direct upon the shelvy shore,—  
'This moment and their topmost ridge she rode,  
The next engulf'd her in their dark abode !  
Her crew, she saw them on a broken plank,  
And knew the form that bless'd her ere it sank,  
Knew it and started, with terrific scream,—  
Thanking all-pitying heaven, 'twas but a dream.

But why protract a tale of hopes and fears ?  
Enough, that after grief had dried her tears,  
One morn, abrupt and loud a stranger brought  
A letter with eventful tidings fraught,—  
She seized it eagerly, yet half afraid  
To learn her destiny, thus trembling read :  
" Montego Bay, October twenty-fourth,  
Honour'd Miranda, I have heard thy worth  
Proclaim'd in strains as glowing and sublime  
As are the beams that warm this western clime,—  
I ne'er have seen thy face, forgive this tear,  
But oh thy Edwin's praise hath made it dear,  
As his own memory ; need I tell you here,  
How oft when Cynthia's silver radiance shone,  
In silent splendour on the waters lone,—  
Our midnight watch in ecstasy we kept,  
And talk'd thy virtues o'er, and fondly wept ;—  
Ah, little dreamt we then, of storm, or wreck,  
The heavens our canopy, our world the deck.  
But God awoke the tempest, fierce and far,  
His awful agents urged vindictive war,—  
The moon withdrew her light, the planets reel'd  
In darkness, or a doubtful ray reveal'd,  
Rocks rose around, no arm was nigh to save,  
Our good ship struck and sunk beneath the wave ;  
I only 'scaped, of all her fated crew,  
To write this sad intelligence to you."

As when the fire of heaven, with vivid stroke  
Seathes the lone sapling on its native rock,  
Stript of its verdant leaves, its fragrance fled,  
You scarce can tell if 'tis alive or dead,—  
And as the bough when storms no more are seen,  
And summer and the landscape smile serene,  
Revived by genial suns and fostering showers,  
Again grows green, again puts forth its flowers,  
So when Miranda learn'd her fate severe,  
She shook convulsive, yet nor sigh nor tear  
Loaded her lip, or trembled in her eye,  
With liquid glance ; her brain was hot and dry.  
But when the hurricane of grief was past,  
And time, blest t' me, had soothed the mental blast,

She gradually regain'd her wonted bloom,  
And like the rose that blossoms o'er the tomb  
Where all we lived for, all we loved, are laid,  
A sweet but sobered influence round her shed.

Meanwhile, her first false lover now set free,  
By death, from chains which gall'd perpetually,—  
As if in reparation, fondly turn'd  
His thoughts to her for whom his soul had burn'd  
With warm devotion, ere guile found a part  
In God's best gift, an uncorrupted heart.  
But she with studious steps, where'er she stray'd,  
Avoided all his walks, till once, 'tis said,  
She met him in a lonely moonlight glade,—  
And ere her feet o'er evening's silver dew,  
Could turn, their homeward journey to pursue,  
Spell-bound she heard his vows, like sinner's sighs,  
Ascend to heaven, a willing sacrifice  
For all the wanderings of his wayward youth,—  
She wildly listen'd—could his words be sooth ?  
He had deceived her once—she once believed  
His vows, and o'er their broken faith had griev'd ;  
But now, oh Heav'n ! his suit so fondly prest,  
And love's warm fires still smouldering in her breast,—  
What could she do ?—old love is soon renew'd,  
The silent moonshine and the solitude,  
Soft'n'd her heart to pity,—pity brought  
Forgiveness for the wrongs his youth had wrought.  
She saw him kneel,—she heard his tongue confess  
His more than folly,—could her pride repress  
His hopes, or spurn his kindly proffer'd kiss ?  
No : on her lips like heavenly dew it fell,  
Her fate was seal'd, and all again was well !

Months pass'd : and winter storms had ceased to sing  
Their melancholy songs, and genial spring  
Brought gladness like a guest with garlands gay,  
And in its train their happy nuptial day.  
And still they met, and still they talk'd and smil'd,  
And joyously the tedious hours beguiled,  
Till holy Hymen with his sacred hands,  
As heaven had join'd their hearts, would join their hands,  
But wherefore part they now, as if they never  
Would meet again ? to-morrow soon would quiver  
With flickering beams o'er sparkling rill and river—  
And he would come and cherish her ; that gone,  
The next sweet sun that rose should see them one ;  
She bless'd him, and in ecstasy retired,  
To dream of bridal hours, 'till Phoebus fired  
The lingering clouds that cloak'd the eastern hill,—  
And when his radiant rays had tinged the rill  
With their meridian splendour, and bright noon  
Had rolled away in glory,—" he will soon  
Be here," she said, and look'd with wistful eye  
Often and ominous on the western sky,—  
But when his orb went down, and in the stream  
The star which lovers love diffused his beam,  
With half-suspended breath she sought the tree  
That oft had screen'd them with its canopy  
Of thickening leaves, distended broad and green—  
How beautiful ! how silent ! is the scene,—  
Above, in streaks of amber and of gold,  
The clouds their gorgeous drapery unfold,—  
Below, the tall cliff and the darkening wood  
Echo at intervals the falling flood,—  
And then are still as death—Ah ! is it he ?—  
'Twas but the rustling of their trysting tree,—  
He cannot now be long—the appointed hour  
Is past, and hark, the owl from yonder tower,  
Ill boding minstrel, with its mournful strain,  
Tells the pale stars that night and silence reign.  
'Twas here—our wonted oak—the hour was even,  
And now the village clock hath told eleven.  
And lo ! the moon rose like a lovely bride,  
With one fond faithful lover by her side,  
And all the stars, from largest orb to least,  
Rejoiced like galliards at a bridal feast.  
Ha, happy stars ! hark ! twelve—and yet no sign  
Of him who claims her love—is love divine ?  
Is it a flame from heaven, or flash from hell ?  
She hurried home, and on her cold couch fell,—  
Colder than marble when the midnight moon  
Streams on the statues of the dead,—ere noon  
Her senses were restored, but nought could heal  
The anguish of her heart. " That merry peal—  
What mean its joyful notes ?" she shuddering cried—  
" Why Wilton's wived again," a clown replied.

She heard and sunk in stupor. Never more  
Her clay-cold cheek celestial sweetness wore,—  
True, health return'd, but hope, alas ! was dead—  
Its last long lingering ray with reason fled.

Why is a hair-dresser like the north star ? He revolves round the pole.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1839.

## A NEW VOLUME, AND AN ORIGINAL NUMBER.

We present to the patrons of *THE PEARL* to-day, a specimen of a new Volume; and an Original Number, approaching more nearly, perhaps, than any we have yet published, to the standard of literary interest which we are anxious to attain.

With regard to the mechanical execution of *The Pearl*, we hope we have left our friends nothing to desire. Both the type and paper are from the best English manufactories, and are inferior to none employed in any Colonial establishment.

Having, as we conceive, made such exertions as were within our power, since *The Pearl* came into our hands, to support its character, and to give it a permanent standing as a periodical designed to excite to literary exertion in the Colonies, we feel that we can now, with some degree of confidence, appeal, not only to the people of Nova-Scotia, but to those of the surrounding British Provinces, for a further enlargement of our list, and a general extension of our resources.

*The Pearl*, unlike nearly all the other Colonial publications, political and religious, is not addressed to any party, or designed for the expression of the peculiar opinions of any mere section of the population. It is intended to be a source of instruction and rational amusement to all—to heal, so far as the restorative influences of literature can be made available, the wounds which the others create—to convey into every family in the Colonies, at least once a week, the treasures that can be gathered from the stores which British and Anglo-American intellect supply—to give to those who labour, a cheap source of relaxation in the hours snatched from the cares of life; and to those who have leisure, the means of mental enjoyment, without any thing to impair the moral energies. We confess that the *Pearl* is but an experiment—that, considering that the scattered family of British Americans, to whom it is addressed, are neither so numerous, refined nor wealthy, as to divest the enterprise of hazard, there may be some reason to apprehend that it may be premature. Still, we see much in the character of the British North Americans to cheer us in our path; and we see every thing in the aspect of the times to warrant the belief, that if a little exertion on the part of those who are favourable to the undertaking, enables us to keep our ground for a short time, the field of usefulness and of hope, so far as our own interests and those of *The Pearl* are concerned, will be expanding every day.

Hitherto the Colonists have had to rely, almost altogether, upon the scanty supplies furnished by the weekly Press, whose occupation by news, advertisements, and general and local politics, have left but little space for the diffusion of belles lettres and general information. These have been thrown in as stowage, to fill up the interstices between the more ponderous or exciting wares with which their ships were laden. They form our staple commodity—our Bark is freighted with them; and our hope is, that as the perfume from a cargo of spices is haled by voyagers from all nations, though each condemns the flavour of the less odoriferous elements of commerce which he does not carry himself, so *The Pearl* may be found to bear nothing that is offensive to any, and something grateful to all; and that thus, with a free sheet and our white sails swelled by popular favour, we may ride over the great ocean of literature, even in times of general war, respected by, and respecting, the several belligerent powers.

To the British American it cannot have been very agreeable to reflect, that to whatever extent his demand for polite literature happened to exceed the scanty domestic supply, he was compelled to call in the aid of foreigners: to periodicals in the United States he has hitherto been compelled to turn, in his necessity, for two substantial reasons—first, because he had no literary paper of his own; and secondly, because, even if he had, the foreign possessed advantages, in a priority of intelligence, to which a domestic periodical, under the circumstances of the olden times, could not aspire. But times are changed, or will soon change, so as to make Halifax the great point from which literary, as commercial and political information, will be circulated over the surrounding Colonies. *The Albion*, *The Mirror*, and other American publications, will no longer enjoy the monopoly of the literary treasures of Europe, which their lines of packets gave them; and the Colonist, finding that the foreigner possesses no advantage over him in point of time, will turn to a vehicle which, while it perhaps addresses his taste and understanding as powerfully as those which formerly enjoyed his patronage, has a stronger claim upon his feelings.

We do believe that the reading public, not only of Nova Scotia, but of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indies, and even Canada, when by and bye Halifax is brought by Steamers within ten days of the Metropolis of the World, and they are by branch lines brought within a few hours, or a few days of Halifax, will view with pleasure the growth of a Colonial publication, intended to supersede foreign sources of intelligence; and circulating, at a cheap rate, choice gleanings from the general stock of English literature. But we entertain a higher hope—we indulge the anticipation of seeing the *Pearl* recognized and fostered; not only as a medium for the dissemination over the Colonies of what other countries produce, but as a treasury into which shall flow the ripened productions of Colonial taste and genius,

and which we may present with pride, as formed of contributions of British America, to the common treasury. It is with this view that we try the experiment of Original numbers; and, from the readiness with which we have found our efforts sanctioned, we anticipate with confidence the time when the best pens which all the lower Colonies can produce, will be employed to enable us to multiply and still further enrich these Original Numbers. Why should this not be? Why should not the voice of British America be heard in the charming deliberations and communications of the world of letters, as in the dryer fields of commercial statistics, and sterner arenas of political discussion? Why should not the literary men and women of the Lower Provinces, or as many of them as can be combined around a common center, have their medium of literary and scientific communication with each other, and with the rest of the world? To afford them that medium is our object; and as we believe that our efforts, when they come to be generally understood, will be as generally appreciated, we are not without a hope, that while *The Pearl* finds friends in the Province from which it emanates, to enable it to exist, the aid and co-operation of all the other British Colonies will be thrown in, if we shall seem to deserve it, to extend our resources, and enable us to take a standing, second to no literary work of the same character among our republican neighbors.

If our friends ask how they can aid us? we reply, that if each subscriber on our list were to procure us another—if those who can write would send us even one article in a year, our stores would be continually accumulating, and we should by and bye be able to issue to the world of letters even more than we received.

We shall send this number to those places, where *The Pearl* has not yet obtained a footing; and to some gentlemen in the neighbouring Colonies, who, we believe, will take an interest in its objects, and some pains in extending its circulation.

## A GLANCE AT THE ANNUALS.

(Continued from our last.)

We subjoin the conclusion of a glance at the Annuals. Although not altogether original, it perhaps has not so much of the character of mere selection, as to preclude it from a place in the present number, and its postponement would cause an awkward delay in completing a notice already rather behind its time.

The next of those works which so peculiarly belong to elegant literature, is of American manufacture, and is named "The Token or Atlantic Souvenir." It has an outside of scarlet and gold, and the execution of its interior would be creditable to the arts, even if London, instead of Boston, were at the foot of its title page.

We must hurry through its embellishments, for it is possible to have too much of sweets, at one particular time.

The first engraving is called "The Widow's Hope," and represents a very handsome woman, in her widow's weeds, watching, with a chastened pensiveness, over the couch where a beautiful baby sleeps. The total repose of the innocent, and the thought of the tender blank which its mind presents, contrast well with the mother's watchfulness, and her supposed chequered history.

"Early Days" represents a couple of urchins fishing on a lonely knoll.

"Maturer age brings riper thought,  
Fills with nobler hopes the mind,  
Seeks the truth by prophets taught,  
Toils to benefit mankind;—  
Yet who mid all that life can bring,  
Would forget life's budding spring?"

"The Velvet Hat" is a pretty miniature of a lively little beauty, in a new hat.

"The Mantillo" is the title of a picture of a Spanish lady, gazing intently from a balcony. It is connected with a melancholy tale, of disappointed love and despair.

"The Politician" represents honest erispin, resting for a moment from his labour, spectacles on nose, and paper in hand, criticising the acts of courts and cabinets. It is a true picture, and shows, strikingly, how the newspaper links classes otherwise vastly divided.

"The Haunts of the Sea Fowl," is a wild scene,—a couple of boys are perilously placed among some high crags, while far below the strong lights and shades of evening are on the waters.

"The Fairies" is an old subject, and scarcely good enough for repetition in a volume like the present. It represents "the good people," as they are called, at one of their moonlight revels; but it is not a pleasing extravaganza.

"Anticipation" represents a couple of girls in a sylvan scene, one braiding the long raven hair of the other.

"Nay, nay, Bianca, why shouldst thou  
Take thought about thy hair?  
For who will lock on thee to-night,  
Or think if thou art fair?  
Thou deckest thyself for Guido's eye,  
And all the rest will pass thee by."

"Ah, sister, shouldst thou ever know  
The worth of one fond heart,  
Soon, soon, would all this girlish pride  
And coquetry depart;  
Content, like shelter'd dove, to rest,  
Within one warm and faithful breast."

We now come to the last and most splendid of the Annuals which we undertook to turn over. It is "*The Drawing Room Scrap-Book*," quarto size, in blue silk and gold.

The first engraving is called "The Favourite Odalique;" it represents a group of Turkish beauties in the apartments of the harem.

The next possesses peculiar interest. It is a portrait of "L. E. L." who was so long a favourite with the reading world, and whose recent death, at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, caused so much sympathy.

The literary department of the Drawing Room Scrap Book comprises eight pieces which had been prepared for it by L. E. L.; Mary Howitt, another favourite, contributes the remainder.

The next embellishment is the "Interior of a Moorish Palace, Algiers." The lace-like architecture, the gorgeous accessories,—and the groups, at banquet, reposing, and performing on musical instruments, form a noble scene.

"White are the walls, but o'er them wind  
Rich patterns curiously design'd.  
The Koran's sentences of light,  
Where azure, gold, and red unite;  
And like their mirrors, fountains play  
To lull and cool the burning day."

"Kate is Crazed" is a striking illustration of Cowper's graphic lines on the unfortunate girl. She is represented wandering by the sea-side, on a bleak evening, her fine tresses tossed by the wind; the surges break on the strand, and, far away, traced against the lighter horizon, a pile of buildings give slight indications of society where all else is lone and melancholy.

We next have a portrait of Lord Byron.

"The Shrine of Santa Rosalia," on Monte Pelegrino, near Palermo, Sicily,—is a splendid picture of a chapel-like grotto. A magnificent shrine, and groups at devotional exercises, are the chief characteristics.

"The Great Mosque of the Alcazar," is a noble architectural scene, in the Spanish city of Cordova. The Mosque is said to be inferior only to the Mosque at Mecca.

"Round the purple shadow of the twilight falls  
O'er the sculptured marble of Cordova's walls.  
Scarcely is the present seen,  
Thinking over what has been.  
Over the crowned glories,  
Told in ancient stories  
Of the Moslem rule in Spain."

A portrait of Thomas Clarkson, the apostle of slave emancipation, accompanies some lines on the same subject. By a note it appears that Mr. Clarkson is now in his eightieth year.

A fine engraving of the Temple of Juggernaut follows.

A scene in Mount Lebanon, forms a splendid landscape, with groups of eastern travellers.

"Household Treasures" is a noble picture. A fine woman caresses two lovely children. One, a curly-pated urchin, has clambered up, and presses his dimpling cheek close to his mother's,—the other, a fair-haired girl, leans on the maternal knee, fondling there a little pet lap-dog.

Mary Howitt's lines are a good accompaniment to this fine engraving.

"My heart is filled with gladness,  
When I behold how fair,  
How bright, are rich men's children,  
With their thick golden hair!  
For I know 'mid countless treasures,  
Glean'd from the east and west,  
These living loving human things,  
Are still the rich man's best."

"My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,  
When I see the poor man stand,  
After his daily work is done,  
With children by the hand—  
And this, he kisses tenderly,  
And that, sweet names doth call—  
For I know he has no treasure  
Like those dear children small!"

"The Source of the Jumna" is the title of the next embellishment; it represents a romantic view of the source of the sacred stream, amid many-peaked mountains.

"The Mosque of Sultan Achmet, Constantinople," is a gorgeous scene,—the interior of the great Mosque, at the moment when the sacred standard is unfurled, and the true Moslems are exhorted to rally round it.

"The Baron's Daughter" is a beautiful picture, of a comely young woman, looking from her casement, with the verses of a "landless poet" in her hand.

"Pilgrims at the Sacred Fair of Hurdwar" is exceedingly rich in scenery, and figures.

"Tis April's pleasant months, when blow  
The breezes from the hill of snow,  
And pilgrims from all Hindostan,  
Woman and child and swarthy man,  
In crowds on crowds, all castes and ranks,  
Are gathering towards the Ganges banks."

"A Street in Smyrna" is the next very elegant embellishment. The narrow street, the grotesque buildings with their jutting casements, the loungers about the doors, and the travelling group moving along the highway, are all beautifully characteristic.

"Oh city by the Lesbian sea,  
Great glory 'tis to know  
That Homer sang within thy street  
Some thousand years ago!"

Oliver Cromwell, struck with remorse on seeing the picture of Charles I. is the next subject. The incident is beautifully told by the artist.

"The Valley of the Sweet Waters," on the Bosphorus,---seem somewhat of an eastern "tea garden" scene, it forms an elegant picture.

A portrait of Sir B. S. Brodie, Surgeon to the Queen, gets the next place, but why it is introduced into such a volume does not appear. The only letter-press which accompanies it, is a prose memoir of ten lines.

"The Turkish Burial Ground" has a most appropriate evening tone pervading its details. The massive ruins in the back ground, seem indicative of the human ruins over which bend the mourners,---and to declare that man and his works pass away, while the beauties of nature, foliage and cloud and sunshine and shade, appear ever young and vigorous.

"The Arrival" represents two beauties looking from the battlements of a castle, at some approaching horsemen. One lady floats her scarf in the wind, by way of welcome, and is answered by the waved helmet of one of the warriors. Two other horsemen follow, galloping across a bridge, and the distance is occupied by woods, a ruin, and mountains in the extreme back ground.

Louisa. One little glimpse sufficeth me,  
I see the view I wish to see,  
Two horsemen riding merrily.

Cecilia. 'Tis but my father and my brother,  
Look, sister, 'tis indeed no other!

Louisa. Now may your beauty fair befall!  
Look just below the castle wall;  
Who rides bareheaded?

Cecilia. 'Tis Lord John,  
And by his side Lord Ellington!

Louisa. And now I hear my father's laughter,  
As he and Harry gallop after."

"Mussooree" is a delightful scene of a mountain station in India. The next is a striking portrait of Marshal Soult.

"The Tomb of St. George" is a picture of a romantic scene on the route from Beirut to Tripoli. A strange excavation in the foreground is called the Tomb of St. George, whose combat with the dragon is said to have taken place near the spot.

"Vespers in the Capella Real, Palermo," is a beautiful interior. "Newcastle, from the side," is a fine view of an old English city.

"I love the fields, the woods, the streams,  
The wild flowers fresh and sweet,  
And yet I love no less than these,  
The crowded city street;

For haunts of men, where'er they be,  
Awake my deepest sympathy.

I see within the city street  
Life's most extreme estates,

The gorgeous domes of palaces,  
The prison's doleful grates;

The hearths by household virtues blest,  
The dens that are the serpent's nest."

"View near Debut, among the Himalayes" is another noble landscape.

"Old realms of Indian story,  
By witchery of thought,  
Wrapt in a hazy glory,  
Before my soul are brought."

"The Rajah's daughter" is a gem. An elegant female, in gorgeous Indian costume, resting on an ottoman, lightly touches her guitar.

"Sumroo! Sumroo!--what song is thine,  
Thou daughter of an ancient line?  
O lovely Princess, on that brow  
What shadowy thoughts are resting now?"

The next engraving is a view of the "New Palace of Sultan Mahmoud the 2d, on the Bosphorus." It is a fine architectural and marine piece.

"The Monastery of Santa Saba, in the wilderness of Ziph," is a noble scene of rude buildings amid a magnificent chaos of precipices. The site is near Jerusalem, and is enriched by scripture recollections. The Monastery was founded by Saint Saba in the fourth century, and he caused himself to be removed to it when his end approached.

"Saint Saba's hours were drawing to their close;  
And "carry me, my pious friends," said he,  
Into the chapel of my last repose,  
Nigh to the waters of the dark deep sea!"

"The Ordeal of touch" represents an ancient custom. The picture consists of a fine interior, and some good figures.

A portrait of Lord Holland follows.

The next embellishment is "The Andalusian Lover," and a beautiful specimen it is, in design, drawing and engraving. A Moorish tower is partially illumined by the moon and stars, of a balmy night. A handsome cavalier has climbed to the balcony by means of a rope ladder; and, resting at the casement, is timidly caressed by a lovely girl, who looks aside anxiously, as if fearful of discovery. Her lover gazes fixedly on her dove-like features, seeming reckless of all else in the world. The light and shade,---the architectural parts---and the expression, attitude and symmetry of the figures, make this picture one of unusual beauty.

"The Gipsy Mother" is a representation of one of these poor wanderers, caressing her babe, as if she could enjoy the treasure as well as those who have houses and lands.

The next is "the installation of the Bishop in the Metropolitan Church in Magnesia." As the title imports, magnificent architecture, and splendid groups, are its characteristics.

The last embellishment of this rich volume, is a picture of the "Monument of the Earls of Rutland, in Battersford Church, Leicestershire." It is a view of one of those interiors which are thickly studded with the monuments of departed greatness. William

Howitt describes the scene in a prose article, of which the following is an extract:

"Upon richly panell'd tombs, beneath arch and pediment of fairest marble, lie the effigies of the long line of knights and ladies, the judges and the prelates of their family. Time has there deposited the dead of eight hundred years, with all their monuments and memorials; some of which have again crumbled into oblivious dust, or present worn and shapeless masses of stone. But yet how fair, how quaint, how solemn and imposing those which remain! Those massy figures of ancient knights in armour, pillowing their heads perhaps upon their helmets, and resting their feet against some heraldic creature---the family crest; some of them with crossed legs, denoting their having fought in the Holy Land; many with their fair ladies by their side---all with upraised hands joined in an everlasting prayer. Below them, are rows of their kneeling children, little quaint figures ranged in front of their gothic-tapestried tombs; and above them their shields, and the records of their deeds, in carved tablets, and in letters of brass or gold."

Thus have we glanced over the *Annals*, and what an evidence are they of the extension of the fine arts, during the present generation. Artists of great ability, employed on the most interesting subjects, and not for Kings and Emperors, but for the people. For those patrons who were supremely despised in such concerns a century ago, but who now have become the rewarders of workers in the most elegant materials.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. English dates to the 22nd of November have been received by the arrival of the Packet Ship South America, at New York. The political world seems unusually quiet. The money, and other markets, had improved. Sir John Colborne had arrived home in the Pique frigate. The members of the Privy Council had been summoned to attend the Queen on the 23rd, to receive a special message; it was supposed that the object was a communication respecting her Majesty's Marriage with Prince Albert. The London Standard asserts that Lord Melbourne had determined to resign before the meeting of Parliament. The death of John Lander, in Africa, is announced. His brother Richard, the more celebrated traveller, died in the same country about two years ago. Nothing of importance appears from France or Spain.

A destructive fire occurred at New York on Dec. 14. It commenced in Cedar Street, and raged until property to the amount of about £120,000 had been destroyed. The Patroon war at Albany had subsided. The refractory tenantry wisely preferred petitioning the Legislature, to fighting the troops. Storms had occasioned much damage to Boston and its vicinity. Stores, shipping, and merchandize, had been extensively injured, and many lives lost. The Liverpool Steamship left New York on Dec. 15th, with about £322,000 in specie; the remittances, including Bills of Exchange and State bonds, amounted to about £1,000,000. The prevalence of small pox in Boston, had caused much concern. Re-vaccination was insisted on, as a preventive of the distemper. The town of Metamoras had been captured by the Texans. Congress elected a Speaker on December 14th. The honour was conferred on the Hon. R. M. J. Hunter, Whig member for Virginia.

The Governor General of British America sent a message to the U. Canada Legislature on December 7th, on the union of Upper and Lower Canada. The terms of this union, as stated by his Excellency, are,---equal representation of each province,---the granting of a sufficient civil list,---and the charging of that part of the debt of U. Canada which was contracted for public works, on the joint revenue of the Provinces. Propositions very different from these terms were entertained by some members, who wish to give the British party a decided preponderance over the French interest.---A case of death from Hydrophobia had occurred at Quebec.---Reports of extensive attempts by brigands prevailed, but no good foundation for the rumours appeared. The city gates of Quebec were to be closed at night, by order of the commander of the forces, Sir J. McDonald.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. The first day of the new year is honoured, variously indeed, by common consent. Some feel called on to begin the year, as they would end life, in acts of devotion, soothing reflections on the past, and hopeful anticipations of the future. Others indulge freely in what is called innocent recreation,---and some, it is to be feared, deform the day, or its close, with riot and debauch.

The general feeling respecting the festival, appears to distinguish it, as a high hill, in the day's journey of a traveller. He rests for awhile on its summit, and looks over the devious road which he has passed. There he tasted of the refreshing stream,---there he toiled amid crag and briars,---there a drenching rain overtook him, and his head found no shelter,---and there he reposed, enjoying the tempered sunshine, and feasting on the revivifying fruits of the country. Forwards, what does he see?---much in imagination;---but, except he be a young traveller, he doubts the mirage. While he fondly maps out the hoped for course, he sighs at the mishaps which he may expect, girds up his loins for righteous exertion, and looks for certainty to the dense clouds, only, which load the horizon, and which mark the end of his sojourning. There he is to lie down at night, and to rest from wanderings in the morning, and he is borne up in his present labours, feeling that he may ensure happiness beyond, if not on, the road of life.

FASHION IN LITERATURE.---It has been observed at many periods, that authors who have attained to celebrity, have immediately attracted a number of imitators, have been the founders of schools in their particular departments, as eminent painters, sculptors and

musicians, have been in other walks of art. Not to go further back, Burns led a host of song writers, many of whom, even yet, imagine that they rival the "inspired ploughman" if they only write rhyme in "broken English." Scott's beautiful octasyllabic poems, caused so many perpetrators of the poetical Romance, that there was said to be a fatal facility in the metre, when it should be expressed, a fatal temerity in the metre-mongers. Byron has set some thousand young gentlemen wearing white collars turned down over black kerchiefs, and railing at every thing, in laughable style. Bulwer has been the father of novellettes, and has had a tail of tales moreounding, if not more brilliant, than that of Enck's Comet. No one can tell the number of melodies---in name---which are to be put down to Tom Moore's account,---and Crabbe, no doubt, would have as many not-humble admirers, only that instead of a "fatal facility," there is a fatal difficulty to common imitators, in his truth-charged, life-giving pictures and homilies. Dickens, in our more immediate day, leads his school also,---and he may be said to be at the head of the middle-class, periodically-appearing, romantic novel. His train is lengthening, and it already reckons Mrs. Trollop, Captain Marryatt, and numerous fictitiously named personages, in Bentley, Blackwood, and the other magazines; beside those who venture, as he did, periodical printing on their own hook. Time was, when scarcely anything in the "elegant literary" line was readable, except it had castles, and draw-bridges, and Knights of black armour, and Nuns of white veils, and Lords and Ladies in dozens:---now, Factory Boys,---old Sailors,---London thieves,---Usurers,---School-masters,---Sempstresses and Clerks, are the chief stock in trade. This is a great revolution. A very striking specimen of the school, is a history in course of publication in Blackwood, called Ten-thousand a year. The chief personages are two poor shop clerks, and all the minutiae of their sayings and doings is told with as much care and brilliancy as if they were a pair of Johnsons, and had another Boswell for a notator.

The mention of Crabbe in the above paragraph, reminds, that a poem, entitled the Maniac, appears in our present number, and has many lines that strikingly recall the quiet philosophy and flowing diction of the bard who has been called "nature's severest painter and her best."

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. Mr. A. McKenzie delivered an interesting lecture on last Thursday evening, on the Economy of Nature. The lecturer dwelt on the amazing peculiarities, and connections, and adaptations, of the different kingdoms of nature, and, as he always does on such occasions, strongly directed contemplation from nature to nature's source. Mr. A. McKinlay will lecture next Wednesday evening on Heat,---and Mr. George R. Young on the ensuing Wednesday, January 16, on Ancient and Modern Public Speaking.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We have to heartily thank our correspondents for the contributions with which we have been favoured. Some remain for future numbers, the present was arranged, or nearly so, when their favours came to hand.

MARRIED.

At Stewincke, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Thomas Fulton to Miss Agnes Lutherford, both of Stewincke.  
At New York, on October last, by the Rev. Mr. Milnor, Mr. Joseph Edwin Forrest, to Elizabeth Eleanor, second daughter of Mr. George Hamilton, formerly of Halifax.  
At Horton, N. S. on the 19th instant, by Mr. Somerville, Mr. John Duncan, Merchant, of New Brunswick, to Mary Alice, daughter of E. Woodworth, Esq. of the former place.  
At New Brunswick, on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Gray, Mr. Sternes Jones, Merchant, of Weymouth, N. S. to Margaret Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac W. Deane, of this City.  
At New Brunswick, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Enoch Wood, Mr. William Ross, to Miss Elizabeth Bailey, formerly of Brnar Island, N. S.  
At Shelburne, N. B. on the 26th instant, by the Rev. F. W. Miles, Mr. John F. Smith, of Fredericton, to Miss Letitia Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. H. Bridges.  
At Westport, 19th December, by Rev. W. Jackson, Mr. Thomas Horsfield, to Julia, 6th daughter of Mr. William Rice, both of that place.  
On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Knowlan, Mr. William Muncey, to Charlott M. youngest daughter of the late Mr. Wyndham Madden.

DIED.

At Newport, on Saturday, 21st December, aged 54 years, Sophia, wife of the Rev. William Bennett, and daughter of the late John Sargent, Esq. of Burlington.  
At Digby, N. S. on Tuesday the 28th November, George Augustus, youngest son of the late Rev. Roger Veits, in the 19th year of his age.  
At sea, on board brig Condor, Captain Lamigan, on her passage from Kingston, Jam. on the 22d instant, Alexander, youngest son of Mr. Matthew Forrester.  
Yesterday morning, Elizabeth Ann, infant daughter of Captain Joseph Harrison, aged 5 months.

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Arthur W. Godfrey, General Agent, Halifax, who will correspond with the local Agents---receive monies, and transact the business generally.

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For the Pearl.

## THE CRYSTAL DROP.

I stood one day at a crystal stream,  
As it murmured gently by,  
And it seemed a type—a shadow faint  
Of Infinite Purity.

As I musingly gazed—one pearly drop,  
Disparting from its source,  
Flowed idly away, and formed for itself  
A separate, devious course.

And I followed, and saw that the purity  
From that wayward drop was gone,  
And it took the darken'd hue of the soil  
Through which it hurried on.

More and more rapid its course became,  
And I could not forbear to mourn  
O'er the wandering one, for I sadly felt  
That it never could return.

Till I saw, descending on Seraph's wing,  
A messenger from above;  
And I knew by his holy and gracious look  
That his errand was one of love.

He put forth his hand to the erring stream,  
And its onward course he stayed;  
Then he formed a channel by which it might flow  
To the source from whence it strayed.

Then I marked, and beheld with sweet surprise  
That, as gladly, yet silently,  
It returned to that bright unchanging stream—  
It regained its purity.

Joyous it seemed to be thus restored  
From its waywardness and pride,—  
And I saw it no more—for the drop was lost  
In the deep, transparent tide.

But I thought that drop was the soul of man,  
That had wandered from its Lord,  
And madly and sullenly hurried on  
Nor asked to be restored.

And further and farther as it strayed  
From its high and holy source,  
More deeply polluted and stained it became  
In that dark, defiling course.

Till One, with deepest pity touched,  
And on love's swift pinion borne,  
Stoop'd to mark out a new and living way  
For the wanderer to return.

And then, like the dark and sullied wave,  
Restored to its native sea,  
'Tis absorbed as a drop in that boundless deep,  
Th' unfathom'd Deity!

St. John, N. B.

NINA.

For the Pearl.

## GRAY.

PERHAPS one of the greatest evils of the modern appetite for literary novelties, is, that a very superficial acquaintance with the writers of past times satisfies; men are prone to become content with a very vague notion of the peculiarities and productions of these departed oracles, instead of becoming imbued with their spirit, and making a direct personal property of the riches which they have left as a common inheritance. The desire for what is new and in accordance with the times, is too strong to be successfully combated, and it is too rife with benefits to be a fit object of opposition, however it may be of modification. A good counteraction to an extreme in this way, is, to occasionally turn back to the volumes of the olden time, refreshing our recollections, and concentrating our thoughts, and getting bird's-eye views of those interesting subjects.

Gray was born in London on the 26th December, 1716. He was educated at Eton, and from that went to Cambridge. In 1738 he proceeded to London, intending to devote his attention to legal studies. This design he surrendered, on the invitation of Mr. Walpole, and accompanied that gentleman in his travels. The companions quarrelled at Florence. Gray went on to Venice, and returned to England in 1741; soon after he went to Cambridge and took his bachelor's degree in civil law.

Here he produced most of his literary compositions. In 1757 he refused the office of Poet Laureat. Subsequently he resided for three years in London. In 1765 he took a journey to Scotland. In 1768 he was appointed Professor of Languages and History at Cambridge, at a salary of £400 a-year, but does not appear to have performed the duties of this office. He died in 1771 at Cambridge, aged 55.

Mr. Gray wrote for self-gratification rather than pecuniary profit. He gave much attention to the study of Architecture, and Natural History, and had a familiar acquaintance with the various branches of science and learning, except the pure Mathematics. Dr. Mason said of him, "His time passed agreeably; he was every day making some new acquaintance in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask, and he was taught to consider everything as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge, and practice of virtue." A high eulogy,—and a happy fate,—to be able to live apart from the guilt and cares of the world, and to devote attention to the objects which give most pleasure and improvement.

Mr. Gray gave much labour to his literary compositions. His *Elegy* in a Country Church Yard is considered his master-piece, and is said to have been touched and re-touched with much care. The *Progress of Poetry*,—A Distant Prospect of Eton College,—and *The Bard*,—are the titles of others of his more celebrated productions, beside which he wrote many very elegant, short, "occasional" poems.

The *Elegy* in the Church Yard has recently received due honor; it is published in beautiful style, each stanza embellished with an engraving,—the whole forming an elegant small volume. The number of stanzas is twenty-nine, and we can easily imagine what a delightful series of pictures could be formed on these, by artists capable of appreciating them, and of embodying their feelings.

For instance, suppose the following,—The old church Tower overlooking the darkening landscape, and the ploughman hastening home to his cheerful cottage, and expecting family.

The dim obscurity settling on the sheep-fold, above which the beetle wheels his droning flight.

The ivy-mantled Castle, tenanted, only, by the moping owl. The rugged elms,—the solemn yew-tree,—and the turf-heaps, beneath which rest the forefathers of the hamlet.

Then the cheerful tints of incense-breathing Morn, the swallow darting from the straw-roofed shed,—the domestic cock arousing the farm-yard with his clarion,—and the huntsmen mustering in the distance, around the gate of the baronial mansion.

The blazing Hearth of evening, the housewife busy preparing her frugal board, and the children clambering about the knees of their just-returned sire.

The Corn-field, and the reapers bending to the golden spoil,—the plough breaking the long furrows,—the team urged by the jocund driver,—the forest trees bowing before the stroke of the woodman.

Ambition and Grandeur listening with respect and interest to the simple annals of the poor.

The end of all things,—Heraldry, Power, Wealth, Beauty, bending over the insatiate grave.

The long-drawn Aisle, and fretted vault, and inscribed urn, and animated bust,—the last proud refuge of the proud.

The Statesman grasping at universal power,—and the Poet entranced over his living lyre.

The blighting effects of Poverty,—the dull eye, dead to the ample page of knowledge, and bent on the miserable objects which claim every moment's attention.

The breaking of ocean's billows into the unexplored caves, reckless of the sparry Gems which make the gloom beautiful,—and the sweet Wild-flower bowing its head, all unnoticed, to the wind of the desert.

The Peasant withstanding wrong and oppression, without any thoughts of fame,—following his plough "in glory and in joy along the mountain side," his eyes attesting what unwritten poetry is passing in his soul,—or kindling at the rude ballads of other days, as if he too could have stormed a castle, or led the mailed host to the shock of battle.

The same, calm, contented, enjoying the evening of life,—and contrasted with the guilty great whose names sound over kingdoms, but who tremble amid the gorgeousness of their palaces; and contrasted also with the poor and proud and mean, who oppose truth, and flatter vice, for a livelihood.

Far apart from the crowded city, the Hamlet,—with its humble inhabitants moving along that cool sequestered vale of life.

The village Grave-yard, with its rude rhymes and sculptures, and texts of holy writ.

The dying man gliding momentarily into the realms of dumb forgetfulness, and imploring, by his lingering look, the remembrance of some fond breast.

The Poet hastening up the hill side, to catch the first beams of the sun, as they break on the subject landscape,—

The same stretched under the nodding beech, by the brook side,—  
And, wandering by the wood, wrapped in his fancies, careless of observers, and observing nothing except scenes of the imagination.

All those haunts deserted, and the Funeral train winding through the church yard,—denoting how he, too, has passed that awful bourne, which admits of no return.

The rustic bending before the monumental stone, under the old tree, and pointing out the Epitaph to a sympathising enquirer,—closes the eventful history of the hamlet and its poet.

These, we imagine, might be some of the sketches which a painter would devise,—and they show how fruitful the *Elegy* is in materials for such embellishments. This is a peculiarity. Many stanzas might be enumerated, and almost some whole volumes of even light literature, which hardly yield a single picturesque situation.

The landscape painting of this piece of poetry,—its family scenes,—its advocacy of the unknown poor,—its wholesome truths for the rich and powerful,—its vividness, pathos, and morals,—all blent in most harmonious language, make it indeed one of the boasts of English literature, and familiar to the tongues of Englishmen of all classes.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,—  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed—  
The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,  
No more will rouse them from their lonely bed."

But their memory is embalmed in the poet's verses, and will continue to be fondly reverted to, as long as their native language is known.

MARIA'S LETTER.

"I wish they would propose."

Halifax, December, 1839.

MY DEAR MISTER PEARL,

I AM but a young girl, but as you invite all persons to write, I have taken my pen, to complain of the men; who, I'm sorry to say, though ready to pay attention at times, and scribble bad rhymes, in which they applaud me at home and abroad, one word do not say about naming the day. It is all very well to hear a man tell how Juno would stare at my carriage and air, and that Venus would bite her nails off for spite, if she saw but my waist when my corsets are laced. There's Lieutenant Squeers, of the gay Fusiliers, who comes every morning, even rainy days scorning, and talks like a lover till luncheon is over. Mama says she's sure, that with cake and liqueur, we shall catch him at last; but six months have past, and although thrice a week, within limits to speak, we have asked him to dine, he has never once asked "will Maria be mine?" Such conduct, I'm sure, no girl would endure. Shall I fidget and pout till Tom calls him out, or say to his face what I think of the case, that I'm no longer partial to this kind of *Court Martial*?

Then there's Counsellor Trim, I'm sure you know him, he keeps pressing my hand, and will oftentimes stand and play with a flower by my side for an hour; but, with all his grimaces, his airs and his graces, his tales and his stories of Whigs and of Tories, while twirling his thumbs, to the point he ne'er comes. I have tried every art to soften his heart—have sung and have played, have danced and have strayed—have simpered and sighed—have laughed and have cried,—but yet he's as far from asking Papa as when he first strove to talk law and look love. Papa gives him fees, and we all strive to please—his obdurate heart, if he has such a part; I am sometimes afraid of asbestos 'tis made, for to set it on fire still puzzles Maria. You will long be my creditor, good Mr. Editor, if you'll reprove him, for as I don't love him, I'll thank him at New Year his visits to drop, if he does not intend soon the question to pop. Should the hint he then take, a slice of the cake, your much obliged friend will assuredly send.

MARIA.

For the Pearl.

## STANZAS.

Our joys are like the hues  
At summer-sunset seen,  
Varied and bright, but ere the falling dews  
As if they had not been.

Our hopes are like the things  
Of midnight visions born,  
Soft, shadowy, sweet and dear—but yet with wings  
That vanish ere the dawn.

Our life—our outward life,  
E'en to its dreaded close,  
Is but one ceaseless round of toil and strife,  
Of passion and repose.

Yet these are but of earth—  
This life, these hopes and joys;  
And there are these of higher, holier birth,  
Which nothing here destroys.

The life unguessed, unknown—  
And 'rounded by a dream,'  
Unrecked by the world, and all our own—  
Our fancy's hidden theme.

The joys of paths untrod  
Except by spirits pure,  
Communing oft with Nature and her God—  
The high, the deep and sure.

The hopes that may not fade—  
That hail the spirit-land;  
The quenchless hopes in life's last hour that swayed  
The hopes at God's right hand!

O if we could not soar  
Above our little sphere,  
How desolate were this world's mortal shore!  
How dark our sojourn here!

Queen's Co. 1839.

J. McP.

## CONS FOR THE PEARL.

WHAT place in Cape Breton does a young lady name when she tells her mother she is about to dress? I am going to *Be-deque*.

What place in Cape Breton is like every man's mouth? *Forked Harbour*.

What headland in Nova Scotia does the royal mast head of a man of war remind of? *Pennant point*.

Where is the philosopher's stone? In *Prospect*.

What place would I name in telling Tom to chew hard biscuit? *Tush it*.

Where should all the lawyers be sent to? *Advocate Harbour*.

To what river would I take my lapdog if I wanted to clean him? *Pug-wash*.

To what part of Colchester should spendthrifts be sent. To *Economy*.

Why is a poor loafer like a fishing harbour near Halifax? He is a *Bare Cove*, (Bear Cove.)

What harbour do I name when asked can I take cash. *Can so* (Canseau.)

Why is a fisherman like Louis Phillippe? He is master of the *Seine*.