

A COUPLE OF STRAY LEAVES.

LEAF THE FIRST.—SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Well, my dear, will you go to the party to-night? you know we have a very polite invitation."

"Why, my love, just as you please; you know I always wish to consult your pleasure."

"Well then, Harriet, suppose we go; that is if you are perfectly willing; now don't say yes, because I do, for you know that where you are, there I am perfectly happy."

"Why, my love, you would enjoy yourself there I am sure, and whenever you are happy, I shall be, of course. What dress shall I wear, William?"—my white satin with blonde, or my ashes of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace, you always know better than I about such things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in any thing, now take your own choice to-night—but I think you look very well in the white satin."

"There, William dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be there to-night; and you must promise not to leave me for a moment, for I shall be so sad if you do."

"Leave thee, dearest, leave thee?
No; by yonder star I swear!"

"Oh William, dearest William, how beautiful that is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy."

"And Harriet, my own prized Harriet, would I not do anything in the world to give you one moment's happiness? Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last."

"Oh, do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall see many years even happier than this, for will not our love be stronger, and deeper every year; and now, dearest, I will be back in one moment, and then we will go."

"There she has gone, bright and beautiful creature she is—Oh! how miserable I should be without her; she has indeed cast a strong spell around my heart, and one that never, no never can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding on to virtue and happiness, and can I ever love her less than now?—can I ever desert her?—can I speak of her in less than terms of praise? Oh, no, it is impossible—she is too good, too pure—happy, happy man that I am."

LEAF THE SECOND.—SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear, I will thank you to pass the sugar, you didn't give me but one lump."

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a hog's head of vinegar. James, keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan, keep still, bawling! I declare it is enough to set one distracted,—there, take that, you little wretch."

"Why, Harriet, what has the child done? I declare you are too hasty."

"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you'd mind your own business, you're always meddling with what don't concern you."

"Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right if I have not—you're always fretting and fuming about nothing."

"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspapers all up!"

"Thomas, come here—how dare you abuse my papers?—I'll teach you to tear it again—there, sir, how does that feel—now go to bed!"

"Mr. Snooks, you horrid wretch, how can you strike a child of mine in that way? Come here, Thomas, poor fellow—did he get hurt—never mind—here's a lump of sugar—there, that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will spoil the children, you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child—it's strange that a woman can never do anything right."

"Never do anything right? faith! Mr. Snooks, if nobody did anything right in this house but yourself, I wonder what would become of us."

"Let me tell you, ma'am, and I'll bear it no longer, you are as snappish and surly as—a—she dog—and if there is a divorce to be had in the land, I'll have it; you would wear out the patience of a Job."

"Oh dear, how mad the poor man is; well, good night, my dear—pleasant dreams."

"There, she's gone. Thank heaven, I'm alone once more. Oh! unhappy man that I am, to be chained down to such a creature—she is the very essence of ugliness, cross and peevish. Oh! that I could once more be a bachelor, curse the day that I ever saw the likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce, I can't live with her any longer, it is utterly impossible."

PUN.—"Sir," said a man defending rather a notorious character, "I assure you it is pure innocence." "I quite agree with you," replied the other, "it is pure-in-no-sense."

IRISH-LATIN PUN.—A gentleman in company asked his friend for a potato, and on its being sent, his friend said, "I have sent you a nice mealy one." "Thank you," said the other; "you could not have sent me a *meior*!"

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

"He is a bad citizen," said Napoleon, "who undermines the religious faith of his country. All may not, perhaps, be substantially good, but certain it is, that all come in aid of the government power, and are essential to the basis of morality. In the absence of religion, I can discover no inducement to be virtuous. I desire to live and die in mine; nothing is more painful to me than the hideous spectacle of an old man dying like a dog!"

It must be plain that what is true in one country is not true in another. Monsieur Souhard, a late French teacher, used to tell his pupils that unless they cultivated their minds they were not so good as swine—for the flesh of the latter was good to eat; while their bodies were worthless after death. An inhabitant of Patagonia would have denied the soundness of this corollary.

Mankind are not like grains of wheat, all to be ground down by the same pressure. Some minds will be hardened by the force which others yield to, and some spirits will be broken by what is only a wholesome corrective to others.

It is stated that Teuxis, who lived three hundred and ninety-five years before Christ, and who was famous for being the most excellent colourist of all the ancients, could have used only four colours.

The first shock of grief carries along with it a kind mysterious support to the stricken soul, subdued only by the quiet certainty of its succeeding gloom.

Time tries the characters of men, as the furnace assays the quality of metals, by disengaging the impurities, dissipating the superficial glitter, and leaving the gold sterling and pure.

It is a practice entirely too prevalent in this queer world that we inhabit, to condemn the performances of others, when we know that the task could not be better accomplished by ourselves.

A wise man's kingdom is his own breast: or if he ever looks farther, it will only be to the judgment of a select few who are free from prejudices, and capable of giving him solid and substantial advice.

I consider every human mind to be a pendulum, oscillating in its natural state between human activity and divine, but never finding rest but in the centre, in which centre is nothing also but the total, yet free, submission of the human to the divine.

A correspondent of the Ledger asks the difference between sensation and emotion, to which the editor replies—"If you burn your fingers in snuffing a candle with them, you will have a sensation; if you are a young man or woman, and look at your sweetheart, you will have an emotion."

We have frequently observed that young men take more pains to cultivate the affection and elicit the good will of ill-tempered damsels, than to reciprocate and cherish the kind feelings of those who are frank and amiable. We suppose that this must be accounted for on the same principle that people are willing to pay a higher price for vinegar than for sweet cider.

Northcote, the painter, once said that the devil tempted everybody but the idle; the idle tempted the devil; and that the inside of the skull was the devil's workshop.

It was Sir Walter Scott, I think, who told the following story:—"A poor man in Scotland was about to be executed, and when the procession reached the gallows, those about him said, 'now we will sing any hymn or psalm that you may have a fancy to.' Upon which he replied, 'sing what you please. I shall not meddle in these matters.'"

Madame de Staël lived, and may say to have died, in the belief that revolutions were effected, and countries governed, by a succession of clever pamphlets. This is very near the truth. The powerful newspapers of the day, with what is called the leading article, are nothing more than a succession of clever pamphlets. It is said that three newspapers in France effected the revolution of July, 1830.

At a picture sale in London in 1832, Wilkie's Rent-day fetched seven hundred and fifty guineas, (about three thousand three hundred dollars,) and all his sketches in proportion. When his picture was put up, the room was quite full, and the company simultaneously cheered the picture by clapping their hands.

MAJOR DOWNING ON THE MAINE DISPUTE.—All we ask is to go by the Treaty, and now that our folks have got riled up about it, and know what the Treaty is, they'll make a spoon or spile a horn—and I don't see any other way of settling on't. If

England sends troops there, it will be "a Disputed Territory," for I would just about as soon think of going down in a Wolf Cave to coax out the wolves with bread and butter, as to attempt to drive out them long arm'd, hard fisted wood-choppers from the forests, where they know they have got law on their side. We found a pretty tuf work to rout out the Seminoles Down South—but that is cream and custards to routing out the Down Easters, if they get their dander up. They are amazin civil folks if you don't attempt to drive or scrouge 'em, and considerable liberal in a bargain too, if you don't try to pull eye teeth—for then it would be dog eat dog. Now I don't see only one way of settling this matter, or at any rate quieting on't for a spell—for there is no other way of settling on't but by the Treaty or something worse; but I go for quieting on't. England, I suppose, don't care how long it remains a Disputed Territory—and I suppose our folks don't nather, provided they aint losers by it.

Now for the sake of keeping the peace—let all the timber that is cut on this Disputed Territory be allowed to go to England as free of duty on one side as tother, no matter who cuts it—there is enuf on't for all creation to cut till the Queen gets to be a grandmother and by that time folks will be chopping other matters—an as regards a Passage across we don't care much about that, for it is about as likely that as many folks will in time go one way as tother, and so long as they don't trouble us, or likely to trouble us, we won't complain. We like to see folks moving, especially in the way of Trade, it keeps matters brisk and spry; and as for sojering, except on 4th July or some such day, in ten years from this time folks will be ashamed on't.

Now my advice is to our folks to keep cool, and make no stir about the matter till they get orders from Washington. The General Government aint asleep about it—all are wide awake—Congress will put the matter as strait as a pine log, and England will see the advantage of doing right—but if these Governors on both sides, for the sake of a flourish, lead their folks into hot blood, they may find they have begun to carve the meat before it is cook'd, and have a poor dinner on't. This is an everlasting Country in a real fight, when all takes hold—then we shall be sure to make clean work, and to git what we fight for. But if any part on't undertakes a fight afore the other part knows what the quarrel is about, it may make a muss and a dirty work only.

"There is always too eends to a stick—we have in this matter got hold of the clean eend, and let us keep it, and not in a hurry or untimely scuffle, change eends, and perhaps hold the nasty one, and that's all for the present—From your friend,

"J. DOWNING, Major.
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.—In Burmah when a young woman is taken very ill, her parents agree with the physician: that if he cures the patient he may have her for his trouble, but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay them her value. It is stated that successful physicians have very large families of females, who have become their property in this manner.

PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.—"Marm, mayn't I go and play horse to day?" "No, child you must stay in the house." "Now, look here, marm, if you don't let me, I'll go and catch the measles—I know a big boy that's got 'em prime!"

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.—A young man residing in Bury St. Edmunds was married on the morning of Friday week, acted as a bearer at a funeral in the afternoon, and played the violin for a quadrille party on the evening of the same day.

ROBESPIERRE.—A biography of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following manner: This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

BILLINGSGATE.—The Chinese have a Billingsgate of their own. A traveller says that on hearing a terrible altercation, he asked his interpreter what was the cause of it. "They wanshee too muchee dollaree for the fishee," was the reply.

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