

a number of years, as we are apt to do of those we have known in youth, but with whom we have not been intimate—supposing she had gone the way of most girls in a new country, and mounted a mob cap at the head of some decent man's board, and become the mother of a young brood to keep the world alive when we had passed or were passing from the stage. Nothing that I had ever heard had prepared me to meet her as she was—a wretched outcast, getting her daily bread with the wages of iniquity,—a poor banished thing, in a strange country, lost to her own friends, and exiled by a sense of her own shame, from the scenes and the companions of her childhood. Oh! that I should have seen so beautiful a bud thus given to premature decay—soiled by the touch of the spoiler, and withering and withering from daily and hourly contact with the unprincipled and the vile—that I should recognize in the poor broken-hearted creature beside me, her who had bounded so lightly beneath that wreath of flowers, and in all the sportiveness of the hour scattered the rose leaves upon the sofa—types of her coming fortunes—and, who, in her virgin purity, seemed like a vision of youth and beauty that sorrow could never deface. The contrast overpowered me, and the tears trembled in my eyes, but were hastily wiped away ere she turned to request me to take a seat, upon the wooden bench that had been raised between two trees, towards which she had led the way.

PEREGRINE.

To be continued.

For the Pearl.

THE SAINT JOHN RIVER.

Still in Saint John! thought I, how plaguy dull and awkward one feels, in a busy bustling situation, with no business that can be done, and no amusement at hand;—the machinery of society clattering all around,—the stranger feeling that he has no part therein, yet that he is in danger of running foul continually, to the annoyance of himself and others. Saint John is less bustling, of course, than London, although I do not know that the good citizens of the former would admit the fact; but in London, amid its continual commercial earthquake, there are parks, and galleries, and cathedral isles, and halls, and museums, and garden-margined roads, and squares, where the lone sojourner, who has some time to spare, and whose whole soul is not a muckrake for the accumulation of money, may indulge his rambling propensity, may muse, and rest, and recreate, feeling that he is not out of place, seeing other spirits similar to himself around him,—and whence he may return, refreshed, along the full tide of the highways to be again alone, unnoticed in a crowd, at his tavern.

But here, in this flourishing young city, there appears to be no breathing places for the more quiet people, who occasionally move among, while they are not of, the bustling part of creation.—In Halifax, its sister community, there are perhaps too many means of retirement. Almost every street presents a pleasant promenade;—the ends of some of the wharves afford space for the lounge, where he may pace up and down, with one of the finest pieces of water in the world, bounded by very picturesque shores, beneath him.—Citadel Hill gives fine air and scenery,—its Telegraph communicating with the castle of York Redoubt, which, perched on the steep bushy shore, reminds one of what he has seen or heard respecting the strong places of the Rhine,—and the massive fortification of Fort George making progress under the ant-like exertions of hundreds of soldier-labourers.—The suburbs also are rural,—and scenic;—Collins' road,—the North West Arm,—the Campbell roads, south and north,—the Admiral's,—and each one leading to the near forest shades, which, almost in every direction, surround the town.—Or, a few steps place the lounge on board the only steamer the town can boast, which soon whisks him across the splendid harbour;—wooded hills and a village at one side,—the imposing looking town crowned by its forts and flag staffs at the other,—seaward, a gorgeous expanse of island, and ocean,—ship and shallop specking the blue deep, as the little white clouds speck the space above,—and, on the other hand, the harbour running miles along the woody shores, and the magnificent war ships towering on the transparent abyss.

But here, in St. John, what course can a stranger, at all events, take, to escape the unclean foam heaps scattered by the Falls over the muddy basin,—the crash and splash, and yea-ho-voes of the timber raft,—the elbowing bustle of the wharves,—the effluvia of the docks,—the blasting and building of the streets,—where mud after rain and dust after sun seems the order of every day? Move as you will, and either the loaded waters, or the straggling buildings, bring you up,—you seem in a net, denied access to quiet,—vernal sounds and scenes shut out, in every direction. You pace up and down King street,—at the foot is the mammoth market house, in course of erection, and spoiling a good marine scene of South and North wharves;—at the top, Scylla and Charybdis, the Commercial and St. John Hotels, impregnated with the "go ahead," system, which you pant to escape from. Why should a man "go ahead" who has no object in view,—why not be allowed to sit by the way side, moralizing and ruralizing, for his own benefit, as well as for the benefit of the jostling crowds? Is there no country beyond St. John?

Do neither trees nor grass grow in any direction?—Is it, and all its vicinity, indeed, so commercialised, that the refining arts, and the more refining works of nature, get no room? Perhaps these enquiries should be answered negatively,—if so, I trust the citizens of this timber-dealing city will pardon an ignorant stranger,—a sentimental traveller, whose motto is, to work hard while he has work to do,—and to rest in earnest, amid scenes formed for rest, when leisure allows; and who, like Noah's Dove, finds no congenial place for perching, amid the flood of business and barrenness which every where appear to surround him.

This fault-finding strain however will not do,—one of the vices of our nature is, to run riot in our praises or censures,—often, indeed, when our own ignorance should impose silence instead of excite to babbling. How should I look, after all these murmurs, at some severe strictures (perhaps sent to you, Mr. Publisher of the Pearl, from the very city itself) exposing my mistakes, lashing my morbid feelings, and wiping off the slander, if slander it be, from the corporate dignity of St. John?

At the risk of lapsing again into querulousness, a minute must be given to a thought which arises. What on earth induces the citizens of the ever bustling little city,—which is without repose or harmony,—charged continually with a transient population of emigrants, yankees, millers, lumberers, farmers, and pedlars of all kinds,—what induces the citizens of this caravansera to designate their locality, or having so designated it, to continue to designate it, by the name of the most gentle, and retiring, and sweetly eloquent, and least aspiring, and deepest loving, of all the disciples,—St. John? Why not, as names of localities are frequently altered, call it,—Bonnerges—meaning Sons of Thunder,—or give it the rock-signifying appellation of St. Peters,—if scripture must be resorted to?—or reverting to the sonorous Indian language, call it,—Rumbleonwoodaway,—Tumbledownbridgearee,—Mire-anfoanfullallday, Everfogfallisee, or any other of the names whose sound and sense might agree with the scene? I can imagine the fitness of the soft name of St. John, for such soft places as Windsor, Nova Scotia,—where the air seems redolent of drowsiness; or for the delightfully situated little Digby. This latter, on its clean pebbly beach, sheltered by romantic hills, rendered fragrant by many orchards and gardens, getting a touch of the sublime from the beauteous basin in front,—and never polluted by anything more of trade than the *St. John* steamer, as it rings its bell weekly off the solitary landing place,—or the almost superceded *St. John* sailing packet, which occasionally flits across to Granville, as the gull to its home;—this little place might well support a claim to the gentle title, and readily give up the puggy designation which at present attaches;—but the city would find difficulty in showing cause, why the epithets *Saint* and *John* should form its distinguishing appellation, except the mere fact of seizure and appropriation.

However, this all-on-one-side strain will never do; and, as a means of anticipating objectors, let us take for a moment, another view of the matter. For this I am not so well fitted, my disposition being rather in the fault-finding line during my opportunity of observing, and my information being scanty,—yet, as I have not the heart to blot out my cavillings, something at the other side to make a balance, must be attempted. Sixty years ago, according to the testimony of an old settler, one house, still standing, marked the site of St. John; and, at a much later period, to use his own appropriate language, "persons from the country knew every one in town,—now, they know no one." They are among strangers, not by leaving their native place, but by strangers coming in, and settling down, and rearing up a class who know nothing, and care nothing about the original Josephs, except to turn a penny with them or their descendants. Well then, this solitary house, as it was sixty years ago, has swelled to habitations for some 18,000, or 20,000 inhabitants,—beside a large floating population. So far are matters from stopping at this, that almost every thing looks as if all was in a state of transition,—as if a new city were still growing up. Houses, and churches, and banks,—wood, stone, and brick,—plain, and humble, and magnificent,—are in course of erection, as appears to a stranger, almost wherever he turns. The carpenter and the mason, and labourer are busy, and he involuntarily asks himself, where is this to end? Are they rearing another New York,—will these enterprising people cover all these bold hills with their habitations? Where will all this end, is the question, particularly if the observer has come from Halifax, where they have scarcely made a commencement of such progression. The public spirit of this city has become proverbial,—let a speculation be started, and, if feasible, it makes progress, as a matter of course. With the Haligonians, there seems no starting, or if a matter is set a going, it's propellers become startled at their temerity, and it retrogrades, as a matter of course. To be sure, the St. John people have the wreck of a bridge, if not of a canal; every day they rise they have the gigantic ruins of the Carleton bridge staring them in the face,—except on the 300 days of the year in which fogs hide every thing,—and not only staring them in the face, but laughing at the imbecility of clumsy power unaccompanied by science.—at the folly of floundering into situations of difficulty without means of victory or retreat. Man is a pigmy in body only, if the mind be properly expanded. He then scorns the impediments of gulfs and rapids, of

yawning chasms or rocky barriers; he wills, and armed with the powers which the Creator has hidden away for the wise, in every element—he does as he wishes;—but the pigmy mind in the pigmy body, is the real pigmy; and for such to attempt Carleton bridges, or any similar conquest over great natural obstacles, merely because others have made such conquests,—reminds of the frog in the fable, who blew himself to bursting to equal the ox, and only got bursting for his pains. Yet, this same great skeleton of the bridge that-was-hoped-for, attests to the chivalrous daring of the citizens; they did not break down in the attempt, it was only those whom they employed,—and they yet talk of surmounting the difficulty, and of having a bridge to connect the suburb in question with the city. Cash is not over plenty they say in St. John, and yet there seems enough, what is, is kept moving,—kept circulating, leaving some good as it passes along. It is the life blood of the body commercial, and moves rapidly through all its channels, as the vital fluid in the human frame. In Halifax, comparatively, instead of heart and arteries, the precious stream seems to have fountains, deep, dark and strong,—and the buckets which would go down there to draw, are sometimes, after being well scanned, allowed to pass slowly,—at other times rejected, and at other smashed for their presumption; or the key turns on these mysterious caverns, the geni of the places sit morosely, keeping watch, and denying entrance, in forms as repulsive, no doubt, to those who hanker after the refreshing draughts, as Death and Sin, at the gate of the Inferno. This may be all right, and the better course for all,—I do not pretend to know, and only speak from casual observation, and remark. An additional public building, a place of worship, was projected, some time ago in St. John;—A told B, that such was the case, and that he had been asked to contribute. "Did they indeed say that they would build," said B. "Yes," was the reply. "Then," answered B, "take my word for it they will build, and more than that they will make you and I pay, so you had better give your money at once with a good grace." Thus the impelling system works in St. John,—they impel, and do not wait to be impelled, as elsewhere.

But fabrics which remain stationary, pieces of the city, homes of families, for generation after generation,—or centres of business or of devotion, are not the only buildings constructed in St. John. By no means;—the gigantic yards at Portland, the beach at Carleton, the Back Shore, crowded with the rudiments of ships in every stage of progress, attest the share which St. John has in sending down traders to the mighty waters. I will not attempt to say how many, to give the statistics, in this or any thing else, at present; I leave that for the economists,—the object now is, merely to state impressions,—and impressions made on one, just fresh from the repose of Halifax, to the bustle of the neighbouring capital. To such an one, the ship-building department seemed commensurate with the house-building.—Ship-rights working by hundreds,—mariners moving about, looking on with the eyes of amateurs,—merchants over-seeing their projects, anticipating the outfits, the voyages, and the returns of those links of countries,—these appeared the moving features of the ship-yard stations, to say nothing of the metal departments of the steam boats, two or three of which, were in course of erection.

And, apropos of steam boats, how many has St. John, and how many will it be satisfied with? Some fourteen or sixteen, I believe is now her quota, and others in progress! Halifax has one, employed; and another to relieve that occasionally, and to go on Pic Nic parties up Bedford Basin. Well all things have a beginning—time will come, no doubt, when a very different state will be experienced in Halifax: will such come to the children of the present generation, or must they too pass away, like ourselves, and will the chrysalis of business not burst its shroud until the children of the present little people shall be the careful actors in life's drama? Perhaps not,—perhaps even some of us, whose heads are not already all silvered, may witness somewhat of the consummation. Who knows what impetus the Cunard excitement, and the Mail Steamers may give our *Capitalists*, or give those, who, not aiming at such a designation, have sufficiency of Capital, if they clubbed it,—and if some public spirit, and self-confidence, were mixed up with their prudence. Who knows what a shaking may be soon among our comparatively dry bones;—marrowless they are not,—their chief weakness consists in their lying in detached pieces;—once we begin to form social skeletons, such as exist in most communities, flesh and blood will not long be wanting. It is pleasant now, to anticipate, what will then be seen: a steamer plying up to a flourishing village at Sackville,—two employed on the Dartmouth line, two or three to Yarmouth, and on to Eastport,—others to connect the English Steamers with Boston and New York,—one or two to Cape Breton connecting the Pictou and P. E. Island route,—and, along those lines, villages and towns, and agricultural and fishing settlements, contributing their streams of way passengers and luggage, feeding the steamers, feeding the Capital, and being fed in return by the common growth in such things. Thus Halifax, also, may have its sixteen or twenty steamers, when the Province begins to go on as its capabilities require, and in an equal ratio with the rest of the world.

To return to St. John, its rocky site is not all a disadvantage