

## OLD CUSTOMS OF TRAVELLING.

Among the many changes which have taken place within the last twenty years, none have undergone a greater alteration than the system of travelling. Formerly, a journey of ten or twenty miles was considered a great event, a matter that was talked over long beforehand, and required no small preparation. 'Ah! an it please heaven, I shall sleep many a mile off to-morrow night,' some old farmer would say as he stooped to unbutton his gaiters, and paused between every button, wondering, who and what he should see, and going to bed an hour or two earlier, that he might be on his journey betimes. Perchance he took his rosy-faced wife with him, and John had strict charge over night to give either Jewel or Diamond, (whichever carried double best,) an extra feed of corn, and strict command to see that the pillow was put on fast, 'for the missis is bound to ride behind me o' the morrow.' Goodly steeds were these Balls, and Jewels, and Diamonds, on whose back I have many a time been mounted in my boyhood—backs as broad as a table, and on which us youngsters used to sit like tailors. But then they were such sober animals; you would just as soon think of a full-wigged, long-robed, grimfold judge, bursting out into a loud laugh while wearing the black cap, and about to pass sentence, as one of these old family horses shying, running away, or playing any tricks. True, they would trot; but, oh, how unlike any other horse's trotting! It was a voluntary 'shog, shog, shog,' as if they were trying to shake the very shoes from your feet, and begun just when they took it into their heads, or were tired of walking. What a good understanding was there between one of these old roadsters and the farmer and his wife, whom he so willingly and quietly bore to market! Poor fellow! they would as soon think of sending their little grandson Dick to the next town with the large basket of butter and eggs, as they would of riding old Ball up a steep hill. No: the old man alights very carefully, then helps his bonny dame down; and as she smiles, perhaps, when he is about to catch her, he says, 'Thee and thy sins are a feathish weight together, my old girl;' and he looks tenderly upon her, well knowing that her greatest crime would not disturb the most tender conscience. Having seen that the basket is safely buckled on the pillow, they jog merrily a-foot up the hill together; and if Ball should take a fancy to a mouthful of the short sweet grass beside the bank, why, they wait patiently; and perhaps the kind-hearted old dame gathers a handful of primroses, and says, 'Nanny Sanderson's bairns always look for a few flowers when I leave their week's butter.' They pass the hill-top before they mount again: there is no need to hurry. They had breakfast over by five, and Lincoln is only twelve miles: if they are there by ten, they will be soon enough. Perhaps they stop and have a pint of ale and a 'snack' at the sign of the Blue Bell, in the valley, and give old Ball a mouthful of hay. He is patted, and whisks his ears and tail to and fro with delight, for he well knows that his master never gave him an unkind word; but before mounting again, the old farmer slacked the girth: he would not sit easy if he thought it pinched old Ball: no he would sooner run the risk of rolling himself and his bonny old dame to the earth together. On they are again, as steady as the current of a brook in summer; the rosy housewife throws one arm round her husband, and the fine old fellow feels proud that she confides her safety to him. Sometimes he pulls up to survey his neighbours' fields, and thinks that such a pasture would be better if the eddish were eaten down, or remarks that some hodge needs a few more quicksets. Perchance the very farmer who owns that property will dine with him after the market is past, and over their ale and pipes they will discuss these matters. Such was the old system of travelling to market; and a few thrifty couples may yet be found who still make one pad carry themselves and their commodities once or twice a week to the next town.—*J. Miller.*

From an article by Mrs. Ellet, in the Baltimore Museum.

## HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

"Amen!" resounded through the vast arches of the church, and died away in whispering melody in its remotest aisles. "Amen!" responded Handel, while he let fall slowly the staff with which he kept time. Successful beyond expectation was the first performance of his immortal masterpiece. Immense was the impression it produced, as well on the performers as upon the audience. The fame of Handel stood now immovable.

When the composer left the church, he found a royal equipage waiting for him, which, by the king's command, conveyed him to Carlton-house.

George the Second received the illustrious German, surrounded by his whole household, and many nobles of the court. "Well, Master Handel," he cried, after a gracious welcome, "it must be owned, you have made us a noble present in your Messiah; it is a brave piece of work."

"Is it?" asked Handel, and looked the monarch in the face, well pleased.

"It is, indeed," replied George. "And now tell me what can I do, to express my thanks to you for it?"

"If your majesty," answered Handel, "will give a place to

the young man who sang the tenor solo part so well, I shall be ever grateful to your majesty. He is my pupil, Joseph Wach, and he would fain marry his pupil, the fair Ellen, daughter to old John Farren; the old man gives consent, but his dame is opposed, because Joseph has no place as yet. And your majesty knows full well, that it is hard to carry a cause against the women."

"You are mistaken, Master Handel," said the king, with a forced smile; "I know nothing to that effect; but Joseph has from this day a place in our chapel as first tenor."

"Indeed!" cried Handel, rubbing his hands with joy, "I thank your majesty from the bottom of my heart!"

King George was silent a few moments, expecting the master to ask some other favour. "But, Master Handel," he said at length, "have you nothing to ask for yourself? I would willingly show my gratitude to you, in your own person, for the fair entertainment you provided us all in your Messiah!"

The flush of anger suddenly mantled on Handel's cheek, and he answered in a disappointed tone—"Sire, I have endeavoured not to entertain you—but to make you better."

The whole court was astonished; King George stepped back a pace or two, and looked on the bold master with surprise. Then bursting into a heavy fit of laughter, and walking up to him—"Handel!" he cried—"you are, and ever will be, a rough old fellow withal;—go do what you will, we remain ever the best friends in the world."

"Proud and magnificent is the marble monument erected in Westminster to the memory of Handel. Time may destroy it; but the monument—he himself—in his high and holy inspiration, has left us—his Messiah, will last for ever."

**SNOWDONIA.**—Rising gradually and majestically from its rock-girt base, Snowdon embraces within its limits a distinct region of subject hills, valleys and lakes, stretching across the country in one vast unbroken chain from sea to sea. It was formerly considered, in fact, to comprise within itself a little kingdom; the barons of Snowdon were the most potent lords of the soil, and the seignior of its broad and bold domain was always the most severely contested and the last resigned. Edward I. celebrated his final triumph over the ill-fated Llewelyn in jousts and festivals upon its plains; he often made it his favourite summer residence; it was chosen as the congress of the native princes, and of the bardic contests, and palaces and hunting seats animated its wooded and well-peopled eminences. Now, a comparatively barren wilderness spreads before the eye; naked massy ridges still rear their natural barrier against the skies; but most of the military stations, castles and towers, which made them formidable are seen no more.—*Roscoe's Wanders and Excursions in North Wales.*

**SINGULAR ANECDOTE.**—About ten days ago, one of the farm-keeper's wives was going homewards through the woods, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with its horns; she was considerably alarmed; but at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated, without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavoured to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood by quietly, and soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together.

**BEAUTIFUL COINCIDENCE.**—During the morning service, recently, at Christ's Church, Salem street, an incident occurred which would have been interpreted, by the ancients, as a signal of Divine approbation. The Rev. Mr. Marcus, of Nantucket, the officiating minister, gave out to be sung, the 84th Psalm, in which is the following stanza:

The birds more happier far than I,  
Around thy temple throng;  
Securely there they build, and there  
Securely hatch their young.

Whilst he was reading this Psalm, a dove flew in at one of the windows, and alighted on the capital of one of the pilasters, near the altar, and nearly over the head of the reader. A note of the Psalm and Hymn to be sung had been previously given, as is customary, to the choir; otherwise, it might have been supposed that there was design in the selection, for the minister announced, for the second singing, the 75th Hymn, commencing.

Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
In these cold hearts of ours.

The preacher was unconscious of the presence of the bird, until the close of the services; and then the innocent visiter was suffered to "depart in peace."—*Boston Trans.*

**COMMUNING WITH ONE'S SELF.**—A person of a truly su-

perior and philosophical mind would seldom wish to forgo the estimable privilege of communing with himself:

Sir Walter Scott says in his diary: "From the earliest time I preferred the pleasures of being alone to wishing for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining in company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood, I saw this would not do, and that to gain a place in men's esteem, I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and exaltation of spirits often supplied the real pleasure which others seemed to feel in society; yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still if the question was eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell.'"

## IS ANY MERRY? LET HIM SING PSALMS.

Sing at your work—'twill lighten  
The labors of the way;  
Sing at your work—'twill brighten  
The darkness of the day;  
Sing at your work—though sorrow  
Its lengthened shade may cast,  
Joy cometh on the morrow,  
A sunbeam cheers the blast.  
To pain a brief dominion  
Is o'er the spirit given,  
But music nerves the pinion  
That bears it up to heaven.

**A CURIOUS FACT FROM WIRE-DRAWING.**—When, for very accurate purposes of science or the arts, a considerable length of uniform wire is to be drawn, a plate with one or more jewelled holes, that is, filled with one or more perforated rubies, sapphires, or chrysolites, can alone be trusted to, because the holes even in the best steel become rapidly wider by the abrasion. Through a hole in a ruby 0.0033 of an inch in diameter, a silver wire 170 miles long has been drawn, which possessed at the end the very same section as at the beginning; a result determined by weighing portions of equal length, as also by measuring it with a micrometer. The whole in an ordinary draw-plate of soft steel becomes so wide, by drawing 14,000 fathoms of brass wire, that it requires to be narrowed before original sized wier can be again obtained.

**CHEERFULNESS IN WIVES.**—Boz well remarks that a cheerful woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold, when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

The writer was surveying London from the cupola of St. Paul's. It was a gloomy day, the fog rolled up its heavy curtains in a limited radius, so that the thousand spires of the metropolis were shut from the circumference embraced by the eye. As he looked around, he was aware of another spectator, standing by his side, who accosted him—"Well, I guess this 'ere is a pretty great place from what I can see!" Our tourist took him at once for a fellow countryman. "Yes," he replied, with affected ignorance: "You Englishmen ought to be proud of it."

"Oh," said he in return; "I guess I aint an Englishman; I rather expect that I'm principally from the United States."

"So am I," was the rejoinder. "We are looking, though, upon an immense metropolis, as you intimated; but we do not see its immensity to-day. It needs as clear a light as possible, for the wide and general view."

"Well, yes, I expect it does. After all, it must be a desperate sizeable place, including the outskirts and water-privileges; for it looks to be dreadful thick-settled jest along here, round the meeting-house!"

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