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A MERCHANT'S MUSINGS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

The sky, the sky, the clear blue sky,
I see it from my windows high,
O'er the church tower and heavy wall,
O'er the high rows of chimneys tall.

It smileth there as clearly blue,
As in past days 'twas wont to do,
As blandly clear, as softly sweet,
Upon this stirring, busy street.

I know 'tis summer—summer time—
Roses at home are in their prime,
My own small tree is gaudy now,
With crimson flowers on every bough.

I know beside my father's door
The aspen trembles as of yore,
And the clear rivulet onward sweeps,
To the small ledge from whence it leaps.

And the sweet linnæ and the thrush,
Have builded in the hawthorn bush;
They sing beside the rivulet's flow;
Do I not hear them even now?

It seems, indeed, but yesterday,
Since from that home I went away:
The memory is so clear and strong,
And yet, again, it seems so long.

How long since last I heard the call
Of friends beside the waterfall;
How long since last my mother laid
Her hand upon my head and prayed.

How long, how long! a merry boy,
I left with mingled tears and joy;
And now I'm grown a steady man,
With teeming brain, and plodding plan.

I've made me friends in other lands,
With other ties have joined my hands;
Have wife and children, lands and wealth,
Content and love, and hope, and health.

Yet home, home, home! this summer day,
I long, I long, to be away;
To leave the hot and noisy town,
To bound once more o'er dale and down.

The early loved ones to embrace;
To look upon my mother's face;
To see her smile, as once she smiled;
To be again a very child!

Who totters in with merry shout?
Ah, baby! hast thou found me out;
Disturbing thus my roverie?
Come little darling, to my knee!

Reproach me not, my little one,
That I was yearning to be gone;
Dearer than memory's dream can be,
Is the deep joy I have in thee!

Was I not murmuring even now,
That summer skies as bright should glow
On this dull town, as on the fair
Scenes where my early memories are?

Oh! lighting up this busy street,
They shine upon a flower as sweet,
As rose or violet of the wild,
On thee, my dear, my blessed child!

I'll put the dreams of memory by,
And gazing on thy cloudless eye,
So by thy loving heart will see,
A pure, sublimed epitome,
Of my young happy days in thee!

SIR I. NEWTON.—In company Sir Isaac was very reserved and particularly absent in mind. Of the latter failing, excusable however in a man whose attention was occupied with such abstruse subjects, there are many pleasant stories told; one of the best of which, and perhaps the only authentic one, is that given by Dr. Stukeley, who relates that after waiting at Sir Isaac's house for a considerable time without being able to see him, he was induced to demolish a fowl prepared for the philosopher's dinner. When Sir Isaac entered he appeared astonished to find the fowl gone, and exclaimed to his visitor, "You see, Doctor, how very absent, we philosophers are; I really imagined I had

not yet dined!" Indeed he would much rather sit down to solve a geometrical problem, than to discuss the most sumptuous dinner; and he would do one with as much celerity as the other.

When Leibnitz proposed a problem intended to puzzle the philosophers of all Europe, Sir Isaac Newton solved it within six hours after he had received it; and previously he had returned an answer in as short a time to one proposed by Bernoulli, for the solution of which Leibnitz had requested an extension to 12 months of the period of six months originally assigned.

ULTRAMARINE.—This substance is one of the most beautiful and most costly colours which ever came into the hands of the artist. The blue is of an intensely vivid character, and possesses the valuable property, of being almost unalterable by time. The mineral which yields ultramarine is called *Lapis lazuli*, and is distinguished by a beautiful blue colour. The lapis lazuli, or lazulite, as mineralogists term it, presents itself in masses more or less pure, generally of small size, of a granulated texture, imperfectly lamellated, and of different tints of blue, from celestial blue to indigo and purple. It is generally disseminated in a rock composed of many substances, of which iron pyrites is always one. In commerce this rock goes by the name of lapis, and brings a high or low price according to the quantity of lazulite which it contains.

MANNERS OF OUR ANCESTORS.—Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of the table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated upon by her, and her alone; since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her couropier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically: from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days; when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand."—*Correspondence of Lady Mary Montagu, by Lord Wharnccliffe.*

There is often a great deal of useful philosophy in the "items" which are floating about on the surface of the newspaper press. For instance—the Cincinnati Sun has the following little, but emphatic paragraph:—

"Let nothing unseemly, in word or action, pass the threshold within which there is a child."

Here is a piece of advice which cannot be too emphatically carried home to parents of every condition in life. Most of the follies and bad practices imbibed by children, and which often render them complete nuisances, are the result of ideas instilled into their minds by examples which their parents, or others around them, think little or nothing of at the time. The mind of a child will imbibe the poison of bad examples at a much earlier period than is by many imagined; and it is very seldom that this poison can be eradicated by the best influences which can be brought to bear against this.—*Boston Times.*

ORIGIN OF 'FOOLSCAP' PAPER.—It is well known that Charles I. of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of his government. Among others was the privilege of manufacturing paper; the water mark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great at this time, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles to the scaffold, and by way of showing their contempt for the king, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool with his cap and bells, to be substituted. It is now more than a hundred and seventy-five years since the fool's cap and bells were taken from the paper, but still paper of the size which Parliament ordered for their journals bears the name of the water mark then ordered as an indignity to Charles.

BEAUTIES OF SAM SLICK.

WINTER NIGHT IN NOVA SCOTIA.—I ondressed and made a desperate jump right into the cold bed, with only half clothes enough on it for such weather, and wrapped up all the clothes

round me. Well, I thought I should have died. The frost was in the sheets,—and my breath looked liked the steam from a boilin' tea-kettle, and it settled right down on the quilt, and froze into white hoar. The nails in the house cracked like a gun with a wet wad,—they went off like thunder, and, now and then, you'd hear some one run along ever so fast, as if he couldn't shew his nose to it for one miuit, and the snow crakin' and crumplin' onder his feet, like a new shoe with a stiff sole to it. The fire wouldn't blaze no longer, and only gave up a blue smoke, and the glass in the window looked all fuzzy with the frost.

ALLEGORICAL PAINTING.—Why, said I, governor, that landscape on the right, with the great white two-story house in it, havin' a washin tub of apple sarce on one side, and a cart chockfull of punkin pies on t'other, with the gold letters A. P. over it, is intended to represent this land of promise, our country, Amerika; and the gold letters A. P. initialise it Airthly Paradise. Well, says he, who is that he one on the left?—I didn't intend them letters H. and E. to indicate he at all, said I, tho' I see now they do; I guess I must alter that. That tall graceful figur', says I, with wings, carryin' a long Bowie knife in his right hand, and them small winged figures in the rear, with little rifles, are angels emigratin' from heaven to this country. H. and E. means heaven-ly emigrants.

Its alle-go-ry.—And a beautiful alle-go-ry it is, said he, and well calculated to give foreigners a correct notion of our young growin' and great republic.

MORALITY.—We are a moral people,—a religious, a high-minded, and a high-spirited people; and can do any, and all the nations of the universal world out of anything, in the hundred of millions of clever shifts there are in trade; but as for stealin', I despise it; it's a low, blackguard dirty and mean action; and I must say you're a disgrace to our great nation. *An American Citizen never steals, he only gains the advantage!*

JOHN BULL.—Oh dear! how John Bull swallows this soft sawder, don't he? I think I see him astandin' with his hoods in his trousers-pockets, alookin' as big as all out-doors, and as sour as cider sot out in the sun for vinegar. At first he looks suspicious and sulky, and then one haughty frown relaxes, and then another, and so on, till sturness is gone, and his whole face wears one great benevolent expression, like a full moon, till you can eye him without winkin', and lookin' about as intellgent all the time as a skim milk cheese.

OLD NAMES.—Scissiboo is the Indian name of this long and beautiful river, and signifies the great deep, and should have been retained, not merely because it was its proper name, but on account of its antiq. ity, its legends, and, above all, because the river had a name, which the minor streams of the province have not. A country, in my opinion, is robbed of half of its charms when its streams, like those of Nova Scotia, have no other names than those of the proprietors of the lands thro' which they pass, and change them as often as the soil changes owners. Scissiboo sounded too savage and uncouth in the ears of the inhabitants, and they changed it to Weymouth, but they must excuse me for adopting the old reading.

FRENCH CANADIANS.—They leave the marketin' to the women, and their business to their notaries, the care of their souls to their priests, and of their bodies to their doctors, and resarve only frolickin', dancin', singin', fidlin', and gasconadin' to themselves. They are as merry as crickets, and as happy as the day is long. They don't care a straw how the world jogs, who's up or who's down, who reigns or who is deposed. Ask 'em who is King, and they believe Papinor is; who is Pope, and they believe their bishop is; who is the best off in the world, and they believe Mount-Sheer Chatter-Box Habitan is.

NIAGARA.—It's nothin' but a river taken over a cliff fall split, instead of runnin' down hill the old way.

BOOK OF NATURE.—That feller cyphered that out of human natur',—the best book a man can study arter all, and the only true one;—there's no two ways about it—there's never no mistake there.

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