

deficiency in Catoptricks. Why should an acquaintance with exact science be expected from one who only professes to describe impressions and appearances? The *Surgeon*, even, is not required to be an adept in the *Physician's* department, why then should our correspondent require sketch-writers to be encyclopedists? But *Ramblewood* does not say that he saw the rays;—and, query, is the sun exactly vertical at Halifax, about noon, in August? If not, might not the reflection be visible at a place so near the harbour, as Citadel Hill? So that, for all "As-you-like-it" knows to the contrary, the juvenile may have some acquaintance with Catoptricks, and the error so triumphantly, but needlessly, urged, may exist in the imagination of our correspondent only.—The exultation respecting the "optic nerve" and other slips, is scarcely becoming, in a grave critic; but, no doubt, it will teach "Ramblewood" that he must be more guarded in future,—and that he may expect, occasionally, the mortification of finding, that some persons fasten on blemishes with a death grasp,—magnifying, and asserting, and echoing themselves all the time,—blind, involuntarily, or wilfully, to all the better traits of the article under consideration.

The "Departure and Return" should have been divided from the Juvenile Column:—Critically speaking, the light of the dawn, and the shades of night, may not blend,—but do they not appear to do so, when the density of the latter is broken, and the horizon becomes, by slow degrees, and by fine gradations, marked by the approach of day? The line, "Too well does she listen, with eloquent glances," gives opportunity for some wit, as if it only bore the forced explanation of our correspondent, or as if the exactness of science should govern ballads. Suppose A to say, "I walked out with B," he could not be understood to mean that B acted as his legs,—but merely, that B accompanied him. So the lady's attentive listening, might be accompanied by her eloquent glances, and no harm done, either to physiology or common sense. The fastening on small defects only, reminds of the fly which attacks the galled spots of the steed,—rather than of the judge of "horse flesh," who takes in at a glance all the serious defects and good points of his object.—The word *lair* is frequently used, in poetical articles, to designate many situations beside the hiding places of wild beasts,—although, we admit, such licenses should be avoided. Other verbal objections, on this subject, may be left to the mercy of more merciful, and not less critical, readers.

Our correspondent next takes up "the Penitent," and points out some obscurity which he calls nonsense. Might not the first passage objected to—divested of its rhyme, and some of its rhetorical figures—be thus rendered? "His heart became lone and gloomy, as a sepulchral cave; its sympathies and affections, chilled, as they appeared, and were confined to that cell, which was illuminated, as it were, by funeral, or death-lights, only."—Other passages might be similarly explained, if explanation were the thing sought for. But how confused our critic's own ideas must have become, when he imagined that a transposition was required in a line that contrasts "love's sceptre" with the "avenging rod." Suppose a person to say, "For 20s in silver, I change a pound note," would any boy doubt the meaning of the expression? Edwin's line, to which "As-you-like-it" objects, is as plain.—"Toucats" is a misprint for *torrents*, as the line itself suggests. About this part of our correspondent's critique, he hurls an anathema at the word *wrap*, which had previously excited his ire: Let not any reader suppose that this term—which means to enclose, to encompass, to exclude outward objects—is so bad in itself, and so little used by good writers, that it should be signalled out as a great blemish in our little periodical. As one instance out of a number which might be given,—we quote the following lines:

"The double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath *wrapt*, and *wrap*  
All round us: we but feel our way to err:  
The ocean bath his chart, the stars their map,  
And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;  
But Rome is as the desert."

What nuts these specimens of the use of the word, would be to our correspondent, if the author of *Childe Harold* "were an unknown aspirant;"—as it is, no doubt, even he would not seize on them, as "most condemning proof" that the poem should not have been put in type.

A notice of the column headed *Miscellaneous*, closes our correspondent's "close critique for sucking geniuses." We still doubt, that the "jokes" are "venerable Joe Millerisms," and would be sorry indeed, if any except the extremely fastidious, and those who would sound charges on shadows, could justify the epithet applied [by our correspondent. To make the Pearl unexceptionable, in this respect particularly, has been, and will be, considered a sacred duty. On this, as on other matters, we must appeal, from our (sometimes) captious correspondent, to unprejudiced readers generally.

A hasty glance may now be taken at our correspondent's own composition, for the purpose of exhibiting that even such as he may commit inaccuracies similar to those which he treats so harshly in others.

There are about twenty errors, in capitalising, and punctuation, in our correspondent's manuscript; but supposing that these

might have been caused by the copyist, we make the usual correction and pass on. Other errors may be considered trifling, but some of them are of as much consequence as several of those which so excited our correspondent's literary ire. If it should be said in excuse, that the style was intentionally loose, to suit the article in hand,—it may be answered, that the same excuse will apply with much more force, to some of the pieces criticised, than to the critique. Where are enquirers to look for purity of diction, if not to the composition of him who stands forth as a public corrector,—and a conservator, or builder up, of literary taste?

To commence then, the expression "joining my endeavours to yours, for raising the popular standard" can scarcely be called grammatical. If the participle *raising* is intended to be the object of the preposition *for*, should it not have its distinguishing article, and be followed by another preposition, thus,—*the raising of*? The omissions of our correspondent are not allowable, except in a professedly "hurried and lazy style."—Again the word *endeavour* occurs twice, in three lines, once as a verb, and again as a noun. This is displeasing to the ear, and is an offence against strength and perspicuity, which may be set down as another specimen of literary laziness. The phrases, "I take it," "sucking genius," &c. are of a more slip siop character.—A few lines farther on, the conjunction *neither*, commences a clause, without having any corresponding particle from which to continue the negation. We would suggest two alterations, either of which, we suppose, will be acknowledged, on consideration, to be a correction of our correspondent's mode of expression: "I do not approve of the drollery, neither can I" &c. or, "I have some doubts about the drollery, and must condemn his inclination" &c.—Respecting the school scene, in *Alice Ware*, our correspondent says, "it is done to the life." How done,—cooked, finished, painted, or what?—Is not our query here, as well founded as many of our correspondent's objections?—"Till finished" is of the same "lazy" character, and then we get a tit bit of logic, to the following effect: A baked catable, composed of materials, which composing materials, are thrown into the compound that consisted of themselves! Oh that critics had critical eyes for their own productions, or fellow feelings for brother transgressors! The jumble just quoted reminds of the extravaganza of throwing the house out of the window.—A little farther on, we have the logical department continued, by ideas kept and jolted about in an unoccupied space.—Then occurs such elegant phraseology, as "O what matters, I'm in a hurry" &c.—In the clause, "no less prevalent than improper," what part of speech is the particle *no*?—In a following passage we have this example of critical acumen, in grammar and rhetoric, "they are easily got over, if the writer would trouble himself." Here, beside the fine expression "got over," we have present and future tense, and indicative and subjunctive mood, nicely jumbled in one short sentence.—We pass on, merely alluding to the corrections respecting *specimen*, from whence, &c. before mentioned, and come, to the important and classical declaration, that, an insufferable liberty is past endurance,—to the judicious substitution of the adverb *worth* for the adjective *worthy*,—to the grammatical licence of *has had* for *had*,—to the expressive idiom, *I fear me*,—and to the elegant abbreviation *I'm*, for *I am*,—all of which, our correspondent may, possibly, think very becoming in a lecture on style.

Notwithstanding time and space press, we must continue with a few words on the composition of No. 2. In the very first line, what we venture to call another blunder in tense, occurs: "In the paper sent I had reviewed."—Near the opening of the second paragraph, *and* is made to commence a sentence which has no connection with the preceding sentence, requiring that conjunction. Farther on, an example of diction is set, by the use of six *its* in one sentence; see Cobbett on this pronoun: "When I had read it,"—"could not imagine why it was published,"—"it is a good but common place article,"—"none of that spicery about it which would entitle it,"—"and therefore I judge it to be out of place."—Again, is not the expression of our author's vivid fancies rather injured by the epithet "going day"?—The next sentence seems to afford another instance of critical logic. One sister is said to accomplish a certain operation, *although* another is inadequate for the performance of something else, or for the performance of the same with quite a different material. Why *although*? The failure of the younger sister, in one attempt, does not admit an inference that the elder should fail in another department. How would it sound, to say, gravely, Anne can play a waltz on her harpsichord, *although* Ellen cannot on her easel?—As we would wish to get our critic's advice respecting the art of painting, as well as that of poetry, we may enquire, whether it is the fact, as he asserts—that painters may, "with all the truth of nature, depict the setting sun"?—Respecting *Ramblewood's* walk, our correspondent says that he looks over it, to see all the beauties it may have. Did he indeed look in it for all the possible beauties, or for all that it actually had, or rather for the defects which he expected?—Some lines farther on we are told, that when young men who cannot swim, venture beyond their depth, they are liable to drowning. A plain man, and no castigatour, would suppose all men liable, and the venturesome young men in particular danger.—Here we might pause, and say, as our correspondent does on another subject,—The remainder is too far below

mediocrity; as a critique, to deserve any attention: we will not act so discourteously, however, but passing over a page which might well be attributed to "Twaddle the elder," rest on a better sustained part, nearer the close. Respecting the battle field, we are told, that "the victors would not spare time," and "the vanquished are too busy," more murder among the tenses; let it be, either "will not spare" or, "were too busy."—In the next paragraph, the expression, "The Penitent is one of those affairs, that one hardly knows, &c." might be altered for the better by substituting *critic* for the latter *one*. Farther on we have the following specimen of clairvoyance,—"there are passages" &c. "but so deeply are they buried in words that it requires some time and tact to dig them out." If passages are composed of words, the complaint, that words are buried in words, does seem most awkwardly worded,—and it would require "some time and tact" to tell the result, if passages were dug from, i. e. removed from or out of, words.

Here we must part company with our correspondent, premising, that we point out the defects in his communication, as a fair set off to similar defects which he treats rather harshly, and not as entirely marking his letters with deformity,—although he has drawn such an inference in other matters; we must say, however, that if we were to take the standard which he would set up, we should reject much of his own critique. In conclusion, we sincerely assure our correspondent, that we are pleased to find so critical an eye watchful of the public interests, and deeming the Pearl worthy of its notice;—that we mean to profit by his strictures, as, we trust, the next "original" number will prove,—and that we hope to reckon "As-you-like-it" among our contributors, then, or previously, feeling confident that he would be a valuable auxiliary, and that he will take any appearance of our returning "a Roland for an Oliver," in good part.

ED. PEARL.

(Perhaps we should apologize for the length of the preceding articles;—it is not often, however, that such can appear; occasionally, they may be of some interest, and utility, by directing attention to many matters frequently overlooked, and by presenting both sides of an argument, for the decision of our judges, the readers of the Pearl.)

#### RECIPES, &c.

(A correspondent, who has tried the following, and who readily endorses it, sends it for the benefit of other housekeepers.)—PEARL-LABOR SAVING SOAP.—The receipts for making this have been sold for from five to ten dollars—and the soap seven cents per pound; but can be manufactured for about two cents. Take two pounds of Sal Soda—two pounds yellow bar soap—and ten quarts of water—cut the soap in thin slices and boil all together two hours—then strain it through a cloth, let it cool, and it is fit for use. Directions for using the Soap: Put the clothes in soak the night before you wash, and to every pail of water in which you boil them add one pound of soap. They will need no rubbing: merely rinse them out, and they will be perfectly clean and white.

A method of kneading bread, by which will be obtained from the same quantity of flour a loaf better made weighing twenty-five per cent more:—This result is obtained by boiling for an hour a pound of bran in about twenty pints of water, taking care constantly to stir it with a stick, to prevent the bran from burning at the side or bottom of the vessel. After having strained this liquid through a linen bag or cloth, let it be employed hot to knead with, in the common manner, instead of simple water.

The advantage of this bread is, that it weighs more, and is easier of digestion.

ERYSIPELAS.—Dr. F. M. Robertson, of Augusta, Geo., reports, in the July number of the Southern Medical and Surgical Journal, two cases of erysipelas, successfully treated by the external application of raw cotton.

TEETH.—Brush your teeth with cold water and a little Peruvian bark in the morning, again with water only, directly you leave the dinner table, and let this also be the last thing you do on going to bed. More depends on the state of your teeth while sleeping, than during any other portion of the twenty-four hours. Never pick your teeth with a pin, nor suffer any metal to come near them; crack no almonds or other shelled fruit between them, and when you are sewing, never on any consideration bite off a thread.

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE.—For six gallons of water, take six pounds of clarified sugar, three ounces of ginger in powder, and two ounces of cream of Tartar; then give the whole a good boiling; take it off the fire, let it cool to blood heat, and add to it the peel of six lemons, and five ounces of yeast (which can be had of the bakers,) mix it well, settle for twelve hours, draw it off clear—bottle it, cork it tight, keep it until next day, and then drink American Champagne.

LIGHTNING.—The Providence Courier, in support of the recent discovery that lamp black resists the course of the fluid, says that in the schooner *Ida*, struck a few days since at that port, the portions of the masts and spars painted green entirely escaped, while bare parts were shivered.