

## THE OLD FARM GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide  
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road side?  
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,  
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.  
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far  
Were the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warp'd bar.  
Here are fashion and form of a modernised date,  
But I'd rather have look'd on the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play  
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;  
For the stream running nigh and the hillocks of sand  
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.  
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,  
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory and pride;  
And the car of the victor or carriage of state  
Never carried such hearts as the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,  
When the moon was above and the glow-worms below:  
Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,  
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew quick.  
Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,  
With church-going vestment and sprucely-combed hair?  
He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait  
For the one he adored at the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the grey-headed goosips would meet,  
And the falling of markets or goodness of wheat—  
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—  
Were favourite themes for discussion and thought.  
The merits and fruits of a neighbour just dead—  
The hopes of a couple about to be wed;  
The Parliament doings—the bill and debate,  
Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound  
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound;  
The beagle might hunt and the spaniel might swim,  
But none could leap over that postern like him.  
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,  
And the quickly-pull'd willow-branch served for a whip,  
Spite of hugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,  
While I climbed on his back from the old farm gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame  
May come winging our moments and gliding our name;  
But, give me the joy and the freshness of mind,  
When away on some sport—the old gate slam'd behind—  
I've listened to music, but none that could speak  
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting ergak  
That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,  
And the dear ones came home through the old farm gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,  
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.  
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp  
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.  
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part  
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart;  
And the brightest of fortune—the kindest fate—  
Would not banish my love for the old farm gate.

ELIZA COOK.

## POTTERY-WARE, FINISHING.

The finer kinds of porcelain are often embellished with paintings of such exquisite workmanship, that they may safely bear comparison with the finest miniature-paintings. Here the combined talents of the artist and of the chemist are called into requisition, as much perhaps as in any process that can be named.

This part of the subject has therefore engaged the attention both of manufacturers and of chemists, in order to lay down working rules for the guidance of the workman. Perhaps the most remarkable investigator of this subject was Bernard de Palissy, who, having accidentally seen an enamelled cup, instantly conceived the idea of endeavouring to make improvements in the art of applying colours to glass and porcelain (for the principle is much the same in both cases). He threw up his occupation of a land surveyor, and devoted his time, his energy, and his means to the prosecution of his favourite subject. Years did he devote to it, and subjected himself to the expostulations of those most dear to him by the expenditure of his means. At one time, so completely was he impoverished, that he actually broke up his furniture and some of the wood-work of his house for the purpose of fuel to feed the furnace in which his experimental compositions were being heated; and he stripped himself of a portion of his clothing to serve the purpose of wages to a workman who made rosey application for his earnings. It is however gratifying to those who can appreciate such energy in the pursuit of scientific investigation, to know that Palissy was rewarded for

his years of toil by success and honourable fame. From the time of Palissy to modern days, repeated improvements have been made in the choice of colours employed for painting porcelain, and in modes of laying them on.

The substances employed as colours are invariably oxides of metals, ground to an extremely fine powder, and mixed with volatile oil or with gum-water to a consistency which enables them to be laid on with ease. One of the reasons why the colours must be metallic oxides is, that if they were of organic origin, whether animal or vegetable, they could not bear, without decomposition, the intense heat of the enamelling furnace, into which the painted porcelain is placed.

The selection of these oxides for colouring materials is subject to the taste of the maker, as well as to his scientific skill, and is far too extensive a subject for us to enter upon here. We may merely mention that gold, iron, antimony, lead, uranium, tin, zinc, and copper are among the large variety of metals used for this purpose. In order to make these colouring substances adhere permanently to the porcelain, it is necessary to mix them with a flux which will both enable them to melt more easily and combine with the porcelain more perfectly. This flux is generally composed of powdered glass, calcined borax, and refined nitre, mixed in definite proportions, and reduced to an impalpable powder. The process of grinding is very important, both as regards the colouring substance and the flux.

The painting is performed by means of small camel-hair pencils, as in miniature-painting. Some of the earlier specimens of porcelain were painted by men whose names have become the property of posterity. Works on porcelain are extant, said to be from the hand of Raffaele, and the cabinets of the curious present specimens of British porcelain with designs executed by Sir J. Thornhill. We have seen an oval dish, containing a view on the Rhine, by one of the Flemish masters, of surpassing beauty.

The devices are painted on the articles according to patterns, and according to the colours chosen. If the articles be comparatively cheap, the painting is performed by girls, who have no difficulty in following a given easy pattern; but if the ornaments be elaborate, the exercise of taste is called for, and the talents of a more experienced person are required.

The Chinese have a remarkable way of painting porcelain vessels so that the colour shall only be visible when the vessel is full of liquid. The cup is made very thin, and, after having been baked, is painted on its inner surface. When dry, a thin film of porcelain earth, the same as the cup, is laid over the inside, and on this a varnish of glaze is laid. The outside is then ground away almost to the level of the painted figure, which then receives a coating of varnish on the outside, so as to conceal the paint. When the vessel is filled with liquid, it acts as a kind of foil behind, and throws out the figures, which were before obscured.

The gilt ornaments, rings, edgas, etc. of articles of porcelain, are produced in a way very similar to the coloured painting.

These gilt ornaments are afterwards burnished by a neat process, which is generally performed by females. An agate or blood-stone burnisher, a piece of sheepskin, a little white-lead, and a little vinegar, are required by those who work at this part.

In some descriptions of porcelain gold is applied in the form of leaf, and made to adhere by means of jappanners' gold-size. The gold-size is laid on with a pencil; and when it becomes in a clammy state, between wet and dry, the gold is applied and pressed on with cotton wool. The vessel is then put into an oven, by which the gold is burnt on.

There is a kind of pottery known as gold or silver lustre-ware. In this case the oxides of gold or silver are mixed with an essential oil, and brushed entirely over the vessel. The vessel then being placed in an oven, the heat dissipates the oxygen, and leaves the metals adhering to the porcelain, but with much less brilliancy than when laid on in the way above described.

We now approach the last portion of our subject, viz. the glazing, or the glassy covering which gives such beauty, cleanliness, and durability to porcelain or pottery vessels. It is necessary here to remark, that although the blue figures on common ware are painted or printed when the ware is in the state of biscuit, or unglazed, yet the more elaborate painting on porcelain is generally done after the process of glazing; so that the enamel colours, by being afterwards heated, blend and unite with the glaze on the porcelain: it is true the painted wares have again to be placed in an oven, but this process is quite independent of that of glazing.

A glaze for the commonest ware is composed of ground flint mixed with litharge, in the proportion of four parts of the former to ten of the latter. This mixture is very hurtful to the workman employed, in consequence of the lead contained in the litharge; but the anxiety for a cheap glaze occasions it to be still used. As a general rule, we may say that ground flint forms one of the ingredients of most kinds of glaze.

When the proper materials have been agreed upon and selected, they are finely ground and mixed up with water to the consistence of cream. Into this cream, which is kept constantly stirred to prevent the solid particles from subsiding, the cup or other vessel is dipped. A thin coating of course attaches to the outside, while the inside is filled with the cream. This being emptied out,

the cup is turned rapidly about to make the glaze flow equally to every part. The cup is then allowed to drain for a few seconds, and is laid by, ready for being placed in the oven. Another cup is then taken, dipped into the glaze, and heated in the same way as the last, and so on to any extent.

When a sufficient number of vessels are ready, they are arranged in seggars, and without touching one another. The seggars are piled one upon another into bungs, and the oven is heated gradually. The degree of heat attained is not equal to that in the baking oven; but is of such an amount that the glaze becomes melted and flows smoothly over the surface of the cup, as a transparent sort of enamel. The heat of the oven is then lowered, and the vessels are withdrawn in a finished state.

There is a mode of glazing ware by means of common salt. It was formerly employed for pottery in general, but is at present principally confined to stone ware. The stone ware is peculiarly compact and dense in its structure, so that it will hold water without absorption, even if unglazed. When the vessels are made, and while in the oven, salt is thrown in, and becomes decomposed by the heat: the alkali of the salt combines with the flint contained in the ware, and forms a coating of glass which envelopes the whole surface.

We frequently see that tea-cups and other articles of pottery-ware which have been purchased from hawkers, or at "cheap shops," become covered with innumerable cracks in the course of time. These vessels are made of a cheap description of clay that will not bear a sufficient degree of baking, or are covered with a cheap glaze, which becomes cracked or "crazed," as it is technically termed, by the frequent action of hot water. In process of time pieces of the glaze chip off, and afford us one among a long list of proofs, that what are termed "cheap" goods are not always such.

A person who had drunk too much the night before, was yesterday placed before Recorder Baldwin, of the second municipality.

"You were drunk last night," said the Recorder.

"You're right for once," said the prisoner.

"I shall send you for thirty days," said the Recorder.

"Oh, don't," said the prisoner.

"I will," said the Recorder.

"I'm a printer," said the prisoner.

"Are you?" said the Recorder.

"I am so," said the prisoner. "We invited you, you know, to our anniversary dinner."

"So you did," said the Recorder.

"How did you like that ham?" asked the prisoner.

"It was excellent," said the Recorder.

"And the wine?" asked the prisoner.

"That was better yet," said the Recorder.

"And the toast so complimentary to you?" asked the prisoner, with a smile.

"That was better than all," said the Recorder.

"I know who wrote that toast," said the prisoner.

"You may go," said the Recorder.—*New Orleans Sun.*

"The poets," says the Buffalo Journal, "are not all dead," and it gives this example:—"The Niles (Michigan) Intelligencer publishes a call for a meeting of the citizens to repair a "corduroy" road near that place, and compels the muses to second the call in the following stanza:

'For now it's not passable—  
Not even jackassable;  
And those who would travel it,  
Should turn out and gravel it.'"

There are those who are rich in their poverty, because they are content, and use generously what they have: there are others who in the midst of their riches, are really poor, from their insatiable covetousness or shameful profusion.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels: first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms, rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ, is worth contending about.

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