

THE FAIRY.

Let fairies delight, 'neath the midsummer moon,
To woo lovers new 'mongst the roses of June;
My Mary's the fairy I only would fold,
In my arms; she hath charms that can never be told.

Let fairies so featly adown the glen trip,
That their feet scarce can greet the blue violet's lip;
My Mary's the fairy trips lighter by far,
To the well, in the dell, by the light of love's star.

Let fairies in visions to poets appear,
As they dream by the stream when the twilight is near;
My Mary's the fairy that's dearer to me,
Than the shower to the flower, or the bell to the bee. W.

For the Pearl.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.

Under this title some admirable sketches of English character have appeared of late, a few of which have been copied into the Pearl. Every country has its Heads, though sketchers may sometimes be wanting—and in each there are distinct classes, from which individuals may be selected that would be recognized at once as fitting representatives of the class to which they belong. I have sometimes fancied that William Howitt might find heads, even in Nova Scotia, on which to employ his pencil. There are lots of them, if people would only look about, and see for themselves, and make of the materials around them matter of mutual instruction and amusement. Take, for instance,

The Malagasher.—This is the familiar soubriquet given in the Metropolis to all coasters of German extraction, whether they come from Lunenburg, the ancient hive, or from any of the Coves, Harbours, or Inlets, into which they have swarmed, eastward to the Bay of Islands. The race is the same, wherever found, displaying in all places the same characteristics. The Malagasher is a dear lover of the sea shore, and seldom moves inland except upon compulsion. There are several of the tribe on the eastern road, this side of Gay's River, but they always strike me as out of place, and by no means as cheerful and contented as the rest of the family. The sea side, from Petit Riviere to Newdy Quaddy, is the place to see the genuine Malagasher in all his glory. He cares not how rough the land is, or how thickly strewed the granite rocks may be upon the surface. Right well satisfied is he that there is good soil under the rocks, and that these wont grow again when once removed—and thousands of tons change places, in an inconceivably short space of time, when he takes it into his head to make a clearing. Though not condemned, like Sisyphus, to roll the same stone forever, he is forever, when on land, rolling one stone or another. As if by magic, a wall, nearly as broad if not so high as the great wall of China, rises around his plantation. Though not extremely regular and symmetrical in its construction, it lasts forever. Wicked cattle cannot push it down with their horns or haunches, nor does it require, like a pole fence, to be repaired every spring. Jack Frost cannot heave those huge rocks, indeed nobody but a Malagasher would ever think of heaving them. Some of the largest, rolled down the bank upon the sea shore, are huddled together at low water and formed into a wharf. A few plank form a covering, and a huge post, built in at each corner, affords safe mooring for half a life. One would think, to run over the Malagasher's farm, that it was somewhat small to give a living to such a large family as he intends to get—but he does not trust to the land altogether; and besides, he requires no extensive pasture—his stock of cattle rarely exceeds a cow and a pair of working oxen. A horse he gets if there happen to be any roads around him, but often, where he is settled, there are no roads but the great highway of nations; if we except, perhaps, the winding path from point to cove, and from cove to point, that connects him with his neighbors.

It is just three years since that little clearing was a part of the unbroken wilderness—and had you looked upon it then, with its scrubby growth of spruces in front and young birches in the rear, barely concealing the myriads of granite rocks that the last fire which ran along the coast revealed, by removing every vestige of the primeval forest, you would hardly have fancied that any human being would, in his senses, have undertaken to convert such a spot into a farm. But at that time Melchoir Mosher was just turned of twenty, and Susan Schlawnweit was some two years younger. Melchoir could roll a granite rock—build a boat—shoot a seine—pile cord wood—steer a shallop—haul a cod-line—dance a jig—eat sour krout—drink his glass—shoot a duck—barpoon an albecore—scoop gaspereaux—pitch sea-weed—drive oxen—chop wood—row a boat, or box a round, with any young Malagasher on the shore. What did he care for granite rocks and scrubby spruces? like Sheridan with the Patridges, he knew he could 'make them get out of that,' and he had a shrewd suspicion that Susan Schlawnweit would have no objections to help him.

Susan was a cheerful brunette, with black hair, and eyes—with a breadth of beam and an expansion of chest which gave sure promise of a powerful and productive housewife. It must be acknowledged that her foot was none of the smallest, and that her hand ought to have been whiter and more delicate, if it had never done harder work than thump a Piano and curl her hair. But, from childhood until she was a stout lass, I am not quite certain that Susan had always worn shoes in the summer time; and a foot

as small as Cinderella's would not continue diminutive, if always treading among roots, and stumps, and round beach stones—and that hand, who that had the least knowledge of the various things to which it was put in the course of a year, would wonder that it was sunburnt, and a little too thick for any French kid glove in Fenerty's latest importation. It was no uncommon thing for Susan Schlawnweit, in the summer time, to be up before the sun—milk the cows—clean the barn—drive the cattle into the woods to feed upon the young leaves and long rank grass, which, in Nova Scotia, affords such abundant and refreshing pasturage to the cattle of the poor—churn the butter, prepare a substantial breakfast for her father's family—and then, when the old man and the boys had dispersed to the fields, she might be seen holding the old fashioned two wheeled plough—dropping potatoes into the drills, or perhaps standing up to her knees in the salt water, reap-hook in hand, cutting rockweed to replenish the manure heap. Thus passed the forenoon with Susan Schlawnweit—then dinner was to be cooked and cleared away—after that, if there were green fish upon the flake, there was she, turning and piling, or carrying them on a hand-barrow to the store—or, if there had been a run of mackarel, and the family had had the good fortune to make 'a stop,' then would she stand on the beach, splitting and gibbing for a whole moonlight night, helping the girls and boys to gossip and crack jokes, and perhaps to pelt gibs at some lazy or sleepy fellow, who did not do his fair share of work.

Now Melchoir Mosher, who lived on the opposite side of the Cove, well knew that Susan Schlawnweit could do all these things—and besides, had marked that her spinning wheel and loom made rather more noise, in the long winter evenings and dull days, than any others in the harbour; and he rightly judged, that with such a girl as that he might venture to begin the world without any apprehensions for the future.

They had lived near each other from childhood, and mixed together in scores of scenes of juvenile merriment or exertion—but latterly it had been observed that, at Weddings or Barn Raisings, Melchoir always contrived to dance at least a dozen times in the course of the night, (for those frolics rarely break up till day-light) with his young neighbor. It was evident, also, that when he was rowing past, if Susan happened to be upon the beach, he rested on his oars rather longer than on other occasions—that when she went for the cows, it was generally very difficult to find them; and that, on one or two occasions the cotton handkerchief tied round her head was mightily tumbled on her return, and had a strong smell of fir balsam. If anything was wanting at home, Susan was always certain Mrs. Mosher had it, and if a mackarel 'broke' in the offing, or a net had gone adrift, Melchoir always fancied the Schlawnweits knew something about it. So that, some how or other, the young couple contrived to spend so many hours together, that the old people began to talk the matter over, and see what could be spared to set them up in the world.

Old Mosher gave his son a deed of some five acres of the rough land we have been talking about, and the loan of his working oxen, whenever they were not wanted at home. The trees were soon cleared away, and, with the aid of the oxen, Melchoir attacked the granite rocks: for those he had no great love, but he had a great deal of love for Susan Schlawnweit—and he knew that when he got rid of them she would be comfortable and independent. By George, it would have done a lazy fellow good to see how he did split, and roll, and knock them about, sometimes before daylight, and often by moonlight. His first field cleared, and his barley and potatoes planted—Melchoir prepared the stuff for a log house, and then there was a 'raising.' Such a clattering of heavy feet as there was upon the new floor that night,—such a hugging in the corners, and kissing outside the door, was never heard tell of any where but upon the shore. I will not undertake to say how much new rum was drunk, but I know that the old soldier, who was the Schoolmaster, Scrivener and Fiddler, of the harbour, was so drunk that he fell through the head of the barrel on which he sat, just before sunrise.

A fortnight after this, the young couple might be seen walking, hand in hand, through the streets of Halifax, Melchoir in his best suit, and Susan dressed in white, with a broad red sash round her waist, a worked collar upon her ample bosom and shoulders, and other little innocent finery about her person, to be worn that day, and perhaps for a Sunday or two after her first and second child were born, and then laid aside, as memorials of past pleasures, that love had sanctioned and 'the law allowed.' If a clergyman happened to be within reach of the Harbour, a ring and a few little supplies were purchased, and the wedding took place at old Mr. Schlawnweit's—if not, the young couple, with bridesmaid and best man, and the old people, bringing up the rear, might be seen going up the Minister's steps, one of them having a dollar in copers in his right hand ready to pay the fee. In either case a frolic completes the ceremony, and Melchoir Mosher and Susan Schlawnweit have slept a night beneath their own roof.

Three years have passed away, and there are three children in that Log House, and some prospect of another. There is a second field cleared—the Malagasher has got a pair of steers of his own. There has been a barn raising—and he has built himself a whaleboat, a flat, and a gondola—and got credit for a couple of nets, and sundry killocks and codlines. There is a pig or two about the premises, for whom the fish offal affords abundant food. Melchoir has caught some Salmon in the spring, scooped up some

Alewives in the neighboring river—and, having an interest in a seine hard by, has made sundry hauls of Mackarel and Herring, to say nothing of the Cod and Haddock caught at the mouth of the Harbour, or off upon the Banks, and which Susan has carefully cured upon the flakes. He is a man now going ahead—able to pay his Merchant, and to look the future in the face without apprehension.

Twenty years have slipped round, and there sits Melchoir Mosher on the quarter rail of his own shallop, at the end of the market wharf, selling his own potatoes and cabbages, for the farm has become considerably enlarged. He looks pleased, for Potatoes are 3s. 6d. a bushel; and besides, his own boys man the craft, and heave out the blue noses, while Melchoir has nothing to do but sit by, crack jokes with his customers—pocket the money, and see good measure. It is not a bad looking shallop that—well fitted and strong. Melchoir built her himself, after a model that has been in the heads of all the Mosher since the first settlement of Malagash. She has paid for herself several times over, for, of late years, since the family grew numerous and strong, Melchoir has engaged a good deal in the coasting line. His next voyage will be to the Egg Islands, and, in July, you will see the old man sitting and washing gull's eggs, with as much composure as he now disposes of his potatoes. Then, perhaps, he may fill his craft with sea manure from some of the wild beaches, and sell it in the thick settlements of the old Dominion, for so much a cart-load. After that, he will bring a few cargoes of coal from the Sydney Mines; and then, for the rest of the year, transport the wood that his family and neighbours have cut and hauled during the past winter, and retail it at the Market Wharf. When not on board his shallop, Melchoir finds enough to do on shore. His eye and his hand are every where. If a drift log or a bush gets into a Salmon net, he is sure to see it first; and if a rock of unusually large dimensions seems to baffle the strength of the boys, he is certain to grip hold of the worst end, or to fling his weight upon the crowbar. Reading and writing are accomplishments that he does not pride himself much upon—nevertheless, there is an old Lutheran Bible, in German, with wooden cover and brass clasps, that has descended to him, and of a Sunday he may often be found with this upon his knees. As to his accounts, the few he has are kept with a bit of chalk upon the door, or upon the smoky boards of the mantel piece—but these are very simple, for he has long since made it a rule to buy nothing that he could not pay for, and to sell nothing except for cash in hand. Persons who know Mosher well, affect to say that the till of a huge old chest, under the head of his bed, is filled with coin, and that several old stockings, with notes and small gold in them, are secreted in various parts of the house.

But how does our old friend Susan Schlawnweit bear the flight of years? Look at her, as she bustles about the substantial frame house that has replaced the log hut in which her honeymoon was passed. She stoops a little—her voice is perhaps shriller than it was—her figure is more spread and fleshy, and there are some grey hairs mingled with the black ones. Eighteen children has Susan brought into the world without the aid of a man midwife; and the only one she ever lost, she fancies was killed by the Doctor of a ship that put into the Harbour in distress. Mark what a mountain of barley bread she is cutting up for the evening meal—but, when the flock get seated about the table, it will seem none too large, even though flanked by an earthen pan full of potatoes, and a couple of huge dishes of fried cods heads, and broiled bloaters. A happy mother is Susan Schlawnweit, to have seventeen young Malagashers treading in the old paths of economy and industry, and to have plenty to give them to eat and to do. For twenty years her cradle has never been empty, and, before the next two babies, with which she intends to finish off, are out of it, the probability is that she will be a grandmother, for her eldest daughter has been complaining how difficult it was to find the cows of late, and her biggest boy has been twice discovered kissing Sally Crooks.

CRAYON.

[The writer of the above article has no wish to monopolize this department. The English 'heads' are hit off by many hands. There is a fine field in Nova Scotia—let others take their share.]

THE COLONIAL PEARL;

Is published every Saturday, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All communications, post paid, to be addressed to John S. Thompson, Halifax, N. S.

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HALIFAX, N. S.: Printed at The Novascotian office.