admirably than has this Twaddle the younger, in the few sentences I have last quoted. I sincerely hope he will profit by the advice I have given; and above all never attempt to describe any thing which he has not seen,—a failure is inevitable if he will. "The Departure and Return," has been inserted in the Junior Column, which would lead one to suppose it the production of a youth, were it not that the article itself bears testimony to the contrary, for with the exception of a few very glaring absurdities, the stanzas are rather passable. Morning is very inaccurately described in the following line,

"The *dawn* and the *deep shade* are momently blending,"

now the generally received opinion is, that they *do not blend*: we often hear it said that *darkness* fleeth the approach of *light*, but never before of their uniting to make day-light; perhaps it is intended to describe a foggy morning. "Too well does she listen, with eloquent glances," this is quite a novelty, eyes have oft been made to speak, but never gifted till now with the faculty of hearing. "On the wide spreading battle-plain banners are furling,"—this is a deplorably tame line, the most insignificant circumstance is selected in describing the din and confusion of the "tented field." "*Banners are furling*;" how unlikely, for sure am I, that the victors would not spare time from the pursuit to attend to the "*furling of banners*," and the unfortunate vanquished are far too busy with their flight, to heed their disgraced colours.

"And the death stricken rest in their blood-moistened lair." Here common sense has been sacrificed to rhyme, how absurd the "lair" of "the death stricken," know you not my Page that "lair" means the hiding place of a wild beast? *Buy a Dictionary my gentle Page.*

I suppose I may be forgiven the News, and the shipping list, also the advertisements, if so, it only remains to mention the "Penitent," and the "Miscellaneous." "The Penitent" is one of those affairs that one hardly knows whether to praise or condemn, for the beauties and deformities are so blended, that it is difficult to separate them, I shall therefore just slightly review it, and leave my readers to judge. 7th line, "wrapt in himself," I suppose this means done up in his own clothes.

12th line "His heart became a lone sepulchral cave,
Whose dews of thought, congealing as they fell,
Hardened to stone around their death-lit cell."

Here we have a mass of words, let us try to pick out their meaning, or at least see if there be any. "The dews of thought, (what are they?) of "a lone sepulchral cave," congealing as they fall, into hardened stone, and this Edwin calls poetry! but the world call it nonsense: "Death-lit cell" too, what "light" is there in death? what are "rapid toucuts?" "wrapt in intensity." Curse that "*wrapt*," it meets us at every turn:

"—Every music chord of feeling woke
Responsive—the dark space, which bound him, broke
That demon spell,———

The "music chord of feeling," and a man "*bound*" with "dark space," are to me things inexplicable. "And for love's sceptre change the avenging rod," this is meant to be reversed I imagine, and we are to understand that the "avenging rod" is changed for love's sceptre, and not the sceptre for the rod; never mind, better luck next time. But ere that next time comes, Edwin should learn *to prune*. There are passages which indicate genius, but so deeply are they buried in words, that it requires some time and tact to dig them out. And now for the "Miscellaneous" infliction. O Mr. Editor, it was an unlucky hour for you, when this old joke repository encountered and poked his fun at you; know you not that he has retailed to you some of the most venerable Joe Millerisms in existence? and that the only thing *original* about them is, the notion of foisting them upon you? As to the stratagem of fathering them on Doyle, Crane, &c. that is what every retailer of fusty old stories resorts to; and I should have deemed you too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and such chaff too! But "no one is wise at all hours" and the Editor of the Pearl has been trapped in an unguarded moment; this is the only excuse I can offer for his having recooked, "*warmed up*," four very stale witticisms, two of which are of such doubtful character, one indeed so downright bawdy, that I should have thought no one in the possession of reason, would have admitted them into "a Volume of *Polite* Literature." As You Like It.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING "CRITIQUE."

"We are not among the number of those who, willing to conceal an incompetency to the task of criticism, pick out *level passages* in order to obtrude with a sneer some rhythmical deformity. How easy would it be to degrade Shakspeare, (were he an aspirant,) by holding up as *ample characteristics* of his style, the common life passages of the Tempest, Romeo and Juliet, Troilus, Anthony, &c.!"—*Review of a Translation of Goethe's works.*

The passage just quoted, is not placed at the head of the remarks which follow, as being particularly applicable to the subject under consideration, but as auxiliary to an opinion which we would support,—that, to pick a few expressions from any literary attempt, as the foundation of a general condemnation, is a departure from genuine, and fair, and useful criticism, and is a mode which might be successfully practised for the disparagement of the works of the greatest masters of the pen: ("were they aspirants,") for disparagement, particularly, among those who care not to examine for themselves, and who are too ready to take bold assertions in place of proofs,—or proofs on some minor points, as evidence against a whole work.

The critique which precedes these remarks, cannot be altogether pleasant to the "Conductor of the Pearl," but he is sincere in saying, that it is not considered purely of an unpleasant character; and that, as an *evidence of interest* taken in Provincial literature, and as an aid to *correct literary taste*, it has caused considerable satisfaction. We would not deny free expression to critical remarks, within reasonable bounds, however condemnatory, and whatever interest we might feel in the productions reviewed,—provided however, we be allowed the liberty, in return, of making such explanations as should be deemed requisite. Thus, each party would obtain a fair hearing, and good would be the result, whatever *slips* might occur connected with the transaction, or which ever side might be occasionally put in the wrong. The attainment of perfection is seldom the lot of mortals,—and but few human works so approach to perfection, that numerous objections might not be made to them;—particularly if the censor *wish* to be severe, and feel inclined to strain at gnats as well as at camels.

In the present case we will venture a few remarks on the objections of our Correspondent, and then a few on some particulars in his own composition. This latter part of our task is not undertaken invidiously, but to demonstrate that critics are sometimes liable to the very errors which they denounce in others, and that, therefore, they should not be overwhelmingly severe without good cause.

As we have no desire to deduct from the praise which our correspondent vouchsafes,—as we admit some of his *assertions* in a contrary vein, and as we are not afraid to trust our readers with some other of his unsupported assertions, the validity of which we deny,—we pass most of his first paragraph without remark, in this place.

The phrase "dwarf wilderness" appears, on consideration, allowable—or, at least, more appropriate than the correction volunteered, "dwarf Elder and berry bushes." The intent, evidently, was, to designate an uncultivated place, or wilderness, covered with bushes, which, in the *aggregate*, might be called a *dwarf* assemblage, as compared to the trees of the wilderness generally,—but not dwarf considered in reference to their own standard; so that, although they might be said to form a *dwarf wilderness*, they could not be called correctly, *dwarf elder and berry bushes*: they were Elder and berry bushes of the *common size*. A *small* community, and a community of small men and women, mean very different things, although our critic seems to confound the difference, in a parallel case! Further, on this part of our subject,—though an Elder bush yields berries,—in articles which aim at no more than a colloquial style, colloquial terms may be allowed; and none, except such generalizers as our correspondent, would, in Nova Scotia parlance, call Elder bushes, berry bushes. "As-you-like-it" seems one of those critics who, apparently, claim all the severity of technical language, in cases where technical language would be *ridiculous*; others rush into the other extreme, and would make pure science obscure and puerile by the use of rhetorical phraseology. Both aim at great things in their own way,—and, perhaps, err, not by being careless, but over finical.

The objection to "parallels" "*along the beach.*" also seems a catching at words, and a denial of the license which is usually allowed in such matters. Along, by, or near, the beach, is the evident meaning,—but our exact correspondent is one of those who will no more admit an ellipsis in literary, than in arithmetical composition.

The intimation, that the writer of the scrap denominated "Mill Horses" was unacquainted with the meaning of the word Metaphor, is a gratuitous assumption. Some writers who understand the term as perfectly as our correspondent, have fallen into improper applications of the figure, from the hurry of composition, no doubt,—but, in the paragraph in question, the word *burying*, on which all the error turns, is a misprint. It was corrected in the proof, but neglected in "the form." The word in manuscript was *hurrying*;—so that this *reiterated* charge, about which such inflation is exhibited, amounts to nothing, against either writer or Editor.

The *assertions* respecting Chalk Sketches, No. 1 and 2, our correspondent knows, must go for mere assertions, and they might be met with counter declarations equally valueless: "bad names," or honorary epithets, of themselves, and coming from unknown sources, should have no effect on character.

The only debatable objections are those made to particular phrases. For instance,—we are told, that "*from which*" should be "*from whence.*" On this we might well exclaim "Critic heal thyself." The phrase of the sketcher is correct, of the critic incorrect! And we have the amusing exhibition of a most complacent gentleman, volunteering, in sheer charity and ignorance, to set a supposed novice right, by *directing him in the wrong road.* *Whence* might be substituted, according to common usage, for the words objected to, and then it would just mean as much,—but the phrase, *from whence*, is quite inadmissable. *Whence* includes *from*, and the latter will not be used with the former, by any person "acquainted with the meaning of the word," except as a specimen of bad expression. *From which*, as used, is, to all intents and purposes, right, notwithstanding the *assertion* of the reviewer. When more than assertion is given, more may be stated in reply. As our correspondent refers, patronizingly, to Dictionary assistance, it may not be amiss to inform him what "Walker" says of his elegant phrase, *from whence.* This authority calls it a "*vicious mode of speech*," and, *of whence*, "*another barbarism.*" So much for the only objection advanced against one of the articles of the "Original Pearl."

The next examples given, as "most condemning proof" against another article, are some phrases, not classical indeed, but such as would be generally deemed allowable in a light sketch, as the article under consideration professes to be. "Some couple of summers ago," is a careless mode of expressing *about two summers ago*, but do not this and similar objections, to such a piece, argue as much of pedantry as of useful criticism? "*At*, the Dartmouth side," instead of *on*, is a form of expression, that, we doubt not, would be used by our correspondent himself, in his less critical moments. The phrase, "a little free air," gives rise to the witty intimation, that air in town is not "sold by the gill;" yet the air *at* the Dartmouth side might be called *free* in reference to the air in town,—which, sometimes, is, comparatively, "cabbined, cribbed, confined." The term *free* is not applied *only* to articles which may be had without money, although our correspondent would, apparently, so limit the signification of the word! Byron, in his Manfred, uses the phrase, "pipes in the *liberal* air," which, if the noble bard "were now an aspirant," would doubtless subject him to the liberal use of the literal lash of our correspondent.

"As-you-like-it" further says, that one can hardly imagine a more faulty sentence than the following: "The boy was a fine specimen of Indian children;" and he remarks, that "the little fellow could only be a specimen of an Indian child." Here again we would say, but not offensively, that—so much dogmatism, and complacency, and error, appear—one is doubtful that the writer can be serious, in his attempt at *correcting*, by making *right*, *wrong*. The boy *was* an Indian child, not a *specimen* of one. Specimen, signifies, *sample*;—a part of a quantity, or one of a number;—and the boy was a specimen, or sample, of Indian children generally. Suppose one apple, taken from a barrel-full of the fruit, be exhibited,—would that be a specimen of an apple, or of the parcel from which it was taken? The answer is apparent, and disposes of *another* of our correspondent's objections.

The *next* great error is, the omission of the mark of the "possessive case," or the liberty taken of dropping that mark, and of using a word as a qualifying particle, or adjective, not denoting possession. This liberty is not unusual, and in many instances the mode is not inelegant, although, in many others that insisted on by our correspondent would be the better.

We will not spend time by any attempt to controvert the *assertion*, apparently founded on the "mare's nests" enumerated, that the "Sketches" are "out of all drawing," but we admit that they may not come up to the "standard" which appears to have been alluded to, and which gives our correspondent so much cause of glorying. An explanation respecting that standard, need not here be given,—it is not of sufficient consequence,—an unprejudiced reader can easily understand all we meant by it, and some explanation has appeared in the Pearl since our correspondent's letter came to hand.

No. 2 of the critique commences with remarks on "the Chapter on Inns." But would our correspondent condemn an interspersion of "good," matter-of-fact, articles, because they had not, what they did not aim at, the "spicery" of fanciful embellishment?

Our correspondent gives praise to the lines entitled the "Mariner's Song," and then runs full tilt again at the "standard," as if he were delighted to have such windmills for objects of attack. This may be all very well, but surely he need not be so excruciating on poor "Ramblewood." If he could have made much of what he onsidered older and better game, he would scarcely press the juvenile so hard, with his *eloquent*, and very *critical*, ejaculations:—his "Eh's" and "Oh's" and "Master Ramblewood," and other truly humorous interjections! He reminds of "ocean into tempest tost, to waft a feather, or to drown a fly," and not only so, but pluming itself vastly on the feat. If the "parenthetical paragraphs" did nothing else, they might be expected to turn aside the keen sword, of so redoubtable a knight, from such a non-resistant victim.

Perhaps Ramblewood supposed that *opinions* which could be discussed, and demonstrated—*handled*, to use a common expression—might be said to be *tangible*,—and perhaps, if he erred in this, he erred with many writers and speakers, as acute in some matters as his reviewer.—Ramblewood might also be excused for