

beautiful. The neighborhood of this fall is just the place for pic nics, for a brace of lovers to dream away an afternoon, while a despairing swain could not select a spot where he could drown himself in better style.

WITHROD.

For the Pearl.

AUNT DORIBELLA.

Good natured and courteous reader,—for good natured you must be if you deign to lend me your attention,—and, undoubtedly courteous, seeing you have not already passed on to the next article. And who can be good natured and courteous and not be gentle withal? Well then, good natured, gentle, and courteous reader, didst thou ever have the happiness to know my Aunt Doribella? Poor dear aunt! even now I remember thee and thy high backed easy chair, in which thou wert wont to sit at thy little table,—nor have I forgotten my annual Christmas visits—(so eagerly longed for)—to thy quiet abode, when thou usedst to help me to such very small portions of meat, to teach me dependance, as thou wert wont to affirm. My aunt had no children of her own,—she had never married, in fact, gentle reader, she never had an offer,—and that is why I now appear as her Biographer, as you shall hereafter see; but in her own words shall her story be related. I often during my visits to her, wondered that she chose to live alone, and uncared for, seeing she never disliked the other sex,—and boy-like many a time I put the question to her. Her only answer was a smile,—it was unlike all her other smiles though, it was one of disappointment. And often since, when memory has wandered back to ramble once more amid the ever cherished scenes of youth,—and has conjured up my aunt amongst the dear departed, and has recalled that smile to her lips,—so often have I tried to account for Cupid's neglect, in altogether passing her by. It was not that she was what the world calls "ugly," nor was she portionless,—in a word, she was what matrimonial advertisements term a "desirable female." And yet she lived and died, to use her own word, "unblessed."—But I will not detain you longer from her narrative, kind reader, than just to tell you how I came by it.

I was seated at my desk, employed as usual, when all breathless and unannounced my aunt's old gardener (he was her butler too) rushed into my office,—his anxious look, and travel-soiled clothes, told me all was not right, and yet I dared not ask. He laid a note before me, and then sunk exhausted to the floor. Ah! John thou too hast followed thy kind mistress, not long didst thou survive her whom thou hadst so faithfully served. Death soon beckoned thee away too!—how often have I heard thee say thou wouldst never care to serve another,—and a kind mistress was she to thee, and a worthy servant thou, thy very shape was honest,—and integrity was stamped on every feature of thy face,—yes, thou too art gone!

As soon as I had attended to John, I returned trembling to my desk, for the letter he had brought. It was from my aunt's medical attendant, informing me that she desired to see me ere she was gathered to her fathers,—and intimating that if I wished to comply it must be done immediately.

You may guess, gentle reader, that I lost no time in hurrying to her bed-side, for I loved her as a parent. The forty miles that lay betwixt us was soon reduced to twenty, the twenty to ten,—and at last I stood by her. She reached her hand to welcome me,—her tongue could not perform the office,—then beckoning to an attendant to hand me a packet, that lay on a table near her bed, she smiled as I took it, withdrew her hand, and expired.

The packet contained my aunt's will, of which I need say but little. I am through it independent;—inclosed with it was an answer to my oft repeated boyish enquiry, which I shall now present to you,—it is called,

THE CONFESSION OF AN OLD MAID.

Dear Samuel, often hast thou, in the simple innocence of thy boyhood, questioned me concerning my loneliness,—and now I am about to disclose to you all the hopes and fears thou hast so often, and so unconsciously, awakened by thy enquiries. Know then, that it was not from choice thy aunt lived thus solitarily and uncared for,—nay, to have been joined to one of thy own sex, my dear nephew, one whom I could have loved and depended upon, was once the chief of my wishes. I blush not to own it, and she is less or more than woman to whose heart the wish is stranger. As soon might one suspect the gentle twining ivy would prefer to creep unregarded along the ground, rather than cling for support to the lordly oak, where its very dependance makes it appear more beautiful, or that the luxuriant vine should trails its clusters over an earthy bed, in preference to hanging them aloft, to be daily greeted by the ripening sun. In my youthful days many a pleasant picture had I painted to my imagination,—A—but alas! never to be realized. Can you wonder then, that the tear has followed the smile of disappointed hope, which you have so often received as the only reply to your oft repeated question? Whilst youth lasted, the feeling of utter loneliness which maturer years brought with them was unknown to me; but when at length the flattering tale of hope could no longer be believed, and I was compelled, in spite of all my views, to ac-

knowledge myself an old maid, then, for the first time did I realize the solitariness of my situation,—then did I know what it was to be surrounded by human beings, and yet feel alone—yes, quite alone.

I fear my dear nephew, nay I am sure, that I shall be censured by many for thus disclosing to you thoughts which they will term indelicate,—you, I am confident, will not so judge me. To you then have I vouchsafed the story of my disappointments,—not in anger, nor with the bitterness of defeat, have I penned it;—but solely to vindicate those, who, like myself, have been neglected by the capricious god, and who are in consequence often exposed to the ridicule of others of their own sex, and are stigmatized by them as prudes, and nurses of cats, and cultivators of misanthropy; but of all these are we innocent,—and that you may thus declare to the world I have entrusted you with his confession of one who never had an offer.

Halifax, November, 1839.

C. C.

For the Pearl.

WEEP THE BRIGHT TEAR OF LOVE.

Weep the bright tear of love from the depths of thy soul,
Sparkling pure, big and warm, o'er thy cheek let it roll,

For the large burning tear than the sigh is sincerer,
That dew-drop of feeling,
The heart's truth revealing,

Than the sweetest fond kiss is purer and dearer.
Then from those we love dear,

Let us part with a tear,
'Tis affection's pure gem

And of Love's diadem:
Shed, shed then the tear.

The soft lip may be press'd when proud passion mounts high,
Lur'd by the witchery of some bright flashing eye,

While the heart is as cold as the rock on the shore,
That is kiss'd by the gale,
By the sleet and the hail,

And is lav'd by the beach wave when Ocean's seas roar,
Then from those we love dear, &c.

The eye may be sad while the bosom is heaving
With a heart swoll'n sigh for the friend we are leaving;

But the tests of affection, what language may tell

Like the soft flowing tear?

And what sigh can compare

With the nectar of feeling distill'd in farewell?

Then from those we love dear,

Let us part with a tear,

'Tis affection's pure gem

And of Love's diadem:
Shed, shed then the tear.

Halifax,

WERRAND.

For the Pearl.

ORIGINAL FACETIÆ CONS. ETC.

A RESPONSIBLE MAN.

As a great deal is said in these times about various kinds of responsibility, we think we cannot do better than relate a genuine provincial anecdote, in illustration of the signification of the term in the view of an honest Dutchman at Lunenburg. Some years ago, that very active man and very good Governor, Sir James Kempt, was taking a ride through the county of Lunenburg, as was his wont, mixing and conversing familiarly with the people as he went along. In passing through a settlement which shall be nameless, he stopped a night at the house of an old Dutchman, who, like most of his class, was a trinitarian as regarded his employment, his time being spent in about due proportions between fishing, farming and coasting. After breakfast on the following morning, Sir James put various questions as to the state of the settlement, and its wants and prospects, and concluded by asking his host if he knew of any respectable and responsible man in the neighbourhood, who was fit to be made a magistrate of? "Come here, Sir James," said the Dutchman; and leading the way into another room, took the key of a strong box, and throwing up the lid, exposed to the Governor's astonished gaze such a pile of dollars and blue notes as he had not seen for many a day. "There, Sir James," said the Dutchman, "there is the responsibilities, and the man that has got them is the best man for a magistrate."

What hill in Nova Scotia do I name, in telling my son Thomas to get on horseback? Mount, Tom.

What river in Nova Scotia is like preserving cranberries and thrashing a man? The Stew-whack.

What fort in Nova Scotia did William IV. name, when he told his brother to read louder? York! read out. (York Redout.)

What township would I name, in telling one not to go so fast? On-slow.

Why are we like divers in the eastern seas? Because we "get up the Pearl."

When asked what is good fruit for a dumpling, what town do I name in answer? An apple is [Annapolis.]

What county does the Monkey's looks express, when he catches a roasted chesnut? Shell-burn.

Why is a crop of stones like an extreme western county? They cumber-land.

Why should Isle Madame be well painted? Because she has Lawrence to represent her.

A GLANCE AT THE (NOVA SCOTIA) ALMANACK. 1839.

Application of Leeches. Take an account, place it in a Lawyer's hands, and tell him to proceed.

To prevent milk from turning sour. Give it to the young-uns.

Eclipses. Mrs. Fuzbelow, in the front seat at meeting, displaying a large fashionable bonnet,—Pilgrick behind, trying, right and left, to squeeze a look at the rostrum.

Oriental and Occidental Stars. The Pictou Mechanic and Farmer dispensing its rays, over rails roads, coal pits, and locomotives; the Yarmouth Herald shedding its effulgence on a busy town and well-masted harbour.

Commencement of the Seasons. Spring,—removing day,—Summer,—first quarter's rent due.—Autumn,—Market turns to Port Mouton,—Winter,—Coal a necessary of life.

Movcable Feasts. Messing on ship board in a gale of wind.

Holidays at the Public Offices. When the principal is out of the way.

Equation of Time. Having a bill to discharge, and a check to draw for the amount, on the same day.

High Water. Money in both pockets.

Recipe for forming the Weather Tables. Put the words—fair, foul, rainy, expect snow, more rain, rather cold, frost or snow, windy, showery and changeable, into a hat; shake it well, take out the words as they come to hand, deliver them to the "devil" for copy, and the work of public illumination is completed.

Commissioner of the Revenue. The Lady of the House.

New Light Houses. McIntyre's Hall,—Ebenezer,—Brunswick Street,—and Providence.

Officers of Her Majesty's Customs. The Ladies of the Household.

Land Surveyor. A bewildered traveller, up a tree, looking out for his road.

Meals (Mails) made up at Halifax. At Coblentz's, Medley's, &c. &c. every hour, every day.

Prevention of Smuggling. Repeal the duties.

Masonic. A trowel, ladder, hod and plumb.

Halifax Volunteer Artillery. The urchins who throw stones without intermission in the streets.

A STRING OF GEOGRAPHICAL PUNS,—gleaned from lines on Emigration, Liverpool Magazine.

Supposing an Emigration scheme, according to classes, where should the following persons go to,—

The Brewers?—To Malta. (Malt-a).

The Logg-heads?—To Scilly. (Silly).

The Quakers (called Friends)?—To the Friendly Islands.

The Farriers?—To Chili. (Chilly).

The Nurses?—To Babylon. (Baby-lon).

The Babes?—To Lapland or Brest.

The Cooks?—To Greece (Grease), taking passage at Spit-

The Misers?—To the Coast of Guinea. [head.

The Spendthrifts?—To the Straits.

The Drunkards?—To Geneva.

The Spinsters?—To the Needles. (English Coast).

The Gourmands?—To the Sandwich Isles.

The Musicians?—To the Sound.

The Hypocrites?—To Canton. (Cant on).

The Bachelors?—To the United States.

The Maidens?—To the Isle of Man.

The Gardeners?—To Botany Bay.

The Shoe Blacks?—To Japan. (Japan Blacking).

The Debtors?—To Ohio. (Oh! I, owe).

The Hostlers?—To the Mause. (Mews).

The Firemen?—To the Indians. (Engines).

The Lovers?—To the Cape of Good Hope.

The Sailors?—To Maine. (The Main).

The Stationers?—To Rheims. (Reams).

The Rogues?—Be'ow the Line. (Equinoctial Line).

The Surgeons?—To Connecticut. (Connect-a-cut).

IMPROVING THE BREED.

Whenever our House of Assembly resolves itself into a committee of ways and means, a violent dispute is got up between the farmers and fishermen as to the relative degree of protection to which each interest is entitled: the fishermen complaining that they cannot be allowed to have pork duty free, and the farmers that the Legislature will not give them a bounty for cultivating their own land. Simon D'Entremont, a French Member from Argyle, who does not speak often, but generally says something to the point, had listened to the wordy warfare of the committee of last session, and to his annoyance had seen several votes pass in favour of the agriculturists, while those meant to encourage the fisheries were invariably rejected. At last Simon could stand it no longer, and starting to his feet, thus gave vent to his feelings: "Why you farmers want every thing—Money to import a bull to improve the breed of cattle, Money for a Leicester hunter to improve the horses, a grant to improve the sheep, all for the benefit of the Farmers; but when do you see the Fishermen coming for a bounty to improve the breed of mackerel?"