

as well be in the rear as in front of the house—a pane of glass costs but sixpence, and the paper maker will give more than that for the old breeches that do not fill the place of it—and then a shilling a year will save paint, and prevent those unseemly streaks upon the gables of which Mephobosheth Stepsure, in times gone by, used to make so much merriment: while a few pounds of whitewash will often produce an almost miraculous effect—upon fences.

Neatness cleanliness and order we hold then to be essential even on the outside of an Inn—but we go further, there should be taste. A house may as well be built after a good design as a bad one—a few patches of ground around it should be left, for ornamental trees, and a garden and there may as well be a small snug summer house in the corner of the garden, formed by a few spruce poles, with hop vines and bean blossoms trailed around them. Such a place will often tempt a tired traveller to linger—to order another tumbler or light another cigar; and we have known a family tempted to stay a week at an Inn, merely because there was a garden to look at, and a summer house to shade them from the sun. If a river runs past let the brushwood and trees be trimmed about it that it may appear to the most advantage; and if surrounded by woods, the leisure hours of a week will suffice to cut out a few serpentine walks, and erect a few rural seats, that will give pleasure to thousands, and a permanent reputation to the establishment. These things cost little, but they indicate a desire to please, which always gives pleasure—and the Inn that has them will have business when those that have not are empty.

With the quality and quantity of food to be found in our Inns, we, from some experience, have reason to be abundantly satisfied—and in the preparation of it there is not, generally speaking, any unnecessary delay. A common complaint is that, at most places, veal cutlet is given all the spring, and ham and eggs all summer, and it would be well if more variety were introduced in all places at every season of the year. Though not very skilful in the business of the cuisine we think things might be differently managed. A barrel of No. 1 Mackerel, one do. of Shad, a few boxes of Digby Herrings, and a dozen of smoked Salmon, all of which can be procured every year at no very great expence, by any Innkeeper who looks a little ahead, would furnish a variety of excellent relishes for breakfast and tea, and often help to give a character of novelty even to a hastily prepared dinner. While on the subject of breakfasts, let us lay it down as a general rule that the best coffee and tea that the Capital affords ought to be found in all our Inns—and let us also protest against the practice pursued in many places of taking it for granted that travellers always prefer Tea to Coffee, merely because the latter costs a little more trouble to make. Unless a different direction is given, coffee should be prepared for breakfast—not burnt barley, coffee, or any other wretched substitute, but the genuine preparation from the Jamaica berry. Again we protest against the skimmed milk, which in many places is given instead of cream. There is no excuse for this in the country, where every neighbor keeps cows, any more than there is for rancid tub butter. Give us a cup of good coffee—rich cream and fresh butter and eggs, a Digby herring, a slice of mackerel, salmon or shad, or even a beef steak, cutlet or chops, and, with good bread and potatoes, we can make a breakfast.

Suppose we now inspect the Bill of Fare for dinner, and here we think a very important item should be supplied at the commencement. A man might travel from Halifax to Digby, and from thence to Guysborough, and never once see soup upon the table of a country Inn. Why this omission of one of the best, as it is assuredly one of the cheapest and most universally acceptable dishes? Few persons stop upon the road who would not like to break ground with a good plate of warm and palatable soup. There is nothing more refreshing either after a hot or a cold ride. This hint we recommend to the serious attention of those who are not above taking a hint from a friend. But to proceed—our country cooks certainly may be fairly accused of running too much upon broils and fries in getting up a dinner. We do not object to ham and eggs, of which some people have an absurd horror; on the contrary we agree with Byron, that it is a most capital dish, provided always the ham be sound, the eggs fresh, and that we do not have it too often. But we insist upon it that there can be no good dinner where there is not some variety—and that the Innkeeper who varies his fare, like the Gipsy that varies her ballads, will in the end collect the most custom. We have often seen a knuckle of veal cut up to make a bad fry, by the side of a beef steak, and fried ham, which, if boiled with a few greens and a little melted butter, would have given to a dinner a very different character, and to a house, in the opinion of one party at least, a very different name. Then if half the eggs that are fried were turned into omelets, or custard, or pancake, or blanket pudding, the cost would be little more, and the great object of agreeable variety—followed by feelings of unexpected pleasure, would be attained. A very nice pudding, or rather substitute for it—but, one that we rarely see, are cards and cream with a little loaf sugar, and this might frequently be tried. The beef steak need not always be cooked for steak, it might sometimes be made into a pie, while if the slightest encouragement were given to the

Indians or idle boys in the neighborhood, robbers, pigeons, partridges, and other wild fowl, to say nothing of fresh Salmon, might be furnished much oftener than they are.

Having despatched our dinner, let us now see what there is to drink. If in the best Inns, pretty fair brandy, a bottle of good ale, porter or ginger beer—and a tolerable bottle of Madeira or port—but in any but the first class there is perhaps not much else upon which one likes to venture except the brandy, and in many even this is abominable. The ale is flat, the port a decoction of logwood, and the Madeira some deleterious compound—and even in the very best, the wine is seldom of that quality that a small party accustomed to good wine would feel much inclined to call for a second bottle. The old saying that “good wine needs no bush” is as true now as in times of old, and there is no excuse for any Inn in Nova Scotia keeping bad liquors, nor should that be called an Inn at which a thirsty traveller cannot, if he does not choose to drink any thing else, get a good draught of malt, or of ginger or other beer. At some Houses they wont keep beer, in order that travellers may be compelled to drink spirits which yields a greater profit; and a wayfarer choking with thirst, who would gladly pay three prices, is either compelled to drink brandy and water of a hot forenoon, or carry his dry throat to the next Inn, perhaps to meet similar disappointment.

But it may be said, all this talk of variety—of good liquors, of malt and of beer, may be very well—but they will not pay. Our answer is, put on such a price as will remove this objection. If a bottle of good wine yields no profit at five shillings then make it six shillings, or even seven and sixpence, because a man who knows anything of wine would rather pay a crown than be compelled to drink two glasses of the detestable mixtures with which travellers are sometimes poisoned. The Innkeeper must have such a profit upon every thing he sells as will enable him to maintain his establishment, and, provided the articles he supplies are good, not one traveller in twenty will grumble at the price. A man with his stomach comfortably sheathed draws out his purse with great good humour. If it be objected that Farmers and Teamsters, coming to town constantly, neither require nor would pay for these good liquors and varied viands, and that the poor want solid food without caring much for variety, then let our Innkeepers do as they do all over Europe, hand their customers a card with the price of each article upon it, and let each select what his taste approves and his pocket will afford.

WITHROD.

For the Pearl.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

The day is o'er—the shades of eve
Steal softly o'er the sea,
And bring to all a sweet reprieve—
A dream of love to me.

I turn my eyes and fondly gaze
Where gleams the evening star,
Till Fancy to my soul conveys
The form of one afar.

For oh! methinks beneath its beam
She wanders by the sea,
And wrapt in love's delightful dream
Gives all her thoughts to me.

I almost think I see her face—
Her sweet and sunny smile—
And on her lovely features trace
The thoughts she thinks the while.

She paints the hour when, peril past,
Her love shall seek her side—
When he shall be her own at last,
And she his beauteous bride.

O, waft our gallant ships, ye winds,
The bounding billows o'er,
Until her destined port she finds,
And I, my native shore!

1839.

J. McP.

For the Pearl.

MR. THOMPSON.

Allow me to congratulate you on the new position you have assumed before the Public as the Editor of the Pearl, and to confess that up to this moment, in common I dare say with many others, whose besetting sins are apathy and indifference to matters not strictly personal, I have done nothing except paying my subscription in aid of a periodical that ought to receive support from every man and woman are interested in the improvement of the rising generation, and in the moral and intellectual elevation of the country in which we reside. Indeed, it was not until I accidentally heard that the Rev. Mr. Taylor was about to retire from the management of the Pearl, that I became aroused to the important bearing which the demise of that paper, or the possibility of its

falling into weak or improper hands, might have upon the weekly enjoyment and the taste of my own little family circle. I had been a subscriber to the Pearl from its first establishment—I had got over my first apprehensions that such a paper could not possibly find adequate support in a thinly peopled country where wealth did not abound—I had begun to consider it as one of the few sources within my reach of agreeable recreation, and to be gratified by the interest with which it was handed from the oldest to the youngest of my little flock, each seeming to discover something suited to its capacity, and all making observations upon what they read, which showed that it was doing its work of gentle irrigation upon the virgin soil of their young minds, and creating a fondness for reading, which it often costs parents a good deal of trouble to establish. To the meed of honourable and praise-worthy enterprise, the original Proprietor is fully entitled—and it is but fair to acknowledge that the Rev. Editor who has just resigned, has proved himself to be a person of ability, industry and taste. Though I may not have approved of all that he has written and published—and though some articles may have appeared to me ill-timed or unsound, still the general result shows a very large balance in his favour, and I have long looked upon him as a very useful labourer in one of the most beautiful spots of our provincial vineyard.

When I heard, therefore, that he was about to retire, I felt that one of two things was likely to happen:—

1st. The Pearl might go down.

If it did my own pleasures were to be abridged, and the resource upon which I had relied for the amusement and improvement of others near and dear to me, would assuredly fail. I felt therefore, anxious upon my own account, but also deeply regretted that what I had regarded as an honorable evidence of the vigor of Novascotian intellect and the love of literature in the provinces, was about to be removed. If to sustain a Periodical dependent for the interest of its pages not upon the exciting discussion of local or general politics, but upon the calmer attractions of science and Belles Lettres, were honorable—then to suffer such to decline and disappear for want of support was to acknowledge either that there was not sufficient intellect in the country to furnish a weekly supply of readable matter, or that there was a deficiency of taste to appreciate or of liberality to pay for what may certainly be considered one of the first of luxuries, if not a necessary of life. If suffered to go down the old volumes of the Pearl, like the old houses at Shelburne, would tell of hapless experiments upon a spot hastily selected—the natural poverty and difficulties of which rendered success hopeless, and further effort a proof of obstinacy rather than of judgment. We should indeed have been in a worse position than if the experiment had never been tried—because before we might have amused ourselves with speculations, now the proof would be before us, that writers and readers enough to support a literary miscellany, did not exist.

2d. The Pearl might get into feeble or improper hands.

In dwelling upon this possibility I must frankly confess that I would rather it had been as dead as Julius Caesar, than to have drawn out a sickly and miserable existence, conducted without nerve, originality or discrimination. A good literary periodical will be a pleasure and a blessing to us all—a bad one, would make us ridiculous in the eyes of the surrounding colonies, because they would judge us by the standards of genius and ability hung out from week to week. I am pleased then that the Pearl has fallen into good hands—and my hope in its destiny is based upon some acquaintance with what you have already written, and some reliance upon the nature of the resources which I understand the paper, under its new management, is likely to combine.

To give advice is as easy as to give medicine—the difficulty is not only in getting either taken, but in being sure that the best has been administered. If I may presume to counsel in this case, I would by all means recommend that every encouragement be given to the production of really meritorious original articles—but in no case ought good selections to be laid aside to make room for matter of that description, that the party sending has lacked the industry or the ability to make attractive or improving. Let fair criticism of all works not political that are published in the colonies gradually familiarize authors to look to a domestic as well as a distant ordeal for an estimate of their productions. Bear in mind also that females, and even children, make up a large class of your readers, and while you cater strong food for the more robust, do not shrink from handling the literary pap apoon that the babes and sucklings may be fed.

I am not of those who eschew all politics—who raise the cry of public improvement when others talk of a public principle—but I like every think in its place. Amidst the bustle of a busy life I have always nourished a taste for literature, and as the seabird is said to lubricate its plumage that it may the better breast the billows, I have found in that a resource against every wave that it has been my fortune to encounter. The fondness for Books—for the great masters of the language, has been to me, an abiding and still strengthening passion—never interfering with the active duties of life, but shedding a charm over many an hour that would have been gloomy and undendeared without them. May the Pearl continue to be a missionary among the illiterate, creating in others who have it not, a fondness for the waters in which there is no bitterness.