

THE GREAT WESTERN.

VISIT OF THE LADIES OF NEW YORK.

We think the lovers of light reading will find some amusement in the following graphic description of the visit of the ladies of New York to one of the great steam ships from England, lying in the harbor. It is certainly drawn to the life.

A day of days—a sight of sights! May we never see such another; or rather may we see many such, provided always that the ladies are to be seen more in detail and less *en masse*.

Ye gentlemen of England, and ye ladies, too, listen to the description of the visit of the the ladies of New York to inspect your truly magnificent monster steam ship.

So Saturday was set apart by Captain Hosken for the ladies—and long before sun-rise on Saturday morning, eleven thousand ladies were up and dressed, with their breakfasts in their—no matter where; they breakfasted.

At seven, Captain Hosken rose, shaved, dressed, and sent for George Downing and his father, to superintend the ceremonies. "Now, Downing," says the captain, "do your best—have all our best plate got out—our best wines—our best every thing—and bring on board the best, New York can afford, and every delicacy of the season—spare no pains nor expense—this is the ladies' day—and let them see that the Great Western is worthy her name, and worthy the favour of the people of the Great Western Nation." Accordingly Downing and his son did their best, and all know how well they can do; and by ten o'clock all the tables in the splendid saloons, were covered with wines, fruits, jellies, cakes, and all that could please the palate of the most fastidious female gourmand.

So far, so good! The vessel was as clean as a new pin; every thing was in apple pie order. The "young gentlemen," middies, cadets, apprentices, two hundred pounders, or whatever else they are called, were all well dressed and ready at their stations. The saloon, particularly the ladies' boudoir, looked a scene of enchantment—it carried one back to the days of Elizabeth and Essex, and Raleigh and Leicester—or to the splendid scenes at the court of the "merry monarch."

By ten o'clock, ladies, most elegantly dressed, might be seen running down steps running up steps, running into carriage doors, running out of house doors, running here, running every where, in pairs, in trios, in half-a-dozen clusters, in bunches of a dozen together, with husbands, brothers, cousins, sweethearts that were, sweethearts that had been, and sweethearts that hoped to be. All kinds of men were pressed into the service of all kinds of ladies! so many smiles, so much laughter, so much crying, scolding, requesting and entreating, were never seen in any one city, on any one day before.

"Tom, my son, you must stay at home to-day, and escort me and your sister to the Great Western."

"I can't, mamma—I've got three notes to take up."

"Let the notes lay over—a protest is not half so bad as a disappointment."

"Shaven, my dear, you'll take me to the Great Western."

"My dear, there's the devil to pay in Wall street—and if I don't sell those stocks to-day, they'll be down 7 per cent tomorrow."

"Well, I'd rather lose cent per cent, than a sight of the steamship."

"Oh, dear Charles, do take us to the Great Western."

"If you'll promise to marry me next month, and go to the Far West."

"I'd go to the end of the world with you in the Great Western."

"Patrick, my jewel, you'll be after taking Kathleen and your own Judy to the stame ship."

"It's me that will, and get stamed into the bargain."

Such and so various were the sayings throughout the city. Long before eleven o'clock the wharf was crowded with ladies. Then the rush to get on board, was truly tremendous. The steamer, from the end of her jib-boom to her taffrail, was decorated with colors, flags of all nations, up her stays, and at her mast head; at the peak floated proudly the ensign of England and the star-spangled banner, side by side. The brass band was playing in front of the poop several lively airs—the morning was fine—the air balmy—the faces of the females beaming with smiles anticipative of the promised pleasure. But the pressure on the wharf was distressing. A narrow staging, attended by officers, led from the dock to the deck, where young Phillips stood to hand down every lady—and during the day he handed down 10,743, from 11 to 4. As he observed at the close, he had the handling of more American girls than any man since the world was created.

Distressing as was the pressure—the scene was absolutely ludicrous.

"Take your elbow out of my mouth sir."

"Do get off my corns."

"Oh, heavens! you've crushed my bonnet."

"Papa, that tall man's knee has almost broke my back."

"Push ahead."

"That lady has turned her back and is pushing, Mary"

You've trod on my lady's feet sir."

"Ladies should put their feet in their pocket such a day as this."

"Let me get out."

"Let me go back."

"Oh! heaven."

"Oh! earth."

"I'm squeezed all to pieces."

"Edward, that man's hugging me."

"Is he, my love; I'll kick him."

"No you won't—I couldn't help it: if ladies will come into such a squeeze they must get jammed."

"Talking of jam—oh dear, I'm melted to a jelly."

"I was a fool to bring my old woman here."

"I was worse to bring my young one."

"There's a lady fainted—take her away—that's good—luck—makes more room."

"Tread on that plank, ma'am."

"Murder!"

"That lady's fell down."

"Never mind, fall over her—we can't stop to pick her up."

Here there was an immense screaming out that the bridge had broke.

"Oh! heaven, if I once get safe home—oh, mercy! all the back part of my dress is torn away."

These and ten thousand other remarks fell from the 10,000 who got on board. They filled the vessel—jammed and blocked her up. The entrance place was just abaft the main chains, the place of exit was just forward of the fore chains.

Once on deck, the gentlemen and ladies parted company—the ladies only were admitted to the saloon; this place was crammed; the ladies are all set before them—their fright made them hungry—they drank 346 bottles of wine, the ladies did—but there were 10,000 to drink. In that day seven women shall lay hold of one man, says the Scriptures. On this day one man laid hold of 7000 women. They got jammed below whilst eating jams—they devoured the jellies, and came on deck squeezed almost to a jelly.

"Oh, dear," said a good old lady, on reaching deck—"it's us bad as being ground through a mill—I never was so squeezed since the hour I was married.—I mean born."

After seeing the saloon, there was the same squeezing, crying, crushing, and jamming to get on shore; and it is truly astonishing that no accident occurred. As it was, at four o'clock, the mate cried out, "Cast off the staging aft," and 2000 ladies remained on the dock, unable to get on board; and so it would have been had five days been set apart, instead of five hours.—*N. Y. Herald.*

AN EVIL HABIT CURED.—The Rev. R. Hall observed, in conversation to a friend, "You remember Mr.—, sir." "Yes, very well." "Were you aware of his fondness for brandy and water?" "No." "It was a sad habit; but it grew out of his love of story-telling; and that also is a bad habit, a very bad habit, for a minister of the gospel. As he grew old, his animal spirits flagged, and his stories became defective in vivacity; he therefore took to brandy and water; weak enough, it is true, at first, but soon nearly 'half-and-half.' Ere long he indulged the habit in a morning; and when he came to Cambridge, he would call upon me, and before he had been with me five minutes, ask for a little brandy and water, which was of course to give him artificial spirits to render him agreeable in his visits to others. I felt great difficulty, for he, you know, Sir, was much older than I was; yet being persuaded that the ruin of his character, if not of his peace, was inevitable, unless something was done, I resolved upon one strong effort for his rescue. So the next time that he called, and, as usual, said, 'Friend Hall, I will thank you for a glass of brandy and water;' I replied, 'Call things by their proper names, and you shall have as much as you please.' 'Why! don't I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy and water.' 'That is the current, but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire, and distilled damnation, and you shall have a gallon!' Poor man! he turned pale, and for a moment seemed struggling with anger. But knowing that I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand, and said, 'Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.' From that time he ceased to take brandy and water."—*Dr. Gregory's Life of Hall.*

LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE JIM.—When a boy, as I was one day passing through the market with my brother Joe, I spied a beautiful orange lying on the top of a basket full of the same fruit. I immediately enquired the price and was proceeding to buy it, when my brother exclaimed with a shrewdness which I shall never forget, 'look at t'other side Jim.'

I looked and to my astonishment, it was entirely rotten.

In passing through life, I have been frequently benefitted by his little admonition.

When I hear the tongue of slander leveling its venom against some fault or foible of a neighbour, I think of look at t'other side Jim. Be moderate—have charity. Perhaps the fault or foible, you talk so much and so loudly of is almost the only one in your neighbor's character, and perhaps you have as great, or greater ones of your own.

It may be this is your neighbor's weak side, and except this he is a good citizen, a kind neighbor, an affectionate father and husband, and a useful member of society. Others may listen to the story of calumny—but remember, they will fear and despise the calumniator. Learn to overlook a fault in your friends—for perhaps you may some time wish them to pardon a fault in you.

POETRY AND PROSE.—Our life is divided between poetry and prose; or, to speak more critically, we have a two-fold existence, the poetic and the prosaic, for we may take two views of life, and the things of life, viz., a prose view and a poetic view. The former regards the mere physical life, the visible, the gross, the tangible; but the latter has to do with the imagination and the affections, mixed up with a little of what some people would call dreaminess—by the way, dreaming is pure poetry—softening down the harshness of reality, as distance beautifies the landscape. The past is poetry; hence, the pleasure of memory, for it is delightful to remember what it was not delightful to experience. The future is poetry, hence the pleasure of hope, which

"Bids the lovely scenes at distance hail!"

The present also, by the instrumentality of fancy, may become poetry; hence the pleasures of imagination. Distance of time, and distance of place, produce nearly the same effect.

TRANSFERRING AND REPRINTING.—The following curious piece of information we find in the last London Times:—

"We have just heard from Scotland of a discovery made by Mr. Ambrose Blacklock, surgeon, of Dumfries, of a cheap and easy method of transferring and reprinting books, engravings, and lithographs. The importance of such a discovery we need not dwell on. It is well known that with paper newly printed the impression may be transferred to stone merely by the aid of pressure; printer's ink, however, dries so quickly, that unless the transfer be made almost immediately, the attempt will fail. But Mr. Blacklock informs us that by a cheap chemical process, which he has discovered, the ink of prints and letter press, however old and dry, may be expeditiously brought into a condition which admits its of being transferred and printed from, without in the slightest degree injuring the original copy; of course the nature of this chemical process is at present a secret, nor have we seen any printed work produced by these means."

HYDRAULIC TELEGRAPH.—A Mr. Wishaw is stated in the newspaper to have invented a telegraph, on hydraulic principles, which may communicate intelligence, accurately and speedily, by means of the rise and fall of water in tubes laid down between the points of communication. The expense of the apparatus is estimated at £200 per mile. When the scheme is brought to bear and carry news in this way, how literal will be the line of Shakespeare—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

and, then, the rapid answer—

"If taken at the flood leads on to fortune:"

and the delay of a reply by return of water-level—

"Neglected, all the current of their lives
Is bound in shallows, etc."

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—The influence of woman is bounded by nothing short of the limits of the universe. She must have her tea from Canton and silks from ditto. She must have her ware from China—her silver from the bowels of the earth. The back of the innocent kid must be stripped to supply her with shoes; and the jaws of the great whale are broken to render her upright. Nor is her influence confined to merchandize alone. Every one knows that she makes fashions hop and skip like young rams, turn a dozen somersets in a month, and become to-day so different from what it was yesterday that it is surprised at its universality. Woman—imperial woman now commands that sleeves as large as Lauriate's balloon shall hide the form of their arms—now that those delicate limbs shall be squeezed into slender bags which almost show every particular vein which runs beneath the surface. Again, what is not her influence over men? To say nothing of the hangings, drownings, and poisonings which have been accomplished for her sake, how often have men pointed the fatal pistol or steel at each other's breast to establish their claims to her love. Of her fluency of speech it is needless to talk. What man can hold an argument with her? She can silence the closest reasoner by not giving him an opportunity to speak; and if she cannot compel him to be a listener, she can at least make him a silent hearer. Who that thinks of these things can doubt that woman exercises a tremendous influence upon the destinies of the world? Who but must bow before her importance in the scale of beings? Truly nothing can match a woman but another woman.—*Herald and Star.*

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