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For the Pearl.

No. 1.

"I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward."

Taming of the Shrew.

MR. EDITOR—

As the appearance of an entirely original (I had almost written *newspaper*) periodical, is rather an uncommon event in the Provinces, I feel inclined to send you a few strictures,—trusting they may not be altogether unacceptable, seeing you have been kind enough to lend your columns to the legitimate critic.—And in the prosecution of the task I have set myself, I shall endeavour to avoid that vice in our nature, which makes us run riot in praise or censure, as one of your correspondents hath it: having no meaner object in view than that of joining my endeavours to yours, Mr. Editor, for raising the popular standard, which I am truly sorry to see so debased. And I take it, that the very best physic for a sucking genius, is a mild, close critique; with these few prefatory remarks I shall to work proceed. And first for "Alice Ware." The opening of this narrative is exceedingly well executed, a description of the town of Southampton, and many events connected with the surrounding scenery, are related in a few words, but withal so clearly related, that we stand upon the spot, the very scene is on the paper before us; this is quite a qualification in a story teller. The author then introduces to our notice his heroine; having already secured for her our sympathy, for on such an evening, and surrounded by such scenery as Southampton can boast of, who could fail to have all the better feelings of his nature aroused? But here duty compels me to notice a very common, but a very flagrant error, which is twice repeated in a short space; a very good sketch of Netley Abbey is completely spoiled by being "wrapt around with traditions"; and then the author blots himself out of the scene by "wrapping" himself up too in his own thoughts: the idea connected with the word "wrap" is concealment; how then do traditions hide the Abbey? this should be avoided, the word itself is both shop-like and inelegant. I have some doubts about the "drollery" of the author's *recontre*, neither can I justify his inclination to "have laughed outright"; but these little errors are only on the surface, the undercurrent is undoubtedly good. The dialogue too is very passable, though slightly prosy considering the circumstances. The primitive school is done to the life; but as the tale is to be continued I shall here leave it till finished; wishing however that the author had a better name than "Peregrine." The next article is a rhodomontade entitled "The Saint John River": but wherefore I am unable to divine, for the "River" is not so much as distinctly introduced throughout the whole affair: O that "Rambler" had eyes and draughtsmen pencils! I was one of a pic-nic party lately, where some baked eatable was handed about, composed of materials thrown promiscuously into the compound, and in great variety, and hence was called "Jumble"; now it will be easily seen that to analyse such an affair with the intent of discovering its constituents, so that a similar one might be made, would be quite useless: and it would no longer be a Jumble Cake if made secundum artem, and thus it is with Rambler's jumble. I dare to say he kept his ideas in his head instead of transferring them to his note-book, and on the way they jolted about in the unoccupied space; therefore as an analysis would be as useless in the one case as the other, I shall pass on to the next. It is "Steaming and Sailing," and the "Traveller" appears to be a go-ahead sort of a body, for "he glides along this calm lake-like frith," without telling where he is: "This calm lake-like frith," what frith? O what matters, I'm in a hurry; who then does Traveller expect to go along with him in such fashion, without even knowing in what quarter of the globe he steams? Methinks Traveller and Rambler sailed in the same craft, and one head served both, for they think vastly alike. You may go Messrs. Traveller, Jumbler and Co. Next we have "Notes by the way." "The Sky" "Wild Flowers" and "Lakes" are all pretty, nothing more: "one of those pieces of water," should it not be *these*? bye the bye the foregoing is a provincialism which is no less prevalent than improper: does the writer mean a "dwarf wilderness," or a wilderness of dwarf "elder and berry bushes"? Is not an *elder* bush a berry bush too? These inaccuracies should be amended, they are easily got over if the writer would trouble himself to read what he has written. The "ploughman" might have been more profitably employed than making his "parallels" along the "beach," unless indeed he intended to cultivate fishes.—"Going to the country" might as well have been left out, had not the printer wanted a paragraph of that exact size "to fill out the form." How very ridiculous it is for a writer to attempt a metaphor when he is unacquainted with the meaning of

the word: in the four lines denominated "Mill Horses," "the lash of stern circumstances" is depicted as "burying the paces" of said mill horses; now in the first place how can the "pace of a horse" be buried? and secondly how is the "lash" to do it?

In the "Chalk Sketch No. 1," there is very little either to blame or praise, except tameness be a fault; there are a few grammatical errors, such as "from which," instead of from *whence*; but as a sketch it is too far below mediocrity to excite any attention, for I opine very few will read more than the half of it: the writer has very evidently "knocked his knee against the wall."

"Sketch No. 2." Here I might write ditto, ditto, were it not that some might say I am too cavalier. I shall therefore quote a sentence here and there, "as most condemning proof." Take for instance the first, "one afternoon some couple of summers ago, a friend and I crossed the harbour for the purpose of getting a little free air, and a stroll at the Dartmouth side." Now even in a sketch some rule should be followed; it is a great error to suppose that a hurried, lazy style, will pass merely because it is hurried and lazy. Look again my friend Jeremy at this desultory sentence of yours, "some couple of summers," methinks the quondam Editor of the Nova Scotian, or the defunct Halifax Monthly, had a better taste than the admission of such composition would argue; observe the object of his visit too, "a little free air," as if that in town was sold by the gill;—and a stroll at the Dartmouth side; "at," for *on* I presume: these inaccuracies cannot be overlooked because Jeremy has been humble enough to call it a "Sketch." "The boy was a fine specimen of Indian child," one could hardly imagine a more faulty sentence, the little fellow could only be a specimen of an Indian child. We are told that the wigwags are placed by the "harbour edge"! It is past all endurance that such insufferable liberties should be taken,—why not make it in the possessive case? Depend upon it the habit of writing inaccurately is more easily fostered, than got rid of, and for this reason, I would advise Jeremy by all means to set about a reformation at once; and ere I pass him by I cannot help expressing surprise, that the critical Editor of the Pearl should have admitted such faulty sketches—they are out of all drawing: and what increases my surprise is, that in another part of the sheet some allusions are made to a "standard," and hence I have been more severe than inclination prompted, least the "Juveniles" should deem these "Sketches" worth copying, presuming that because they were admitted, they came up to the mark.—"Heaven save the mark!" if they do. "The Strawberries" are quite refreshing after toiling through one, two, three, four, five, yes five, very poor articles; in fact it reminds one of a long walk he is sometimes induced to take, climbing over stone walls, and wading through swamps, to get at some of the earliest of that same delicious fruit: in sooth I am so delighted with it by contrast, that I cannot persuade my pen to point out a mere verbal mistake or two, which have evidently crept in, while the writer has had all his wits employed in managing the spoon exercise of his little flock; and therefore I shall add my "blessing" too, and then walk into the "Chapter on Inns." Let me consider, I'm now half way through the paper.—aye here "I'll stop and take mine ease," 'till I hear your decision on this matter Master Editor: and then if agreeable I will progress.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

For the Pearl.

No. 2.

"Yet hear what an unskillful friend can say:
As if a blind man should direct your way;
So I myself though wanting to be taught,
May yet impart a hint that's worth your thought."

MR. EDITOR—

In the paper sent to you last week, I had reviewed your periodical as far as the "Chapter on Inns." I shall now therefore complete my remarks, beginning at that article—This "Chapter on Inns" I am compelled to like, for I have travelled in Nova Scotia, and have therefore breakfasted badly, dined worse, and been unable to sleep at all: but, notwithstanding, when I had read it, I could not imagine why it was published in a paper, purporting to be a selection of original literary matter: it is a good but a common place account, of what are called "Inns" in Nova Scotia: but I can observe none of that *spicery* about it which would entitle it to rank as a literary effort, and therefore I judge it to have been out of place in the "original Pearl." "The Mariner's Song," now comes under review; and, without doubt, it is by far the best thing in the whole sheet: it is exceedingly chaste, I am almost tempted to copy it out, that your readers may have the

pleasure of another perusal of it; how sweetly, how truly, the gradual approach of night is depicted, we can almost imagine ourselves once more pacing the deck on some glorious evening, watching the dusky night "steal softly" after the footsteps of the going day. 'Tis here that Poetry rivals her younger sister who holds the pencil; for thoughts may be described by the elder, although the younger sister may fail to put them on the canvass: true she may with all the truth of nature depict the setting sun, but can she add the glowing thought? No, this is beyond her province.

The Sailor's fidelity to the fair one at home, and the warmth of his affection, also his full assurance of her good faith, are simply, but withal truly related. The error in the last stanza is merely an oversight of the corrector I presume, O waft our gallant ships (ship). And I pass with reluctance to the letter of a "Father," of which little need be said, except that it is a very tolerable epistle upon a very good subject, and pays a just tribute to the gentleman who formerly wielded the editorial pen with such success. I would that I could continue in this vein whilst reviewing the "Junior Column", for I hate censure; but I love honesty, and as the passion of love is stronger than hate, I must obey it. And in the first place it compels me to say, that I wish the Editor of the Pearl had never penned the parenthetical paragraphs which head the column, or having penned them, that he had given them to "the devil" to burn, not to "set up." The paragraphs themselves, considered as paragraphs, are very passable, but when after having perused some of the articles, we find the Editor concerned for the "general standard", one cannot help thinking there is something at fault, some "screw loose". What is the inference? The Editor says there is a "standard," and least it should be contaminated by the near approach of the unpolished attempts of Tyros, he places all such apart by themselves; surely we are at liberty to infer, that all besides come up to the standard; and yet we have "The River Saint John"—a most foul and unnatural murder of all propriety: we have too "Steaming and Sailing," "Mill Horses" and "Chalk Sketches." Alas poor standard! how art thou fallen! We will now if you please look over this "Walk," and see what beauties it may have, for the Editor gives us hopes,—he "expects pleasure" in its continuation.—Eh! what's here! "whether the opinion be a tangible one", who ever heard of an opinion being tangible! Allow me here to give a little advice Master Ramblewood. Young men should hear, should see, and say but little: and when they cannot swim, never venture beyond their depth, for if they do, they are liable to drowning: but I suppose I must be lenient with you as you are young. "Just then lean yourself against the signal staff (it will support you)"; how exceedingly funny that notion of a "signal staff" supporting a man; O Ramblewood, you are a comical fellow. "The golden rays of noonday reflected from its surface", that is the surface of the harbour; if Ramblewood had ever walked out in the morning, or at cool eventide, he might have seen the rays reflected; but at noonday in summer, when the sun is nearly vertical, and he at a distance, a very well known and simple law in catoptricks might have warned him, that he was committing an error in describing what he had never seen. "Then stretch the optic nerve a little," rather a painful operation I opine. I am no physiologist, and yet I should say, that to "stretch" the nerve was the readiest way to prevent all sight: but why are we to stretch the nerve? O just to make it "meet" the scenery on the "opposite side": Bravo! Dollond, thy skill in assisting vision is useless, thy occupation's gone! A youth in the nineteenth century, hath by the simple process of stretching the optic nerve superseded thy far seeing telescope. This precocious genius (I wonder how long he has been weaned) "loves brooks", wot a very interesting passion! but then in the latter part of the sentence he has taken pains to prove that he knows not what a brook is, for he describes it as "singing in sweetly plaintive strains", "albeit," he says, "it is monotonous," and "in no wise inferior to that of the spheres", though he confesses he knows nothing about them. O Master Ramblewood, I fear me thou hast the eighteen year old fever, and art grievously afflicted with an incontinence of words; allow me to recommend a few draughts of common sense, ere thou art irrecoverably gone. "What do you read there my lord?!" "The lands on the opposite side just about there," how very explicit, who can miss the spot? "just about there"! We are told that "holy nectar" is "not salt water"! well what is it then? if it is good for the simples Ramblewood should drink oft, and drink freely. Now if one were to sit down, with the intention of stringing together a number of words, in such manner that there should be no meaning in the combination, he could not have succeeded more