

For the Pearl.

STANZAS.

Did Hope that fails the righteous never
No light beyond the grave impart—
Did Death divide our souls for ever,
How sad were each surviving heart!

There is a land of life unending
Where all who seek its shores shall meet;
A land where soul with soul is blending,
Where hearts are pure and love is sweet.

Though here by countless sorrows riven,
Though here each prospect cheats our eyes,
To faith the glorious hope is given
Of boundless bliss beyond the skies.

Then, let us, our intent declaring,
With steadfast faith and constant prayer,
The ills of life with patience bearing,
For that eternal rest prepare!

1840.

J. McL.

POPULAR TITLES.

TOWER HAMLETS.

"ALBERT SOUP."—In Chelsea, an enterprising ringlet torturer exhibits a placard in his window, to the following effect:—"Hare cut and curled in the Hialbert stile of fashion, only 3d." In that highly respectable and salubrious thoroughfare, the New Cut, Lambeth, a locomotive vender of those smoking delicacies, "baked taters, all hot," displays an inscription on his machine, setting forth that he is "patronised by Queen Victoria and his Majesty Prince Albert." In the vicinity of Clare market an antiteetotal cobbler advertises that he renovates old shoes on the "Albert principle;" and "last, not least," in a by street, running from the Commercial road, the plaintiff in this case, one Josiah Crawley, has the honour of being sole proprietor of a cheap cook-shop, where he accommodates her Majesty's loyal and hungry lieges, with what he term "Albert soup," at the low charge of two-pence a basin, "including bread." Probably the illustrious young prince feels any thing but flattered at the "base uses" his name is put to, but it certainly evidences his popularity, and John Bull, like a peevish child, must have a plaything, and the prince's name will serve for this purpose for the time being.

The plaintiff, Josiah Crawley, a little red-faced man, whose coat indicated that he had been a "traveller in grease," summoned the defendant, an insolvent costermonger, for the sum of 1s. 6d. the alleged value of divers basins of "Albert soup," and other edibles, with which he had regaled himself, well knowing that his finances were at such a low ebb at the time as to utterly preclude the possibility of his paying for the same.

Plaintiff—This here man, sir, wot I never seed afore in my life, comes into my shop and has a plate of biled beef and taters, arter vich he calls for four basins of "Albert soup," one arter 'tother.

Commissioner—What did he do with all this?

Plaintiff—Devoured the 'ole lot on it. Vy, I never seed any body heat in sich a way afore. I should say he'd bin a month on the *starving system* in some poor-law workus.

Commissioner—What might you charge a basin for your soup?

Plaintiff—Tuppence, perwiding they has bread; warout that ony three ha'pence; and then I finds mustard and winegar for nuthink. One basin's generally enough for a moderate heater.

Commissioner—I have no doubt of that; but did he refuse to pay for what he had eaten?

Plaintiff—Yes, he did. Arter he'd blowed his kite out he bawls out "waiter," jist as himportant as if he'd been Wiscount Melbourn, or, for the matter o' that, Prince Albert hisself, and axes wot's to pay. "Eighteenpence," says I. "Werry sorry," says he, "but I arn't got no tin jist now, but I'll pay you the next time I comes this way." "Never gives credit," says I; "you've had the wittles and I wants the money, so dub up." Well, sir, I soon finds that he had no money watsunever; and knowing I couldn't get blood out or a post, I lets him go, arter he'd told me where he lived, and then summoned him for the money.

Commissioner (to the defendant)—Why don't you pay this man what you owe him?

Defendant (with an air of *nonchalance*)—Got no money just now; besides, his wittles warnt't the thing not by no means.

Commissioner—What was the matter with it?

Defendant—Vy, in vun o' the basins o' soup I found a lump o' red herring; in another summit wot looked werry much like a puppy dog's tail. (Laughter.)

Plaintiff—What a howdacious willin to try to ruin my carackter in this here way. Allow me, sir, to send you a basin of "Albert soup," to judge for yourself.

Commissioner—I would rather not, thank you. (To the defendant); Pray, how do you get your living?

Defendant—Like other people, the best way I can.

Commissioner—No doubt; but what is your trade or calling?

Defendant—I've left off *calling* entirely ever since I sold my donkey; afore then I used to do a little in the *coster-mongering line*; but that arn't what it used to be, wedgytables is so werry dear.

Commissioner—Then you are out of employment altogether now, are you?

Defendant—Yes, I am; so I thinks about turning Chartist.

Commissioner—I think you will find that a very bad trade.

Defendant—Can't be woser off nor wot I am now; when a man's got no money nor no wittles he gets desperate. Going arount grub this cold weather makes you feel very queer. I knows that, cos I've tried it.

Commissioner—Nobody need starve in this country who chooses to work? how will you pay this debt?

Defendant—I can't pay it at all, as I arn't got a single shot in the locker.

The plaintiff here intimated that he would have forgiven him the debt but for the unfounded insinuation thrown out against the "Albert soup," touching the puppy dog's tail; upon which one of the Commissioners called him aside and remonstrated with him, which eventually induced him to forego his claim.

The humane proprietor of the "Albert soup," whose resentment appeared to have entirely vanished, as he left the court told the bankrupt costermonger that he would make him a present of a basin every day while he continued so "hard up"—an offer which the other promised to avail himself of.

PARIS TROUBADOUR.

A few days back, a chubby-faced fellow, of the name of Folignon, was call up, on the charge of having sung without a licence in the streets of Paris.

The poor fellow was dressed in sky-blue trowsers, with copper (not silver) lace; a red jacket, with grey-coloured frogs; and a low cap, ornamented with a wisp of straw in the guise of a tassel; and when asked what he had to say for himself, he smilingly replied that he was a minstrel; that he had solicited a licence which had not been granted him; and that he had sung, because singing served to kill time, and to procure him a mouthful of bread.

On being told by the President that he must find some other means of livelihood till a licence was granted him, Folignon stated that he could do nothing else; that his father had done nothing else during 60 years, and that at his death he had left him but his guitar and three-quarter's rent to pay; that he had disregarded the legacy of the rent, but had accepted the musical instrument, and had employed it to charm his own existence and the ears of his fellow citizens.

Unfortunately, this was not the only charge against Folignon, for he was accused of having insulted the agent who arrested him. To this Folignon replied, that he was singing one of his very best songs, and that the last note was dying in his throat when a man came up and asked him to sing again for his particular pleasure. "Upon this," said the minstrel, "I tuned my guitar, hemmed and recommenced, but had scarcely sung three lines when he told me to follow him. Not knowing that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, I asked him whether I should take my guitar with me, and his answer showed me that I had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. I can assure you I was much dissatisfied with his conduct, and I told him a bit of my mind."

The President observing that he should not have said any thing to the Police-agent, who did but his duty, the minstrel replied, "What is done cannot be undone—but grant me a licence, and return me my guitar, and I never will insult him again." This promise had no effect. Folignon was sentenced to a week's confinement and costs. "Costs," uttered the poor fellow, "I cannot pay; but I will sing you something instead."

ENGLISH SCENERY,

BY AN AMERICAN.

(County of Norfolk.)

For my own part, I must acknowledge that I never saw any thing to be compared with a goodly portion of this neighborhood. I have paased fifty cottages to day, I verily believe, the tallest of which did not exceed six feet from the door step to the blossoming eaves—and most of them are literally half smothered in foliage, the convolvulus tri-color, the grape and the woodbine. They were all nestling by the way-side within reach of the traveller; and all the roads, whether broad or narrow, hereabouts, are overshadowed by the most luxuriant and beautiful hedges I ever saw, from six to ten feet high, here of generous wild shrubbery, and there of thorn, large portions of which I do believe, exceeded the average growth of our white birch in New Hampshire. At times, as I wandered about, mile after mile, through these green paths, and silent, solitary lanes, the only public roads they have, I could see nothing at all of the country for hours together. On my right hand and on my left were walls of living verdure, like the walls of that sea through which the children of Israel worked their passage, and they kept turning and closing before and behind me at every step, much as I suppose the sea would if it were repelled from every side by a trampling host. Yet were there a plenty of little nooks and shadowy dim cavities and baby-houses along the whole way, and here and there I had a glimpse of a white gate; or a lawn, perhaps rolled and shaven beautifully smooth, and grouped with clumps of trees and patches of low shrubbery; or a stream of bright water, with deer loitering slong the sides, and pricking up their ears at the approach of a stranger's foot-fall, and staring him out of coun-

tenance with their large laming eyes—eyes, by the by, which always remind me of hers—and—by the way—what an astonishing girl she is? I never did see any body like her. So young, so gifted, so accomplished, so child like, and so womanly. And yet—some how or other—I know it is wrong, and I ought to be ashamed of myself to say so, after all that has happened—and yet I am not altogether satisfied.

Dorking Church, after nightfall, is one of the loveliest pictures I ever did see, that's fact. Were I called upon to describe it in the fewest words, I should say it was a sort of cathedral in miniature—a village cathedral. There were troops of young children, laughing, and romping, and chasing one another about among the tombs, and tumbling over the graves; and some with little babies in their arms were playing bo-peep as merry as grigs. Many of the tombs are covered with planks lettered. The fences about here strike me as the most remarkable I have met with; and I am quite a connoisseur in fences, having counted no less than sixty-three varieties in riding from my old father's to Newburyport—New England—a distance of only forty-five miles at most. These are of oak, about as thick as our New Hampshire shingles, and they are always mended up, as we should mend a flour barrel, with a sort of thin oak staves. Wood must be confounded scarce here—at this rate how much would a toothpick come to? I must be careful of mine—not that I am likely to have occasion for it long; but it was given to me by father, and for his sake I should be sorry to part with it. Most of these fences look old and weather-worn, and are covered with patches of beautiful moss, growing in the sunshine, rich, abundant shrubbery, set thick with blue and yellow flowers all along the way side.

TURKS IN A STEAMER.—Some negroes and Turks were squatted on deck, examining with wonder an astonishment the movements of the engine. The boards were covered with carpets, upon which sat groups of cross-legged Mussulmen, smoking their long pipes and taking not the slightest notice of any thing around them. Others were preparing to dine, and among them three big-wigs on the quarter deck. Numerous black slaves first appeared with ewers of water and towels, the hands of the eaters were washed and wiped, and the dinner was then placed on the carpet, around which they sat cross-legged, all helping themselves out of the same dish, with the forefinger and thumb. The repast finished, a basin of water was brought, and each person was occupied for about ten minutes in washing down his beard, mouth, and moustachios; then going to the side of the vessel, each threw off his slippers, one slave brought a machine very like a large coffee pot, from which he spouted water over the gentleman's feet, another slave was ready with a towel, and another presented his slippers. The thrum, or small carpet, was then arranged for prayer, and the three grave Turks, erect and turning towards the east, with folded hands commenced their devotions. In a short time they knelt upon the carpet, and prostrated themselves three times touching the deck with their foreheads; for minutes they muttered their prayers, utterly inattentive to the shifting of the sails and the noise of the sailors, and again and again bent their foreheads, lowly and reverently to the planks. At last they rose, the slaves arranged the tharms or carpets, and the three were again seen seated together; one set of slaves handed round coffee in small cups, placed in chased silver stands, others handed pipes, and enveloped in clouds of smoke without addressing a single syllable to each other, they seemed lost to all around them.—*Addison's Damascus and Palmyra*.

PIGEONS.—The markets are literally filled with them. Hundreds of thousands have been brought here since the river opened. The last two boats from Newburgh brought down *twenty-five thousand*. They are sold from 37½ to 75 cents a dozen.

Audobon says, in his journal, that at certain seasons they visit a particular region of Kentucky in such quantities as to break down with their weight branches of the largest trees. He supposes that millions congregate within the space of a mile or two on these occasions.—*N. Y. Star*.

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