

expression of his countenance,—hinted that he was no novice in the science of listy cuffs, and that even a professor might find him an awkward customer. He tapped Isaacs on the shoulder,—“Holloa my cove,” said he, “fork out the needful for the damage done to this boy’s wares.” The answer was a look of mingled defiance and scorn, and a blow aimed at Peter’s portly proboscis. With the quickness of thought, Peter sprang into attitude, stopped the intended present with his left mauley, and, with his right, planted an ugly return on the near peeper of his antagonist; assuming, the next moment, what pugilists would call, a beautiful guard. Isaacs was rather astounded, and felt at once that the Tailor had fully taken his *measure*, and that he ran a good chance of being *suit-ed* with a *dressing* which he had no thought of ordering. Habitual recklessness and courage, however, prevailed, over any apprehension, and in a moment the combat commenced,—Geordie keeping the young prig in play, and preventing any diversion from that quarter, in favour of the older rascal. A crowd soon formed a ring, and witnessed the “set to” with much complacency,—dispensing fair play, and ejaculating sundry scraps of advice, to the pair who gratuitously ministered to their amusement. Soon, however, Isaacs’ “bellows” was going, as if he were engaged by a Blacksmith instead of a Tailor, and two-to-one was freely offered against the Hebrew. The finale of the duel was spoiled by some myrmidons of the Peace, who marched both heroes, and their sympathising squires, before the man in authority. Explanation there produced remuneration for Geordie,—but the animated eloquence of the parties, and the wit of the court, are lost to posterity, because the vocation of penny-a-liners had not then arrived at the perfection of the nineteenth century. Thus, however, one of our tailors proved the claim which his brotherhood have, to the manliness which consists in giving and taking a good “*lamb-basting*.”

Some mishaps in trade also befell Geordie; he was once or twice, by a bad spec in oranges, or sealing wax, reduced to the verge of bankruptcy,—and was saved from a fashionable compromise of some penny in the shilling, by his disinterested bankers of the shop-board.

But these were only brief episodes,—for the general tenor of the young trader’s course was smooth,—and he was soon able to hire a lodging, and to be independent of his generous friends, as regarded pecuniary matters; but he still resorted to the vicinity of the shop-board, for advice, to impart good news, or to lend a helping hand when any assistance was wanted in their direction. He also became able to make sundry little presents to his patrons, to let them have silk, thread and buttons at first cost, and to show his gratitude in many small services and attentions.

The board did not retain its mystical number many years. Sall Hank and Mudge Hem’y caused a subtraction from the nine, and a multiplication of List and Serge, for future generations. The brave Selve went to ply his needle in Yorkshire,—and Point was gathered to his mother, the dust,—hemmed in by the clay garments of many who had been his gay companions. Before this event Geordie was able to soothe his best patron in his thread-bare days;—and he erected a handsome slab to his memory, in the church yard of Mary le Bonne, on which, it is said, was the following inscription: “Here reposes Samuel Point, a blunt honest Englishman, whose memory will be respected by his numerous friends, until wit become pointless and worth of no value.”

Time dealt not more leniently with tailors than with kings, and the late little orphan lived to see the whole establishment *ripped up*, and the most of its members scattered by the great *raveller*, Death, as chaff is scattered from the husbandman’s sieve.

Still Geordie crept on and on,—making “one stitch save nine,” “cutting his coat according to his cloth,” “cabbaging” all superfluities,—and putting many of the maxims of his patrons into requisition, while their liberality was not forgotten. He so managed his *measures*, in that city which offers the finest stage to ability and industry, and which saw Whittington assume the municipal sceptre, that he became rich and respectable, and, at length, a carriage from Long Acre was rolled home to his well appointed coach-house.

This accession to the merchant’s luxuries none wondered at, and but few envied, for the charity and manliness taught at the “shop-board” he recollected on Change,—yet many loitered to read the legend of his coat-of-arms, and while they read, they smiled, and expounded or enquired, as they happened to be acquainted or not with its owner’s history. The device of the coat-at-arms, represented three oranges on a latticed shield, the latter reminded strongly of the bottom of a basket, and the motto, deprived of its Latin dress, was, “*Nine Tailors made a man*.” This was indicative, at once, of his sensibility and his philosophy; it tended to remind him of his humble origin, and of his obligations to society; and really dignified his character, while it repressed vulgar pride. And was it not, in every respect, as appropriate as many other inscriptions,—which figure indeed through the cold varnish, but are as foreign to the acts and feelings of those who have adopted them, as they are to the horses of the chariot?

Geordie’s descendants, no doubt, soon discarded the humble

scroll and device, and borrowed others in their stead. Borrowed, perhaps, from the standard of some proud Crusader, who little imagined, that such as the offspring of the orange-boy, should ever appropriate what he had tasked his ingenuity to design, and which was the rallying beacon of the chivalry he led to conquest.

Thus, it may be, was the record, of the manliness of the *nine Tailors*, lost, and that became an undeserved reproach which was intended as a memorial of respect and honour.

For the Pearl.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

I love to wander o’er the glade
At eventide in Summer time,
And mark, as into twilight fade,
The sunset hues of nature’s prime,
The first faint glimmering of the star
That shines from out the west afar.

Yet not so sweetly o’er me now
That soft and holy radiance falls,
As when it blessed my cloudless brow,
In hours which memory still recalls—
When life was fair, and round me rang
The voices of the loved and young.

Long years since then have passed away,
And o’er me time and change have cast
A spell that wakes at close of day
The mournful music of the past,
Which mingles most with twilight’s tone
And tells me I am all alone!

The shadowy sky, the daylight dim,
The evening air so soft and still,
The streamlet’s dream-like vesper hymn—
All these may fail the mind to fill,
When those from whom we dwell apart
Still live and linger round the heart.

Why gaze I on that lonely star
As if it were a worshipped shrine?
Oh! do not those who dwell afar,
Whose hearts so sympathise with mine,
Behold, e’en now, its trembling smile,
And think of past delight the while?

How like the gentle light of eve
Is memory’s record of the hour,
When forced the heart’s loved home to leave,
We feel, in all their holiest power,
Around us cling its thousand ties,
Which not till lost we learn to prize.

Companions of my early days,
And friends beloved of later years,
Whose image memory still portrays,
Whom absence but the more endears—
Whene’er as now that star ye see—
In this lone hour—remember me!

Remember me!—I still would hold
Within your faithful hearts, the place
Of which, as if of treasured gold,
I have not lost the faintest trace;
O keep ye still as I have kept
The love o’er which no blight hath swept.

Mills-village, Sept. 20th, 1839. JOHN MCPHERSON.

For the Pearl.

REMEMBRANCE.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

This question has often agitated men’s minds, and human affections ever answer it in the affirmative. It seems capable of as good proof, as regards the feelings which appear to be born, and to continue with us during life, as that other question, *Is there an hereafter?* If man shrinks instinctively from annihilation, so does he from that degree of annihilation which oblivion respecting his earthly connections would involve.

Who could complacently entertain the supposition for a moment, that those loved so dearly here, and whose interests occupy so much of the souls of their friends, should be eternally forgotten after death? The child witnesses the dying gasp of a beloved parent, one who had led him, and nursed him, and protected him as the apple of the eye,—shall they meet no more? The parent wipes the clammy brow of a beloved child, and is ready to exclaim, “Absalom, Absalom, would I had died for thee my son,” shall that bursting heart experience the blighting of all its hopes, denied the faith that it will one other day again clasp its beloved? Will the partners of life, the husband and wife, who have been for years as one soul, who have shared all the pleasures, and pains, and hopes, and fears of existence; who have reared their offspring,

with deep care, reckless of themselves, yet each cheering and helping the other,—shall they part at the grave’s cold brink, never to be re-united? The brother, the sister, the lover, the friend, shall all these find a final disruption of ties, holy and sacred, which constituted the balm of life, and the charms of anticipation?

Why need it be so? He who prolongs the existence of the soul, will he not also prolong and strengthen, instead of destroying, all its faculties? Why should His arm be stayed, why should He delight in crushing, why should oblivion and annihilation in this particular be His will, when high consolation and intellectual life are among His heavenly gifts? Is the rich chapter of earth’s scenes to be blotted out? are the sympathies and loves and affections to die, never to be restored? Why?—Echo answers, *why?* and the shuddering mind in vain seeks for a reason from any part of heaven’s economy.

How salutary is the belief that we shall meet again, to rejoice in each other’s joy, and never to part. The fond relative, pining himself, in support of one dearer than his own soul, will be repaid by thanks uttered in heavenly places. The faithful pair who see anxious days and nights their portion, and who drudge on in a ceaseless round of labour for their little ones,—do not live in vain, as regards themselves. Besides rearing good citizens, who shall fill their place reputably when they are no more known on earth,—they are rearing those with whom an eternal day shall be enjoyed,—when the recollections of the toils of this world, like a distant dream, will only enhance the present pleasure, and be a continued echo of that voice which said, *Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord.*

HOPK.

For the Pearl.

THE FOREST.

The noble trees which once covered the province, like the noble race that roved beneath them, seem destined to entire and rather speedy destruction. They have many foes: they are prostrated in whole groves by the axe of the settler; the lumberman lays low the stateliest stems, while the road makers open line after line through the deep umbrageous shade. The devastation committed by the hand of man for useful purposes is great: still more extensive perhaps is that often occasioned by his negligence. The Indians rarely if ever set fire to the woods. The trees covered their homes and their harvest, and they were as careful of them as a white man would be of his dwelling or his stack yard. It would have been well if some of their care and forethought had marked the progress of European settlement, and if, to wantonly set fire to the woods, had either been regarded as an offence against the state or at least a breach of decorum. How many hundreds of acres have been consumed by the spread of an angler’s fire, blown up to light his cigar or to cook his steak? What fun it used to be, when we were boys, to finish off a day spent at the lakes by setting fire to the woods: not one of the party ever dreaming that there was harm in it, or stopping to think that logs enough might be consumed in the frolic to employ a dozen saw mills for a month, and board in half the town. The winds are constant enemies of the stately trees, and the openings made by the settler into the groves, render them more liable to destruction than they were in the olden time, when they stood “shoulder to shoulder” as the Highlanders say, covering and sustaining each other. The last gale has, we understand, destroyed a vast quantity of fine timber—half a dozen “windfalls,” the roots torn from the soil with the accumulated leaves of centuries upon them, and their branches crushed and broken in the descent, are no uncommon sight. A person from Sheet harbour assured us that the road between that place and Musquodoboit, a distance of twenty-four miles, was so blocked up with fallen trees that he found it difficult to get along, even on foot.

WITHROD.

For the Pearl.

PRETTY WATERFALL.

A great many of our readers are not perhaps aware that within a moderate ride from town there is as beautiful a miniature Cataract as the eye of an artist, or a lover of natural scenery, would desire to rest on. Though curious in these matters ourselves, we did not happen to catch a glimpse of this waterfall till about a month ago. It is situated to the right of the main Eastern Road, or rather between it and the new Guysborough road, which intersects it on this side of Taylor’s Inn, and may be about 9½ miles from Dartmouth. If the trees and brush were cut away, the Fall might be seen from the old road, but the recent opening of the new one, will enable parties to drive a carriage to within a few yards of it. The stream is fed from an extensive lake, called Taylor’s lake upon the map, which crossing the road beneath a planked bridge and rushing into a thicket to the right, falls over a steep ledge of rocks, a distance of 30 feet into a basin below. During heavy freshets, the rush of water is great, and the basin bubbles and foams like a cauldron around a jutting point of rock, that stands out from the opposite side, fronting the fall, from which a good view is obtained, and which on a sunny day boasts its rainbow. When the water is low, the stream splits into three divisions, and though not so exciting as when in greater volume, is