

For the Pearl.

## CHALK SKETCHES.—No. 2.

## THE INDIAN BOY.

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. After a few minutes' lounging about the village, we proceeded along the road, northward, which leads to the Red Mill, and from parts of which there are such pleasing scenes, near and distant; the cottage, and garden, and brook, and forest, and field,—and beyond, southward, the magnificent waters of the Bay, running out to the dim ocean horizon, bounded by picturesque shores, and strongly marked by romantic islands.

Before we had got altogether clear of the straggling village, an Indian woman, resting near the door-way of one of the houses, and accompanied by a fine looking Indian child, attracted our attention. The squaw and the papoose were both interesting. She, gentle, placid, and comely, as squaws often are,—seeming, as if the cares and responsibilities of life were nothing to her, beyond the fondling of her infant, and the employment of the moment;—as if she were animal enough to enjoy existence, when devoid of pain, for the mere sake of existence, and because the clear air and wholesome flow of blood, made lungs and arteries perform their work harmoniously;—and as if she were rational enough to appreciate all that properly came within the sphere of her observation, without that reference to the past, and that anticipation of the future, which makes so many of the white women haggard, before their time.

The boy was a fine specimen of Indian children. A full, yet firm and graceful, figure,—a face round as a circle,—olive complexion, small sharp nose, and eyes black as jet and sparkling as diamonds. We stopped to admire the little three-year-old man, and knowing the fondness which Indian boys generally have for "coppers," their appreciation of the various uses which they serve, and their proneness to ask for them—took a penny piece each, from our pockets, and handed them to him. He readily extended his little chubby palm, and took the cash, but, immediately turning on his heel, he darted to the fence side, some half dozen yards off, and picking up his bow and arrow, ran back and presented his gift to us, in return. Not wishing to deprive the little fellow of his appropriate toy, we told him to keep his bow and arrow, and the money too. He stood still for an instant, when wheeling half round, he dashed his bow and arrow fiercely to the earth, and then with much agility and strength threw the pennies, one after the other, far away, on to a piece of marsh which bordered the road. All this was done, the bow and arrow dashed down, and the pennies sent describing long curves through the air, the little rascal looking as graceful and as indignant as Apollo, meanwhile, before his gentle mother, who sat beside where he stood, and who ejaculated loudly at his conduct, could jump up and prevent the catastrophe, as she endeavoured to do. The moment our incensed little warrior had disburthened himself of toys and cash, he burst into tears, and stood sobbing and crying, as if some vast indignity, or suffering, had been inflicted on him.

The Indian acuteness of the boy's mother immediately claimed our notice. To us the pennies seemed altogether gone. They had fallen, a few paces asunder, some couple of hundred yards from where we stood, in a grassy, reedy marsh. But the squaw, who had followed their flight with her eyes, ran after them, went almost direct to the proper spot, picked them up, and quickly returned.

We endeavoured to appease the little hero, and the mother informed us, as was evident, that he was offended because we had declined his present, in return for ours. We soon made all right,—we accepted the bow and arrows,—he was appeased, and took the money from his mother, complacently enough. After patting the little fellow on his bullet head, we left him to pursue our walk, greatly pleased at this instance of infant character, at the rude nobility of the little fellow's nature, and the independence which seemed to be innate in his breast.

"Thy spirit, independence, let me share,  
Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye."

The woman and boy were soon joined by others of their tribe, and, as we strolled along, they overtook us;—they were chattering away cheerfully, going to their humble but peaceful wigwams, in the shades of the forest, or at its margin, by the harbour edge, where Indians generally spend some of the summer months. Not altogether unblest is their lot,—the encampment is on the white sandy beach, surrounded by silence, and fragrance, and many beautiful hues,—the wigwams indeed are humble, but their spruce-bough couches give sweeter sleep, and are less ruffled by anxious thoughts, than the merchant's down, when he vainly tries to escape care at his bathing villa. As the squaw was passing, we said a few words of recognition, and I enquired the name of the brave boy who had so much attracted my attention. She gave me the desired information, and I intended to engrave it on the bow, which I had in possession, that I might have a remembrancer of his character, and might hand it to my own little fellow, as a memento of, perhaps, an extreme, of noble sentiment.

I procrastinated, as I have in more important affairs, until the Indian boy's name was forgotten. The omission is not of so much consequence as it otherwise would be, for the name had not the significance which Indian names generally have, but was one of the common place designations of civilization. I recollect that it was composed of the "christian" name of one and the "surname" of another, gentleman, both belonging to the town. These had become known, perhaps, in some fishing or shooting excursions, to the inhabitants of the wigwam,—who followed the ambition of more aspiring people, and called their child after the great men with whom they claimed some acquaintance. The name did not seem very appropriate, indeed, to the boy's character, as indicated by the incident just related. Few of our good citizens—and small blame to them, as the world goes—would dream of flinging away their quarter's income, because what they deemed an equivalent had not been given in return. This is no part of the social man's creed,—and the wild exuberance of the red boy's independence, and his resolution to meet a cheerful gift by as cheerful a return, would be laughed to scorn by the philosophy of the great world. His bow, however, without his name, is retained, and shall be made, as intended, a memento of a noble example,—not to be absolutely followed, in its fever of obstinate wildness, but to act as a check on that cold-blooded selfishness which mixes so much with all the doings of civilized life.

While musing on this little incident, a contrast to the Indian boy, involuntarily arose, in the characters of many of the youth of large towns. The various grades of selfishness, and meanness, which are allowed to mark the rising generation, from the first slight departure from honourable feeling, down to the disgusting petty villany displayed around country apple carts, need not be mentioned as foils to the hero of this sketch,—but they well deserve some serious thought of those most interested, and who, from habit, have become inured to improprieties, and induced to pass them by as trifles, until the future man is spoiled in the boy,—as the tree is in the sapling, if it be allowed to grow up awry and gnarled.

JEREMY.

For the Pearl.

## STRAWBERRIES.

This is the season of Strawberries—the ripe—the fragrant—the delight of young and old, of rich and poor, for all participate in the refreshing pleasures which this, the earliest of summer's fruits—the most delicious of our wild berries, sheds over the length and breadth of the land. From Cape Porcupine to Port Lator, from Halifax to Tantremar, the deep blush of the ripening Strawberry peering through the long dewy grass is hailed with satisfaction. This is one of many cheap luxuries with which this country abounds, and which are enjoyed by all, without perhaps any pondering very deeply upon their value. What greater luxury can the world produce, so far as two of the senses are concerned, than a saucer of ripe wild Strawberries—and where is the family in Nova Scotia so poor that they cannot afford to have it at least a few times in the season?—there are few indeed who cannot, in the language of the Irishman's Song, have their "dish of ripe Strawberries smothered in cream."

We always hail the appearance of the Strawberry for a variety of reasons. It is not only pleasant in itself, but the first of a series, all having their peculiar claims to our affection, and of which, in the line of march, our friend Blackberry brings up the rear. Then it is such fun to bail them out of the barks in the mornings, while the little ones sit round, spoon in hand, with their eyes sparkling, and ready to go to work. A solitary bachelor (and we see them going by our window occasionally, with a box) cannot know half the delight that a man experiences from a Strawberry breakfast with a domestic party, the smallest fellow in the flock being a vigorous two year old: such exclamations of intense admiration—such gentle pleadings for another saucer-full, with love (of the Strawberries) in every accent—"Epicurus in his sty" was nothing to a scene like this.

"For oh! how the sweet fruits of nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

But Strawberries, in addition to the pleasure derived from eating them, give rise to a good deal of eating and drinking of other nice things—old ladies seize upon the opportunity to give their tea parties when a dish of Strawberries, so very cheap and so universally acceptable, is all that is required to entertain and send away satisfied the most inanimate circle. Then the arrival of the Strawberry is always the signal for commencing the Pic Nics—those delightful excursions,—pleasant at all seasons of life, for there is a bustle, an adventure, which joined to fresh air, green shade, new scenery, and a hilarious rollicking tone that pervades them, even the oldest enjoy—while the young, few of whom have not some reason for loving a quiet ramble along lonely beeches, or through woodland paths, often look forward to them for opportunities to pour out feelings long pent up in the crowded and casual society of the towns. On a moderate calculation there must be at least an hundred young people, in Halifax alone, who understand each other better by the time the Straw-

berries are gone than they did when they made their first appearance in the market.

But then, in addition to the pleasures which these admirable berries afford to those who eat them—only think what a blessing they confer on those who pick and bring them to market. A black woman's hovel before and after the Strawberries come is not the same place at all. A week before, and the ravages of a long winter on a ménage never perhaps very remarkable for forethought, and industry, are plainly discernible—the potatoes are all gone, indeed a few got from the Secretary's office for seed, had to be eaten—there is no meal or molasses—and the old woman has been smoking a piece of well tarred junk for several days, for want of tobacco. There are rags, privation, poverty—the wolf is not only at the door but actually in the house: still there is hope—in the Strawberry. Long looked for, it has come at last—and if you visit the same cabin a week after the first tub has been filled, a change will be found to have come over the spirit of the place. The old woman has a new cotton bedgown, the old man a pair of new buskins, while a fresh supply of old clothes, gathered from the mansions to which the Strawberry formed their all sufficient introduction, have covered the nakedness of the children, if they have not hidden all the rags which fluttered in the winter winds—an Indian cake is on the coals, and oh! thou almost priceless and yet beyond all price—thou "cheap defence" against the cares of life—thou long clay pipe, filled with the Virginia weed, what a glorious change hast thou wrought in that sable visage which scowled over the wretched substitute to which its owner was driven a month ago.

My blessing then upon the Strawberries—they are exquisite in themselves, and agreeable in all their associations and relations—we are always glad to see them entered among the arrivals, and sorry when they are cleared out.

SHANDY.

## A CHAPTER ON INNS.

"I will take mine ease in mine Inn."—Shakespeare.

It has long been our firm belief that a useful if not an agreeable chapter might be written upon Inns, and we sat down this morning to realize, pen in hand, some of the fragmentary ideas which, upon this subject, had been floating through our brain. At first we doubted whether all that could be said upon it would not go into a nutshell—but the moment we shut our eyes, placed our hand upon our temples—and kept that little word "Inns" steadily in the mental line of sight, there was such a rush of recollections, British, foreign and domestic—such a jumbling of queer faces and forms—such a revival of scenes and incidents fast fading from the memory, with so many points of comparison worthy of remark, that we began to fear that we should be overwhelmed by the fruitfulness of the theme we had chosen, and that, if we meddled with it at all, we should have to write a book instead of a chapter. What pictures rise before the mind at the recollection of an English Inn—an Irish—a Scotch—an American—a Flemish, or French Inn—each having its own peculiar features, and incidents, and drolleries—but we must put aside the great temptation which these present, and confine ourselves for the present to our Novascotian Inns, many of which we conceive to be susceptible of much improvement.

Our Provincial Innkeepers form a very important and very useful class of our population—and it is because we wish them to be still more useful and much more respected that we take the liberty of offering a little advice. None of them will suspect us of any other wish than to increase their business, and better their condition—we have slept in all their beds—enjoyed the cheerful blaze of their firesides in all sorts of weather—and have surveyed leisurely and without complaint the whole system as it exists, and freely acknowledge that our Inns are as good as might be expected from the condition of the country—but still, they may be improved.

The first care of an Innkeeper ought to be to make the outside of his house, with the buildings and grounds around it, as neat and attractive as possible. An old traveller, on a new road, will always draw up at a house that is nicely painted, with the fences whitewashed—barns tight, with doors on their hinges—and no wood pile or mud puddle under the front windows. A man in search of a wife would give a wide berth to a girl with her bustle all on one quarter—her frock open behind—dirty neck, and a hole in her stocking—he would naturally enough conclude that the interior had been even more neglected than the upper crust, and pass on to something less repulsive. It is thus that a wise man should choose—that all experienced travellers in fact do choose an Inn. We have often ridden past such places with a tired horse, on a wet or hot day, with the involuntary exclamation "sure nothing good can dwell in such a Temple," and have hurried on to enjoy our tea and eggs in some more attractive sanctuary. At times, however, we have been induced or compelled to stop at these hostalries, just as a man may be coaxed or compelled to marry a sloven, and have never known one case in which we did not repent it. A neat and tidy outside is not expensive—barns and outhouses cost no more if put in the right than if straggling about in the wrong places—a wood pile might