

particularly to the eyes of him who loves a picture. At several points, its many eminences, surrounding the principal, reminds of what one has heard or read, of the many-hilled cities of Jerusalem and Rome. Deep chasms, abrupt heights, all bearing the marks of man's hand,—houses and churches, in the most picturesque situations,—form scenes at present of a very striking character,—and, when fully worked out, with all the features of order and power and magnificence, which cities on hills combine, will give pictures approaching the sublime.

A word or two, on other minor disparaging notices,—which, deformed, perhaps, the commencement of this rambling sketch. The foam, which makes the harbour like an immense wash tub, is caused by the picturesque falls of the noble St. John. In this world, one need scarcely hope to meet with unmixed good,—and this treat to scene seekers, whose musical murmurs are heard far and wide, may be pardoned for the soap-sud blotches which it heaps on its placid neighbour.—The timber too, with its noise and turmoil, lumbered our path at setting out, (and how well the providers of this article are called, lumberers)—but by it the merchant drives his carriage and builds his villas,—and hundreds of mariners and labourers are made glad with the fruits of industry: by it the town, in fact, rises,—and, this year, an estimate made the quantity expected down the St. John, to amount to nearly £300,000 in value. But a truce to statistics,—I will not mottle my fancy sketch with what I am so little prepared for, but leave such matters for more matter of fact observers, who will as carefully avoid my vein, as I do theirs. Fearing, if I eschew this department, in which the strength of St. John, I expect, chiefly consists,—and if I continue to dream on in my own way, that I will again relapse into fault-finding, I close for the present. And, on review, what a commencement and close have I made! What an article under the title which stands at its head! My excuse is, that I had no thought of so sinning when I set out,—and that, if I have not entered the river yet, that which gets its name, and which it enriches, St. John city,—may well claim a brief delay, as the natural introduction to Saint John River. More anon.

RAMBLER.

For the Pearl.

STEAMING AND SAILING.

Swift glides the "Water Witch" along this calm, lake-like frith. The steward's bell announces the dinner hour, and the long, gay, well finished cabin, like the room of a town mansion, receives the passengers. The luxuries, and attendance, of land life there await them, and the miseries of sea travelling are forgotten. Where is the bilge water, the creaking of the pumps, the smoky greasy cribs, which made the hourly horrors of the old trader on the great waters? Here, sofa and mattress await the lounge, or the deck presents a promenade as level and as steady as the hall of his inn. Thus, resting and feasting, onward he goes, thoughtless of wind and tide, instead of being the veriest slave of both, as on board the "white-sailed" ship.

But there are some drawbacks on this state of excellence. What confounding jarring noises resound through the Steamer, banishing placid thought and conversation, and keeping every thing in a jig-jog the whole time. The machinery clicks and groans,—the timbers quiver,—and the paddles keep churning up foam and spray, continually,—the whole, entirely preventing any of the gentler sounds of nature from visiting the traveller's ear.

The change from a small steamer, to a small sailing craft, under favourable circumstances, is very grateful, and the difference very marked. Suppose the breeze favourable, and leisure suitable,—her white sails swell gracefully over the side, she gently careens, and gracefully and soothingly rises and falls with each undulation of her crystal path. From the neighbouring hills, the breeze comes laden with fragrant scents, and the rustle of myriad leaves can be distinctly heard; the music of the cascade, and of the birds, and even of the bees,—of the wind among the cordage and sails, and the medley hum from the distant village, all come delightfully to the ear of one who has been lately surfeited by the clang of machinery.

And the master of the little bark, enjoying the cessation from active exertion, sits on the sun-bleached gunwale, and becomes pleasingly garrulous of sea-life incidents. He can be easily led to tell of the midnight tempest, of the unexpected rocks,—and, most mysterious, of fires seen rising from the deep,—sparkling and flaming, avoiding the bow of the daring smack, and disappearing in her wake. These legends, so well comporting with the scene around, come with much force, and give an air of romance and of wild nature to the traveller's position, which it cannot have on board the altogether artificial steamer. It is something, surely, to those who travel, partly, that they may feel the influence of nature in various scenes, to so travel that they may fully feel that influence, and not to rush along, deafened by noises, stifled by smoke and soot, and so surrounded every way by the atmosphere of art, that nature is half forgotten, and can only be half appreciated.

Convenience, however, will triumph over romance. When the calm comes on,—when a rocky lee shore is in sight of a squally

evening, when tempest clouds lower along the horizon, and the port, to windward, is but a few miles ahead,—when thoughts of home attract the wayfarer from scenes around, and absorb him in an imaginary circle which he longs to reach,—when business demands his appearance in a distant market at a stated period, then indeed the Steamer will be a welcome vehicle: nevertheless, the almost superseded Sailing packets have some demands on the sympathy of, at least, the more poetic part of the human family; and their merits,—their picturesque forms, their quiet, and their accordance with nature's scenes, should not be altogether forgotten.

Digby Basin.

TRAVELLER.

For the Pearl.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE SKY.—No matter how monotonous the landscape may be, the lover of fine forms, and colours, and of the exquisite blendings of form and colour, can always have a treat in the clouds which diversify the arch of heaven. No combination of outline and tint, can be finer than Nova Scotia sunsets often are,—or the first hours of moonlight, when the clouds have their own character, and the stars have their lustre, and Cynthia, though apparent queen, holds so gentle a sway, that, eminently beautiful herself, she only heightens the effect of all that surrounds her.

WILD FLOWERS.—He who has a proper perception of nature, need never cry "it is all barren," while the wild-flowers, which border his path,—have exquisite lines and forms, in a multitude of combinations, for his study. One travels many lands, and sees but comparatively little, to repay his trouble, or to fill his note book,—another, in his evening or morning walk, finds materials for a volume, and only feels the want of the requisite ability for working out the treasures which lie around.

LAKES.—What a country of Lakes Nova Scotia is,—some hundreds within a circle of six miles around Halifax, each one possessing characteristics charming to the lover of the picturesque; and every man should be such a lover, for not to be so, is not to fully appreciate the exuberance of the Creator. One of those pieces of water is chiefly marked by magnificent blocks of granite, patches of wild grass, and a dwarf wilderness of elder and berry bushes;—another is bordered all round by the tall forest, which throws its dense shades on the glassy surface, and makes all secluded and sylvan to an extreme;—and another has gentle slopes rising from the glittering margin, and overhanging hills, all cleared and beautifully specked by little farm houses, and their many coloured fields, and burns, and haystacks, and corn ricks. The figures on these pieces of water, are in accordance with their scenery. Sometimes the Indian, in his canoe, glides along noiselessly as the wild swan,—the loons sit in dark nooks, contrasting delightfully the inky shades with their snowy plumage,—the settler's cattle range along, browsing, their little bells tinkling sweetly meanwhile,—the angler standing on some little promontory, idles away an hour, making silvery ripples on the calm water, as he plays his fly, or, ever and anon, rises the mottled trout from their native depths,—or the ploughman whistles along the beach, making his parallels, and anticipating the riches of a distant harvest, while his children sport about his upland cottage, and his wife is seen dotting the bright green with her bleaching wardrobe. The features of the lakes would be a fruitful theme, for some provincial Poet;—the "lake school" in England, has produced noble writers,—why not the lonely and beautiful lakes of Nova Scotia impress their charms also, on sensitive minds, and through them on the storied page?

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.—In old times how few residents of the capital ever visited the interior of the province. To pass into either of the adjoining provinces was an enterprise involving considerable peril, to say nothing of inconvenience and expence. Now the employment of stages and steamers on our main lines of communication, with the improvement of the roads themselves, induce immense numbers of our fellow townsmen, to take short excursions to some part of the country almost every summer. The numbers passing and repassing from June till October upon the eastern and western roads, and crossing to St. John, P. E. Island, and Miramichi, merely for pleasure and information is very great. Business and pleasure are often combined, and renewed health—a more cheerful flow of spirits—and a more kindly feeling between the inhabitants of town and country, generally result from those expeditions. When did you return to town? When are you going to the country? are questions which now are continually falling on the ear. Happy are they, and wise too, who thus devote a portion of our short summers to pleasant scenery, and the delights of rural life.

MILL-HORSES.—Sympathisers with the Mill-Horses, might recollect how many of their own species have a similar fate,—they perform the one dull round daily, for many years, the lash of stern circumstances burying their paces all the time.

For the Pearl.

CHALK SKETCHES.—No. 1.

"SUN RISE."

As a proof that morals may be gleaned from very insignificant incidents and circumstances, I found a train of thoughts excited by a little matter which occurred a few nights ago, and supposing that they might be worth setting down for the perusal of other reveries, I make the necessary sacrifice of labor for the public good.

A friend, on a night this week, arose from bed, snuffed his watch-light, looked at his time-keeper, found that the hour was somewhat past One, and, after some stretching and yawning, proceeded to his couch again. While going clumsily into bed, he struck his knee against the slight wooden wall of his dwelling, so as to make a considerable sound in the stillness of night. His "better half," quietly slumbering, with her infant charge in her arms, heard the jarring sound, and immediately enquired, "Is that daylight?"—meaning, is that the report of the gun which announces "sun rise." "No," said the ungainly one, "I only knocked my knee against the wall."

This brief dialogue, like the soliloquy of Franklin's school-boy, who gave "too much for his whistle," called up several apt illustrations in my mind.

First,—the mistake of the good-woman, was not a gross one, for the knock, against the hollow wall, was somewhat like the noise which the morning gun makes to those at a distance. The difference was, that the one came to her ear alone, the other would have sounded through the town, increasing in strength as it neared the point from which it proceeded. In the one she heard all that was to be heard,—while she was only in the habit of hearing the very distant and faint effects of the other.—Is it not so in many matters? That which is near is magnified, and occupies attention, until it equals or exceeds, in our estimation, things immensely greater, but remote. Thus the faults or excellencies immediately about us, eclipse similar greater qualities at a distance;—present time causes the future to be forgotten,—and we are engrossed by near matters, as if nothing else existed. Should we not, if we wish to get a correct view of ourselves and our situation, as a part of the great whole of existence, look at the circumstances which surround us, as it were from a distance; as one who wishes to get a correct view of a tree, a column, or a building, retires from it until he gains a position where he can take in all at a glance.—The knock against the wall is only of importance where small isolated views supersede considerations of the great economy of things. It is then that trifles depress or elate, and every pop gun noise may be taken for the announcer of "sun rise."

Next: Circumstances and station, have much to do with appearances and fame. In the stillness, and vagueness, of night, my friend's knee might represent the morning gun, but he might rap it an hundred times during daylight without any such mistake being made. Do not small matters often loom very large, on account of the atmosphere which surrounds them, while objects a thousand times more important, are unseen on account of their situation? Her gracious Majesty, Victoria, gets deserved praise in late papers, because she did not allow palace visitors, or music, to disturb the dying hours of Lady Flora Hastings. The thought and attention of our beloved young Queen, was worthy of notice; but, in the same city, there were an hundred young girls, watching, nightly, the death-beds of aged mothers, and toiling all day to earn a poor morsel, cheerful in their hopeless solitude if the day's labour supplied the day's wants. There were an hundred poor matrons, ministering the cup, every hour of the night, to the parched lips of those who were lately the support of their little families,—tending their helpless offspring also, fearing to look to the gloomy future, and wearing their own lives rapidly away, without a murmur, for the sake of others: And who hears of them, or ever expects to hear? A person placed in a favourable situation performs, involuntarily, or with a view to self interest, some act which glorifies him or her, in their eyes of multitudes,—another spends anxious days and nights in thoughts and acts of real benevolence, and he is unknown, or perhaps is sneered at. To the former, the rap of the knee gets all the credit of the morning gun.

Again,—We are very apt to pride ourselves on acquisitions of very little moment, because we cannot "see ourselves as others see us." The young "poet" who makes rhymes, and after much labour, sees a few stanzas cover the sheet of paper,—thinks himself the Byron of his circle:—it is the daylight gun with him, although he has only, as it were, knocked his knee against the wall. The enfranchised apprentice, dons his new suit, and in the plumage afforded by the tailor, thinks himself among the finest of birds,—it is gunfire with him, also;—the man who has scraped together a few hundreds, takes a prouder step, and looks more elate, than his as sagacious but less fortunate neighbour;—the young girl with a finer head of hair than her fair companion, deems herself of more consequence in creation; and some matrons rise in their own estimation, as their shawls and bonnets rise in price,—all such mistake the trifling rap against the wall for "gunfire," and exclaim, "it is daylight," because their own fancies are excited.

JEREMY.