

TO THE MEMORY OF A SCHOOLFELLOW.

I knew thee in life's morning when
The world was gay to thee,
And thou didst look upon it then,
As 'twere from sorrow free!
Oft through the fields, in boyish mirth,
Together we have stray'd,
Dreaming that nought upon the earth
Could make our hearts afraid.

And we were happy in our glee,
All reckless as we were;
And ne'er was known to thee or me
One agitating care.
But years rolled on, and with them came
The maddening stir of life—
Ambition's never-finished game
With disappointment rife!

And then our paths apart we trode,
Thou far away didst roam;
The wide, wide sea, was thine abode,
Mine, my own native home.
Years rolled apace, and oft I thought
If thou didst think of me;
And then the gushing tear would start,
As I did think of thee!

And once again our schoolboy sports
I gaily acted o'er—
And then the saddening tear arose,
That we should meet no more!
Yet we did meet: but oh how changed
Thy cheek's remembered hue!
Alas! 'twas sad thy haggard brow
And sunken eye to view!

Thine anxious mother, to light up
That eye, once more was fain:
She fondly hoped that, on thy cheek
The rose might bloom again.
But no! consumption's withering hand,
Up on thy form was laid
And now—thou sleep'st, in quiet, where
We, in our childhood played!

The bubbling brook that once we loved,
The tomb turf now doth lave:
The willows we have often climbed,
Are nodding o'er thy grave.
The peaceful spot where thou art laid—
Where we have often met—
Our childish sports—our gleesome hours—
I never can forget.

Farewell, my friend! thy morning's sun
Untimely set, shall rise
To shine once more, pure, calm and bright,
In never clouded skies.
And there, the hope I'll fondly own,
That we again may meet,
There—where a parting ne'er is known,
And welcoming is sweet!

LONDON PORTER BREWERS.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE IN CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Barelay, Perkins and Company, have the most extensive porter brew-house in London. Their establishment is one of old standing, being the same which formerly yielded a noble fortune to Samuel Johnson's friend Thrale. The quantity of porter now annually brewed by this house amounts to between three and four hundred barrels. The following six brewing companies, Hambury's, Reid's, Whitebread's, Meux's, Combe and Delafield's, and Calvert's, produce also very large quantities, the issue of none being less than one hundred thousand barrels a year, while it is double that quantity in several of the cases. But neither a knowledge of the amount of the annual manufacture, nor an estimate of the stock and consumption of hops and malt, will lead us to anything like a fair idea of the capital embarked in one of these concerns. The cause of this may be in part explained. The hop and malt rooms are natural and obvious quarters for the employment of the wealth of these brewing-houses. But the funds of the same parties are absorbed also in less obvious ways. The most of the licensed brewing-houses in the city are connected with some brewing company or another, and hence are called "tied houses." The brewers advance loans to the publican on the security of his lease, and from the moment that necessity or any other cause tempts him to accept such a loan, he is bound to the lending party. Indeed, the advance is made on the open and direct condition that he shall vend the lender's liquor and his alone. The publican, in short, becomes a mere retail agent for the behoof of one particular company. They clap their sign above his door, and he can no longer fairly call the house his own. The quantity of money thus lent out by the London brewers is enormous. One house alone, we know from good authority, has more than two hundred thousand pounds so employed. Perhaps

the reader will have a still better idea of the extent to which this system is carried, when he is told that a single brew-house has fifteen thousand pounds worth of sign-boards stuck up over London—rating these articles, of course, at their cost prices. This explains what a stranger in the metropolis is at first very much struck with, the number of large boards marked with "Whitebread's Entire," "Meux's Double Refined," or "Combe and Delafield's Brown Stout House," that meet the eye in every part of London, from side to side of the building on which they are placed, and if the house presents two ends, or even three, to public view, the massive letters adorn them all. What an idea this in itself gives us of the wealth of these brewers! A handsome fortune laid out in sign-boards!

The stables of one of these establishments, when filled with their allotted tenants, constitute one of the very finest sights that can be seen on the whole premises. As the brewers keep the very best of horses, it is in their stables that the beauty of the breed can be seen to perfection. They are kept in the very highest condition, plump, sleek, and glossy. The order maintained throughout these large establishments extends to their stabling arrangements. In Whitebread's, we observed the name of each horse painted above his stall, and were told that every one of them knew his designation as well as any biped about the place. Some of the most extensive breweries employ about one hundred such horses, to disseminate their produce through all parts of the city and its suburbs.

LIFE ON BOARD THE GREAT WESTERN.

We have heard many speculations, and read many paragraphs, in relation to the manner of living on board the Atlantic steamers. In nine cases out of ten, the descriptions have been eulogistic, but fault-finding and grumbling have occurred in one or two instances: We happened to be conversing upon the subject a day or two ago, with a friend who came over in the Great Western, when, by way of illustrating a remark, he produced the following bill of fare, written out by the Steward, for October 31st, 1839.

BILL OF FARE, FOR THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1839.

BREAKFAST.

6 dishes Beef Steaks,
6 do Mutton Chops,
6 do Pork Steaks,
9 do Brown Stews,
6 do Fricasee,
8 do Fish Balls,
6 do Salmon,
6 do Huminey,
Corn Bread,
Hot Rolls,
6 Broiled Chickens.

DINNER.

6 tureens Turtle Soup,
8 dishes Turtle Steaks,
8 do Stews of Turtle,
8 do of Turtle Pies,
8 do of Fricandeux Sweet Bread,
6 do of Mutton Chops, caper Sauce,
4 do Roast Beef,
4 do do Mutton,
4 Roast Turkeys,
4 do Geese,
4 do Pigs,
4 pair of Olive Ducks,
4 do of Roast Fowls,
2 Meat Pies,
4 pair Boiled Fowls,
2 dishes Boiled Mutton,
2 do do Corned Beef,
2 do do Hams,
4 do do Tongues,
4 do do Macaroni.

VEGETABLES.

8 dishes Carrots,
8 do Turnips,
8 do Parsnips,
6 do String Beans,
8 do Mash Baked Potatoes,
20 do Plain Potatoes,
8 do Cold Slaughter,
8 do Beets.

PASTRY.

6 Plum Puddings,
6 Raspberry Roll Puddings,
6 Rice Puddings,
6 Macaroni, frosted,
6 Apple Pies,
6 Cranberry Pies,
6 Mince Pies,
6 Gooseberry Pies,
6 Danson Pies,
6 Brandy Fruit,
6 dishes of Pears,
6 do of Egg Plums,
6 Ice Cakes,
Fruits Assorted.

WM. CRAWFORD, Steward.

DR. IVER ON HORTICULTURE.—Horticulture, in its simplest form, treats of the improvement of the qualities of vegetables, flowers, and fruits: or, in other words, it is the art which comprehends the various methods of producing all sorts of fruit, vegetables, and roots, herbs and plants, for the support and luxury of mankind.—It is the most perfect and productive mode of cultivation, confined

wi hin narrow limits. In its highest departments, it assumes the character of the elegant arts, and teaches the disposition of grounds and gardens.

Its moral tendency.—"The practice of horticulture has a happy influence on the morals of the community. The contemplation of whatever is beautiful serves to refine the taste and elevate the mind. The beauties of the fine arts, painting and sculpture, may find a substitute in the forms of vegetable life not less curious or beautiful. The beauties of the garden are within the reach of the great mass of the population.

It becomes the philosopher, the politician, the moralist; indeed it is incumbent on all classes of society to encourage gardening in our country; amusements of a moral tendency should be preferred. The objection on the score of morals, brought against some of the amusements of large cities, cannot be urged against horticulture. It is believed that a public exhibition of fruits and flowers every month in those parts of the year which are favourable, would have a good moral tendency, and excite emulation among the cultivators, and would be accompanied with a very trifling expense, if a general interest were once excited.—*Am. paper.*

The following passage is from the Editor's 'Note Book,' in the Knickerbocker:—

"Where is the antique glory now become,
That whilom wont in woman to appear?
Where be the brave achievements done by some?
Where be the battles, where the shield and spear,
And all the conquests which them high did rear,
That matter made for famous poets' verse,
And boastful men so oft abash to hear?
Been they all dead, and laid in doleful herse?
Or doen they only sleep, and shall again reverse?"

We can answer Mr. Edmund Spencer's interrogation, by an authentic anecdote of a modern English woman, wherein it will be seen that the brave achievements of females in the olden time have been equalled by deeds of high moral emprise, "done by some" of the present era. Captain Sir Robert Barelay, who commanded the British squadron in the battle of Lake Erie, was horribly mutilated by the wounds he received in the action, having lost his right arm and one of his legs. Previously to his leaving England, he was engaged to a young lady, to whom he was tenderly attached. Feeling acutely on his return that he was but a mere wreck, he sent a friend to the lady, informing her of his mutilated condition, and generously offering to release her from her engagement. "Tell him," replied the noble girl, "that I will joyfully marry him, if he has only enough of body left to hold his soul." Is not here matter as worthy of "famous poets' verse" as half the records of the chivalric age? Is it not a far nobler theme than the feats of Amazons, and the exploits of men or women of a later day? or even the much-vaunted deeds of errant knights, whose blacksmiths' bills, for mending shabby armour, all the way to Palestine and back, have not been "settled" to this day? We leave the verdict with the reader.

DEMORALIZATION OF SWEDEN.—It is a singular and embarrassing fact, that the Swedish nation, isolated from the mass of the European people, and almost entirely agricultural or pastoral, having in about 3,000,000 of the individuals, only 14,925 employed in manufactories, and those not congregated in one or two places, but scattered among 2037 factories; having no great standing army or navy; no extended commerce; no afflux of strangers; no considerable city but one; and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment, undisturbed in its labours by sect or schism; is, notwithstanding, in a more demoralized state than any nation in Europe—more demoralized even than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain. This is a very curious fact in moral statistics.

Every regenerate person is like Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, whom Jesus Christ raised from the dead; for he also is raised from the death of sin, and out of the grave of his own corruptions, and set at liberty to live the new life of faith and love, through the resurrection power of the same incarnate God.

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