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# COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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## ORIGINAL.

For the Pearl.

ALICE WARE.

The town of Southampton is beautifully situated on a low gravelly peninsula formed by two small rivers—the Itchen, which flows past the ancient city of Winchester, in whose cathedral sleep several of England's Kings, bounds it on the east; and the Teste, which rises near Whitechurch, on the west. Its quays are washed by the waters of the narrow channel which separates this part of England from the Isle of Wight, whose wooded hills—fruitful fields—and pleasant country seats, bound the water views to the south. It was Sunday afternoon—I had strolled through the town, which is not compact, but remarkably clean, extending over, without covering, a great deal of ground,—having some streets as handsome as almost any in London; and, in the quarter most distant from the sea, some remarkably fine and very fashionable crescents and squares, built in the best style of modern domestic architecture. I had strolled round these, inspected the Bar Gate, one of those ancient entrances, that, with the remains of the old walls of which it forms a part, indicate the mode of defence, and the boundaries, of the ancient city—and was enjoying the cool breeze from the sea upon the promenade that extends along the water side; and which, being railed in, planted with trees, and supplied with seats, is a favourite rendezvous of the good citizens in their hours of leisure. To the right the New Forest (new in the days of William Rufus) stretched away with a beautiful and almost unbroken depth of shade, calling up pictures of a dying King and flying Noble, such as I had seen in all the histories of England from childhood upwards,—to the left there was Netley Abbey, one of the finest old ecclesiastical ruins in the kingdom, embosomed in ancient trees, and wrapt around with traditions, the most recent of which had an older date than the first dawn of Christianity in the country from which I came. Over the very spot on which I stood the gallant army that won immortal renown in the field of Agincourt, had filed for embarkation—and upon the beach beyond the chair of Canute had been placed, when he read that undying and admirable lesson to the sycophants of his court.

It is not to be wondered at, if in such a scene, and surrounded by such associations, I should have been wrapt in my own thoughts, and paying but little attention to what was passing around me. I know not how long I had stood with my arms folded, looking seaward, and indulging in the excitement of rapid, varying, and agreeable reflections—or how long I should have stood, had not the words "it is," uttered in a tone that seemed half sob and half whisper, recalled my scattered senses, and braced me up to that kind of artificial tension which we assume when fearful that there has been some witness of mental abstractions that may have betrayed us into an oddity of expression or attitude. As I turned round a woman—I might have said a young one, for she was not past thirty, though she appeared much older—was standing about two yards from me, and gazing into my face with an earnestness that for a moment rivetted my eyes upon hers, and deprived me of all power of utterance. It was evident that there was something more than mere idle curiosity in the steadfast glance with which she eyed me; and there seemed to be some mental conflict going on within, as though the words her lips were about to form, lingered for some sanction of the judgment, before they should give any utterance to the strongly excited feelings, by which they were evidently prompted.

My name, pronounced in a clear but timid tone, were the first words that escaped her. "Mr. B., I believe"—she repeated, curtseying, and approaching half a pace nearer. If the conduct of the person had excited curiosity, I was a thousand times more astonished at the use of my name, in a strange town, where I had been but a few hours—where I did not know a soul, and in which I would have asserted but a minute before there was not a human being who could even have guessed from what part of the world I came.

"You have the advantage of me," said I, at length breaking silence, after vainly endeavouring to give a local habitation and a name to the form and features before me.

"You should remember me, sir," she replied, "we have met at the same board—danced in the same ball room, and gathered flowers, on at least one May morning, at the foot of the same tree."

The mystery began to thicken—there was something so droll in my meeting an old acquaintance in a place and at a time when I least expected it, that I could have laughed outright, if it had not

been for something so earnest and so melancholy in the countenance and voice of her who had thus suddenly broken in upon my musings. I eyed her steadfastly for several moments before speaking again, and summoned up every form and feature that my memory had treasured, that I might if possible find something to assure me that her words were true.

"You have altered a great deal—but the change has been a natural one, and such as the labours and cares of life would properly produce—but agony has probably given a different expression to my features from what they once wore, as you do not seem to know me—I should have known you anywhere, and yet many years have passed since we met."

"We have met, that's certain," said I, for there is something in the tone of your voice that comes back upon the ear, like one of the sounds of childhood, which only the instrument that produced it can ever recall."

"We have not met very often, for we were not intimate, but yet sometimes, as all the children of the better class of tradespeople used to meet of old in Halifax, on holidays, and at places of public and private resort. Music still perhaps echoes through the Masons' Hall: would to heaven I were as I was when we last stood in the same dance beneath its festooned pillars."

"That is a vain wish—the tide of time rolls on with us, and we change with every dash of the waves. The present is ours,—and—"

"The wretched have no present," said she, bursting into a flood of tears; "they live upon the past, which yet is painful, and dread a future that has no hope."

"You are too young to care nothing for the present hour, and too handsome" I would have added, for there were the remains of much beauty upon her countenance, but there was something in the sad expression of her features, and in the heaving of the handkerchief around her bosom, that chastened my own thoughts, and forbade all jesting with misery which, whatever might be the cause, appeared so evident and overpowering."

"The world measures time by machines which cannot feel, and whose errors are easily rectified—its true measure is the human heart,—the hours and minutes what we have done and suffered—if you knew all you would acknowledge that my life has been a long one, tried by that standard, and yet I am not older than yourself, and the world counts you still a young man."

"Why not tell me all, then—or at least let me know your name," said I, with some eagerness, for my curiosity was most effectually aroused, and I longed to know something more of the stranger—or rather, as it appeared, the old acquaintance, who stood beside me. "Who are you?"

"Look again," said she, holding back the ringlets from her face and brow, "is there no trace of my girlish features left?"

"There are some," said I, not wishing that she should think that time and misery had made greater ravages than the self-love which never leaves us, would like to acknowledge—"there are some—but the lines are faint and broken,—taking me back to the past, but to no period, or scene, which would enable me to call you by name."

"Surely you remember ALICE WARE," said she, in a voice of tremulous agitation, and after a pause, in which the same mental conflict that I had before observed, seemed going on within—as though her reason shrunk from sanctioning the disclosure which her feelings prompted her to make.

"Alice Ware," said I, stepping back a pace, that I might take in the whole figure more distinctly, and then advancing that I might extend a friendly grasp to what remained of her who my memory associated with the name. "Alice Ware you are indeed," said I, holding out my hand—"altered certainly—but I am very glad to see you."

"Have a care," said she, "this place is public, there are persons on the promenade, and you must not be seen shaking hands with an outcast like me."

"I care not what else you may be, you are my countrywoman at least, and an old acquaintance," and as I pressed the thin white fingers which she reluctantly placed in my hand, I added, "and nobody but yourself knows me here. I am a stranger in Southampton—have been in it but a few hours, and leave for London in the morning."

"So soon—but, perhaps I am intruding upon you now—the few hours one passes in a strange place have many draughts upon them, if the heart is light, and you have probably some engagement—something to see or to enjoy."

"I have not, I assure you—and if I had, I could not break away from one having so strong a claim as you have upon my lei-

sure—and it would appear, upon my sympathy also. Our fortunes have perhaps been different—but the same soil nourished us—the same green fields and bright waters gladdened us in childhood; and sinful and wretched as you say you have been, what right have I, who have often greatly erred where the temptation was perhaps less, to shrink from communion with you?"

"You are very kind," said she, looking up into my face—but we had better step aside from the thoroughfare, that we may not attract attention—there is a seat further on, where we may converse unobserved." And she turned and led the way to the left.

I followed her, in silence—but pained and agitated beyond expression, while contrasting Alice Ware, as she then appeared, with the light-hearted and beautiful girl of my boyish days.

The first time that I ever saw her, was, when a child, she was brought by her father into the school at which I gathered the first elements of knowledge, and took her seat, after a brief negotiation between her parent and the worthy pedagogue, on one of the lower forms of the half of the school which was appropriated for females—for in those primitive times, a broad entrance leading up to the master's desk divided a school into two portions, each sex having its own, and one person instructing, in alternate classes, girls and boys. But little impropriety I believe arose out of this arrangement, although some juvenile flirtations went on at times from the ends of the benches next the division line, when a kind word or a meaning glance was the innocent reward for the loan of a ruler or slate pencil, or the still more important favour of detecting an error or adding up a difficult sum. I remember, as distinctly as though it were yesterday, the hesitating and timid step with which little Alice followed her father up the aisle, while dozens of urchins on both sides were standing on tip toe, or peeping from behind their copy books to catch a sight of the new comer. I remember her being consigned to the care of two of the older girls on the form where she was to sit, who did the honours in the usual way—and I think I can see her, before me now, as her dark hair fell in curls upon her neck, when the straw bonnet was removed, and hung up carefully by the green ribbon that trimmed it; and a glowing cheek was turned first to one and then to the other new acquaintance, and a little laughing eye looked out from those long silky eye-lashes which only children with dark eyes ever appear to have.

I left school soon afterwards, and the next time I saw Alice Ware, or rather the next time that she attracted my attention, was at a dancing school exhibition, which in those days were held at least once a year, and were looked forward to with various emotions—the agile being anxious to show off, the awkward wondering how they would get through; and these feelings being shared by papas and mamas, and numerous friends on both sides. Alice took part in one of the bower dances, in which each dancer was provided with a hoop wreathed with artificial flowers, and the steps and combinations of which bore some resemblance to the more chaste exhibitions of the modern ballet. The moment at which my eye rested upon her was that in which she was dancing with her flower-hoop above her head—her young brow raised with something of conscious pride in her own powers—her eye beaming upon the friends that stood around her, and the excitement of the scene and the exercise together giving to her form an expansion and to her features a glow which made her look perhaps a year older than she was.

Several years after this I was retreating, with many others, from the supper room of some militia or fire company ball; and, as I turned to pass up the eastern side of the large room, the centre of which was still filled with dancers, Alice Ware was sitting on a sofa in the corner with an officer reclining beside her. She was then in the full bloom of girlhood—her ringlets dark as the wing of the raven, shading her beautiful brow and drooping upon her neck—her head thrown back upon one small white band, while the other was employed in pulling to pieces, leaf by leaf, a rose bud which formed part of a bouquet that lay in her lap. She was evidently flattered—excited—happy—for her cheek was flushed, her eye sparkling, and her fair bosoms, a little too much exposed, rose and fell like "billows of joy," agitated by those gentle gales of flattery which the friend beside her seemed to be breathing with consummate art. I passed on, for there was nothing so very striking or peculiar in the affair as to fix the attention—it was only one of those cases of ardent flirtation, which occur in most public ball rooms towards the end of the evening; and the scene, therefore, though it made a distinct impression at the time, from the extreme beauty of Alice, soon faded from my mind, and certainly would never have been revived by any thing less exciting than the strange rencontre I have described with my very old acquaintance, on the promenade at Southampton. In fact I had lost sight of the girl for

a number of years, as we are apt to do of those we have known in youth, but with whom we have not been intimate—supposing she had gone the way of most girls in a new country, and mounted a mob cap at the head of some decent man's board, and become the mother of a young brood to keep the world alive when we had passed or were passing from the stage. Nothing that I had ever heard had prepared me to meet her as she was—a wretched outcast, getting her daily bread with the wages of iniquity,—a poor banished thing, in a strange country, lost to her own friends, and exiled by a sense of her own shame, from the scenes and the companions of her childhood. Oh! that I should have seen so beautiful a bud thus given to premature decay—soiled by the touch of the spoiler, and withering and withering from daily and hourly contact with the unprincipled and the vile—that I should recognize in the poor broken-hearted creature beside me, her who had bounded so lightly beneath that wreath of flowers, and in all the sportiveness of the hour scattered the rose leaves upon the sofa—types of her coming fortunes—and, who, in her virgin purity, seemed like a vision of youth and beauty that sorrow could never deface. *The contrast overpowered me, and the tears trembled in my eyes, but were hastily wiped away ere she turned to request me to take a seat, upon the wooden bench that had been raised between two trees, towards which she had led the way.*

PEREGRINE.

To be continued.

For the Pearl.

## THE SAINT JOHN RIVER.

Still in Saint John! thought I, how plaguy dull and awkward one feels, in a busy bustling situation, with no business that can be done, and no amusement at hand;—the machinery of society clattering all around,—the stranger feeling that he has no part therein, yet that he is in danger of running foul continually, to the annoyance of himself and others. Saint John is less bustling, of course, than London, although I do not know that the good citizens of the former would admit the fact; but in London, amid its continual commercial earthquake, there are parks, and galleries, and cathedral isles, and halls, and museums, and garden-margined roads, and squares, where the lone sojourner, who has some time to spare, and whose whole soul is not a muckrake for the accumulation of money, may indulge his rambling propensity, may muse, and rest, and recreate, feeling that he is not out of place, seeing other spirits similar to himself around him,—and whence he may return, refreshed, along the full tide of the highways to be again alone, unnoticed in a crowd, at his tavern.

But here, in this flourishing young city, there appears to be no breathing places for the more quiet people, who occasionally move among, while they are not of, the bustling part of creation.—In Halifax, its sister community, there are perhaps too many means of retirement. Almost every street presents a pleasant promenade;—the ends of some of the wharves afford space for the lounge, where he may pace up and down, with one of the finest pieces of water in the world, bounded by very picturesque shores, beneath him.—Citadel Hill gives fine air and scenery,—its Telegraph communicating with the castle of York Redoubt, which, perched on the steep bushy shore, reminds one of what he has seen or heard respecting the strong places of the Rhine,—and the massive fortification of Fort George making progress under the ant-like exertions of hundreds of soldier-labourers.—The suburbs also are rural,—and scenic;—Collins' road,—the North West Arm,—the Campbell roads, south and north,—the Admiral's,—and each one leading to the near forest shades, which, almost in every direction, surround the town.—Or, a few steps place the lounge on board the *only* steamer the town can boast, which soon whisks him across the splendid harbour;—wooded hills and a village at one side,—the imposing looking town crowned by its forts and flag staffs at the other,—seaward, a gorgeous expanse of island, and ocean,—ship and shallop specking the blue deep, as the little white clouds speck the space above,—and, on the other hand, the harbour running miles along the woody shores, and the magnificent war ships towering on the transparent abyss.

But here, in St. John, what course can a stranger, at all events, take, to escape the unclean foam heaps scattered by the Falls over the muddy basin,—the crash and splash, and yea-ho-voes of the timber raft,—the elbowing bustle of the wharves,—the effluvia of the docks,—the blasting and building of the streets,—where mud after rain and dust after sun seems the order of every day? Move as you will, and either the loaded waters, or the straggling buildings, bring you up,—you seem in a net, denied access to quiet,—vernal sounds and scenes shut out, in every direction. You pace up and down King street,—at the foot is the mammoth market house, in course of erection, and spoiling a good marine scene of South and North wharves;—at the top, Scylla and Charybdis, the Commercial and St. John Hotels, impregnated with the "go ahead," system, which you pant to escape from. Why should a man "go ahead" who has no object in view,—why not be allowed to sit by the way side, moralizing and ruralizing, for his own benefit, as well as for the benefit of the jostling crowds? Is there no country beyond St. John?

Do neither trees nor grass grow in any direction?—Is it, and all its vicinity, indeed, so commercialised, that the refining arts, and the more refining works of nature, get no room? Perhaps these enquiries should be answered negatively,—if so, I trust the citizens of this timber-dealing city will pardon an ignorant stranger,—a sentimental traveller, whose motto is, to work hard while he has work to do,—and to rest in earnest, amid scenes formed for rest, when leisure allows; and who, like Noah's Dove, finds no congenial place for perching, amid the flood of business and barrenness which every where appear to surround him.

This fault-finding strain however will not do,—one of the vices of our nature is, to run riot in our praises or censures,—often, indeed, when our own ignorance should impose silence instead of excite to babbling. How should I look, after all these murmurs, at some severe strictures (perhaps sent to you, Mr. Publisher of the Pearl, from the very city itself) exposing my mistakes, lashing my morbid feelings, and wiping off the slander, if slander it be, from the corporate dignity of St. John?

At the risk of lapsing again into querulousness, a minute must be given to a thought which arises. What on earth induces the citizens of the ever bustling little city,—which is without repose or harmony,—charged continually with a transient population of emigrants, yankees, millers, lumberers, farmers, and pedlars of all kinds,—what induces the citizens of this caravansera to designate their locality, or having so designated it, to continue to designate it, by the name of the most gentle, and retiring, and sweetly eloquent, and least aspiring, and deepest loving, of all the disciples,—St. John? Why not, as names of localities are frequently altered, call it,—Bonnerges—meaning Sons of Thunder,—or give it the rock-signifying appellation of St. Peters,—if scripture must be resorted to?—or reverting to the sonorous Indian language, call it,—Rumbleonwoodaway,—Tumbledownbridgearee,—Mire-anfoanfullallday, Everfogfallisee, or any other of the names whose sound and sense might agree with the scene? I can imagine the fitness of the soft name of St. John, for such soft places as Windsor, Nova Scotia,—where the air seems redolent of drowsiness; or for the delightfully situated little Digby. This latter, on its clean pebbly beach, sheltered by romantic hills, rendered fragrant by many orchards and gardens, getting a touch of the sublime from the beauteous basin in front,—and never polluted by anything more of trade than the *St. John* steamer, as it rings its bell weekly off the solitary landing place,—or the almost superceded *St. John* sailing packet, which occasionally flits across to Granville, as the gull to its home;—this little place might well support a claim to the gentle title, and readily give up the puggy designation which at present attaches;—but the city would find difficulty in showing cause, why the epithets *Saint* and *John* should form its distinguishing appellation, except the mere fact of seizure and appropriation.

However, this all-on-one-side strain will never do; and, as a means of anticipating objectors, let us take for a moment, another view of the matter. For this I am not so well fitted, my disposition being rather in the fault-finding line during my opportunity of observing, and my information being scanty,—yet, as I have not the heart to blot out my cavillings, something at the other side to make a balance, must be attempted. Sixty years ago, according to the testimony of an old settler, one house, still standing, marked the site of St. John; and, at a much later period, to use his own appropriate language, "persons from the country knew every one in town,—now, they know no one." They are among strangers, not by leaving their native place, but by strangers coming in, and settling down, and rearing up a class who know nothing, and care nothing about the original Josephs, except to turn a penny with them or their descendants. Well then, this solitary house, as it was sixty years ago, has swelled to habitations for some 18,000, or 20,000 inhabitants,—beside a large floating population. So far are matters from stopping at this, that almost every thing looks as if all was in a state of transition,—as if a new city were still growing up. Houses, and churches, and banks,—wood, stone, and brick,—plain, and humble, and magnificent,—are in course of erection, as appears to a stranger, almost wherever he turns. The carpenter and the mason, and labourer are busy, and he involuntarily asks himself, where is this to end? Are they rearing another New York,—will these enterprising people cover all these bold hills with their habitations? Where will all this end, is the question, particularly if the observer has come from Halifax, where they have scarcely made a commencement of such progression. The public spirit of this city has become proverbial,—let a speculation be started, and, if feasible, it makes progress, as a matter of course. With the Haligonians, there seems no starting, or if a matter is set a going, it's propellers become startled at their temerity, and it retrogrades, as a matter of course. To be sure, the St. John people have the wreck of a bridge, if not of a canal; every day they rise they have the gigantic ruins of the Carleton bridge staring them in the face,—except on the 300 days of the year in which fogs hide every thing,—and not only staring them in the face, but laughing at the imbecility of clumsy power unaccompanied by science,—at the folly of floundering into situations of difficulty without means of victory or retreat. Man is a pigmy in body only, if the mind be properly expanded. He then scorns the impediments of gulfs and rapids, of

yawning chasms or rocky barriers; he wills, and armed with the powers which the Creator has hidden away for the wise, in every element—he does as he wishes;—but the pigmy mind in the pigmy body, is the real pigmy; and for such to attempt Carleton bridges, or any similar conquest over great natural obstacles, merely because others have made such conquests,—reminds of the frog in the fable, who blew himself to bursting to equal the ox, and only got bursting for his pains. Yet, this same great skeleton of the bridge that-was-hoped-for, attests to the chivalrous daring of the citizens; they did not break down in the attempt, it was only those whom they employed,—and they yet talk of surmounting the difficulty, and of having a bridge to connect the suburb in question with the city. Cash is not over plenty they say in St. John, and yet there seems enough, what is, is kept moving,—kept circulating, leaving some good as it passes along. It is the life blood of the body commercial, and moves rapidly through all its channels, as the vital fluid in the human frame. In Halifax, comparatively, instead of heart and arteries, the precious stream seems to have fountains, deep, dark and strong,—and the buckets which would go down there to draw, are sometimes, after being well scanned, allowed to pass slowly,—at other times rejected, and at other smashed for their presumption; or the key turns on these mysterious caverns, the geni of the places sit morosely, keeping watch, and denying entrance, in forms as repulsive, no doubt, to those who hanker after the refreshing draughts, as Death and Sin, at the gate of the Inferno. This may be all right, and the better course for all,—I do not pretend to know, and only speak from casual observation, and remark. An additional public building, a place of worship, was projected, some time ago in St. John;—A told B, that such was the case, and that he had been asked to contribute. "Did they indeed say that they would build," said B. "Yes," was the reply. "Then," answered B, "take my word for it they will build, and more than that they will make you and I pay, so you had better give your money at once with a good grace." Thus the impelling system works in St. John,—they impel, and do not wait to be impelled, as elsewhere.

But fabrics which remain stationary, pieces of the city, homes of families, for generation after generation,—or centres of business or of devotion, are not the only buildings constructed in St. John. By no means;—the gigantic yards at Portland, the beach at Carleton, the Back Shore, crowded with the rudiments of ships in every stage of progress, attest the share which St. John has in sending down traders to the mighty waters. I will not attempt to say how many, to give the statistics, in this or any thing else, at present; I leave that for the economists,—the object now is, merely to state impressions,—and impressions made on one, just fresh from the repose of Halifax, to the bustle of the neighbouring capital. To such an one, the ship-building department seemed commensurate with the house-building.—Ship-rights working by hundreds,—mariners moving about, looking on with the eyes of amateurs,—merchants over-seeing their projects, anticipating the outfits, the voyages, and the returns of those links of countries,—these appeared the moving features of the ship-yard stations, to say nothing of the metal departments of the steam boats, two or three of which, were in course of erection.

And, apropos of steam boats, how many has St. John, and how many will it be satisfied with? Some fourteen or sixteen, I believe is now her quota, and others in progress! Halifax has one, employed; and another to relieve that occasionally, and to go on Pic Nic parties up Bedford Basin. Well all things have a beginning—time will come, no doubt, when a very different state will be experienced in Halifax: will such come to the children of the present generation, or must they too pass away, like ourselves, and will the chrysalis of business not burst its shroud until the children of the present little people shall be the careful actors in life's drama? Perhaps not,—perhaps even some of us, whose heads are not already all silvered, may witness somewhat of the consummation. Who knows what impetus the Cunard excitement, and the Mail Steamers may give our *Capitalists*, or give those, who, not aiming at such a designation, have sufficiency of Capital, if they clubbed it,—and if some public spirit, and self-confidence, were mixed up with their prudence. Who knows what a shaking may be soon among our comparatively dry bones;—marrowless they are not,—their chief weakness consists in their lying in detached pieces;—once we begin to form social skeletons, such as exist in most communities, flesh and blood will not long be wanting. It is pleasant now, to anticipate, what will then be seen: a steamer plying up to a flourishing village at Sackville,—two employed on the Dartmouth line, two or three to Yarmouth, and on to Eastport,—others to connect the English Steamers with Boston and New York,—one or two to Cape Breton connecting the Pictou and P. E. Island route,—and, along those lines, villages and towns, and agricultural and fishing settlements, contributing their streams of way passengers and luggage, feeding the steamers, feeding the Capital, and being fed in return by the common growth in such things. Thus Halifax, also, may have its sixteen or twenty steamers, when the Province begins to go on as its capabilities require, and in an equal ratio with the rest of the world.

To return to St. John, its rocky site is not all a disadvantage

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 clinks 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 superceded 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 barns, 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 supercede 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 the 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.

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 Tantemar, 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

as well be in the rear as in front of the house—a pane of glass costs but sixpence, and the paper maker will give more than that for the old breeches that do not fill the place of it—and then a shilling a year will save paint, and prevent those unseemly streaks upon the gables of which Mephibosheth Stepsure, in times gone by, used to make so much merriment: while a few pounds of whitewash will often produce an almost miraculous effect—upon fences.

Neatness cleanliness and order we hold then to be essential even on the outside of an Inn—but we go further, there should be taste. A house may as well be built after a good design as a bad one—a few patches of ground around it should be left, for ornamental trees, and a garden and there may as well be a small snug summer house in the corner of the garden, formed by a few spruce poles, with hop vines and bean blossoms trailed around them. Such a place will often tempt a tired traveller to linger—to order another tumbler or light another cigar; and we have known a family tempted to stay a week at an Inn, merely because there was a garden to look at, and a summer house to shade them from the sun. If a river runs past let the brushwood and trees be trimmed about it that it may appear to the most advantage; and if surrounded by woods, the leisure hours of a week will suffice to cut out a few serpentine walks, and erect a few rural seats, that will give pleasure to thousands, and a permanent reputation to the establishment. These things cost little, but they indicate a desire to please, which always gives pleasure—and the Inn that has them will have business when those that have not are empty.

With the quality and quantity of food to be found in our Inns, we, from some experience, have reason to be abundantly satisfied—and in the preparation of it there is not, generally speaking, any unnecessary delay. A common complaint is that, at most places, veal cutlet is given all the spring, and ham and eggs all summer, and it would be well if more variety were introduced in all places at every season of the year. Though not very skilful in the business of the cuisine we think things might be differently managed. A barrel of No. 1 Mackerel, one do. of Shad, a few boxes of Digby Herrings, and a dozen of smoked Salmon, all of which can be procured every year at no very great expence, by any Innkeeper who looks a little ahead, would furnish a variety of excellent relishes for breakfast and tea, and often help to give a character of novelty even to a hastily prepared dinner. While on the subject of breakfasts, let us lay it down as a general rule that the best coffee and tea that the Capital affords ought to be found in all our Inns—and let us also protest against the practice pursued in many places of taking it for granted that travellers always prefer Tea to Coffee, merely because the latter costs a little more trouble to make. Unless a different direction is given, coffee should be prepared for breakfast—not burnt barley, coffee, or any other wretched substitute, but the genuine preparation from the Jamaica berry. Again we protest against the skimmed milk, which in many places is given instead of cream. There is no excuse for this in the country, where every neighbor keeps cows, any more than there is for rancid tub butter. Give us a cup of good coffee—rich cream and fresh butter and eggs, a Digby herring, a slice of mackerel, salmon or shad, or even a beef steak, cutlet or chops, and, with good bread and potatoes, we can make a breakfast.

Suppose we now inspect the Bill of Fare for dinner, and here we think a very important item should be supplied at the commencement. A man might travel from Halifax to Digby, and from thence to Guysborough, and never once see soup upon the table of a country Inn. Why this omission of one of the best, as it is assuredly one of the cheapest and most universally acceptable dishes? Few persons stop upon the road who would not like to break ground with a good plate of warm and palatable soup. There is nothing more refreshing either after a hot or a cold ride. This hint we recommend to the serious attention of those who are not above taking a hint from a friend. But to proceed—our country cooks certainly may be fairly accused of running too much upon broils and fries in getting up a dinner. We do not object to ham and eggs, of which some people have an absurd horror; on the contrary we agree with Byron, that it is a most capital dish, provided always the ham be sound, the eggs fresh, and that we do not have it too often. But we insist upon it that there can be no good dinner where there is not some variety—and that the Innkeeper who varies his fare, like the Gipsy that varies her ballads, will in the end collect the most custom. We have often seen a knuckle of veal cut up to make a bad fry, by the side of a beef steak, and fried ham, which, if boiled with a few greens and a little melted butter, would have given to a dinner a very different character, and to a house, in the opinion of one party at least, a very different name. Then if half the eggs that are fried were turned into omelets, or custard, or pancake, or blanket pudding, the cost would be little more, and the great object of agreeable variety—followed by feelings of unexpected pleasure, could be attained. A very nice pudding, or rather substitute for it—but, one that we rarely see, are cards and cream with a little loaf sugar, and this might frequently be tried. The beef steak need not always be cooked for steak, it might sometimes be made into a pie, while if the slightest encouragement were given to the

Indians or idle boys in the neighborhood, robbers, pigeons, partridges, and other wild fowl, to say nothing of fresh Salmon, might be furnished much oftener than they are.

Having despatched our dinner, let us now see what there is to drink. If in the best Inns, pretty fair brandy, a bottle of good ale, porter or ginger beer—and a tolerable bottle of Madeira or port—but in any but the first class there is perhaps not much else upon which one likes to venture except the brandy, and in many even this is abominable. The ale is flat, the port a decoction of logwood, and the Madeira some deleterious compound—and even in the very best, the wine is seldom of that quality that a small party accustomed to good wine would feel much inclined to call for a second bottle. The old saying that “good wine needs no bush” is as true now as in times of old, and there is no excuse for any Inn in Nova Scotia keeping bad liquors, nor should that be called an Inn at which a thirsty traveller cannot, if he does not choose to drink any thing else, get a good draught of malt, or of ginger or other beer. At some Houses they wont keep beer, in order that travellers may be compelled to drink spirits which yields a greater profit; and a wayfarer choking with thirst, who would gladly pay three prices, is either compelled to drink brandy and water of a hot forenoon, or carry his dry throat to the next Inn, perhaps to meet similar disappointment.

But it may be said, all this talk of variety—of good liquors, of malt and of beer, may be very well—but they will not pay. Our answer is, put on such a price as will remove this objection. If a bottle of good wine yields no profit at five shillings then make it six shillings, or even seven and sixpence, because a man who knows anything of wine would rather pay a crown than be compelled to drink two glasses of the detestable mixture with which travellers are sometimes poisoned. The Innkeeper must have such a profit upon every thing he sells as will enable him to maintain his establishment, and, provided the articles he supplies are good, not one traveller in twenty will grumble at the price. A man with his stomach comfortably sheathed draws out his purse with great good humour. If it be objected that Farmers and Teamsters, coming to town constantly, neither require nor would pay for these good liquors and varied viands, and that the poor want solid food without caring much for variety, then let our Innkeepers do as they do all over Europe, hand their customers a card with the price of each article upon it, and let each select what his taste approves and his pocket will afford.

WITHROD.

For the Pearl.

#### THE MARINER'S SONG.

The day is o'er—the shades of eve  
Steal softly o'er the sea,  
And bring to all a sweet reprieve—  
A dream of love to me.

I turn my eyes and fondly gaze  
Where gleams the evening star,  
Till Fancy to my soul conveys  
The form of one afar.

For oh! methinks beneath its beam  
She wanders by the sea,  
And wrapt in love's delightful dream  
Gives all her thoughts to me.

I almost think I see her face—  
Her sweet and sunny smile—  
And on her lovely features trace  
The thoughts she thinks the while.

She paints the hour when, peril past,  
Her love shall seek her side—  
When he shall be her own at last,  
And she his beauteous bride.

O, waft our gallant ships, ye winds,  
The bounding billows o'er,  
Until her destined port she finds,  
And I, my native shore!

1839.

J. M. P.

For the Pearl.

MR. THOMPSON.

Allow me to congratulate you on the new position you have assumed before the Public as the Editor of the Pearl, and to confess that up to this moment, in common I dare say with many others, whose besetting sins are apathy and indifference to matters not strictly personal, I have done nothing except paying my subscription in aid of a periodical that ought to receive support from every man and woman are interested in the improvement of the rising generation, and in the moral and intellectual elevation of the country in which we reside. Indeed, it was not until I accidentally heard that the Rev. Mr. Taylor was about to retire from the management of the Pearl, that I became aroused to the important bearing which the demise of that paper, or the possibility of its

falling into weak or improper hands, might have upon the weekly enjoyment and the taste of my own little family circle. I had been a subscriber to the Pearl from its first establishment—I had got over my first apprehensions that such a paper could not possibly find adequate support in a thinly peopled country where wealth did not abound—I had begun to consider it as one of the few sources within my reach of agreeable recreation, and to be gratified by the interest with which it was handed from the oldest to the youngest of my little flock, each seeming to discover something suited to its capacity, and all making observations upon what they read, which showed that it was doing its work of gentle irrigation upon the virgin soil of their young minds, and creating a fondness for reading, which it often costs parents a good deal of trouble to establish. To the meed of honourable and praiseworthy enterprise, the original Proprietor is fully entitled—and it is but fair to acknowledge that the Rev. Editor who has just resigned, has proved himself to be a person of ability, industry and taste. Though I may not have approved of all that he has written and published—and though some articles may have appeared to me ill-timed or unsound, still the general result shows a very large balance in his favour, and I have long looked upon him as a very useful labourer in one of the most beautiful spots of our provincial vineyard.

When I heard, therefore, that he was about to retire, I felt that one of two things was likely to happen:—

1st. The Pearl might go down.

If it did my own pleasures were to be abridged, and the resource upon which I had relied for the amusement and improvement of others near and dear to me, would assuredly fail. I felt therefore, anxious upon my own account, but also deeply regretted that what I had regarded as an honorable evidence of the vigor of Novascotian intellect and the love of literature in the provinces, was about to be removed. If to sustain a Periodical dependent for the interest of its pages not upon the exciting discussion of local or general politics, but upon the calmer attractions of science and Belles Lettres, were honorable—then to suffer such to decline and disappear for want of support was to acknowledge either that there was not sufficient intellect in the country to furnish a weekly supply of readable matter, or that there was a deficiency of taste to appreciate or of liberality to pay for what may certainly be considered one of the first of luxuries, if not a necessary of life. If suffered to go down the old volumes of the Pearl, like the old houses at Shelburne, would tell of hapless experiments upon a spot hastily selected—the natural poverty and difficulties of which rendered success hopeless, and further effort a proof of obstinacy rather than of judgment. We should indeed have been in a worse position than if the experiment had never been tried—because before we might have amused ourselves with speculations, now the proof would be before us, that writers and readers enough to support a literary miscellany, did not exist.

2d. The Pearl might get into feeble or improper hands.

In dwelling upon this possibility I must frankly confess that I would rather it had been as dead as Julius Caesar, than to have drawn out a sickly and miserable existence, conducted without nerve, originality or discrimination. A good literary periodical will be a pleasure and a blessing to us all—a bad one, would make us ridiculous in the eyes of the surrounding colonies, because they would judge us by the standards of genius and ability hung out from week to week. I am pleased then that the Pearl has fallen into good hands—and my hope in its destiny is based upon some acquaintance with what you have already written, and some reliance upon the nature of the resources which I understand the paper, under its new management, is likely to combine.

To give advice is as easy as to give medicine—the difficulty is not only in getting either taken, but in being sure that the best has been administered. If I may presume to counsel in this case, I would by all means recommend that every encouragement be given to the production of really meritorious original articles—but in no case ought good selections to be laid aside to make room for matter of that description, that the party sending has lacked the industry or the ability to make attractive or improving. Let fair criticism of all works not political that are published in the colonies gradually familiarize authors to look to a domestic as well as a distant ordeal for an estimate of their productions. Bear in mind also that females, and even children, make up a large class of your readers, and while you cater strong food for the more robust, do not shrink from handling the literary pap upon that the babes and sucklings may be fed.

I am not of those who eschew all politics—who raise the cry of public improvement when others talk of a public principle—but I like every think in its place. Amidst the bustle of a busy life I have always nourished a taste for literature, and as the seabird is said to lubricate its plumage that it may the better breast the billows, I have found in that a resource against every wave that it has been my fortune to encounter. The fondness for Books—for the great masters of the language, has been to me, an abiding and still strengthening passion—never interfering with the active duties of life, but shedding a charm over many an hour that would have been gloomy and undendeared without them. May the Pearl continue to be a missionary among the illiterate, creating in others who have it not, a fondness for the waters in which there is no bitterness

and reviving the ancient faith in those noble volumes among those who profess it. That it may continue to do this, and prosper till you receive the reward of your labours, is the sincere wish of, yours truly.

A FATHER.

### JUNIOR COLUMN.

(The following communication, we have reason to believe, is written by a young person, who sends it for publication as the production of a junior, more than as an article possessing much intrinsic merit. In such cases we have scarcely known how to proceed,—to publish without some qualification, would be, often, to lower the standard which we think should be aimed at,—to refuse, damps aspirations which might lead to good. A mode of meeting the difficulty has been suggested: Suppose that one column of the Pearl were weekly appropriated, under an appropriate heading, to short articles sent in by young persons, for that particular department, and to which brief remarks might be occasionally appended. In this way the general standard would remain untouched,—and juniors would have a nursery for good thought and appropriate expression, and might be induced, by way of recreation, to engage in a most improving study. Thus also, might be trained up, some who would become honours to the literature of the province, and who, without such an arena, might never get the requisite practice.)

To commence our commentary, as "Ramblewood" wishes,—we will say a few words on his communication. His appreciation of natural scenery is a good symptom of his literary character;—and we expect pleasure in his promised continuation. The common inelegancy, of applying two prepositions to one substantive, an instance of which occurs in the first few lines of our correspondent's communication,—may as well be avoided for the future,—it causes an emphasis on an inconsequential word,—it is inharmonious,—and is a sin against the great literary virtue of perspicuity. Young writers should also not seek to join serious thoughts with witticisms, a play on words, ludicrous images, or quaint quotations. The style of some is rendered attractive by thus going "from gay to severe" and from severe to gay, but they are, generally, veterans of the pen; and although a novice may make an occasional happy hit this way, he in most such attempts breaks down, and renders displeasing what would else be respectable.)

PEARL.

For the Junior Column.

#### A WALK.

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

As You Like it.

Whether the opinion, that vacancy of thought, under peculiar circumstances, is the effect of those circumstances on, and not to be ascribed personally to, the individual who feels the vacuity,—be a tangible one,—is not for me to decide. If, however, one may place on record his opinion respecting this matter, I should give as mine,—that, no matter what the circumstances, or how apparently unfavourable soever the opportunity, thoughts kindred to the disposition may be discovered floating on the surface of the mind. I admit, nevertheless, that times and circumstances there are, more favourable to the indulgence of this high intellectual pleasure than others;—and among those opportunities I place prominently,—A WALK.

Most persons are fond of an occasional ramble: One, for the benefit of "fresh air,"—love of solitude, another,—and to a third, the beauties of simple nature, untrammelled by its contrast with art, in town, will be a reason sufficient for a three or four mile stroll.

"These three":—

First: He who seeks the rich enjoyment of fresh air. If change of temperature be all for which your wishes aspire, for this you need not go far. Let your station be Fort George, and there the winds of heaven, cooled by the

"Blue, the broad, the open sea,"

will dance on your cheek to your heart's content. And now that you are in possession of the object of your search, you will not with this rest satisfied? Why, the enjoyment of this, more eminently qualifies you for the enjoyment of more lofty pleasures: I mean those of an intellectual character. Just, then, lean yourself against the "signal staff," (it will support you) and cast your eyes around,—and say, is your mind made sensible of any thing worthy their being troubled with an unpleasant quantity of the sun's rays? You observe a Harbour, said to be second to none in the world. How majestic its appearance! The water,—how vast its quantity! Its depth and extent,—how great! And for sublimity in writing,—what a topic! Then look at it,—beautiful, placid, glassy; not a ripple on its surface—unmoved by a breath; the golden rays of noon-day reflected from its surface; and so listless it lies,—as though awaiting the "heaving in sight" of one whom it most loved to support, to re-commence its rejoicings. Or imagine the silver beams of moonlight streaming o'er it,—and the half-discerned boat moving slowly along,—and think you hear melodious

strains, borne to your ear by the gentle breeze from yon tiny craft,—and you will exclaim—"not knowing what you say"—"Beautiful all!"

Then stretch the optic nerve a little, and your eye is met, on the opposite side, by scenery, superlatively splendid. Such contrast, too! Forest and meadow, bill and dale. A neat little white cottage there stands near the sea-shore, partly hidden by a row of six green-leaved trees, between which and the house babbles a sweet little brook (I love brooks) singing sweetly-plaintive strains, in my opinion—although my observations never extended so far heavenward—in no wise inferior to that of the spheres. Albeit, it is monotonous. Observe the green pasture ground, on one side, and on the other, if I mistake not, a garden; in the rear stands the noble forest, and the "everlasting hills" almost disputing space with the clouds. Then extend your observations farther north, and "what do you read, my lord?" You see the lands on the opposite side, just about there, approach,—as if it had been a mutual agreement to enjoy a tender embrace, and a loving exchange of affection, when the ocean bursting through, cooled their affection, and prevented the consummation of their intentions. This is, however, a happy circumstance,—it allows you the privilege of sailing some five or six miles further up,—and on your passage you may quaff the holy nectar [not salt water!] on all sides presented, with every waft of the gentle breeze.

Thus will an hour be pleasantly passed, and you enjoy the "fresh air" all the time.

RAMBLEWOOD.

For the Pearl.

#### THE DEPARTURE AND RETURN.

The dawn and the deep shade, are momentarily blending,—

The old castle feels the first glow of the sky,—

The knight's at the portal, the lady is bending,—

To list to his farewell, from balcony high.

As black as the raven his spirited steed is,

As white as the ostrich his helmet's soft plume,—

"Love one and love ever," his true knightly creed is,

And the pledge of last eve, he this morning resumes.

Too well does she listen, with eloquent glances,

Her long tresses shading her quick-heaving breast;—

But, hark! the far trumpet!—the conscious horse prances;—

Ah! bitter the parting of meetings so blest!

Down the wood-shaded causeway the eager steed dashes,—

The knight bows his plumed helm in many a farewell,—

The lady her scarf waves, but her eye's silken lashes

Are tear-dimmed when naught breaks the sleep of the dell.

On the wide spreading battle plain banners are farling,—

Loud conquest tones float on the tremulous air,—

O'er the fugitive host the far dust-clouds are curling,—

And the death stricken rest in their blood-moistened lair.

Ah! whom will the eve see in triumph returning?

And who will be wanted of morning's fair train?

These cold as the marble,—and those inly burning,—

To catch from loved lips the glad welcoming strain.

Nor sunbeam, nor moon, on the castle is gleaming,—

But flashes from window and loop-hole glance out,—

O'er the wood-shaded causeway the torch-light is streaming,

The serfs hail the war-train with rapturous shout.

The Balcony holds not, as erst, a lone maiden,—

The gay banner'd hall sees her move in the dance;—

The knight, of war's well-tested harness unladen,

Is the happy slave now of love's all-potent glance.

Dim, over the concourse, the gaunt abbey rises,

The knight and the lady the centre of all;

The priest at the altar the rite solemnizes,—

Thus crowning the parting, the battle, the ball.

PAGE.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 2, 1839.

### FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

(The arrival of the Great Western at New York, furnishes items to the 5th July, from London;—6th from Bristol.)

The chief article of news is the commencement of hostilities between Turkey and Egypt, and the probable consequences which may arise to other states. A war between two powerful and brave nations, is of itself of melancholy interest to the whole human family,—but a war which threatens to embroil the great European powers becomes of commanding importance. Already misunderstandings have arisen between the French and Russian Ministers on this subject, and farther seem to be anticipated,

while the congregation of the rival fleets of jealous powers near the scene of strife, will greatly increase the hazard of some serious collision. Russia, the late enemy and conqueror of the Porte, now pretends to be his best friend,—but England and France, are, evidently, doubtful of the motives and watchful of the movements of this colossal power.

Egypt was formerly considered a province of Turkey, but in disputes with the Emperor, the Pacha succeeded in securing sovereign power for himself, and in 1832, he made extensive conquests in the neighbouring districts of Syria. The Pacha, or now kingdom, of Egypt, extends about 500 miles along the Nile, being from 200 to 300 miles broad, and containing a population of about 3,000,000. The disputes which now occupy attention have been for some time pending, and arose out of the refractory Pacha's conquests, and his refusal to pay tribute. The Ministers of the European powers have exerted themselves to preserve peace, but the army of the Porte had crossed the boundary of the Egyptian territories, and blood had been shed at last accounts. Ibrahim, the sovereign of Egypt, was at Aleppo, in Syria, ready it would appear to take any advantage of the encroaching force. The advanced divisions of both armies had met, and Ibrahim's troops retreated, after some fighting, before a much more numerous body. One bad feature in this war is, that the hostile hosts seem chiefly officered by European officers, many of them English. By what pretence can christians consider that they may sell their swords, to do all manner of mischief, to strangers, for hire. The propriety of war on any consideration has been questioned,—but a voluntary entering into war, as into any other speculation, without any national call, or without being authorized or commanded so to do by the sovereign to whom allegiance is due, appears a deep degradation of the profession of the christian soldier.

The Turkish fleet, commanded by an Englishman, named Walker, was to sail for Alexandria, one of the chief cities of Ibrahim. The Porte went on board the Admiral's ship to give the benediction of Mahomet before weighing anchor.

Strong suspicions were entertained by the French concerning the designs of Russia, and a sum of ten millions of francs was voted to enable the government to take efficient measures for the protection of the Ottoman Empire.

BRITISH.

The question of the Ballot was recently tested in the British Parliament—it was negatived 333 to 216; the minority is the largest which the principle has yet obtained.

A Parliamentary printer published some papers by order of the House of Commons, which contained charges on a Mr. Stockdale,—he felt aggrieved, sought redress by law, and obtained damages. The House had taken up the question, and decided not to interfere in the action of the law in the present case, but to provide measures to prevent any such interference in future, and to secure the untrammelled publication of their proceedings, no matter what their tenor.

A clause of the Jamaica Bill, supported by ministers, was lost in the House of Lords on July 2,—146 to 86. The Bill without the clause passed, both Lords and Commons.

A grant of £30,000 to carry out the modified government plan of education; passed the House of Commons on the 24th June, by a majority of 2 only.

The government of the U. States, it appears, intend to cooperate with the British government, for the purpose of establishing a uniform penny postage, to extend over the U. States.

An attempt was made by the London Police, to disperse a Chartist meeting at Birmingham; resistance was made, many personal injuries were inflicted, and the intervention of the military became necessary for the restoration of peace.

The Chartist Petition, having 1,280,000 signatures, had been presented.

Lady Flora Hastings, the young lady about whom so much excitement prevailed in the Court circles, died on the 5th of July. The complaint is said to have been dropsy, much aggravated by the circumstances which have been lately attached to her name. The Queen, it is affirmed, exhibited much kind feeling on the occasion.

Commissioners, it is said, have been appointed for the purpose of surveying the disputed territory between N. Brunswick and Maine.

Parliamentary action on Canada affairs has been postponed to next session.

The New Steam Ship, British Queen, was to leave England on the 11th or 12th of July.

U. STATES.

The crops promised abundantly,—vegetation is described as unexampled in some districts.

Several disasters occurred by lightning,—property was destroyed, and lives lost.—Sickness prevailed among the Troops in Florida. Many of the officers were labouring under the epidemic, and some had died.

COLONIAL.

All seems quiet in Canada, except the wordy conflict of po-

litical parties. Some orange lodges, to the number of about 800 persons, walked in procession in and about Toronto on July 12th. No disturbances occurred.

**ORIGINAL PEARL.**—We present to our readers to-day what we promised last week, a Number every article of which, from first to last, is original—the product of provincial pens, and provincial intellects. We hope that this feature of our plan will be approved—and that if the sheet now produced does not come up to the standard which ourselves and others would like to see established, it will be taken as earnest of what it is our wish to put forth, and what may be done in time, by the aid of kind friends and some industry and perseverance. We shall endeavour to throw out these original Nos. occasionally, perhaps one in two or three months, or oftener if we meet the encouragement we expect from those whose abilities we know, and whose co-operation we hope to secure. We think these original sheets will afford to those who are found of composition the means of making each other's acquaintance—of balancing their powers with each other—and of calling attention to productions which, if thrown into the Newspapers, or printed among extracts, attract but little attention and are often entirely overlooked. We hope, ere our next No. is prepared, to have enlisted several more contributors, and to have at least one or two Ladies who have promised their aid upon our list. Many of them draw, paint, and play delightfully. Why should they not also write? Why should they not give a few hours a-week to literary composition, by which their talents may be ripened and their friends gratified and improved?

**NOVA SCOTIA SCENERY.**—Mr. Eagar's Part 2, of Nova Scotia Scenery has been received by the publisher. It contains three scenes taken in the vicinity of Halifax. One from McNab's Island, one on the North West Arm, and one of the Prince's Lodge. The very names of those points possess interest and romance. From McNab's Island we have the harbour, the town, the shipping, etc.—the View on the Arm contains Melville Island, Black's Mills, and the fine scenery in the vicinity,—and the Ruins of the Duke of Kent's Lodge, give the patched and propped fence, and the crumbling mansion, which attest how changeable is earthly splendor, and also, how interesting relics are allowed to be frittered away. It would be a bit of genuine patriotism, and of good taste, to so renovate this memento of the Prince, that the present generation could hand it to their successors with somewhat of its original appearance remaining. There are but few links to the past in Nova Scotia, those that exist should be preserved long as possible; in this sense, also, the artist is a valuable public servant,—he secures representations of interesting objects, and thus, in some degree, defies the ravages of time.

**BATHING.**—This summer luxury has its usual share of devotees along the shores. A hint to these may be of no harm,—swimmers may as well not venture far from the beach this season, for a couple of large sharks have been seen in the vicinity of the bathing grounds, and the loss of a leg or an arm would be paying too dearly for a bath. We understand that these voracious visitors were seen moving about, showing the dorsal fin above water, and drying a spray before their teeth, similar to that made by a shallow in a free wind, on Sunday last, in the North West Arm. Probably they have deserted us since then, and may be far off, in the deep deep sea, while we write,—they seldom near the beach either, without giving abundant warning of their approach, on the surface of the water,—nevertheless, a little caution may be desirable.

One is almost inclined to imagine some connection between these monsters and the new establishment, corner of Hollis and Sackville Streets,—they appear so opportunely to add to the commendations of the artificial Baths.

**ENTHUSIASM.**—A writer on education says, that a mother should give her children a superfluity of enthusiasm, in order that when the world has deprived them of that which its contact is likely to take away, enough may remain for generous actions. There is some truth in this;—without enthusiasm,—that fine ethereal spirit which raises us above realities, and urges to attempts beyond the dictates of cold prudence,—there will be no excellence in any of the higher pursuits,—no sacrifice of self-indulgence and momentary pleasure, for noble ends,—no cheerful struggle against disasters and difficulties, hoping against hope, in a praise worthy path,—and, certainly, the world and its ways,—the blightings which it almost invariably causes,—and the bitter returns which generous efforts meet with,—do require some superfluous stock of enthusiasm, if any is to remain for the after periods of existence. On the other hand,—too large a share of this kind of spirit, may be dangerous for the young mind, and may lead to evil, to ruin, before the requisite experience and temperament are acquired. The ship leaving port, having a free wind, spreads all her canvases, that she may get a good offing, and be well on her way

when calms retard her journey; but the voyage of life is beset with rocks and shoals, and the vessel having such a path fears to press forward, fears to consign herself to the full influence of the wooing gale, lest she might be wrecked unawares.

**OUR COUNTRY AND OUR DUTY.**—A late New York paper has a paragraph with the above heading, the object of which is, to induce the individuals who form the public, to consider the vast importance of good moral principles and good habits, as individuals, and not merely as part of the general mass, which mass is to be affected by those principles and habits in some indefinite and impalpable manner. It insists that the "glory of the country" is to be advanced by cultivating that spirit in individuals which leads directly to greatness,—that this cultivation, each for himself, is a sacred duty,—that the dictates of nature and of sound reason should form the public rule in morals and customs rather than the fashions of luxurious nations,—and that the bustle of commerce, and other active modes of life, is sanctified and exalted, by being impregnated with the spirit of high honour and inflexible justice. These sentiments are worthy the attention of all,—each should recollect that, on him, as one of the public body, depend, in some degree, the public honour and prosperity, and that in acting as a good man he not only ensures his own respectability, but adds to that of his time and nation.

**THE CITADEL.**—A good deal of activity has for some time past marked the progress of the works upon the Citadel Hill—a great many men have been employed, and one after another masses of masonry have risen, from behind which, in case of need, a warm reception may be given to an enemy. Already is this fortress beginning to excite much interest—scarcely a stranger visits Halifax who does not stroll round it. We know little of fortification, but we believe that, when completed, the Citadel will exhibit many of the most efficient features of the art. From its elevation above all the higher points of land in its vicinity, and its complete command of the harbour, its position is one of great strength. Some of the Senators from the state of Maine, who were looking at it the other day, pronounced it, as a defensive fortress, nearly equal to Governor Fairfield's fort upon the Aroostook.

"We've aye been provided for, and see will we yet.—Old Song."  
**THE CROPS.**—Accounts from the States inform us that the harvest at the south and west has been and is likely to be most abundant. Much grain had been already housed. A gentleman who left Prince Edward Island recently, says, that in that colony there is promise of bountiful returns for the labour of the husbandman. Accounts from the interior of our own province, east and west, are equally favourable—although some grass has been winter killed, and some potatoes lost in the wet lands. There has been a good deal of anxiety and croaking about the results of the season, but there seems to be a fair prospect of the earth producing as much as will keep its inhabitants alive until next year.

**THE PIQUE** sails to-day for England. The troubles in the east are probably the cause why the sea-girt Isle is gathering her gallant brood for a moment beneath her wings, to send them forth upon some new mission where they may be required to give weight to her voice in the troubled councils of Diplomats.

**DARTMOUTH**, as is its wont at this season of the year, is full of bustle and animation and gaiety. We were pleased to find that on the last two or three Saturdays, so great has been the number of passengers, country waggons and market carts, that the company have been compelled to run both steamers—the Lady Ogle and Boxer starting, the one from Halifax and the other from Dartmouth, every twenty minutes. We hope by and bye to see half a dozen similarly employed.

**THE BRITISH QUEEN.**—This fine vessel, ere now, must have made her passage to New York, and been received by the thousands waiting to behold so magnificent a triumph of the arts with delight and exultation. Letters and news by her will probably reach us in a few days. This round about mode of getting intelligence through the American cities is better than not getting it at all, but we long for the time when our own packet ships will glide into our own harbour, and enable us to return the compliments, which, in this respect, we have so long been under to brother Jonathan.

Beside the public dinner, intended to be given in honour of the enterprise of Hon. S. Cunard, several individuals resolved to present a piece of plate with a suitable inscription. A list for this purpose lies at the stationary store of Mr. Munroe.

**MARRIED.**

On Tuesday, 23d inst. at Christ Church, Dartmouth, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. John A. Bauer, to Louisa, fourth daughter of John Allen, Esq.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. F. Uniacke, Mr. James Misener, to Miss Sarah Jane Marshall, both of this place.  
At Liverpool, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. T. T. Moody, Mr. John W. Scott, of Halifax, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth McGill, daughter of Mr. W. McGill, of the former place.  
On Sunday, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Shreve, Mr. Thomas J. Wood, of Arichat, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of John Dauphnee, Esq. of Hubbard's Cove.

**DIED.**

At Boston, July 19, after a lingering and painful illness, James, eldest son of the late James Walsh of this town, aged 19 years.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**

**ARRIVED.**

Saturday, July 27th—Schr. Susan Ann, Guysboro'; Lady Smith, Pictou, pork, etc.; Elizabeth, Guysboro'; Endeavour, Liverpool; Queen Victoria, Babin, Montreal, 23 days—flour and pork, to S. Binney; Am. schr. Cassius, Prustly, Boston, 5 1-2 days—flour, wheat, etc. to J. H. Braine.  
Sunday, 28—Tamar, Hatchard, Ponce, 20, and Bermuda, 9 days—sugar, to Saltus & Wainwright; schr. Speculator, Young, Lunenburg; Snowbird, Shelburne; True Friends, Prospect; Edward & Samuel, Sambro; brig. Griffin, Young, St. Thomas 17 days—rum and sugar to Saltus & Wainwright; schr. Woodlands, Johnston, St. John, N.B. 9 days—salt to S. Binney; Elizabeth Ann, Newton, do. 10 days—limestone, to S. S. B. Smith; Emily, Hilton, Yarmouth; Flower, Cape Negro—fish; Active, Kendrick, Hayti, via Barrington, 25 days—logwood, etc. to Fairbanks & Allison; Otter, Ragged Islands; Hugh Denoon, Miramichi, 10 days—lumber and shingles, to Wm. M. Allan; Pique, Landrie, New York, 9 days—tobacco, beef, pork, etc. to J. H. Braine, S. Binney, & others.  
Monday, 29th—Schr. Experiment, Hartlin, Boston, 4 1-2 days—flour, naval stores, etc. to H. Fay and others; Jane, Lewis, Wilmington, 20 days—naval stores to the master; Rosemary, Wilson, St. Andrews—molasses, to the master; Elizabeth, Shelburne—dry fish; Port, Mills, Ragged Isles, do; Lively, and Defiance, Pugwash, deals.  
Tuesday, 30th—Schr. Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. via Yarmouth, 10 days—molasses and cedar, to S. Binney; schr. John Ryder, Wilson, Grenada, 22 days—rum, to W. Pryor & Sons; brig. Placid, Harrison, Trinidad, 27 days—molasses and rum, to J. A. Moren; President, Cruun, Trinidad de Cuba, 24 days—molasses, to M. B. Almon.  
Wednesday, 31st—New brig. Mary Ann, Jolly, Pictou, 46 days—herrings, to A. A. Black; London Packet, Vesey, Trinidad de Cuba, 21 days—rum and molasses, to Frith, Smith & Co; schr. Caroline, Quebec, 15 days—glass, etc. to S. Binney.  
Thursday, August 1st—Schr. Meloney, Arichat, 200 bbls. Alewives; etc. 100 do. mackarel.  
Friday, August 2nd—Schr. Victory, Darby, Yarmouth.

**CLEARED.**

Saturday—Nancy, Bichan, B. W. Indies—by J. Strachan; Carleton Packet, Landry, Quebec—assorted cargo by J. & M. Tobin; Am. ship Elizabeth, Sivan, Liverpool, G. B.—inward cargo.  
August 1st—Brig. Eclipse, Accestroup, fish, flour, etc. to Saltus & Wainwright; Schr. Concord, Crowell, St. John, N. B.; rum, pork, etc. to T. C. Kinnear, Creighton & Grassie, & others.  
sailed H. M. Ship Madagascar; Captain P. Wallis, England.

**SALE AT AUCTION,**

BY J. H. REYNOLDS,  
On M. G. Black's Wharf, To-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock  
82 BARRELS HERRING,  
9 do PORK,  
1 keg LARD,  
9 tubs New BUTTER, just landing.  
AT PRIVATE SALE, Canada prime Mess and Prime PORK.  
August 2.

**BY W. M. ALLAN,**

At his Room, To-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock:  
9 HORSES, 8 TRUCKS,  
4 Box CARTS, 9 sets HARNESS, Waggons, Gigs,  
**Household Furniture,**  
With a variety of other articles.  
August 2.

**THE COLONIAL PEARL.**

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For the Pearl.

## THE PENITENT.

It was a summer's evening, sweetly calm,  
 With every zephyr redolent of balm,  
 When the Ascetic left his lonely door,  
 And silent sought the forest-shaded shore.  
 Not oft the noisy day beheld his face  
 Mingling with those, who press life's toilsome race—  
 Wrapt in himself, with sin and sorrow rife,  
 He shunned the tumult, and abhorred the strife.  
 Scarce o'er the horizon of existence shone  
 His star of hope,—e'er quenched in death—'twas gone.  
 And now all feelings cent'ring in the grave,  
 His heart became a lone sepulchral cave,  
 Whose dews of thought, congealing as they fell,  
 Hardened to stone around their death-lit cell.  
 Once had he fluttered amidst Fashion's rays,  
 And scorched his wings within its dazzling blaze—  
 Yet not unknown, nor all unhonored too,  
 He shone amidst the throng, which round him flew.  
 But even upon that golden day of light,  
 When youth soared joyous, and its sun shone bright,  
 Like that frail plant, which touched by Beauty's hands,  
 Closes each quivering leaf, and trembling stands,  
 So touched by praise, each flower of fancy shrank  
 Back o'er his heart, and there in silence sank.  
 Oh! ne'er before had that lone bleeding breast  
 So madly throbb'd, with agony oppress'd,  
 As now, when towards the glorious evening sky,  
 He raised in keen despair his blood-shot eye,  
 While memory, glancing thro' the gloom of years,  
 Turned back in gall the nearly-bursting tears.  
 Onward he sped—nor reck'd what path he strode,  
 So that it led from man's abhorred abode.  
 And now is gained the lone loved spot at last—  
 Down on the earth his wearied limbs he cast,  
 And gazed around with sullen vacant glance—  
 Oh! the dread misery of that silent trance,  
 Which heeds not e'en the beauteous scenes that lie,  
 Expanding in rich verdure 'neath his eye.  
 Yet there was Nature in her gayest dress,  
 Skating sweet odour from each dewy tress,—  
 The wizard trees their quivering shadows threw  
 Far o'er the deep's romantic wave of blue,  
 No breeze awoke the strains, which haunt their shades,  
 Which loads the storm that rives their azure braids—  
 But trembling silence floated on the air—  
 Save, where from out some scented arbour near,  
 The song-bird poured an amorous roundelay,  
 Or warbled vespers to departing day.  
 There Agriculture's Genius, smiling round,  
 Had heaped luxuriance on the happy ground—  
 The plumed grass its emerald mantle spread  
 O'er undulating plains—the armed head  
 Of bearded wheat, or prickly barley, rose  
 Towering between—and there, where dimpling flows,  
 You sportive streamlet with its sleepy strains,  
 Rich blossoming gardens wreathed their flowery chains.  
 Afar, the hills their rock-ribbed breasts expand,  
 Sublimely rude, and desolately grand—  
 While on their deep-scarred brows the fitting day  
 Sheds the wild radiance of its farewell ray.  
 And oh! the vast magnificence of Heaven,  
 Tinged with the thousand magic hues of even—  
 See, how the sun gleams thro' yon mighty cloud,  
 And bathes in ruby tints its rending shroud.  
 What gorgeous wonders flit before the sight,  
 Hung from that vast electric sea of light!  
 Rocks, cascades, iceburge, rise on Fancy's gaze,  
 Changing as sudden, as the waning blaze—  
 Now might imagination deem some giant sprite  
 Heaved rapid toucets up some rocky height,  
 The bastioned granite beats them back in foam  
 Wreathed into feathery curls—now some huge dome  
 In fairy splendour rises, pillared round  
 With snow-white columns with gay chaplets crowned—  
 It grows upon the sight—each tower soars higher—  
 'Tis gone, dissolv'd in streams of rosy fire—  
 A velvet mead appears—But cease—in vain  
 May mortal muse essay th' o'erpowering strain,  
 May mortal pencil on the canvas try  
 To stamp the unearthly glories of that sky.

The sun has set—the clouds all grey and still  
 To earth seem stooping from heaven's sunless hill—  
 Slow falls the veil of night—the robin's lay  
 In dreamy snatches whispers from the spray,  
 Where hangs his much-loved nest—the gentle flowers,  
 The stars of morning, gemming all her bowers,  
 In odorous sleep their delicate blossoms close—  
 There droops the lily—there the dreaming rose  
 Weeps her winged lover—who bright climes among

Breathes to some blushing flower his bridal song.  
 The lightning bug its fitful radiance flings  
 'Neath the dull shadow of its dusky wings.  
 What wakes the mourner from his bitter trance?  
 What sudden spell illumines that 'wilder'd glance?  
 Hark! to that strain so exquisitely low,  
 So thrillingly distinct, like sounds that flow  
 From Seraph's harp to Virtue's dying ear,  
 And in elysian hope charm every fear.  
 Wrapt in intensity midst that pale light,  
 His eye now dark with gloom, new strangely bright,  
 With hand upraised, as though in solitude  
 So deep, he trembled, lest some sound intrude  
 To break that floating harmony, he stood  
 Half bending forward, while upon his ear  
 Stole this sad descant, tremulously clear.

Farewell, bright orb, thy beams returning  
 Full soon shall gladden many an eye;  
 Unstained with tears, undimmed by mourning,  
 And hearts, unruffled by a sigh.

Yet dearer, sweeter, far to one,  
 Whose hope is bleeding o'er the tomb,  
 Whose thoughts thro' sorrows' channel run,  
 Is Evening's sympathizing gloom.

Bright rose my morning—fairest flowers  
 Of pleasure sparkled round my way,  
 But e'er had glow'd life's noontide hours,  
 The storm had scattered all away.

Cold on the grave thou sleepest love—  
 Where rosy garlands deck the ground,  
 Watered with tears I weep above,  
 Fanned with the sighs I breathe around.

But not as they, who hopeless sorrow,  
 Mourn I above thy early grave—  
 Hope points to an eternal morrow—  
 Faith soars to him who died to save.

Oh! thou, who triedst this bleeding heart,  
 God of all consolation come—

In mercy quench woe's fiery dart,  
 And take the wearied wanderer home.

'Twas woman's holy melting dirge of woe,  
 That trembled on his ear with its soft flow  
 Of sacred melody—its bird-like strains—  
 In incense wafted to the heavenly plains.  
 So Seraph-like—so meekly-mourning—stole  
 Those sweet complainings o'er the Ascetic's soul,  
 That every music chord of feeling woke  
 Responsive—the dark space, which bound him, broke  
 That demon spell, which like a vampire hung  
 O'er his seared soul—sudden around him sprung  
 New worlds of thought, o'er whose chaotic deep  
 Felt, yet unknown, like winds which o'er us sweep,  
 The spirit moved—to peace reducing strife—  
 And 'midst the troubled waters kindling life.  
 The fountain of his tears unsealed at last,  
 He knelt—he prayed—and mercy veiled the past.  
 So when to Israel's king, accurst of heaven,  
 An evil spirit, breathing death, was given,  
 The holy minstrel woke the entrancing strain,  
 Till flushed that stricken heart with life again.  
 The moonbeams shone upon the penitent's head,  
 As still he knelt in prayer—stern pride was dead—  
 Humility bowed down that haughty breast,  
 But dove-winged Hope breathed whisperings of rest.  
 He rose at last, with rapture in his eye—  
 And poured thanksgiving to the silent sky.

Oh! thou, who erst when Israel's erring race,  
 Turned back from sin, and trembling sought their God,  
 Didst from thy mercy seat shed pardoning grace,  
 And for love's sceptre change the avenging rod.

Hear thou in heaven this penitential prayer—  
 Which, like the living waters from the rock,  
 Beneath the wand of holy music here  
 Sudden from out my stormy heart is struck.

Lord, on this new-built altar of my soul  
 Pour down thy hallowing fire—and purge it free  
 From secret sins, whose tides to darkness roll—  
 Unbend faith's wing, and bid it soar to thee.

Oh! cheering Hope—Oh! Love divinely strong,  
 Even from the depths of hell thou hearest prayer.  
 Death cannot praise thee—let my living song  
 With sacred awe thy saving power declare.

Praise ever waits in Zion on thy name—  
 From heaven, earth, ocean, bursts the adoring song—  
 The harp of nature glows with holy flame—

Day speaks thy praise—Night—Morn—the theme prolong.  
 Shall man alone neglect the sacred lyre?

Forget thy bounties, and thy love despise?  
 No—glowing, bursting with celestial fire,

His hymns shall echo thro' thy listening skies. Epwin.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

When the idea of an *Original Pearl* suggested itself, there was one difficulty which appeared almost insuperable—What were we to do for anecdotes and facetiae that had not gone the round of all the jest books and all the papers? We mentioned the matter to a friend, who gave us abundance of encouragement. "There is no reason," said he, "why the anecdotes and jeus d'esprit should not be original, as well as every other department of the paper. There are thousands of them floating about the Provinces, many a great deal better than what we frequently see in print, and in fact all that is required to furnish a capital provincial collection, is some person to take the trouble to gather them, and put them into a suitable dress. Why," added he, "I have heard the Attorney General tell more good stories than Joe Miller ever invented—and as to Doyle, there is many a man in England living by his wit, who has not a tithe of his. Indeed I have often wished that some body would attempt to make such a collection—for certain I am that there are jokes enough made every year in Nova Scotia to fill up a page of the Pearl whenever you are at a loss." With a view to test our friend's theory we began to doubt the fruitfulness of the field of humour on whose fertility he seemed so much to rely—to banter him a little on the soundness of his opinion, when, in order to remove our scepticism, he proceeded to illustration. "What better jest," said he, "will you find in any modern collection, than Colonel Crane's description of a House of Assembly in the olden time?" "What was that?" said we. You shall hear:

POLITICAL WHIST.—Colonel Crane, said he, was for many years a Member of our Provincial Assembly, for King's County I believe; he was rather a tall strongly built man, with a good deal of natural shrewdness and humour. A friend met him once, coming out of the House of Assembly, (the Parliament met at that time in Cochran's Building,) and put the usual question—Well, Colonel, how are you getting on in the House? "Why," said the Colonel, half closing one eye, and seizing the gentleman by the button hole—"the honors are divided, and there is nothing to be got but by tricks."

"Then" said he, "take Doyle's reason for exempting Schoolmasters from the operation of the Militia Law."

TRAINING.—When the Militia Law was under discussion last winter, the question was asked whether or not Schoolmasters were to be exempted from training, and bearing arms. "I certainly think they ought," said Doyle, "for it is their business 'to teach the young idea how to shoot.'"

Another of those jokes he attributed, with what degree of truth I know not, to Squire Archibald, of Musquodoboit.

THE WRONG PLACE.—The Squire, said he, was unharnessing his horse in Fultz's yard one rather dark evening, when a chap from the country, similarly employed, happened to knock his shins against a log, and incontinently wished it in H.—Stop, friend, said the Squire, you had better not wish it there, because you might happen to fall over it again.

Having acknowledged that these were pretty fair specimens, our friend again fell to expatiating upon the importance of a collection, and suggested whether something like one might not be attempted in any future Nos. of the Pearl that we might be encouraged to issue with an entirely original character. He told us a great many good stories, and at last nearly brought us over to his own belief. From the multitude of anecdotes that he poured out upon us, we have only room for the following:

RETROSPECTIVE FELONY.—Captain — was a very eccentric old German, and one of the first settlers in the County of Cumberland. He was an honest industrious man, and raised a large family around him, who now dwell amidst fruitful fields which were covered by the forest when their father went to the County where they reside. Among other things that the good Captain was remarkable for, was wearing a pair of leather breeches, upon one leg of which he usually sharpened his razor, while he polished it on the other. As there was no Doctor within many miles of him, the Captain often practiced as a man-Midwife, and most of his patients being sober temperate and healthy women, very few died under his hands. Indeed he was upon the whole rather a successful practitioner, for nature generally did the work, and the Captain had sense enough to interfere as little as possible with her operations. In course of time the Captain becoming wealthy, and the district in which he lived becoming of importance, he aspired to a seat in the Assembly; but when the day of trial came, although a great many of the old people voted for him, all the young freeholders, who might be, said literally to have passed through the Captain's hands, politically speaking, slipped through his fingers—almost every one of them gave plumpers against him. The Election having closed, and the successful candidate having made his speech, the Captain got upon the bench, and after briefly acknowledging the support received from his old friends, turned fiercely round upon the young freeholders, and, with clenched fist, thus addressed them, "You scoundrels, you traitors, if I had known that you would live to vote against me this day, by ginger you never should have come into the world at all."