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"FANCY AND FACTS—TO PLEASE AND TO IMPROVE."

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ORIGINAL.

TO AMERICA.

Columbus' land! like *Venus from the main*,
I see thy bright, broad bosom heaving far,—
Oh! more than rosy evening's silver star,
With sweet delight thou glad'st my heart and brain;
Yes—when oppression's soul-encircling chain
Had gall'd me with its bondage, 'twas to thee
I turn'd my hopes, and dream'd of liberty
And love, with all their smiling happy train;
Or, if I breathed a prayer, 'twas not in vain,
Since God hath heard it, and my eyes behold
Thy green expanse and promontories bold,
Glowing, as glorious, 'neath yon azure plain,
As when the world's great Architect at first
Spoke, and with one vast bound its orb from darkness burst!

W.

For the Pearl.

PRAIRIE TRAVELLERS.

* * * In the very centre of the old grove, we discovered an Indian fort; a small apartment of about ten square feet, enclosed on three sides, by rude walls, composed of trunks and fallen limbs of old rotten trees. The fourth side was left open, but the place was roofed securely with shrubs and branches, some of which were still green, contrasting strangely with the mouldering logs over which they were piled and interweaved.

Here we were told, slept the bones of four white men killed by a war party of fifteen Pawnee Indians.—The four brave Americans were journeying to the States on foot, from Fort William on the Arkansas, a distance of about 400 miles, and the whole route lying over dreary and desolate prairies.—*New Orleans pap.*

The Sun was setting, in gold and crimson, on the verge of a Western Prairie, which spread around, graceful in its solitude and immensity, like the ocean itself. Some gentle hills varied the expanse in one direction, and basin-like hollows gave a premature gloom to other parts, but one half the horizon stretched far away, unrelieved by any thing except its own dull verdure. Westward indeed, the slant rays gave a golden glory to the else monotonous scene; but eastward, the leaden clouds of evening seemed to rest on a plain as lifeless as themselves.

And eastward were the toilsome steps of four travellers, bent. They moved along, travel-sore, and their only horse, which carried some baggage, journeyed on patiently, but languidly, as if nature called imperatively for that repose which is essential to the play of her machinery. The travellers quickened their heavy tread, and urged forward the lagging beast,—and, fording a little stream at its narrowest part, diverged from the direct path, making a course, towards some hillocks which promised a degree of shelter for the night.

They soon arrived at their resting place,—one collected brambles and dry leaves,—another commenced unpacking one of the horse panniers,—another, taught mercy by misfortune, sought a grassy spot, drove a stake in the earth, and making the weary beast fast to it, prepared the night's comforts for their poor dumb slave,—the fourth with a few light poles, was erecting a temporary shelter, half tent and half wigwam, to shield himself and comrades from the dews of midnight.

The travellers were soon grouped outside their tent, around the cheerful fire which had cooked their repast. Rest and refreshment had enlivened their spirits,—and more than all, the thought that they were a day's journey nearer home, than they were at sunrise, seemed to renew their bodily and mental powers. "These wavy knolls will help to hide us from the Pawnees, if any are roving, on the Prairies," said one of their companions. "Heaven defend us from that evil," said another, except they come at fair match, and even then, I would go far out of their way. I want no more blood-shedding, and would return home with some of the feelings of my youth, rather than red-handed like a wild bush-ranger." "Never mind, mates," said the third, "if the Indians let us alone, we will let them,—or we will fight and conquer, if we can; if not, our bones will lie here instead of at Fort William or Natchez. I am pretty well fagged out, and have had so many alarms and scrimmages in my time, that I care not very much, and will answer a call here as well as any where else, if need be, although I would prefer, I must own, dying like a white man and a christian." "Ah!" said the fourth, "many a day since any of us lived like christians, —we are half Indians ourselves, living lonely among those far west woods, where the seasons may be marked, but the days appear as alike as the clouds when they scud before a south-east gale. I hope to hear church bells once more,—I think I hear them now,—ding, dong, ding dong—as I did when my father used to lead me forth by the hand, after my mother had smoothed my hair and bid me a fond good-bye. Alas! alas! where be the old people now? What is their rambling son? How have the dreams, of that time been dissipated, like the mist of morning, which lies blue and lake-like on the plain, but rises with the sun, and shows nothing but an arid waste to the thirsty traveller." "Well," said the first speaker, "I only hope that my brother Will lives,—I know he'll welcome me back, and assist me, for the sake of old times, in trying the busy world once more." "And I," said the second, "can scarcely sleep at nights, even after my day's fatigue, thinking of that faithful wife and the little ones, whom I deserted five years agone. Well, lamenting pays nothing,—I was driven from them, I have done better, we will be happy, if we meet,—which may heaven grant, although I deserve but little at the hands of God or man. But, my children!—I see every one of them even now,—and death would be sweet if I could feel them in my arms once more." So conversed the wanderers, and the musings, and recollections, and waking dreams which flitted over each, lured them from their couch of leaves, until the stars had come out, like so many Seraph eyes, on the blue expanse of heaven.

Sleep at length exerted its gentle, its soul-soothing, its all-renovating influence—and the home-bound men lay in their frail shelter, silent and helpless as children wearied with play. Below was the lonely expanse of prairie,—dark and monotonous, like a calm sea in a dense shade;—above was the sublime concave of the heavens, spangled with stars; all was as motionless as silent,—except the twinkling of those everlasting watchers, the slow wheeling of the moon to the western verge, and the gentle sailing of an occasional cloud across the empyrean dome. But these motions, compared with the repose of the vast expanse of ether, and that of the outstretched earth,—only made the fixedness more apparent, while it relieved it from the rigidity of death. The profound rest of the sleepers accorded well with surrounding nature. The horse lay prone on the prairie grass, his strained nerves relaxed most gratefully,—his distended nostrils drew new life from the fragrant herbage,—and the sweetly cooling breeze chafed his stiffened limbs, as if time had rolled back with the old brute, and the hand of childhood again smoothed the coat of the colt. The men also intensely enjoyed the hour of peaceful rest. They lay on their bed of spruce branches, motionless as some of the ant hills which rose around the camp. There was the prairie, and the sky, and the sleepers,—a scene of inanimate nature,—quiet and silent, as if no excitement but that caused by the elements and the seasons, were known to any thing there. But within these sleeping heaps, were those amazing spheres, human hearts; and in each, as in a fairy circle, notwithstanding the solitude and the stillness, were scenes, and incidents, and hopes, and fears, which occasionally made the blood tingle. Images of Home,—that charmed place, and of city life, came over the wearied men;—they anticipated, they pictured, they enjoyed, in dreams,—scenes, which alas! like most of man's speculations, had no basis more substantial than those dreams. It was enjoyment, however, while it continued, and they rose in the morning refreshed and cheered,—and re-commenced their homeward route,—their souls flying before, impatient of the body's poor efforts.

Another evening saw them winding along the banks of the broad Arkansas. Behind them the remains of sun-set gave a warm orange tint to the waters, which, by contrast made the trees and herbage on the borders appear of a hue dark as that of night; before, the grey haze of twilight cooled down the distance, and filled the gazer with longings for the shelter of civilized men. A rising ground brought them suddenly in sight of a grove of tall trees, where they immediately resolved to encamp for the night. They might push a few miles farther, themselves, but their horse—on whom they depended for the carriage of their little treasure of rich furs, and their bag of bread, and the buffalo meat which the wilds yielded—gave symptoms, which could not be mistaken, that without rest he *would founder*, and, like an old ship, settle down where he stood, never to rise again. He had travelled far, during three days, and had fared hard,—and he had not the thoughts of home to cheer him onward, and make him forget outward glooms amid the brightness of imaginary scenes. They resolved to encamp among the old tall trees of the grove, which rose in stately gloom, as if the spot which they shaded was the eternal resting place of some renowned chieftain of the desert;—but as they surmounted another breast of earth, the foremost called out, "cheer up, my mates, we will be saved the trouble of camp building, see the Indian Fort, ready to our hands." The travellers looked forward anxiously, and not more than a pistol shot distant, amidst the deep shade of the grove, and sheltered by some hillocks, stood a small building; it was about ten feet square, open on one side, and roofed with shrubs and branches. The refuge was cheerless and forbidding enough;—men used to the luxuries of cities would call it a wretched hovel,—but the travellers were rough men,—they had lived long in the wilderness, struggling for existence, with wild beasts and wilder human beings,—more than all, they were faint and foot sore, and the place which offered a handful of bushes, and shelter from the night dews, offered luxury. What feelings had they, —with their sun-browned visages, and their poor plodding horse, on the evening road of the desert—in common with the lounging fashionables of the distant city? They rejoiced in the little cave-like shed, which seemed to welcome them, for, as its discoverer said, it was "ready to their hands." Alas for human hearts,—the joy and the sorrow of mortals come, alike, often, without any forethrowing shadows; and the cup, raised to the lip, sparkling with nectar, is frequently dashed to the ground, and replaced by a draught of vinegar and gall. "It is ready to our hands," said the glad traveller, but, after a moment's pause on the top of the bank which they had gained, its pre-occupation was too surely verified. A look of congratulation passed among the wearied men, and they re-commenced their path, when the sharp crack of a rifle made them start aghast, and the next moment he who spoke the night before about the church-going bells, fell prone to the earth, the blood oozing rapidly from his temples.

"The red skins are in the fort, boys," shouted one of the travellers, called Great Beaver, from his skill in trapping,—"be on the alert or farewell to home,—follow me, quick, quick." So saying, he dashed down the hill they had just ascended, his companions following,—yielding themselves, instinctively, to the guidance of the readiest and the boldest. Another rifle shot was heard, and the ball whistled threatningly above their heads; but the swift messenger was too late,—the bank had already hidden them from the fort. Great Beaver, as soon as he was sure of safe cover, darted for the nearest edge of the Arkansas, stepped ancle deep into the stream, walked westward some dozen paces, and then under shelter of a long bank, and some bushes, moved rapidly in a lateral direction with the road they were pursuing when the rifle shot made them retrace their steps. The poor pack horse seemed aware of the danger which impended, and scampered along with his masters, at a rate which would be thought impossible a moment before. Great Beaver told his comrades to keep straight on, while he proceeded to reconnoitre from the ridge, declaring that they might yet baffle the red skins, and perhaps rescue their wounded companion. A moment's glance showed him a band of twelve or fifteen Indians, running over the sward in pursuit;—they came down to the brow of the bank, stopped awhile over the body of the traveller, and then, after looking down the valley, scattered, in groups of three or four, to the eastward; conjecturing, as was to be expected, that the travellers had taken that course. Great Beaver found that his manœuvre was correct—and although horror-struck at the fate of his companion, and alarmed at the number of the enemy, he still felt that a hard fight and good generalship, might give victory to the weaker party. He regained his company, and after a few minutes run, they wheeled to the eastward, crossed the bank, darted through the thickest part of the grove, and plunged into the Indian Fort, horse and all,—their knives ready at their belts, and their rifles prepared for immediate action. The fort, as they conjectured, was empty,—and, by this masterly manœuvre, they obtained quiet possession, and gained an important advantage over their enemies. A hasty council of war determined proceedings,—the utmost vigilance, and, "fight to the last," were the tactics resolved on. A limb of a tree was placed across the open side of the Fort, and to this the pack horse was lashed, so as to make his body a bulwark for his masters. The poor slave, if he understood the movement, resisted it not;—he was used to despotism, and if he could reason, he would be puzzled to ascertain which was the worse policy,—to avoid his open enemies, and by so doing incur the ill usage of his interested and tyrannical friends, or to submit passively, and leave all to the fortune of the moment. Behind the horse two of the travellers were posted, while the other kept anxious watch and ward, in the rear, his trusty rifle ready to deal death, through the loop holes, on any who might approach in that direction. The Fort commanded a cleared space, around, about half a musket shot in extent; this was bounded by the banks that sloped off rapidly; immediately about the Fort was the old grove, and beyond the boundary of the glade, several forest trees raised their tops high over the summit of the banks.

The travellers were not many minutes in shelter before they perceived a few of the Indians dart across the sward in front, evidently supposing that those they were in pursuit of had retraced their steps, and fled to the westward, when they failed in discovering them in the opposite direction. The band belonged to the Pawnee tribe,—brave and cunning enemies, who joined the

agility and ferocity of the wild cat, to the judgement of the man; ---but the holders of the Fort were not daunted at that,---they too were men used to the woods, and European pride, grafted on American practise, made them scorn the supposition that they need fear any of their own species, no matter what the colour of their skins, or the savageness of their manners.

The Indians who ran to the westward soon returned, having satisfied themselves that the fugitives could not have gone in that direction. They and others stopped for a moment in consultation, on the spot were the travellers first came in sight of the fort, and then, taking the trail, they descended the hill rapidly, no doubt tracing it to the river.

"Steady for your lives" now said Great Beaver, "they will sooon examine the shore right and left, and track us to our cover."

One of the men who stood on post by the horse, left it for a moment, and joined the men at the loop holes, confident that the first show of the enemy now would be on the path which they themselves had taken to reach the fort. Much time had not elapsed, during which the traveller's hearts could be heard beating with excitement, before the bushes appeared suddenly shaken over the brow of the bank, and soon after three Indians bounded up, fully exposed, like deer hounds in the chase. As they discovered that the trail led directly to the fort, they stopped suddenly, and seemed struck with astonishment, and doubtful what to resolve on. 'The white skin shall be avenged,' gasped Great Beaver; 'take that fellow on the right, Nathan, and when you are sure, fire.' So saying, he rested his rifle's muzzle in the loop, and almost instantaneously the two were discharged. The savage to the right fell as if struck by a thunder bolt; the one to the left jumped convulsively from the ground, ran half a dozen paces towards the fort, as if to take revenge, fell forward, writhed for a moment among the dry leaves, and was still. The third Indian, with the speed and agility of a panther, crouched and slid over the bank, and was immediately hidden from view.

A yell now arose from the lower ground, indicating the rage of the band, at the manœuvre of the white men, and the fall of their comrades.

The beleaguered travellers had scarcely time to load, when the chief of the Indians exhibited his skill, by pushing a detachment up the sward in front of the fort, resolved on making a sudden attack on the weakest point. Two other rifle cracks awoke the echoes, the smoke wreath curled above the fort, and two more of the Indians rolled on the prairie grass. The band faltered for a moment, and then pushed on, reckoning on some awkwardness of the travellers in reloading. But not waiting for that, the holders of the fort picked up a couple of spare pieces which had been strapped to the panniers of the horse, and gave a second volley; one other Indian fell, and another wounded, turned limping, and retraced his trail. The party, thus weakened and foiled, and dreading a continuation of the warm treatment, scattered right and left, over the hillocks. Another yell, not so strong, but more hideous in expression than the former, rent the air, and then a silence ensued, which seemed doubly deep, after the explosions and shouts of the preceding moment. It appeared as if utter solitude had again revisited the wild, and that the ground had swallowed up the beseigers and besieged. A sharp ticking denoted that the deadly rifles were again ready for action, and the travellers' eyes glanced keenly in every direction, over the back and neck of the patient horse, and through the loop-holes of the hut.

Night now settled down rapidly: the trees became mingled with the sward, and clumps of bushes appeared like groups of the enemy, prowling around. The poor travellers still standing to their arms, looked round, exhausted, seeking some mode by which they might get the refreshment that nature called for. The fort was left empty by the Indians, except some cooking utensils, and the embers of a fire—and the provender of the travellers had been thrown off the horse to lighten him of his load, in the first moment of alarm. The bags of biscuit and buffalo meat lay near the spot where their poor comrade fell, and they were often earnestly looked at, until the shades of evening hid them from view. It would be death to attempt getting them in possession, for doubtless the Indians kept watch behind the near hillocks, and would pick off any who ventured out of the fort. Rest was denied almost as much as food. The besieged knew not when another attack might be made, and an incessant watching, in the clear starlight, was their only chance of safety. A flicker of a pine torch had been already seen in an unexpected direction, and the flight of a bullet aimed at the flame, was followed by shrieks, as if that also had done its work on the enemy.

It was now evident that about one third of the band were disabled, and the absence of provender in the fort, gave the travellers hopes, that the Indians would soon be forced to depart on a hunting excursion. If then they could defend their fortress successfully all night, deliverance might come with the morning; and the American cities, the homes of the home-sick men, might yet reward their exertions. Under the influence of these views they resolved to watch all night, forcing nature to forego her wonted renovation, while struggling for life. A heap of grass was scraped together for the exhausted horse, and with sleepless eyes the men glanced out the live-long night, on bank and stump and bush, wherever a human being would have advantage in approaching their hiding place. But none came. The Indians had been taught to respect their opponents, and were resolved not to throw any more of their lives away in attempting to surprise men who were their match in desperation and cunning.

Morning came, and ghastly did the men seem in its light. Restlessness, and fatigue, and hunger, had traced their corroding lines on the weather beaten countenances which glinted forth, like those of wild foxes, from the fort. One laid down and rested while the others held dozing watch,—after a short hour's fitful sleep, another took a draught of nature's balmy repose, and then another, but it was like a drop of water to the thirsty, exciting a feverish desire for more.

Famine also, pressed very closely, and the spot most intensely watched was that where the provisions lay, beside their slaughtered and scalped companion.

Hope, however, was not altogether absent; the morning smoke of the Indians was seen, as they cooked their early meal, but perhaps they had since slunk off, or would soon do so. Silent, and crouched at their posts, the travellers sat revolving all the chances of escape, hardening themselves to the gnawings of hunger, which, wolf-like, was preying upon their vitals; ever and anon they indulged anticipations of freedom, and yearned for friends and home like harrassed children for the mother's breast.

A rifle crack made the sufferers jump to their feet, and the next moment their living barrier, the poor horse, which had stood mumbling his wisp of grass fixed as a statue, trembled violently, sank to the earth, and rolled on his side. The blood oozed from beside his shoulder,—he had been shot, and was dying. This was indeed a cutting down of the chief stay of the wretched; if they even escaped the Indians how could they travel the weary miles which yet lay before them, without the aid of their poor servant? When they saw him fall, an involuntary exclamation of horror burst forth, and it was answered by a yell from the thicket beyond the nearest breast of land. Still, not a red skin was to be seen; from a rifle directed by a person prostrate on the ground, the horse could not be hurted; it was evident that an Indian must have crept to one of the nearer trees, climbed it, and from that taken his aim. But the work was done, the besieged were starving, they were exhausted in body and mind,—their slave, whose services were so indispensible, was lifeless,—and despair settled down with iron pressure on the heart of each wretch. Still they gave another hour's watching for vengeance; but none of the enemy appeared. 'We may as well die at once, as die thus,' gasped one of the men who was posted in defence of the open side of the fort,—'let us storm the devil's camp.' 'No, no,' said Great Beaver, 'that would be sheer madness, let us die here like men, who were men to the last.' 'I must have food,' answered the other, 'good bye, I will get the bread yonder, or die in the attempt.' 'Good bye, good bye,' ejaculated his two companions; they had not hope enough to induce an attempt to dissuade him from his purpose, and they knew that he was going to his death. Adjusting his knife, and seizing his rifle, the gaunt man rushed forth from the fort, his step unsteady from want of rest and food, yet his eye glaring threatningly around, as if he would yet be a formidable antagonist. He had not gone one half the distance between the fort and the place where the bread lay, when a flash from a tree caught his eye, a shot was heard,—and he staggered forward; he grasped a sapling for support, and looked keenly around. In a moment he made a convulsive spring, a pace or two on one side of his path,—sunk on his knee and fired. He bent forward watching the effect of his shot, as if that was all he then cared for in creation. The bullet was not sped for nought; an Indian fell heavily from the tree whence the flash came. The traveller had his revenge; a maniac laugh pealed frightfully on the desert, he waved his hand in triumph, fell languidly on his back, and resigned life without a further struggle. Another shot, and another, at the body of the prostrate man, told that the Pawnees were close on the edge of the level; but he cared not,—no motion was visible as the ruthless bullets struck his manly form,—he was gone, beyond the reach of any further sufferings of the wilderness.

The poor men in the fort now yielded to despair; another evening approached, the demands for rest and food were imperative, and the exasperated enemy were as watchful as ever. They threw down their rifles, and gathering some leaves around the embers which they had contrived to keep alive, proceeded to cook, for food, portions of the dead horse. A bullet whistled through the opening of the fort, they heeded it not,—let death come, it was unavoidable; another and another made its ominous music within their frail shelter, and one of the miserable twain fell. The last, roused by this final outrage, sprung to his feet, gnashed his teeth, and glared out like a spectre; in that position he received a ball which placed him motionless beside his late brother in affliction. There they lay, side by side, in that dismal fort; silent, pale, and bloody, while the evening sun went down on the plains, pouring a flood of blessed radiance over the verdant expanse.

They are gone, those poor travellers,—no home, no friends, for them. Distant were the companions of their youth, at that hour of extremity; secure in the heart of the busy city, while those whom they once loved were dying on the desert. Happy ignorance. Dreadful, indeed, if, with the evils which make themselves felt and seen, by their proximity,—we were conscious of those at a distance, and bled in sympathy with friends whom we could not assist. The cities to which the travellers' steps were directed, were gay, noisy, and joyous on the evening of their death; and some who would, readily have died in their defence, laughed merrily, at the time when defence was needed the most. One homestead, indeed, exhibited a shade of pleasing melancholy, connected with the travellers, at the moment of the death struggle. The wife of him who was returnig home an altered man, had heard of his alteration, and intended return. No hour passed in which she did not mention his name to a group of little ones, renewing the love of a father in their hearts, and filling their tender minds with visions of cheerfulness, connected with that nearest and long lost relative. When the time had elapsed in which he should have arrived,—she watched with feverish anxiety; at morn, expecting that before evening, her former love and pride would once more appear, and at night, expecting that morn would bring the promised treasure. But he came not,—the hearts of mother and children sickened—and again, after awhile, melancholy forebodings yielded to the kind force of forgetfulness; the fate of the father and husband became, at length, as some vague dream, which it was not wise to strengthen by any endeavour at tracing its features.

The Indians scalped their victims, and left their bodies in the deserted fort to feed the prairie wolf. In after days the story became known, and the bones obtained burial. The grave still rises in the fort in the grove; it is a mark of the vengeance of the desert tribes, and a charm to urge the progress of the white man, in his feuds with the wild race which he is every where supplanting.

Z.

For the Pearl.

CAMPING OUT.

I have always been a fisherman—that is, since I can remember any thing. When but a rosy cheeked six-year-old, my delight used to be to get down upon the end of the old stone wharf, in front of the paternal dwelling, with a crooked pin made fast to three yards of Herring twine, and a whattle of the same length, and there, for hours together, would I pull in perch, and pollock, and tom cod, and busy myself with the most abundant, and most easily deceived, of the finny tribes that line our shores. I can remember yet the first sculpin I caught, and the labor it cost me to extract my hook from the fathomless depths that seemed to lie beneath its capacious jaws. With what childish apprehension I gazed upon this sea monster, and speculated upon the best mode of disengaging my tackle without the loss of a finger. To touch him was out of the question—to venture my tiny hand into his awful throat, seemed to be certain destruction to a limb at least. How I pumbled him, and wondered at the creature's tenacity of life—till, despairing of ever getting clear of my prize, I planted one foot firmly on his tail, and pulled, till the pin straightening, I found myself free of entanglement, and vowed to fish no more so near the bottom.

A year or two after, as a bright reward for learning some long lesson, or for some extra piece of good behaviour, I got permission to accompany an elder brother to Williams's Lake. I had never seen a trout caught, although I had a vague idea of their whereabouts, and of the superior skill that was required to tempt them from the dark waters in which they dwelt. I could not sleep for thinking of the pleasures of the coming day; and before sun-rise, was thumping at my brother's door, with all the vehemence of a boy panting for knowledge and amusement, in new forms and scenes as yet untrodden. In a couple of hours I was perched upon a venerable granite rock, taking my first lesson in that art which has since so often refreshed a weary spirit and afforded so much of recreation. Pleasant hours have I spent by Lake and Stream since that day; but never have I known the boundless exultation with which I grasped the rod, that was at last, after a basket full had been taken, good naturedly resigned into my hands, and I, Johnny Withrod, just turned of eight, in corduroy jacket and trowsers, stood upon that granite rock with a four jointed rod, itself a wonder, in my own hand, paying out and winding up, that I might hear the reel tick, and switching the flies about upon the surface of the water. The hope, the pride, the novelty, of that hour, have never since been surpassed, by any of the delights or triumphs of life. It was here that I killed *my first fish*, I mean the first with the fly, and if it had been a whale, with forty barrels of sperm in his head, the prize would not have seemed of greater value. With what transport I drew it at night out of the basket---I would have known it among an hundred---and held it up by the gills before the whole family circle, as my own peculiar share of the spoil. There was a year's growth in that single day---such stories as I had to tell the next morning to all my young companions and playmates, who had never handled a rod or killed a trout with a hair line! I was the envy of the whole circle, and there was not one of them that gave fathers and elder brothers any rest, until they had shared the same indulgence, and performed the same exploit. As we grew older, we got rods and lines of our own, and passed sportively through the Angler's novitiate. Then came little parties to the lake without any body to take care of us, with the cautions and fears of anxious mothers, who wearied for our return. Glorious days those---when we had an old leaky boat all to ourselves, and rowed about from stand to stand---trod on each other's tips---tangled each other's lines, and strove who

should do the least rowing and catch the most fish. With what laughing faces we assembled around the stone on which we were to cook our steak, and how we stared when we found that the tinder was wet. A noonday sun dried it however, and then there was such a puffing and broiling, and such a sprinkling of pepper and salt. I have eaten beef-steaks in the most celebrated houses of the Metropolis of the world, but commend me to the steak that is cooked on a flat stone, by a parcel of boys, on the margin of a lake.

As I grew to manhood, my fondness for angling grew with me. Not that it could be indulged, as in boyhood, every week or every hour---but sparingly, and in those hours, often few and far between, which every occupation affords. The pride of killing fish---the novelty of wild scenery, and of self-imposed toil, and occasional privation---have perhaps passed away; but a sense of freedom, even for a day, from the labours and cares of life---the transition from stove heat and a recumbent posture, to fresh air and exercise---with the quiet and seclusion of the woods, give a zest which compensates for what the flight of years has banished. Angling is, to me, one of the standard recreations that, it appears, cannot pass away, until sight fails, and my limbs refuse their office. The thought of the pleasant days of spring often beguiles the tediousness of winter---amidst the sleet and snows of March, I can look forward to the bursting buds of May---and when the sedentary pursuits of life dull the spirit and relax the fibre, the very thought of the running stream, sparkling in the sun, and the speckled trout rising at the fly, soothes and cheers with the promise of rest and pleasure to come.

I do not always go alone---for companionship is often agreeable ---but there is no greater luxury, to a man who moves for 364 days of the year, on the busy thoroughfares of life, with the ceaseless hum of many voices continually in his ears, than to spend the 365th day by himself, far from the dwellings of human beings, with the green woods around him, and the bright river or sylvan lake at his feet, and with no trace of the world to be discovered, save and except the narrow path from fall to fall, made by the feet of men, who, like himself, are fond of the 'Rod and Stream.' 'Oh solitude, where are thy charms,' cried Juan Fernandes, sighing for the pleasures of society beyond his reach, and weary of self-communion---but the very antithesis of the Hermit's situation is that of the man whose taste is palled by what society calls pleasure---whose mind is distracted with its duties and labours---whose o'erwrought brain requires soothing, and not excitement---who fears that his original nature will be warped or overlaid by the endless reiteration of the same thoughts, and the unvarying round of exertion amidst the passions, and prejudices, and formal conventions by which he is constantly enthralled. For such a person, 'solitude' has 'charms'---it is a mental medicine, purging the spirit of all impurities, and keeping alive in the heart of man the better feelings, which, but for such blessed hours of self-communion amidst the beauties of nature, would be almost worn out by commerce with the world. These are the days that of late years I mark with white chalk---not that I am a misanthrope---God forbid. I love the world, and its cheerful round of duties---its labours, anxieties, aye even its mortifications and perils---for the former give a vigor and robustness to the intellect, which the idle misanthrope wots not of; and the latter bow down the heart to that just level of humility, which begets sympathy with the humblest of our fellow-creatures, and teaches us to enjoy the gifts we have received, without any admixture of selfishness or pride. The relaxations---the cheerful frivolities of city life---I do not affect to despise---but I love to escape from them; and, from the depth of shade afforded by the unbroken wilderness, contemplate the animated scenes of business or dissipation that have been left behind,---and, sifting the wheat from the chaff---the honorable from the impure---the innocent from the enervating---to brace up the mental instrument, and restore the tone, which constant thrumming on its thousand strings, has weakened, if not destroyed.

But companionship, I have said, is also pleasant in the woods—not the companionship of noisy roisterers, who make a fishing excursion only an excuse for eating and drinking double their usual allowance, and who carry into the woods much of the riot and license of city dissipation—but the cheerful society of old friends, with whom we have a store of thoughts and feelings in common—or of old fishermen who love the sport, and are familiar with the mutual duties and obligations which the "gentle craft" imposes. Of all the trials of temper that have been recorded, there are few to be compared to having a stupid or half drunken fellow tangling your line at every cast, when the fish are abundant—roaring at the top of his voice at every noise, or tumbling up to his middle into the very best hole in the river, before you have killed one of the dozen that you had dreamt of drawing from it in the course of an hour. Of this kind of nuisance I have long since tired, and of late my circle of lake-side companions have narrowed down to three. Three fellows of the right sort—keen and practised fishermen while the day light lasts, and facetious and intelligent persons when evening closes around us. Nobody would suspect that we were intimate, for on the bustling thoroughfares of life we often jostle past each other--we are like ships at sea, some on one tack, and some on another, but found side by side in the same quiet haven at last. The fishing season always unites us—the merrie month of May brings us together like swallows under the eaves of a barn. Our companionship was the natural result of the same tastes, and the same necessity for kindred pleasures. We often met by lake and river, before we formed more than a casual acquaintance—but, after sundry exchanges of "a light," or a drink out of each other's flasks—and ample opportunities of judging of each other's woodcraft and social qualities—we drew together insensibly, and have since spent many a day by still water and running stream, and many a night in the woods. Have you ever "Camped out," good Mr. Pearl. If you have not, you have something to learn—and if you are not a Fisherman, then are there many sweet scenes unvisited, and many natural sights and sounds with which your eye and your ear are unfamiliar. It has often occurred to me that sketches of some of the wild scenery that we visit—and a report of some of the songs we sing, and the jokes and stories we tell, over our evening fire, while "Camping out," might amuse you; and if you have no objection, I will now and then send you a scrap that may serve to give you an idea of an angler's delights, and illustrate the character of my companions.

Odd Duels.—A few nights ago we were "Camping out," by the Grand Lake, one of a chain connected by a River that takes its rise about Beech Hills, and falls into Pennant Bay. The day had been favourable, cloudy and warm, and we had killed lots of fish, but the best part of it had been spent in reaching the ground, and we determined to camp out, and, after enjoying the morning's sport, return home on the evening of the next day. Early in the afternoon, therefore, we laid down our rods, and hatchet in hand, proceeded to erect our wigwam. Some years ago, while passing along the street, where a new house was building, I was amused by the remark of an Indian, who, after looking at the proprietor, surrounded by carpenters and masons, and hearing him give all sorts of directions, shrugged his shoulders and muttered, "Ugh—white man take great trouble to build him house, me build mine in half an hour." Our's, like the Indian's, was made in half an hour, and was of much the same simple construction—a few poles, forming the outline of a sugar loaf, were soon covered with boughs, and bark, a young spruce was cut to block up the doorway, when we retired for the night, and lots of wood was prepared to feed our evening fire. After rearing our mansion, and putting all things that might be wanted within reach, we resumed our rods, and lingered by the running waters, until the deep shadows closing around us, the difficulty of seeing our own flies, satisfied us that it was useless to try another cast. We then retired to our camp—kindled our fire—boiled our tea-kettle—roasted some trout upon a stick—rummaged our knapsacks for bread, butter, ham, and cheese—and set about the enjoyment of our evening meal with appetites, that gave a relish to all we touched, and which an epicure or an Alderman might have envied.

"This, now," said Bob Norton, lighting his segar, and throwing himself back on his elbow, "is clear comfort, as old McK— said in the Barn."

"What Barn was that," asked O'Brien, "and how came the fellow to be so comfortable?"

"As to the Barn," said Norton, "like most of the old acquaintances of my youth, that were made of boards and shingles, it has passed away, but some of you must remember it. It stood at the corner of what is now Allison's lawn, next the stone bridge, and was a comfortable tenement for horses and horned cattle, in my boyish days, when the property belonged to Stayner. That Barn was the scene of one of the oddest duels of the olden time—one of the sternest sword-in-hand battles that ever occurred in the country."

"It must have been between a brace of bulls then," said I, "for surely no bipeds would resort to rack and manger, to settle their personal differences."

"There you mistake," said Bob, "many things that are not very likely, happen notwithstanding. The old barn, you must know, like other Barns on the Peninsula, was built before there was any house in its neighbourhood—forty years ago the stone bridge was "out in the country," and the old Barn occupied a nice retired spot, and having a broad threshing floor, was not a bad place for a couple bent on mischief to take exercise on a frosty morning. Old McK— (I call him old because he died before I was born, but he was not old at the time) was a lieutenant in the — Highland Regiment, stationed in Halifax, about the year 17—. I saw his picture in full length, at the house of a relative in the interior, some years since, and a fine looking stalwart man he must have been. While gazing at his handsome features, and brawny limbs, in repose upon the canvass, I could not but wish that I had seen them *in the full play of action, where life or death was in the strife.* McK— and a brother officer quarrelled while at mess, and the nice laws of the Duello being in those days not very well defined or much regarded, they agreed to meet in the old Barn the next morning, and fight it out, sword in hand, upon the thrashing floor. For some reason or other, which I never learned, they took no seconds—and when they drew their broad swords, and pulled their bonnets over their eyes, "this, now," said McK. looking round, and seeing no living thing near but an old cow peering through the manger with very natural astonishment, "this," said McK. who had the true Highland love for fighting and faith in his weapon, and who feared nothing---but an interruption, "this is clear comfort."

"At least so says tradition," murmured O'Brien, "but the word *comfort* is peculiarly English."

"I am not going to swear to all I say in a Camp," replied Norton, "but you have the story as it was told to me. After eyeing each other for a moment, at it they went, and being both powerful fellows, and good swordsmen, the combat was long, obstinate and doubtful. After furious onset, and some admirable sword play, both were wounded and bled fast. Once or twice hostilities were suspended, and the combatants leaned against the ends of the barn to recover breath, and wipe the blood and perspiration from their brows. Again and again they crossed their blades on the centre of the threshing floor, and renewed the strife, and then paused to gather new energies to decide the question of who was the better man, until at length, in the final shock, both were desperately wounded, and reeling to opposite ends of the barn, fell heavily upon the threshing floor. Neither could rise—but McK. who had his senses about him, was gravely lamenting that they had not brought their pistols in their belts, that they might have a shot or two at each other, by way of windl up, when the door opened, and in walked the owner of the Barn, who had come to milk his cow and turn her upon the common. He gave the alarm, assistance was brought, and the wounded Officers were conveyed to the Hospital. The affair was hushed up and they were forgiven, in consequence of the high opinion entertained of their courage and soldier-like qualities—but I have often heard the old people tell the story while passing by the Barn."

"What a pity it is," said Tennant, who has much of the spirit of an Antiquary about him, "that a collection has not been made of these old stories, and some notes preserved of the ancient features of things which have passed or are fast passing away. The surface changes its aspect so rapidly in a new country—all things built of wood decay so fast—and our people are so prone to look forward and not back, that by and bye there will scarcely be a trace of things as they were, or a record of the wise sayings and queer doings of the vigorous race that flourished here in the olden time."

"One of the oddest duels, and most systematic too, that I have heard of," said O'Brien, "took place in one of the Eastern Towns not many years ago. A gentleman, who held a situation in the Customs, and a spirited old Jersey merchant, had some dispute. The Jerseyman was high, and the Custom House Officer punctilious, and the latter sent a challenge. A pair of Duelling Pistols were not to be found in the place, or a pair of seconds who knew much about things either. A couple of rusty old horse pistols, heavy, and stiff on the springs, were at last mustered, and two friends persuaded to go out with them, in the rear of the settlement, on a fine summer afternoon. A good deal of time was occupied with preliminaries, but at last the pistols were charged, the men planted, and the parties fired, without any fatal effect.

"Are you satisfied now, Mr. Newtong?" cried the Jerseyman. "No," was the response, and the pistols were loaded again. After two or three shots, without any execution being done, the Jerseyman drew his watch from his fob, and declared that he could not stay any longer, but "must go home and post his books," according to his invariable custom. His adversary remonstrated, and the merchant marched off the ground, but declared his willingness to come out again next day, and give him "as much satisfaction as he wanted." An adjournment accordingly took place, and the parties met at the same spot next morning. After a shot or two, it was approaching the Jerseyman's breakfast hour—his watch had been pulled out once or twice, and he was beginning to evince a determination to adjourn again, when the pistols being loaded, the word was given, and off went the Custom House Officer's pistol, and the ball sung past the head of his vis-a-vis. The Jerseyman's weapon snapped, but, with most commendable sang froid, he shook up the priming, shut down the hammer, and rubbing his nail two or three times against the flint, levelled, and before any interference could be effectual, took deliberate aim, hit his adversary on the ancle, and brought him to the ground. Walking up to him he took off his hat and making a profound bow---"Mr. Newtong, are you satisfied *now*," roared the Jerseyman. "Yes," was the reply. "Then I am very glad of it, for my breakfast has been ready three minutes and a half---good morning, Sair."

And thus, Mr. Editor, the night wore on---story following story, until there was but one man to tell, and one, very drowsy, to listen to the last---but I must reserve the rest of the Droll Duels, for your next Original No.

CONS.

Why is one of the Members of Assembly for Halifax like Robin Hood? He is a *Forrester.*

Why is one of the Members like a manger? He is *For-a-stall.* (Forrestal.)

Why may one of the Members from Hants be called a bore? He is a *Goudge.*

Why should the Member for Amherst, and one of the Members for Pictou, sympathise with each other? One is *Dickey* and the other is *Dick's-son.* (Dickie and Dickson.)

Which of the Members might be deemed excuseable if he looked one way and rowed another? *Waterman.*

Why should the member from Gaspereaux be a favorite? He is the 'Benjamin' of the House.

Of what Point should young navigators be cautious? *Point Pleasant.*

Why is the present number like a new-found gem? It is an *original Pearl.*

For the Pearl.

THE UNSEEN BABE.

God's blessing on the Baby Boy
Its Father ne'er caress'd—
How much of sadness and alloy
Are blent with every thrill of joy
That agitates my breast,

While o'er earth's fairest scenes I roam,
And feast my raptur'd eyes—
As thoughts of thee, unbidden, come,
To win me to my quiet home,
In which the New Born lyes.

What would I give, at this still hour,
For but a glance at thee?
Hast thou a spell of magic power,
Thou delicate and fragile flower,
That sleeps't beyond the sea?

That thus my waking thoughts you share,
And mingle in my dreams?
For, like a spirit of the air,
O'er all that's rich, or grand, or rare,
Some fancied feature beams.

I stood on Snowdon's topmost height,
And far beneath me lay
A thousand hills, in all their might,
Tinged with the rosy sunset's light,
A fair and proud array—

But by thy cradle then to kneel,
And gaze upon thy face,
Thy little hand in mine to feel,
To make a father's first appeal,
Thy answering smile to trace;

Could I have turn'd such bliss to know,
To spend an hour with thee,
The splendid scene that lay below—
Loch, vale, and stream, and sunset's glow,
Had wanted charms for me.

O'er sweet Killarney's placid breast
My Bark this moment roves,
And never did my spirit rest
On scene by Heav'n more richly blest
With all the Trav'ler loves.

But there's a chamber, far away,
A Mother's glance of pride—
Familiar forms, that, wondering, pray
That they with "Brother" still may play,
That haunt me as I glide.

And thus it is, go where I will,
By storied brae or burn,
A cherub face is with me still,
Mingling with rapture's wildest thrill,
And bidding me return.

* * * *

Killarney, 1838.

For the Pearl.

MAY AND MAY-FLOWERS.

May, in the Old World, is a time honoured month. It is ushered in with sylvan sports,—early rambles and junkettings in the woods—or in the fields, if no woods are convenient;—an ostentatious display of delicately tinted, sweet-smelling flowers;—a dance round the May pole, and processions of men and maidens, decorated fantastically, overflowing with rustic jollity, bearing garlands, and marching to the sound of tabor and pipe.

In the country parts of England, all this, and bands of morris dancers beside, usher in the first of May. The morris dance consists in a number of waving positions, a graceful systematic intricacy, made to the sound of rural music. We do not profess to know much of the movement, as our readers may perceive, but we never see the term without thinking of the illustration which Milton affords, in his use of it. In his Comus, we think, referring to the undulation of the waves, when a full moon makes old Ocean smile, he describes them as keeping graceful morris under the influence of the attracting orb. The advancing and retiring of the dancers, the interspersion of swarthy youth and fair girls, in the flowery maze,—seem sublimely pictured by the rise and fall of summer billows, now dark in the deep shade, and now sparkling in the moonlight, and laughing, as it were, as the gentle spray-burst runs along the ridge.

In London, some very odd exhibitions accompany, or did, some ten years ago, the opening of the season. The sweeps! of all the world!—the sweeps, bedizen themselves out in strangely contrasting tinsel, and ribbons and flowers, and beneath masses of green boughs, and pay annual visits;—they also dance, as if to show that cheerfulness may visit the most lowly,—and, with partners of the *fair* sex, to prove, if nothing more, that every "Jack has his Jill." On that day, it is customary for these operatives, and others of like ilk, to have merry makings in the public dinner, or supper line;—and Lambe, if we mistake not, in his essays of Elia, gives some unctuous descriptions of the mock airs, and hearty jollity, which annually attended a feast, given in a Smithfield Tavern, to these sons of darkness.

In Ireland, also, May-day has, or had, its peculiar festivities. "Oh! the days when *we* went gypsying, long time ago." We recollect, as it were yesterday, the processions of various "professions,"—the butchers! and chair-men, and weavers, for instance,—the men divested of coats, and their milk-white *linen* decorated with ribbons and flowers, of every hue. These, with a sprinkling of colleens, "like angel visits, few and far between," marched in procession through the town, and waited at the houses of those who were married within the year. The fantastic band would then dance before the bride's door, and lowering the garland on the May pole, to the window, where she stood blushing, before the multitude, enable her to fasten her favours amid the flowers. These favours were, a "May Ball." beautifully wrought, decorated with gold and silver and ribbons, and accompanied by two or more bank notes. What joyous shouts hailed this consummation,—and what exultation was experienced by the party of "May boys" who exhibited the greatest number of these precious tokens, dangling triumphantly within their garlands. And then, towards the close of the day, the visits of ceremony, by the different bands, to the respective May poles, erected in various districts; the quarrel about some point of honour, and the wild melee, in the midst of the city, as if the rights of the Lord of Misrule were again fully recognized! Time would fail to tell of these and other "May-day sports," of the juvenile bands, emulous of the gaiety and gallantry of their elders,---and all the customs which used to strew the dull ways of the city with "daffy down dilleys," "cowslips," "primroses," and the numerous flowers, wild and cultivated, which in that temperate climate enrich May day.

In our land, here, (native or adopted) much-favoured Nova-Scotia, a very creditable affection is connected with the season,---although the feeling is not exhibited with much force. It is like the early love of a gentle swain, delicate, and unobtrusive, but constant; shewing itself in many tender looks and acts of attention,—but not making much noise or parade. The May-flower, the elegant emblem of the country, is generally in bloom on May-day-morning, except the season happens to be very backward,—and lads and lasses stroll from the town into the woods, and looking carefully on the southern side of moss banks, and root clumps, gather the little beauties, and bear them in triumph to their city homes. This is pretty much the amount of May-day observance in Nova Scotia, and it is not without its peculiar merits. There is a gentle love for the gentle beauties of nature, exhibited,—and no more. The little flower is delicately tinted,—white, with touches of pink, something like the blooming apple blossom, and about the same size. The perfume is in accordance with its appearance and its habits;—a denizen of the forest, having a home amid moss, and violets, and juniper leaves, and shoots of the balsamic spruce,—it contracts an atmosphere, in which the spicy, and the lusciously sweet, and the simple air of young verdure, are delightfully blended.—To gather this first of flowerets, and bear it to bless the town mansion with feelings of spring life and loveliness, form the unpretending observance of the First of May in Nova Scotia.

The man or the maiden who chose the May-flower as the emblem of the country, deserves honour. Much delight and innocent exultation, and feeling of beauty, has to be set down to his, or her, credit. Not ten years ago, the dandelion! we believe, was not far from becoming the emblem! The dandelion! yes,—some adopted the notion, it was mentioned as a matter of course, and we knew an instance when it was a question whether it should be *engraven* among other emblematic devices, as a fixed matter. Some patriot or poet prevented that,—or perhaps the feeling of patriotism and poetry too, impregnated many hearts at the one time, and caused the exaltation of the little herald of Spring, from the sward to the bosom, as "the chosen leaf of bard and chief."

Little May since then is indeed a great favourite, and the poets, accordingly, pay fitting tribute. As contributions to an Original Pearl, we have three or four love favors, which we may as well weave into this rhapsody. That nearest to hand runs thus:

TO A MAY-FLOWER.

"Wild, modest, solitary flower!
Sweet herald of returning Spring!
Why bloom in this lone forest bower
Beneath Oblivion's darkling wing?

Has Fate decreed that thou, sweet flower!
In desert wild alone shouldst bloom,
That scenes so dreat may boast their power
To charm mankind amidst their gloom?

Alas! sweet flower—I ne'er shall know
Why thine so dark a fate should be;—
But long sad Pity's tears shall flow
For her who so resembles thee!"

[T. W. Burke.—Brookfield, 1840.]

Poets are very prone to ask questions, which may be arranged into two classes; one class, very easily answered,—and the other, not to be answered at all. Our author's interrogative, in his first stanza, may be said to be somewhat of both classes,—if such an expression does not involve that figure of speech called a "bull." Supposing the question to be directed to the flower,—the answer of the little beauty would, very readily, be, "Because it is my destiny." If the reason for such destiny be sought, then "Oblivion's darkling wing" settles over the matter. Reading farther on, we find that we have written too rapidly, for in the poet's second stanza he intimates an answer, and a good one;---he suggests, as the cause of the location, the desire of nature to show that scenes of gloom and loneliness may have some features potent to soothe and to charm. The moral is correct, and of wide application;—solitude and silence, and even temporary sadness, have their good effects,—their honey drops, where a casual observer would suppose that all was bitterness. We cannot, however, agree with what appears to be the poet's estimate of the May-flower's place of residence. The "green-wood" has any thing but a cast of dreariness over its character, in most poets' opinion. Yet, perhaps,—taking into account the remains of winter, which envelope the May-flower's birth, and the contrast which the forest sward presents to the garden and the green-house, and the flower vase---the terms used, above, may be in good keeping.—What a story seems condensed in the two closing lines!—some neglected, circumstance-oppressed beauty, struggling in virtuous obscurity, with the ills for which no remedy appears:

"But long sad Pity's tears shall flow
For her who so resembles thee."

The next of the poetic wreath, presented to the little Queen of Spring flowers, runs thus:

TO AN EARLY MAY-FLOWER.

Soft pearly flow'r, on wint'ry bed,
What sun-beam cheer'd thy fragile head?
Or genial dew, or balmy air,
Has nurs'd thee with a tender care?

The snow flake crests thy mossy dome,
And ice drops glisten 'round thy home,
The hoar frost spangles bush and tree,
And ling'ring winter threatens thee.

Pale o'er thy rip'ning flow'ret pass'd
The cold winds rude unfriendly blast,
But graceful 'mid the storms and snows
Thy perfumed bud in triumph blows.

So Virtue's meek and faithful child,
Is blooming on life's chilly wild,
Mid Evil's rude and ruthless guile
Unsullied wears her pristine smile.

And sweetly o'er his wayward fate
The Poet sings, in soul elate,—
Wakes the bold theme or plaintive lay,
And wins the Muse's blooming bay.

[Werand.—Halifax.]

We might hazard one or two remarks on the questions in the opening stanza of this contribution also,—but they are not essential. The snow flake, the ice drops, and the hoar frost, too keen indications of lingering winter, are well introduced,—and are not exaggerations. An "early May Flower" might be beset by these difficulties; for winter, we know to our cost, frequently, does not altogether resign his command, when the *Spring* months, so called, give him notice to strike his camp. The references to Virtue's and Fancy's child, are well made,—the "pristine smile" may be preserved in scenes of difficulty,---and the Poet, often, rising above "his wayward fate," enjoys his lute, and his fancied honours, independent, for the moment, of the world and fortune.

Here is another of Apollo's offerings to Flora,—and, although not exclusively, it belongs to our theme, for it includes the season's favourite, and all the flowers. It is from a sweet poet also, and addressed to a sweet painter. "The Wild Flowers," which form the theme of our correspondent, are pictured representations now flowing periodically on the public, and which will "live when summer's bloom is past;" but let our friend speak for himself:

"THE WILD FLOWERS."

Touched by Maria's forming hand,
In all their varied dyes,
Thine own sweet flowers, my native Land!
In all their beauty rise.

Frail lovely things!—the sacred spell
That round our hearts they cast,
Shall live when Summer sighs—"Farewell!"
And all her bloom is past.

Their light shall now through all the year
About our haunts be shed;
And e'en their pictured forms be dear
When all their sweets have fled.

When Sol to southern climes retires,
And wint'ry tempests roar,
Beside our cheerful evening fires
Their smiles shall please the more.

Fair Artist! this poor song of praise,
Amidst his native bowers,
Acadia's humblest poet pays
For these delightful flowers.

[Anon.—May, 1840.]

To point out the fine touches of these lines would be superfluous. The dulcet flow of the metre, the appropriate diction, the poetic exultation over the perpetuation of the flowers, and the well turned compliments,—all show the tuneful and thoughtful skill of the bard.

The last of our quotations is like unto its forerunner, in excellence. It brings us back to our exordium.

"THE MERRY MORN OF MAY."—(Beattie.")

Come forth, young men and maidens,
So light of heart and gay,
To celebrate with Nature
"The merry morn of May."

Come whilst the wild birds, singing,
Make glad the vocal air;
Come whilst the wild flow'rs, springing,
Make e'en the desert fair.

Seek out amidst the woodlands
Some lovely sylvan scene,
And crown the best and sweetest
Your proud and happy Queen.

Then wreathe your brows with garlands,
And form the faery ring,
And hail with choral voices
The bright return of Spring.

Come forth, young men and maidens—
Come--light of heart and gay,
And celebrate with Nature
"The merry morn of May!"

[J. McP.—May 1, 1840.]

This is a regular May morn carol. It trolls on sweetly and simply, as a set of little silver bells, and we cannot do better than close our cogitations with its music.

Some excuse may be made for this our celebration of the first of May, in the beginning of June, for June is *here*, in effect, the old country May. We get the balmy airs, and the gay flowers, and the green meadows, and the budding groves, which make glad the heart of man, as a new life after the death of winter, about four weeks behind our friends in the Old Country. Should we complain at this?—By no means, when Spring comes it comes in its glory,---and how nobly are we compensated at the other end of the vernal months. While at "Home" they are talking of their "brown October," and resigning themselves to the rough usage of winter's herald,---we are luxuriating in some of the loveliest weather that ever wraps our sphere in any quarter of the heavens: a clear sky, the forest decked like a tulip bed, the lawns literally breathing richness, and a haze fluttering over the landscape, as the loving lark over its beloved, grassy nest.

So much then for May, and May Flowers, in this its sister month; and many thanks to the lovers of nature whose communications have suggested thoughts, of little value in themselves, perhaps, but soothing to the thinker, and too apt to be forgotten amid the lumber of every-day existence.

(Pearl.)

For the Pearl.

A SCENE OF TRIAL.

Come then ye sons of men and mourn with me,
Without vain thoughts or any sensual pride,
But to the great Creator bow the knee,
And in his mercy and his grace confide;
And even when misfortune, such as mine,
Does counter to our dearest wishes run,
And cut the thread that our best hopes entwine,
Then let us all vain thoughts and murmuring shun,
But say with heart and voice, Great God thy will be done.

Mr. Editor,

I some time ago laid before your readers a death bed scene, where the dying person, was the principal object of sympathy and commisseration. This, however, is not always the case; sometimes the sufferings of those who are left most engage our attention.—Such a scene I have now to narrate.

Let us imagine a kind, sensitive and affectionate woman,—mother of a large family of beautiful and interesting children, whom she idolizes in their infancy; and towards whom affection and love, if possible, grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength. How her joy increases, and how her happiness expands, as the objects of her maternal tenderness approach to maturity, and manifest every appearance of becoming the strength, the stay and the comfort, of her declining years. Such a mother, and such a family, is the object of the present article. Of all her children, she whom I shall call Augusta, was the favourite; not from any undue partiality,—but Augusta was her first-born—and was not only the sprightly and agreeable companion, the dutiful and affectionate daughter, but she was her mother's active and able assistant in forming the minds of the junior branches of the family, and in all the multiplied duties of life.

To all the lighter, and more amiable traits of the female character, Augusta added that of judgement and understanding. Her natural and acquired capabilities, and her facility of communicating her ideas, were such—that to converse with her was to receive instruction, conveyed in the most easy and agreeable manner. She was, accordingly, the favourite of every person who had the pleasure of her acquaintance—and the light, the life, and the joy of her father's house. Such was Augusta yesterday, at the blooming of twenty-two,—such indeed was she this morning,—what is she now? now at the noon of the same day? Reader, she is dead!—she is arrayed in burial clothes! and they are preparing her body for the grave!

O what a reverse—what a sad reverse for her family—what a dreadful—dreadful change. Of the anguish of the father, sisters, and brothers, I might tell in language that perhaps would convey some slight idea of the reality—but of the mother, of the kind hearted and affectionate mother,—she who could weep like a child at the death or suffering of a stranger, and who regarded her dear Augusta as the apple of her eye,—who is it that can sufficiently portray *her* sufferings? The pen of a Burns or a Byron would fail to do it—for there is nothing in language equal to the task.

Are there any hopes of comfort for her this side of the grave? Come ye wise ones of the earth, ye are in duty bound to use your endeavours to mitigate the sufferings of poor human nature, how would ye alleviate the pangs of the heart broken mother, bereaved of such a daughter?

Ye whose wisdom leads you to seek for comfort in the fashionable circle, who have largely partaken of the joys arising therefrom, and have become votaries of fashion,—do ye advise her to mingle with society, and promise her relief, by a change of scenes and faces? *Ye greatly err.* In the whole broad range of society she might not find her lost one's equal, and if she did, it would only bring her own dear child more forcibly to her recollection. The lively scenes and the happy faces would make her own loneliness more dreadful to be borne—and could not yield relief.

Ye Latitudinarians—ye may offer her comfort in *forgetfulness*—and tell her that *time* will blunt the edge of her grief, by obliterating the past—*Out upon such counsel!* The present moment, with all its bitterness of grief, is infinitely preferable to the dreadful idea, that at any future time the recollection of her departed child, should be less acute or less sensitive, than at the present moment. Forget her, dear Augusta! That thought falls on her heart like a bolt of ice, and in mercy to her do not mention it again.

Ye who claim to be ambassadors from the most High, ye may, some of you, endeavour to convey comfort to this afflicted mother, by calling to her mind the piety of her who is to be laid in the grave,—ye may tell her of good works,—of her exemplary walk through life, and of the proofs which she gave of her heart weaned from things of this world! *You more than mock her.* Augusta cared for her father, mother, sisters and brothers—she was anxious and solicitous for the comfort and happiness of all around her, for this her mind was exercised and her hands employed; and when the awful moment arrived, she was attending to the comforts of the mother—to whom you would vainly offer counsel---and she had not time to say "*God have mercy on me.*" Ye mistaken men, offer nothing in the way of consolation under such trying circumstances, unless ye can offer something more substantial, than alienation from the world, good works, and such like.

Ye Philosophers,---do ye set your maxims in array before her, and talk of the magnanimity of subduing our grief, of meeting the casualities of this life with resignation, and preach loud and long of patience. *Away with you*—have ye not taught her to bear with resignation and patience, the cares and the labours, and the heavy responsibilities of watching over the helpless infancy and early childhood of her, for whom this afflicted woman mourns, and offered as a reward, the comfort and happiness, which her daughter would be to her, in her declining years? And now would you come forward with your stale and hacknied arguments,—arguments which have heretofore often cheated mankind,—which have *outwitted* but not *convinced* in their best days. Away with you—even all you wise ones of the earth---your counsels may serve to amuse at the times of health and strength and prosperity,---but when the hour of adversity comes,—when death is busy with us, or with such as our soul delights in,—when the affectionate mother is called on to mourn for such a daughter,—stricken to death in a moment, while life was in its morning, and expectation joyous and bouyant,—then the best of your wisdom has no more effect, than the idle winds that play around the house top.

What then—must this devoted sufferer give herself up to the blackness and darkness of despair? Is there no hope--no comfort—no consolation?—There is!

Would this afflicted mother intensely mourn, for any extensive period, if her Augusta was gone on a visit of a few days, a few months, or haply, for a few years, to a friend's house, where unalloyed happiness awaited her, and where no evil could possibly betide her; and where, after a short period, she should again meet her daughter, be restored to her society, enjoy her converse, and partake of her happiness? where, in process of time, all her little ones should be gathered around her, never again to be separated from her maternal arms, but should continue together in uninterrupted joy and happiness? If all this were sure and not to be doubted, would there be cause of excessive grief? Some grief there would be, because we are frail in judgment, but ought it to be excessive? Ought not rather a short interval of grief give place to hope and comfort, and indeed to joy and gladness? Such hope does the cheering voice of Christianity hold out to us,—why then should this afflicted mother or any of the mourners despair? The Son of God said, "*Fear not, because I live ye shall live also,*" and He has verified this promise, given us hope beyond the grave, and brought life and immortality to light, by himself rising from the dead, by triumphantly breaking the barriers of the tomb, and by ascending to heaven, in the presence of competent witnesses, who have placed it on record for the comfort of all those who study the Scriptures.

Let this afflicted mother, and all those who have similar cause of despondence, rest their hopes here. This is high authority, and cannot fail us in the time of need,—and with these in our mind, we have every cause of comfort, and little of despondency, much less of despair.

The Layman.

May, 1840.

For the Pearl.

NOTIONS ON ANGLING.

BY A LITTLE FISH.

An angler, our common enemy, my fellow fish, may be described generally, as a deceitful, conceited, hard-hearted ninny. (Applause.)

His *art*, as the affected thing calls catching us, consists, acknowledgedly, in deception. To beguile a trout is the height of his skill, his triumph, his pride! (cries of shame.) To tell practical falsehoods is the end and aim of his multifarious materials. His fly-fabricator is, by profession, a *maker* of lies,—and for the purpose of gulling and gilling innocent fish. In these lies is the angler a connoisseur; he stores them carefully, and vends them zealously, as if his existence depended on out-witting us. (Shame.) He has a rod for over-reaching our pearly domain,—a treacherous line for laying into our cool recesses,—manufactured insects to amuse our fancies, and under each, a hook, to pierce, in the moment we nibble for food. *Sometimes he sallies forth, with a stock of worms*, on which some of our commonwealth love to regale. He comes with this-fish's bread, offers it, and, as we rise to partake, gives us his cold and cruel steel. (Shame, shame.) Yes,---and yet this practiced deceiver would foam like a war horse, if one of his fellows were to charge him him with falsehood. (Laughs of contempt.) Time would fail me to recite all the systematic deception which characterises the angler,---in proportion as he can cheat us,—play us in our death agonies,—and lure us from this sweet atmosphere to the poison of his own, is he considered accomplished in his department. (Shame, shame, shame.)

Then, as regards conceit, he calls this out-witting of *us*, stream-born, finny *fools*,---an art! a delightful art!! a *gentle* occupation, a sport, a pleasure!!! Would that he could see himself and his traps, as we see him and them. (Hear, hear.) He also affects to love nature, to delight in rambling among her retired scenery, and raves of many such things, put into his mouth by poets, who make the most of every subject, and are the privileged nonsense makers of the two-legged tribe. *We* know how he mopes, frog-like, about the stones, and mud banks,---and on dull days, when our own domain loses half its beauty,—blind to every thing around him,--intent only on hooking some of us, as if his own life depended on our death. (Shame.)

Conceited and deceptious, he is also lazy, in his way,—when any thing useful is to be done. He hates work,—he turns up his nose, with great contempt, at actual labour,—he counts his cost and his profit as if he were laying by for eternity; and yet, he goes floundering through ditch and swamp, deep in damp and mire, far away from shelter and comfort,—toiling like a slave, to catch what he can get caught to his hand, at one fiftieth part of the cost! (A laugh.) He returns, weary, and worn, talking of the sport he has had, and exhibiting his spoil; while, alas! urchins, whose trade it is to draw from our reservoirs, offer our brethren by the dozen at his door. (A laugh and groans.)

But, my fellow-fish, we are sometimes avenged. Innumerable are the ways in which the *gentle* vice of angling rebounds on those who call themselves the lords of Creation. Thus, idleing, and drinking of the fire water, and blindness of intellect, and deadness to duties, and disobedience, and recklessness, and cruelty, and many other evils, are fostered in early life,—until the angler's rod may well be considered emblematic of that which is intended for the fool's back, and which falls hot and heavy, frequently, as experience proves. (Applause, and clapping of many fins.)

If our enemy were the dignified, rational creature which he plumes himself on being, could he not revel harmlessly amid nature's scenery,—catch her peculiarities, and beauties, study rural life,—and, leaving us to enjoy our fate, only kill and destroy when his necessities require,—and not, in accordance with the organ of destructiveness, and, as he cruelly terms it, for *sport*. If he put this wise restraint on his follies, we would glide more fearlessly through our transparent plains,---would rise and gambol nearer the sunny surface, and delight him with our motions and forms and colours, if, as he professes, he is capable of delight from such matters. (Hear, hear.)

I will no longer detain you, my deeply attentive friends. The sun-beams grow hotter among the aquatic grasses and flowers;

the flies—real flies, for no shadow of rod or line is above them—tempt ye from the retired nook,—farewell.

Fin-gall.

[The writer of the above takes a very different view of matters from that taken in the elegant introduction to the "Camping Out" stories, on another page. But our readers will recollect the fable of the lion and the painter, and recognize the difference between an angler writing of fish,---and a fish writing of anglers.—Pearl.]

For the Pearl.

THE SEASON OF PROMISE.

Come forth, O children of men! from the many-voiced city, mazy and tumultuous as the waves of ocean. Come forth, to the silent glades, where the sun only, that giant of the empyrean, looks down on the solitude. Come to the vistas of the woodland, made vocal by the returning birds of passage;—Come to the furrow, and the meadow, and the garden, and see what wonders nature is renewing on our earth.

Come, rich and poor, your interests are alike in this matter. What, though the dark vaults, strong and secret, shone with the light of the diamond, and bags of gold pressed heavily on the damp earth. What, though the will were ready, and the sinew well braced, to pay the penalty of the first curse for the bread of existence. If nature denied her revivifying powers, the money of the wealthy, and the labour of the indigent, would be alike unprofitable; and both would writhe in the agonies of despair, craving food vainly,—like the babe at its dead mother's breast.

Come, ye aged,—one more return of the opening year calls on ye for one more hymn of gratitude and joy;—come, ye young,—the season is like yourselves,—beloved, capricious, full of promise, the hope of many hearts,—the wayward and playful on which the great future depends.

Come, see how gaily the clear stream gambols between its banks of tender grass,—the ardour of summer has not yet mantled its pools and eddies with its green sedge. See, the sporting insects in its transparent shallows, great deeps are its tiny pools to them. What life and light and motion and music, are in all its course. On its surface, one of those little tribes perform most graceful and rapid evolutions; through its bright volume others glide to and fro; among its submarine gardens others quietly enjoy the tempered sunbeams.

Here, in its livery of light green, extends the meadow, feasting the eye with its grateful tint, and its level expanse;---there, above the well-made parellels of the ploughman, the early grain shoots up;---here the grove bursts into fragrant foliage, like the heart under the smiles of love and friendship;---and there, on those chequered plots, polyanthus, and crocus, and wall flower, give their beauteous colours, while the tulip-head bends gracefully, and the dahlia plant and the rose tree, expand their leaves, and the lavendar and lilach and laburnum, and a host of lovely things, display their varied foliage and flower-buds,---rich in promise of the luxuries of summer.

And is not that balmy sky rich in promise also? Look up the empyrean, through that bright blue, as if nothing but the distance, and the dimness of mortal vision, prevented the gazer from looking upon the thrones of angels. What summer noons are mapped out there,---what genial airs, and sunbeams, and full-mooned nights pleasanter than the sultry day. And what bounteous autumns! the oil and the wine and the flour, seem already stored, so strongly does the deep above, in its calmness and beauty, say, that "seed time and harvest shall not cease." See, along the horizon what piled up clouds, like the mountains of some spirit-land, crowned by celestial castle and palace. Do they not tell that the reservoirs of earth still sail, majestically lovely, over the dense forest, and stretched out prairie, and wavy ocean,---and promise the refreshing showers which fall on the thirsty land, beautiful and bountiful, invaluable benefits, coming immediately from heaven itself.

What is there, Oh young man, in thy individual existence, like unto these promises of nature?

Thou see'st a long perspective before thee;---pleasures of animal life, of intellect, of friendship, of love---strew the future; of such will be thy summer. Family, wide and firm connections, honour, and influence, and wealth for luxury and munificence,—and power for evil and for good, to punish, to protect, to govern,—of such are thy anticipated harvest. Rich in promise, indeed; well may thine eye, like that of the absent lover, look vacantly on the beauties around, seeing those, mentally, which are unthought of by all but thyself.

And what are thy promises, grey-headed man, in this the season of promise?

Less enthusiastic than thy junior, thine eye does not roll in a fine frenzy, yet still it sees the invisible. The dreams of young ambition, of renown, of high achievement, of fame, may have passed, for too often have the sober realities of life brushed away these splendid cobwebs of the brain;---but still, speculations are to be matured,—alliances are to be accomplished,—the renewal of the family name in another worthy generation, is to be witnessed. Stern troubles have not yet caused thee, acute voyager, to drift down the stream of life, thoughtless of vicissitude, callous to chance and change, seeking nothing and avoiding nothing;—like the bark deserted of its inmates, and turned among the last currents of the river. Hope is yet active, and the future smiles with promises, too reasonable to be gainsayed.

Alas for these builders on the too-near future. The youth and the man may find their promises like the dead sea fruits---cheating, unsubstantial, and turning to bitterness. How often has such experience blasted life! How many, whose later years, if believed, would dash to pieces the scenes which the lying enchanter now exhibits in his glass!

Yet are there promises which fail not! Happily, it is spring-time, it is the season of promise, to every son of Adam! Rejoice, O young man, that thy days are in their youth,---that not much of thy stock of life is exhausted, that not much bitterness has been yet laid up for the future. Seize the present, improve the passing hour, pursue the best objects, avoid the pit-falls of passion and folly, perseveringly and single-eyed,—remember the claims of religion in the days of thy youth---and nothing can deprive thee of the best blessings of humanity; the comforts of earth, the sunshine of the soul, the treasure in heaven.

And gray-growing eld, the promises are for you also: promises which will not be broken! The mental life is continually commencing. Let the past more than suffice; rouse to the race, and it may yet be won. True, much valuable time, and many precious opportunities may have been lost,—but lose no more. Act not the part of reckless gamblers, who having forfeited many stakes, hazard the residue. While time lasts, you have still wealth left---lay it out to interest, and it will yield compound profit without chance of failure. What signifies the part of existence already expended, compared with that which remains to an immortal spirit! If earth presents but few objects of hope, commence the eternal course,—here and now;—and immediately, faithful promises shall gild thy declining years: promises of eternal spring, in a land where no blights fall, cheering as the evening sun to the westward directed traveller, which decks his home in all the warm colours of the rainbow.

Selmo.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

The last sad sight!—the dim hills disappearing,—
The sky, the ocean, spreading lone and vast;
How little did I deem, that foam careering,
Of scenes to come, so different from the past.

Columbia, hail!—thy noble cliffs emerging
From the blue waters, glad the stranger's eyes;
New scenes, new friendships,—soon full closely verging
On all the lost and loved paternal ties.

Oft, on this peaceful strand, I sit communing
With fields, and streams, and city-ways of yore,—
Old tones to plaintive mood my soul attuning,
And whisp'ring, Come, renew thy youth once more.

Memory.

Halifax, June,—1840.

For the Pearl.

TREES.

We are gratified at having an opportunity of marking any attempt, however small, at beautifying the town, by means of those splendid verdant pillars which nature supplies. They, in some respects, far exceed the columns of art, as all nature's works surpass those of the artisan, in the same department.

A row of young trees have been recenty planted in front of St. Paul's Church, protected (?) ingeniously by wooden tubes. In a few years they may be expected to give shade and verdure to the heart of the town, and, happily, may induce similar attempts at improvement in other quarters.

Some years ago, Argyle street, had its green vista, so had Hollis street, and one or two of the intersecting streets in the same direction. The axe of the *improver* was set to work, the green heads of the ancient ornaments were brought to the dust, and the clap-board walls were allowed the full benefit of the glare of mid-day.

Some persons were romantic enough to mourn over this further evidence, as they thought, of the tree-felling mania, which has been charged on the inhabitants of this continent;—but the public servants might have become too old and ricketty for their places, and perhaps were "pushed from their stools" with much more of regret than triumph. If so, however, where are their successors,—why not plant young recruits from the forests in their stead,—why has dust and dust-colour such complete ascendancy in all our thoroughfares?

Suppose some of our public way sbeautified, as ways are, so sedulously, in other places, by means of those living pillars,—what fine results would be gained. Brunswick street has a pleasing perspective, and makes a cheerful promenade, particularly when the beams of sun-set come streaming over the western rise, and spreading their rich haze on the distance; but if, instead of a miserable sprinkling of shrubs, it had a vista of trees, ennobling or hiding the motley lines of buildings,—adding beauty to the handsome, and making the meagre, and poor, and ruinous, picturesque,—how much would the scene be enhanced! Pleasant street, sea-ward, is a favourite route for the stroller,—and no wonder. Cottages, gardens, and fields, immediately about him---and beyond, the green head-lands of the bay,—the noble sheet of water,—the sublime line of the ocean horizon,—with all the accessories of the scene: white sailed ships on their course,---boats repairing to, or returning from, market, clouds slowly sailing over the broad Atlantic, strands, woods, and "castled crags!" But how much more refreshing would the feelings of the perambulator be, if he looked out from a grateful shade of sycamore, or poplar, or beech! If outside, or inside, the dull fences, the barken columns rose, supporting an arch, more enchanting, to the lover of nature, than ever was piled up of stone and mortar for the returning conqueror.

It is not in the immediate vicinity of towns only, that the lover of trees finds cause to lament over the wanton destruction of that which would enrich and adorn. See a person about clearing a patch of woodland for a little farm. The axeman, blind except to one object, is set to work. Every tree he considers as an enemy, and labours, until he stands triumphantly over a space where nothing higher than his knee appears. The levelling is complete. Not one of the venerable aristocrats of the soil is allowed to stand, to diversify, and check, and beautify, and benefit the botanical democracy. The little homestead soon rises, and fruitful furrows and lawns bless the eye and the heart; but how heightened would every feature be, if the cottage had its grove of fir and spruce,—if the boundaries were marked by umbrageous foliage,—and if the pasturage was dotted by its natural clumps of trees. To recapitulate,—suppose a proprietor to have fifty acres of woodland, of which he intends to make a farm. He takes his map of the premises, and says—Here will I build my cottage,—and to the north and east shall be this grove of fir and spruce and sycamore, through which a little labour will make vistas, and serpentine walks, fit for the precincts of a palace. Along the limits shall those lines of trees stand,—and on this hillock, and at the centre of this level, and by this stream, and here and there, shall groups of these sylvan beauties be allowed to remain, to delight and refresh the cattle when the heats of summer make the shade a treasure. Thus will I be rich by holding my hand,—I will soon look abroad on my little paradise,—men will applaud my taste,—my children will sport amid the variety, and I will look up to the azure of heaven, with, perhaps, more of the grateful and sublime feelings which are appropriate, than if an exposed sward gave no cheerful and varied shelter from the glare of day.

In this way, every thing would be gained that the levelling system attempts,—and beside that, the elegant would be added to the useful, and would even enhance the utility of the useful. The cottage would seem a villa,—the farm would get a park-like air,—and, merely by a judicious "letting alone," by refraining from some unnecessary labour of the axe, by a tasteful sparing of the riches of nature, the efforts of art would be vastly aided, and value every way be the result. Advantages which are obtained with expense, and patience, and labour in older countries, are presented to our hand here,—but we shut our eyes, and, rushing to an extreme, make a "clearing" with a vengeance.

The tree-sparing and tree-planting system, we yet hope to see more attended to. It is like charity, it blesses the giver and the receiver. The man who practices it beautifies his premises, and the passer-by, while he pauses to enjoy the chequered scene, feels a sense of gratitude, and cheerfulness,—of thanks to him who was the agent, and of sublime recollection of the Source of all beauty.

In the town of Gardiner, U. States, late papers inform us, a "Tree Society" has been formed,—whose object is to embellish the streets with those denizens of the forest. Such an association may not be one of the most essential in a community; Gas Societies, Hotel Societies, Temperance Societies, may be more required by the ordinary business of life,—but, certainly, a "Tree Society" is very good in its way, and carries something so poetic and charitable and elegant in its very name, that at a glance we accord much of the milk of human kindness to one and all of the Brotherhood.

May a Society that gives such evidence of kindliness, joined with public spirit, grow and flourish like a tree planted by a river side, which extends its roots in the soft mould, drinks copiously of the refreshing stream, and bears its honoured head graciously high, a covert for man and beast, and a home for the foliage-loving birds;—and when the members are transplanted to the land of everlasting spring, may their memories be green in the souls of those who sit beneath the stems they reared, and who will be reminded of the benefactors of the common weal, by every zephyr that murmurs through the verdant labyrinths.

We recently saw a notice of a Cigar Society, which sent a vessel some 1600 miles for a supply of the favourite weed. The mission was fulfilled, the Imperials and Regalias were shipped,—she doubled her 1600 miles, she arrived, the sale occurred, and amateurs got supplies, at the rate of sixpence a piece for each of the little crayons: crayons they may be called, because they answer the definition, "spiral pieces of unctous matter used for *drawing*." Sixpence for such half an hour's kill-time will be rather expensive puffing, and the result will be, in a short time—some additional cloudlets of tobacco, delivered into the arch of heaven, and little heaps of white ashes on the hearths of sundry "Franklins," and the flower beds adjacent to as many garden seats. What results from such consequences! The same labour and cost would line half a dozen of our thoroughfares with stately elms, the present generation would grow wise under the grateful shade, and the next would rejoice in the same good, and keep annual holiday in honour of the members of the "Tree Society."

Sylvanus.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 13.

Fourth Original Pearl.—We present our readers to-day with our fourth Original number, and if it is not all that we could wish or they desire, we hope it will be taken as an indication of our anxiety to please, and an evidence of the growing taste for Literature and literary composition in the Provinces. From the kind assurances of many friends, and the good opinions expressed by our cotemporaries generally, we have reason to believe that, since it came into our hands, the Pearl has maintained any reputation it might have acquired, and has drawn around it the sympathy of many of the enlightened and the good, who would lament did we cease once a week to twinkle among the lesser stars in the great firmament of letters. We are made conscious of their kindliness of feeling in various ways—and, were their power equal to their wishes, we doubt not the Pearl would soon secure a place in every family circle in the Colonies. On a slip received from the Montreal Transcript Office, the other day, was written—"The Editor of The Transcript prefers the Pearl to any Literary Paper on the Continent of America." In a matter of taste, of course, the Editor is entitled to his opinion—but we can only say, that if we doubt a little the grounds of the preference he would indicate, we hope yet to establish a character second to none on this side of the Atlantic. In matters of engraving and mere embellishment, we must, for some years, be behind others, but in freshness, and variety of instructive and agreeable selection—in quality, if not in quantity of original matter, in a high moral tone, and attention to all those matters which are calculated to refine the taste and ripen the intellect of the Colonist, we hope that we shall be found not behind the requirements of the population for whom we cater, and that the Colonial Pearl will yet be deemed worthy of, and enjoy, very general circulation through the British Dominions on this Continent.

We would embrace this opportunity of respectfully suggesting to those who like our Paper, how very important a little personal effort is in the first stages of such a Periodical. Only for the want of this, hundreds who would willingly subscribe at once, and lend their aid to extend its resources, may not hear of it, or have their attention attracted to its pages, for years. If each of our patrons would consent to become a literary missionary for a single hour, what a beneficial change would at once be wrought in the prospects of the Pearl. Such an effort would give it a standing, and strength, which only corresponding activity on our part would be wanting to so improve, as to place it beyond the reach of accidents and contingencies for the future.

Items of News.—A fine Packet ship, the Poland, bound from New York to Havre, was set on fire by lightning, at sea, and destroyed. The collision occurred on the 16th of May, during heavy rain. There were 63 passengers on board, several of whom saw the electric flash descend; the explosion was similar to that of a piece of cannon. Some hours elapsed before it was discovered that she was on fire, in the hold. Exertions to extinguish the fire were unavailing, the hatches were battened down, and the smoke and gas oozing through crevices, caused the entire desertion of every place under deck. Great coolness was exhibited by all on board,—the women and children were placed in the long boat, which was lashed to the vessel,—two smaller boats were prepared, and thus they awaited the catastrophe. The boats could not contain all the persons on board,—about fifteen would have to be abandoned to death, if no other mode of deliverance appeared. The fire burned slowly. The long-boat's company remained nearly two days and nights in her, suffering excessively from exposure, crowding together in one posture, and in danger of swamping. They were taken on board the vessel, and sail made, to get into the track of vessels bound to or from Europe. The decks became excessively heated, the sea very rough, and danger imminently impended, when the ship Clifton came in sight, and rescued the sufferers, who soon after arrived at Boston. The Poland was seven days out when struck. The loss is estimated at about £37,000

An explosion occurred in the Arsenal about two miles below St. Louis,—100,000 cartridges exploded, and caused a tremendous shock.

A recent fire at Ithaca destroyed property to the amount of about 50,000 dollars.

Several extraordinary disappearances of persons, in some cities of the U. States, have been accounted for, either by the return, or otherwise, of the parties.

A meeting was held at Mason Hall, on Thursday last, for the purpose of opening a subscription towards the erection of a monument to the Duke of Wellington. Committees were appointed, and other arrangements made.

The Nova Scotia Philanthropic Society held their annual fete at the Prince's Lodge, on Monday last. The Society have chosen the day, and place of meeting, with due taste. The 8th of June is the anniversary of the landing of Governor Cornwallis and the first settlers of Halifax. The Lodge is endeared by having been erected by the Duke of Kent, and used by him as a country residence. It thus unites some of the romance and circumstance, which make "ruins" in the old Country so interesting. Added to this, the Lodge is situated on the borders of Bedford Bason, surrounded by secluded and picturesque scenes. The Society, and their guests, numbering upwards of two hundred, proceeded to their destination in the Sir Charles Ogle Steam-boat. One party left at eleven o'clock, the other at two. The day was fine, but rather warm. Athletic and other games occupied the interval between dinner and returning home.

The weather has been unusually dry and sultry, and rain is much desired for the various crops.

An interesting meeting of the Halifax Temperance Society took place on Monday evening last, in the old Baptist Meeting house. The meeting was addressed by Beamish Murdoch, Esq.—Rev. Dr. Twining, Rev. Mr. Knowlan, Mr. Brown, Jun. and others. Seventeen new members took the pledge. The cause, happily, appears to be making visible progress in Halifax. It has done wonders, through all the ramifications of society, in a less palpable manner, by influencing the habits and customs of the community.

Music in our Square.—On Tuesday afternoon the fine band of the 23rd Regt. occupied the south area of the Province Building, in front of the office of the Pearl, and we had nothing to do but throw open windows, and pursue our labours, while they were discoursing most exquisite music. Here now, thought we, is one of the cheap luxuries, which, because every body can enjoy it, for nothing, nobody sufficiently values. Put a fine Military Band in any one of five hundred Provincial Towns in England or Scotland, to play for an afternoon, and what a turn out there would be of the beauty and fashion of the place, to listen to the sweet sounds! But in Halifax, that which can be heard on parade every fine morning in summer, and at Mason Hall almost every evening in winter, comes at last to be listened to with comparative indifference. We observe that strangers, and especially persons from the United States, are always more attracted by the Bands than the townspeople. We remember an American lady, whom, a few summers ago, nothing could tempt to forego her morning's ramble to the parade. But, with the exception of a few dozen of boys and girls, clinging around the Iron Railings, there were scarcely any listeners on Tuesday, to the Band of the 23rd. A few officers there were, but finding nobody to chat and flirt with, they moved off, and left the musicians almost alone in their glory. It is really very kind of the Commanding Officers of the different Regiments in garrison to allow their Bands to furnish these semi-weekly treats to the citizens, and it would really be but a fair return of the compliment, for those who can spare an hour of an afternoon, to promenade around the square, and show that they appreciate what is intended for their amusement, and what certainly does add vastly to the rational attractions of the Town. We cannot but wish, however, that the Bands would give us more of those stirring national airs, and delicious melodies, which, to the ears of English, Irish, and Scotchmen, and those of their descendants, are infinitely more acceptable than the foreign peices which are performed so frequently, but which few feel, and a still smaller number understand. They "discourse music" indeed, sweet and harmonious, but not eloquent. The soul is not stirred, no sentiments are excited, a pleasing, confusing maze passes across the ear, and all is over. Is this the end of Music? Should it be its highest aim? Should not the test of the art be, like that of its sister arts, Painting and Poetry,—the giving of delight to the greatest number, popularity founded on nature,—rather than the captivating some few "professors" who are conscious that difficulties have been surmounted, and are pleased at the mere triumph, considering the effects as secondary, if considering them at all.

Dancing.—A lady who has highly amused the European public, by exhibiting the graceful and extraordinary attitudes and movements, of which the human body is capable,—has arrived at New York, and caused quite an excitement there. She is named Fanny Elssler; and judging from the sums she has been paid in Europe, the honours she has received, and the dignified personages she has attracted, we may conclude that her abilities, in her line, are very unusual. The facts in her case form a curious demonstration of the vagaries of fashion, and of taste,—and of the various modes in which luxury exhibits itself. A tulip, at one time, may represent the value of 100 guineas, because it is of a rare kind, and the rich vie with each other, as regards the possession of botanical beauties. A musician will receive more for a few performances on one string of a violin, than a man who unites the qualities of sage and poet, for producing a series of volumes, which have cost him years of labour, and which combine much of the wisdom of Minerva with the eloquence of Apollo. A dancer will amass a splendid fortune, and become famous in two hemispheres, while tens of thousands of her sex, who walk quietly on their feet, have to encounter incessant care and labour, for a mere solitary living. All this may not be evil, *but it seems trenching on evil*, and like that kind of extreme self-indulgence which proceeds retrogression, in individuals and nations. As regards Fanny Elssler, in New York, it appears that she has been receiving about £200 a night for each night that she has performed.

Some scraps from a New York paper will tend to show the extravaganza which reigns on this subject. They are as follows:

"The evening of the fourteenth of May, 1840, was a memorable one in the annals of the stage, in this country, for it was on that night that the incomparable Fanny Elssler made her first courtesy at the Park theatre. Never can we forget the sensation that was produced when the inimitable daughter of the Graces came bounding before us like a spirit from another sphere. All that we had imagined of poetry—of music—of sculpture—of refinement—elegance and beauty—were realized. The colours of the rainbow—the delicacy of the flowers—the purity of the chrystal waters—*have nothing more radiant*, exquisite or transparent, than the gossamer floatings of this glorious creature. We shut our eyes, even now as we write, and the whole scene is before us. The dense audience—the multitudinous seas of human faces—the waving of handkerchiefs—the showers and garlands of flowers—the shouts of the arena—and, above all, the aerial spiritings of the danseuse, with her sweet smiles and sunny features—her brief but earnest expression—"many thanks—my heart is too *full* for words," are still before us like a spell! We are poor—we are poets—we have little in possession, and less in perspective; but we would not forego the glories of that evening for any consideration that occurs to us. The performances were a *Polish Dance*, and the ballet of *La Tarantlue*. In the first all was nature, grace, and unadorned simplicity; but, in the second, she gave a meaning, and a finish to every movement, gesture and expression, that astonished, delighted, and electrified the spectators."

The writer of the above need not inform us that he is a poet and poor. None but a poet could indulge in such rhapsodies on such a subject; and one so led away by his feelings, has not much chance of becoming rich, in the matter of fact world that surrounds ordinary mortals. Had he said, "a spirit from another *hemisphere*," there would be prose and probability, but to imagine a more than mortal spirit appearing for the amusement of the Opera House goers, was indeed laying "a flattering unction to their souls." The "transparency of the gossamer floatings" of a dancer, is a fine specimen of exquisite nonsense, into which the poor poet has been beguiled by the enchantress; but he evinces the truth of the adage, that "a man's mind is his Kingdom," by declaring that no "consideration" could give pleasure equal to the glories of "that evening." It is easy to put such a one in the "third heaven" of earthly enjoyment, and if he cannot command much, he can command a little to appear a vast deal. The writer of the above, fearing to be thought too extreme in his description, gives a scrap from another American authority, who witnessed Fanny's gyrations in Paris, as confirmatory of his own opinions.

This second authority describes her as pirouetting six feet high,—springing round until she becomes invisible,—and moving her feet so rapidly that they could no more be counted than the spokes of a rail wagon going express. These are extraordinary performances, if true, yet, after all, they do not remind one very much of the acts of "a spirit from another sphere."

There can be no doubt, however, that this actress unites many of the graces of her profession, and that she forcibly exhibits what wonders training and practice can effect, in the human subject, when nature is propitious.

Literary and Scientific Association.—This institution continues its meetings and debates throughout the summer. Last Monday evening an animated discussion occurred on the question "Whether the American Revolution, had a beneficial or injurious effect on the present British Colonies."

On the beneficial side it was assumed:—First, that the revolt of 1776, had obtained for the present Colonies the benefit of the act 18th, George 3d, by which the King and Parliament of Great Britain renounced the claim to taxation, and guaranteed to the Colonists their inalienable right of property.

Secondly, that the attention of the Mother Country being withdrawn from the revolted Colonies when they had succeeded in gaining their independence, the remaining Colonies became objects of greater solicitude and fostering care; and have consequently progressed more rapidly in improvement and prosperity, than they would, had their resources continued to be obscured by the exclusive attention, which must have been directed to older, more populous, and more important Colonies. And thirdly, that as regards Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, much had been gained, by the influx of Loyalists, who had left the States on account of their preference for Monarchical institutions, and had brought to these Colonies *wealth* to enrich them, and *education* to elevate and refine the character of their inhabitants.

On the other side of the question it was argued that the war of the revolt exercised a most serious and injurious effect upon the British North American Colonies. The question was asked, in what position would these Colonies have stood, had the revolution never taken place? The real point in issue, was not, whether the British North American Colonies possessed greater political liberty and more Commercial advantages and immunities now, than they did immediately preceding the war; but whether, if that war had not occurred, they would not, in common with the other New England Colonies, (now the Republic of America,) have succeeded in obtaining equal laws and institutions. If the question would admit of so wide a scope, the injurious consequences of the revolution could *easily* be proved by statistical returns laid on the table of the House of Commons by the present Governor General. To this replies were made.

It was decided by a large majority, that the American Revolution had been beneficial to the Colonies.—*Communicated.*

[We had to abbreviate the Notice of the Literary and Scientific Association, to meet the space vacant at the time of its reception.]—Pearl.

THE FAIRY.

Let fairies delight, 'neath the midsummer moon,
To woo lovers new 'mongst the roses of June;
My Mary's the fairy I only would fold,
In my arms: she hath charms that can never be told.

Let fairies so featly adown the glen trip,
That their feet scarce can greet the blue violet's lip;
My Mary's the fairy trips lighter by far,
To the well, in the dell, by the light of love's star.

Let fairies in visions to poets appear,
As they dream by the stream when the twilight is near;
My Mary's the fairy that's dearer to me,
Than the shower to the flower, or the bell to the bee. W.

For the Pearl.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.

Under this title some admirable sketches of English character have appeared of late, a few of which have been copied into the Pearl. Every country has its Heads, though sketchers may sometimes be wanting—and in each there are distinct classes, from which individuals may be selected that would be recognized at once as fitting representatives of the class to which they belong. I have sometimes fancied that William Howitt might find heads, even in Nova Scotia, on which to employ his pencil. There are lots of them, if people would only look about, and see for themselves, and make of the materials around them matter of mutual instruction and amusement. Take, for instance,

The Malagasher.—This is the familiar soubriquet given in the Metropolis to all coasters of German extraction, whether they come from Lunenburg, the ancient hive, or from any of the Coves, Harbours, or Inlets, into which they have swarmed, eastward to the Bay of Islands. The race is the same, wherever found, displaying in all places the same characteristics. The Malagasher is a dear lover of the sea shore, and seldom moves inland except upon compulsion. There are several of the tribe on the eastern road, this side of Gay's River, but they always strike me as out of place, and by no means as cheerful and contented as the rest of the family. The sea side, from Petit Riviere to Newdy Quaddy, is the place to see the genuine Malagasher in all his glory. He cares not how rough the land is, or how thickly strewed the granite rocks may be upon the surface. Right well satisfied is he that there is good soil under the rocks, and that these wont grow again when once removed—and thousands of tons change places, in an inconceivably short space of time, when he takes it into his head to make a clearing. Though not condemned, like Sysiphus, to roll the same stone forever, he is forever, when on land, rolling one stone or another. As if by magic, a wall, nearly as broad if not so high as the great wall of China, rises around his plantation. Though not extremely regular and symmetrical in its construction, it lasts forever. Wicked cattle cannot push it down with their horns or haunches, nor does it require, like a pole fence, to be repaired every spring. Jack Frost cannot heave those huge rocks, indeed nobody but a Malagasher would ever think of heaving them. Some of the largest, rolled down the bank upon the sea shore, are huddled together at low water and formed into a wharf. A few plank form a covering, and a huge post, built in at each corner, affords safe mooring for half a life. One would think, to run over the Malagasher's farm, that it was somewhat small to give a living to such a large family as he intends to get—but he does not trust to the land altogether; and besides, he requires no extensive pasture—his stock of cattle rarely exceeds a cow and a pair of working oxen. A horse he gets if there happen to be any roads around him, but often, where he is settled, there are no roads but the great highway of nations; if we except, perhaps, the winding path from point to cove, and from cove to point, that connects him with his neighbors.

It is just three years since that little clearing was a part of the unbroken wilderness—and had you looked upon it then, with its scrubby growth of spruces in front and young birches in the rear, barely concealing the myriads of granite rocks that the last fire which ran along the coast revealed, by removing every vestige of the primeval forest, you would hardly have fancied that any human being would, in his senses, have undertaken to convert such a spot into a farm. But at that time Melchoir Mosher was just turned of twenty, and Susan Schlawnweit was some two years younger. Melchoir could roll a granite rock—build a boat—shoot a seine—pile cord wood—steer a shallop—hawl a cod-line—dance a jig—eat sour krout—drink his glass—shoot a duck—harpoon an albecore—scoop gaspereaux—pitch sea-weed—drive oxen—chop wood—row a boat, or box a round, with any young Malagasher on the shore. What did he care for granite rocks and scrubby spruces? like Sheridan with the Patridges, he knew he could 'make them get out of that,' and he had a shrewd suspicion that Susan Schlawnweit would have no objections to help him.

Susan was a cheerful brunette, with black hair, and eyes—with a breadth of beam and an expansion of chest which gave sure promise of a powerful and productive housewife. It must be acknowledged that her foot was none of the smallest, and that her hand ought to have been whiter and more delicate, if it had never done harder work than thrum a Piano and curl her hair. But, from childhood until she was a stout lass, I am not quite certain that Susan had always worn shoes in the summer time; and a foot as small as Cinderella's would not continue diminutive, if always treading among rocks, and stumps, and round beach stones—and that hand, who that had the least knowledge of the various things to which it was put in the course of a year, would wonder that it was sunburnt, and a little too thick for any French kid glove in Fenerty's latest importation. It was no uncommon thing for Susan Schlawnweit, in the summer time, to be up before the sun—milk the cows—clean the barn—drive the cattle into the woods to feed upon the young leaves and long rank grass, which, in Nova-Scotia, affords such abundant and refreshing pasturage to the cattle of the poor—churn the butter, prepare a substantial breakfast for her father's family—and then, when the old man and the boys had dispersed to the fields, she might be seen holding the old fashioned two wheeled plough—dropping potatoes into the drills, or perhaps standing up to her knees in the salt water, reap-hook in hand, cutting rockweed to replenish the manure heap. Thus passed the forenoon with Susan Schlawnweit—then dinner was to be cooked and cleared away—after that, if there were green fish upon the flake, there was she, turning and piling, or carrying them on a hand-barrow to the store—or, if there had been a run of mackarel, and the family had had the good fortune to make 'a stop,' then would she stand on the beach, splitting and gibbing for a whole moonlight night, helping the girls and boys to gossip and crack jokes, and perhaps to pelt gibs at some lazy or sleepy fellow, who did not do his fair share of work.

Now Melchoir Mosher, who lived on the opposite side of the Cove, well knew that Susan Schlawnweit could do all these things—and besides, had marked that her spinning wheel and loom made rather more noise, in the long winter evenings and dull days, than any others in the harbour; and he rightly judged, that with such a girl as that he might venture to begin the world without any apprehensions for the future.

They had lived near each other from childhood, and mixed together in scores of scenes of juvenile merriment or exertion—but latterly it had been observed that, at Weddings or Barn Raisings, Melchoir always contrived to dance at least a dozen times in the course of the night, (for those frolics rarely break up till day-light) with his young neighbor. It was evident, also, that when he was rowing past, if Susan happened to be upon the beach, he rested on his oars rather longer than on other occasions—that when she went for the cows, it was generally very difficult to find them; and that, on one or two occasions the cotton handkerchief tied round her head was mightily tumbled on her return, and had a strong smell of fir balsam. If anything was wanting at home, Susan was always certain Mrs. Mosher had it, and if a mackerel 'broke' in the offing, or a net had gone adrift, Melchoir always fancied the Schlawnweits knew something about it. So that, some how or other, the young couple contrived to spend so many hours together, that the old people began to talk the matter over, and see what could be spared to set them up in the world.

Old Mosher gave his son a deed of some five acres of the rough land we have been talking about, and the loan of his working oxen, whenever they were not wanted at home. The trees were soon cleared away, and, with the aid of the oxen, Melchoir attacked the granite rocks: for those he had no great love, but he had a great deal of love for Susan Schlawnweit—and he knew that when he got rid of them she would be comfortable and independent. By George, it would have done a lazy fellow good to see how he did split, and roll, and knock them about, sometimes before daylight, and often by moonlight. His first field cleared, and his barley and potatoes planted—Melchoir prepared the stuff for a log house, and then there was a 'raising.' Such a clattering of heavy feet as there was upon the new floor that night,—such a hugging in the corners, and kissing outside the door, was never heard, tell of any where but upon the shore. I will not undertake to say how much new rum was drank, but I know that the old soldier, who was the Schoolmaster, Scrivener and Fiddler, of the harbour, was so drunk that he fell through the head of the barrel on which he sat, just before sunrise.

A fortnight after this, the young couple might be seen walking, hand in hand, through the streets of Halifax, Melchoir in his best suit, and Susan dressed in white, with a broad red sash round her waist, a worked collar upon her ample bosom and shoulders, and other little innocent finery about her person, to be worn that day, and perhaps for a Sunday or two after her first and second child were born, and then laid aside, as memorials of past pleasures, that love had sanctioned and 'the law allowed.' If a clergyman happened to be within reach of the Harbour, a ring and a few little supplies were purchased, and the wedding took place at old Mr. Schlawnweit's—if not, the young couple, with bridesmaid and best man, and the old people, bringing up the rear, might be seen going up the Minister's steps, one of them having a dollar in coppers in his right hand ready to pay the fee. In either case a frolic completes the ceremony, and Melchoir Mosher and Susan Schlawnweit have slept a night beneath their own roof.

Three years have passed away, and there are three children in that Log House, and some prospect of another. There is a second field cleared—the Malagasher has got a pair of steers of his own. There has been a barn raising—and he has built himself a whaleboat, a flat, and a gondola—and got credit for a couple of nets, and sundry killocks and codlines. There is a pig or two about the premises, for whom the fish offal affords abundant food. Melchoir has caught some Salmon in the spring, scooped up some Alewives in the neighboring river—and, having an interest in a seine hard bye, has made sundry hawls of Mackarel and Herring, to say nothing of the Cod and Haddock caught at the mouth of the Harbour, or off upon the Banks, and which Susan has carefully cured upon the flakes. He is a man now going ahead—able to pay '*his* Merchant,' and to look the future in the face without apprehension.

Twenty years have slipped round, and there sits Melchoir Mosher on the quarter rail of his own shallop, at the end of the market wharf, selling his own potatoes and cabbages, for the farm has become considerably enlarged. He looks pleased, for Potatoes are 3s. 6d. a bushel; and besides, his own boys man the craft, and heave out the blue noses, while Melchoir has nothing to do but sit by, crack jokes with his customers—pocket the money, and see good measure. It is not a bad looking shallop that—well fitted and strong. Melchoir built her himself, after a model that has been in the heads of all the Moshers since the first settlement of Malagash. She has paid for herself several times over, for, of late years, since the family grew numerous and strong, Melchoir has engaged a good deal in the coasting line. His next voyage will be to the Egg Islands, and, in July, you will see the old man sitting and washing gull's eggs, with as much composure as he now disposes of his potatoes. Then, perhaps, he may fill his craft with sea manure from some of the wild beaches, and sell it in the thick settlements of the old Dominion, for so much a cart-load. After that, he will bring a few cargoes of coal from the Sydney Mines; and then, for the rest of the year, transport the wood that his family and neighbours have cut and hauled during the past winter, and retail it at the Market Wharf. When not on board his shallop, Melchoir finds enough to do on shore. His eye and his hand are every where. If a drift log or a bush gets into a Salmon net, he is sure to see it first; and if a rock of unusually large dimensions seems to baffle the strength of the boys, he is certain to grip hold of the worst end, or to fling his weight upon the crow-bar. Reading and writing are accomplishments that he does not pride himself much upon—nevertheless, there is an old Lutheran Bible, in German, with wooden cover and brass clasps, that has descended to him, and of a Sunday he may often be found with this upon his knees. As to his accounts, the few he has are kept with a bit of chalk upon the door, or upon the smoky boards of the mantel piece—but these are very simple, for he has long since made it a rule to buy nothing that he could not pay for, and to sell nothing except for cash in hand. Persons who know Mosher well, affect to say that the till of a huge old chest, under the head of his bed, is filled with coin, and that several old stockings, with notes and small gold in them, are secreted in various parts of the house.

But how does our old friend Susan Schlawnweit bear the flight of years? Look at her, as she bustles about the substantial frame house that has replaced the log hut in which her honeymoon was passed. She stoops a little—her voice is perhaps shriller than it was—her figure is more spread and fleshy, and there are some grey hairs mingled with the black ones. Eighteen children has Susan brought into the world without the aid of a man midwife; and the only one she ever lost, she fancies was killed by the Doctor of a ship that put into the Harbour in distress. Mark what a mountain of barley bread she is cutting up for the evening meal—but, when the flock get seated about the table, it will seem none too large, even though flanked by an earthen pan full of potatoes, and a couple of huge dishes of fried cods heads, and broiled bloaters. A happy mother is Susan Schlawnweit, to have seventeen young Malagashers treading in the old paths of economy and industry, and to have plenty to give them to eat and to do. For twenty years her cradle has never been empty, and, before the next two babies, with which she intends to finish off, are out of it, the probability is that she will be a grandmother, for her eldest daughter has been complaining how difficult it was to find the cows of late, and her biggest boy has been twice discovered kissing Sally Crooks.

CRAYON.

[The writer of the above article has no wish to monopolize this department. The 'English 'heads' are hit off by many hands. There is a fine field in Nova-Scotia—let others take their share.]

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