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# COLONIAL PEARL.

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

Published every Friday evening, at 17s. 6d. per Annum.

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 9, 1899.

NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

## ORIGINAL.

For the Pearl.

### A NIGHT IN AUTUMN.

The stars are burning beautiful; the blue  
Sky spreads in glory round them, like a sea  
Shoreless and vast; and see, the moon bursts through  
The clouds that darken'd her divinity.  
Oh Night! Oh Autumn! ye are lovely twins:  
Lovely and lonely as a poet's dream,  
When far from folly's haunts he woos and wins  
The Muses by some sweet sequester'd stream.  
And hark those plaintive notes! Fond Philomel,  
Of Tereus' treacheries thy tragic tale  
Warbles so wildly from its vocal cell,  
That I could weep o'er thine and Procne's pain  
Till all yon weary watchers waxen pale,  
And proud Hyperion rise to glad the earth again. M.

[NOTE TO THE ABOVE LINES.—Philomela was daughter of a King of Athens, and was transformed into a nightingale. Her sister Procne (or Progne) was married to a Thracian Prince, Tereus. On visiting Athens some years after, Tereus brought Philomela with him. On the way he violated her person, and to conceal his crime cut out her tongue. She communicated it to her sister by means of embroidery. In revenge they killed the son of Tereus. He pursued them, and the gods changed one into a nightingale and the other into a swallow: So says Grecian fable.—ED. PEARL.]

For the Pearl.

### A LEGEND.

"Nine tailors make a man."

Disparaging epithets have frequently been applied, unwarrantably, to persons and things. Accidental circumstances, imaginary characteristics, or malicious wit, may cause the evil, without the slightest regard being paid to the justness of the application, or the consequences. Some of these verbal inflictions take hold, and continue,—if an individual be the object, during life,—if a class, during many generations:—others have but a very brief adhesive power, or drop without striking, and become innocuous and are forgotten,—like filth cast at an innocent object, which, falling short, only soils the assailant.

The adage, *nine tailors make a man*, is a specimen of that class of sayings, which, being intended for ridicule, attach to their objects, and perpetrate injury and injustice. There can be no doubt of its injustice,—for what reader does not recollect some of the abused fraternity, who, as far as physical manliness goes, could dress the jackets, off hand, mauley for mauley, of ninety-nine in every hundred, of the things which most use the sneer,—and whose moral manliness equals, at least, that of the general run of men—not excluding even the more belligerent classes,—soldiers, sailors, lawyers and divines?

A little legend gives a pleasing account, of the origin of the adage above mentioned. Its repetition may afford some instruction and amusement,—so, if my readers imagine themselves in a Café at Constantinople, and suppose the writer to be a somewhat indifferent story teller,—and will, in fancy, light their pipes, and sip their coffee, I will proceed.

About, perhaps, a century ago—before gas-lights banished darkness from London, and the New Police annihilated street robberies,—when it required some bravery to dare the perils of Long Alley after night-fall,—and when link boys lighted elderly epicureans from tavern to tavern, disturbing snoring Dogberries by the comet-like gleams of their torches,—about a century ago, a Tailor's shop enlivened the lower flat of a house in Wardour Street. Nine journeymen, of this most antient body civic, made the premises vocal, with jest and laugh and story and song,—and mayhap, at times, with a political discussion,—thus relieving the monotony of their handicraft. The latter recreation, however, was not favorable to their productiveness. The holder-forth on William or Ann, or Marlborough's victories, or the Protestant Succession, was apt to suit the twitch of his silk, energetically, to the thread of his subject,—and the tension, in these parts, but ill accorded with the lax stitches, which were perpetrated when he had to listen to the tangled argument of an opponent. Not only did irregular seams result from these state affairs, but the progress of a garment was often altogether suspended, while the needle marked out the progress and positions of armies, and thimbles represented strong castles on the continent. A long ballad, with a cheerless measure, and a po-

pular chorus, made the circle work most steadily,—and never did "four and twenty fiddlers all in a row," exhibit better time, to as good purpose, as did the throats and elbows of the nine tailors, when an appropriate subject and a judicious leader made them pull together. A long story, also, made all go on smoothly,—and while one recounted the hair-breadth escapes of some knight of the road, or the magical adventures of some Arabian princess, he and his fellows, wrapped in the fairy mantle of the imagination, plied their implements instinctively and continuedly, forming the dignity of fops, stitch by stitch—as the coral insects build up islands, by most tiny contributions.

Hail Poetry and Music,—divine power of song! Not to the dweller in palaces only, art thou a solace,—but the humblest artisan may glow with thy inspirations. The sister art, Painting, also visits the lowly. Are not the gay devices of George and the Dragon, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Returning Soldier, prepared in vermilion and azure, and yellow ochre, for their benefit? While "imagees," tinted with brighter hues than those of Michael Angelo, may be translated from the board of the itinerant Italian, to dignify the crockery of the meanest shelf.

The nine Tailors of Wardour Street, one bleak winter afternoon, were sewing away, and singing, lustily, of the achievements of bold Robin Hood. As the lay waxed loud and long, the fun and frays of the green-wood seemed to animate the motley "shop-board," until that also became a field of chivalry, one on which, to use a modern phrase, each man "exhibited his claim to spirit and bottom." In the midst of this melody a rapping at the door was heard. Still the song and the seam continued. Again the intruder sought admittance; but the leader of the band only raised his voice the louder, and gave more emphasis to the turns of the tune, resolved that he would not be disturbed in the middle of a bar:

"Then Robin drew his gallant blade,  
Made of the trusty steel;  
But the tinker he laid on so fast,  
That he made Robin reel."

As the stanza ended, the merry strain ceased, and "Come in" was vociferated in a tone which might make the famous archer himself anticipate burly treatment. The latch was raised, and a very different personage from deer-stalking Robin, appeared before the gazing artisans.

A pale, delicately formed, handsome boy, clad in the habiliments of extreme poverty, and shivering in the season's blast, looked up supplicatingly to the men. "What dost want, urchin?" said one of the disturbed singers, frowning on the child,—"Get along, there's nothing for thee here." "Gently, Strap," said another, "thou talkest as boldly, eye and bolder, than the Tinker did to Robin Hood. Thou'lt frighten thy own goose if thou alterest thy natural voice so.—Well, little man, thou lookest cold poor thing,—go to the fire and warm thee, and say what's the matter that thou art not housed this bleak evening." "I want something to do," said the boy, "I am hungry, and would work hard for my food." "Well said!" ejaculated another of the tuneful nine, "what canst thou do?" "I can carry loads, or go of errands, or if I had anything to sell, I think I could do that as well as the Jew boys." "Where's thy father and mother?" "In the cold grave, masters, or I would not be thus. You will make them rest in peace if you help their poor orphan. They cared nothing about themselves when dying, I am told, thinking of me: 'Geordie,' said they, 'work for your bread like an honest man, if you desire the blessing of heaven, or the repose of your parents' souls.'" "Good advice, in sooth," said one of the men; "where dost thou live?" "In truth, just where I stand, I have no home; I worked for a lodging, but I am penniless to-night, and have no kin to give me shelter for nought." "A sad story, a sad story," was the remark to this appeal,—"but, you see we have no room for apprentices here,—and the good woman of the house does our attendance." "Thank you for gentle words, masters, I can expect no more, and must go farther with my services." "Not so fast either," said another of Geordie's auditors,—step into the next room, and tell Mother Warp that Sam Point wishes thee to have a seat by her fire, and a hearty supper." Geordie did as desired, while a glow of cheerful gratitude helped to dissipate the careworn expression which evidently had become habitual to his comely features. When the door closed on his gentle figure, and his pale handsome face no longer pleaded his cause, nor his matted brown locks told of the want of a mother's hand, the men looked, consultingly, at each other. "I tell you what, my chums," said Point, "here are nine of us, let us join stock and keep the pretty orphan." "Agreed" said one. "How," enquired another,

"whose boy shall he be, he can't sag for all?" "Listen to my plan," said Point; "I don't want to keep him as a 'turnspit' about the chimney corner,—let us set up the little man in his own line. He wants to sew up the Jew boys, you see, and if I mistake not fortune will cut out a good seat of work for him yet. A thought strikes me by which we can set him up and save money too. Instead of taking our Greenwich spree next Monday, let us club our half crowns to give Geordie a fit out. The day's work will then be so much clear gain, and the sight of the happy orphan will be better than a peep at Queen Bess's Hospital." "But," said Strap, "List has engaged Sally Hanks to go with him, and Selvo is to bring Margaret Hemly, what will the lasses say?" "I would think but little of the lasses," said Point, "if they did not say, 'Well done,' and like the lads all the better for acting a fatherly part before the law obliged them to do so." "I can answer for Sall," said List, "the girl has the heart of a Queen." "And I," said Selvo, "can argue Madge into good temper, I have no doubt. The urchin must not be turned out to starve, to-night; and, as Point says, he promises well." "But," said Gusset, "should we not apply to the parish for some assistance?" "Parish!" answered Point, "to have the pretty youth made the starved drudge of an iron-hearted Bandle?—No, I will subscribe two men's shares myself, rather than lose the pleasure of helping the lad. Heaven has thrown him in our way, for good luck. There are nine of us, let us make a man of him."

The generous advice was successful. Geordie's patrons joined their holiday mites,—got up some comfortable garments,—bought a basket,—stocked it with oranges, nuts, threads, pencils, quills, and a heterogeneous variety of small wares,—and sent him out to begin the world for himself. He commenced his commercial life as independent and happy as a prince,—and much more grateful to those whose contributions made his wealth, than potentates generally are.

Geordie returned, each evening, to his shelter beside the shop-board, looking at the vacancies in his store, occasioned by the day's sales, and listening to the jingle of his receipts, with supreme satisfaction. The merchant who beholds his argosy ride safely into harbour, after a successful voyage, did not feel so rich and happy as the orphan, on such occasions,—and his anticipations of the teeming future were more vivid and exhilarating than ever fall to the lot of "hoary old." Man is taught, by experience, that Hope is, generally, a syren, beautiful but fallacious,—and to be listened to with great caution and many deductions; but the boy trusts and loves, ardently, and he would disregard, as silly and splenetic, the warnings of a Mentor.

The happiness of Geordie was scarcely greater than that of his patrons. They looked with pride on the smart little merchant,—felt a generous glow in giving him their protection, and were delighted by his good conduct, and by the complacent feelings which worthy actions inspired.

The little adventurer was not without some drawbacks on his felicity. One evening he emerged from St. Ann's Court, with the wreck of his basket in his hand, his clothes torn, and large tears coursing down his rueful countenance. A sad disaster had befallen him,—and at times he paused irresolute, clenched his little fist, and seemed inclined to retrace his steps;—but, again turning towards his home, he hurried eagerly forward, as if redress lay only in that direction. At this juncture, who should appear in view but Peter Serge, one of the gayest of the nine who watched over Geordie's fortunes,—and one who, Geordie well knew, would think but little of dashing into any contest which should excite his feelings. Never did disabled cutter run more gladly under the protecting guns of a friendly line-of-battle ship,—never did Grecian or Trojan hero seek more eagerly the aid of some Olympian divinity,—than did Geordie hasten to his gallant friend. He rushed to Peter, and holding up the wreck of his basket, and looking at him with his tearful eyes, related, quickly as his agitation would allow him, how he had been ill-used by a pedlar Jew lad, who was encouraged and protected in his aggression, by Bully Isaacs—a well known character about sporting houses in that part of Westminster. "If I had fair play, Peter," said Geordie, "I would have double-milled the rascal; but Isaacs hustled me while the other used his fives right and left,—and worse than that, destroyed my wares and basket." Peter enquired eagerly which way they had gone, and intimating his willingness to have a "turn up" with Isaacs, he and the orphan went rapidly after the aggressors. On entering Soho Square, Isaacs and the young bump were seen skulking about a music-store, in that retired area. Isaacs was about Peter's weight, but the good proportions of the tailor, the free play of his limbs, and the resolute

expression of his countenance,—hinted that he was no novice in the science of listy cuffs, and that even a professor might find him an awkward customer. He tapped Isaacs on the shoulder,—“Holloa my cove,” said he, “fork out the needful for the damage done to this boy’s ware.” The answer was a look of mingled defiance and scorn, and a blow aimed at Peter’s portly proboscis. With the quickness of thought, Peter sprang into attitude, stopped the intended present with his left mauley, and, with his right, planted an ugly return on the near peeper of his antagonist; assuming, the next moment, what pugilists would call, a beautiful guard. Isaacs was rather astounded, and felt at once that the Tailor had fully taken his *measure*, and that he ran a good chance of being *suitied* with a *dressing* which he had no thought of ordering. Habitual recklessness and courage, however, prevailed, over any apprehension, and in a moment the combat commenced,—Geordie keeping the young prig in play, and preventing any diversion from that quarter, in favour of the older rascal. A crowd soon formed a ring, and witnessed the “set to” with much complacency,—dispensing fair play, and ejaculating sundry scraps of advice, to the pair who gratuitously ministered to their amusement. Soon, however, Isaacs’ “bellows” was going, as if he were engaged by a Blacksmith instead of a Tailor, and two-to-one was freely offered against the Hebrew. The finale of the duel was spoiled by some myrmidons of the Peace, who marched both heroes, and their sympathising squires, before the man in authority. Explanation there produced remuneration for Geordie,—but the animated eloquence of the parties, and the wit of the court, are lost to posterity, because the vocation of penny-a-liners had not then arrived at the perfection of the nineteenth century. Thus, however, one of our tailors proved the claim which his brotherhood have, to the manliness which consists in giving and taking a good “*lamb-basting*.”

Some mishaps in trade also befell Geordie; he was once or twice, by a bad spec in oranges, or sealing wax, reduced to the verge of bankruptcy,—and was saved from a fashionable compromise of some penny in the shilling, by his disinterested bankers of the shop-board.

But these were only brief episodes,—for the general tenor of the young trader’s course was smooth,—and he was soon able to hire a lodging, and to be independent of his generous friends, as regarded pecuniary matters; but he still resorted to the vicinity of the shop-board, for advice, to impart good news, or to lend a helping hand when any assistance was wanted in their direction. He also became able to make sundry little presents to his patrons, to let them have silk, thread and buttons at first cost, and to show his gratitude in many small services and attentions.

The board did not retain its mystical number many years. Sall Hank and Mudge Hem’y caused a subtraction from the nine, and a multiplication of List and Serge, for future generations. The brave Selve went to ply his needle in Yorkshire,—and Point was gathered to his mother, the dust,—hemmed in by the clay garments of many who had been his gay companions. Before this event Geordie was able to soothe his best patron in his thread-bare days;—and he erected a handsome slab to his memory, in the church yard of Mary le Bonne, on which, it is said, was the following inscription: “Here reposes Samuel Point, a blunt honest Englishman, whose memory will be respected by his numerous friends, until wit become pointless and worth of no value.”

Time dealt not more leniently with tailors than with kings, and the late little orphan lived to see the whole establishment *ripped up*, and the most of its members scattered by the great *raveller*, Death, as chaff is scattered from the husbandman’s sieve.

Still Geordie crept on and on,—making “one stitch save nine,” “cutting his coat according to his cloth,” “cabbaging” all superfluities,—and putting many of the maxims of his patrons into requisition, while their liberality was not forgotten. He so managed his *measures*, in that city which offers the finest stage to ability and industry, and which saw Whittington assume the municipal sceptre, that he became rich and respectable, and, at length, a carriage from Long Acre was rolled home to his well appointed coach-house.

This accession to the merchant’s luxuries none wondered at, and but few envied, for the charity and manliness taught at the “shop-board” he recollected on Change,—yet many loitered to read the legend of his coat-of-arms, and while they read, they smiled, and expounded or enquired, as they happened to be acquainted or not with its owner’s history. The device of the coat-at-arms, represented three oranges on a latticed shield, the latter reminded strongly of the bottom of a basket, and the motto, deprived of its Latin dress, was, “*Nine Tailors made a man*.” This was indicative, at once, of his sensibility and his philosophy; it tended to remind him of his humble origin, and of his obligations to society; and really dignified his character, while it repressed vulgar pride. And was it not, in every respect, as appropriate as many other inscriptions,—which figure indeed through the cold varnish, but are as foreign to the acts and feelings of those who have adopted them, as they are to the horses of the chariot?

Geordie’s descendants, no doubt, soon discarded the humble

scroll and device, and borrowed others in their stead. Borrowed, perhaps, from the standard of some proud Crusader, who little imagined, that such as the offspring of the orange-boy, should ever appropriate what he had tasked his ingenuity to design, and which was the rallying beacon of the chivalry he led to conquest.

Thus, it may be, was the record, of the manliness of the *nine Tailors*, lost, and that became an undeserved reproach which was intended as a memorial of respect and honour.

For the Pearl.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

I love to wander o’er the glade  
At eventide in Summer time,  
And mark, as into twilight fade,  
The sunset hues of nature’s prime,  
The first faint glimmering of the star  
That shines from out the west afar.

Yet not so sweetly o’er me now  
That soft and holy radiance falls,  
As when it blessed my cloudless brow,  
In hours which memory still recalls—  
When life was fair, and round me rang  
The voices of the loved and young.

Long years since then have passed away,  
And o’er me time and change have cast  
A spell that wakes at close of day  
The mournful music of the past,  
Which mingles most with twilight’s tone  
And tells me I am all alone!

The shadowy sky, the daylight dim,  
The evening air so soft and still,  
The streamlet’s dream-like vesper hymn—  
All these may fail the mind to fill,  
When those from whom we dwell apart  
Still live and linger round the heart.

Why gaze I on that lonely star  
As if it were a worshipped shrine?  
Oh! do not those who dwell afar,  
Whose hearts so sympathise with mine,  
Behold, e’en now, its trembling smile,  
And think of past delight the while?

How like the gentle light of eve  
Is memory’s record of the hour,  
When forced the heart’s loved home to leave,  
We feel, in all their holiest power,  
Around us cling its thousand ties,  
Which not till lost we learn to prize.

Companions of my early days,  
And friends beloved of later years,  
Whose image memory still portrays,  
Whom absence but the more endears—  
Whene’er as now that star ye see—  
In this lone hour—remember me!

Remember me!—I still would hold  
Within your faithful hearts, the place  
Of which, as if of treasured gold,  
I have not lost the faintest trace;  
O keep ye still as I have kept  
The love o’er which no blight hath swept.

Mills-village, Sept. 20th, 1839. JOHN MCPHERSON.

For the Pearl.

REMEMBRANCE.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

This question has often agitated men’s minds, and human affections ever answer it in the affirmative. It seems capable of as good proof, as regards the feelings which appear to be born, and to continue with us during life, as that other question, *Is there an hereafter?* If man shrinks instinctively from annihilation, so does he from that degree of annihilation which oblivion respecting his earthly connections would involve.

Who could complacently entertain the supposition for a moment, that those loved so dearly here, and whose interests occupy so much of the souls of their friends, should be eternally forgotten after death? The child witnesses the dying gasp of a beloved parent, one who had led him, and nursed him, and protected him as the apple of the eye,—shall they meet no more? The parent wipes the clammy brow of a beloved child, and is ready to exclaim, “Absalom, Absalom, would I had died for thee my son,” shall that bursting heart experience the blighting of all its hopes, denied the faith that it will one other day again clasp its beloved? Will the partners of life, the husband and wife, who have been for years as one soul, who have shared all the pleasures, and pains, and hopes, and fears of existence; who have reared their offspring,

with deep care, reckless of themselves, yet each cheering and helping the other,—shall they part at the grave’s cold brink, never to be re-united? The brother, the sister, the lover, the friend, shall all these find a final disruption of ties, holy and sacred, which constituted the balm of life, and the charms of anticipation?

Why need it be so? He who prolongs the existence of the soul, will he not also prolong and strengthen, instead of destroying, all its faculties? Why should His arm be stayed, why should He delight in crushing, why should oblivion and annihilation in this particular be His will, when high consolation and intellectual life are among His heavenly gifts? Is the rich chapter of earth’s scenes to be blotted out? are the sympathies and loves and affections to die, never to be restored? Why?—Echo answers, *why?* and the shuddering mind in vain seeks for a reason from any part of heaven’s economy.

How salutary is the belief that we shall meet again, to rejoice in each other’s joy, and never to part. The fond relative, pining himself, in support of one dearer than his own soul, will be repaid by thanks uttered in heavenly places. The faithful pair who see anxious days and nights their portion, and who drudge on in a ceaseless round of labour for their little ones,—do not live in vain, as regards themselves. Besides rearing good citizens, who shall fill their place reputably when they are no more known on earth,—they are rearing those with whom an eternal day shall be enjoyed,—when the recollections of the toils of this world, like a distant dream, will only enhance the present pleasure, and be a continued echo of that voice which said, *Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord.*

HOPK.

For the Pearl.

THE FOREST.

The noble trees which once covered the province, like the noble race that roved beneath them, seem destined to entire and rather speedy destruction. They have many foes: they are prostrated in whole groves by the axe of the settler; the lumberman lays low the stateliest stems, while the road makers open line after line through the deep umbrageous shade. The devastation committed by the hand of man for useful purposes is great: still more extensive perhaps is that often occasioned by his negligence. The Indians rarely if ever set fire to the woods. The trees covered their homes and their harvest, and they were as careful of them as a white man would be of his dwelling or his stack yard. It would have been well if some of their care and forethought had marked the progress of European settlement, and if, to wantonly set fire to the woods, had either been regarded as an offence against the state or at least a breach of decorum. How many hundreds of acres have been consumed by the spread of an angler’s fire, blown up to light his cigar or to cook his steak? What fun it used to be, when we were boys, to finish off a day spent at the lakes by setting fire to the woods: not one of the party ever dreaming that there was harm in it, or stopping to think that logs enough might be consumed in the frolic to employ a dozen saw mills for a month, and board in half the town. The winds are constant enemies of the stately trees, and the openings made by the settler into the groves, render them more liable to destruction than they were in the olden time, when they stood “shoulder to shoulder” as the Highlanders say, covering and sustaining each other. The last gale has, we understand, destroyed a vast quantity of fine timber—half a dozen “windfalls,” the roots torn from the soil with the accumulated leaves of centuries upon them, and their branches crushed and broken in the descent, are no uncommon sight. A person from Sheet harbour assured us that the road between that place and Musquodoboit, a distance of twenty-four miles, was so blocked up with fallen trees that he found it difficult to get along, even on foot.

WITHROD.

For the Pearl.

PRETTY WATERFALL.

A great many of our readers are not perhaps aware that within a moderate ride from town there is as beautiful a miniature Cataract as the eye of an artist, or a lover of natural scenery, would desire to rest on. Though curious in these matters ourselves, we did not happen to catch a glimpse of this waterfall till about a month ago. It is situated to the right of the main Eastern Road, or rather between it and the new Guysborough road, which intersects it on this side of Taylor’s Inn, and may be about 9½ miles from Dartmouth. If the trees and brush were cut away, the Fall might be seen from the old road, but the recent opening of the new one, will enable parties to drive a carriage to within a few yards of it. The stream is fed from an extensive lake, called Taylor’s lake upon the map, which crossing the road beneath a planked bridge and rushing into a thicket to the right, falls over a steep ledge of rocks, a distance of 30 feet into a basin below. During heavy freshets, the rush of water is great, and the basin bubbles and foams like a cauldron around a jutting point of rock, that stands out from the opposite side, fronting the fall, from which a good view is obtained, and which on a sunny day boasts its rainbow. When the water is low, the stream splits into three divisions, and though not so exciting as when in greater volume, is

beautiful. The neighborhood of this fall is just the place for pic nics, for a brace of lovers to dream away an afternoon, while a despairing swain could not select a spot where he could drown himself in better style.

WITHROD.

For the Pearl.

## AUNT DORIBELLA.

Good natured and courteous reader,—for good natured you must be if you deign to lend me your attention,—and, undoubtedly courteous, seeing you have not already passed on to the next article. And who can be good natured and courteous and not be gentle withal? Well then, good natured, gentle, and courteous reader, didst thou ever have the happiness to know my Aunt Doribella? Poor dear aunt! even now I remember thee and thy high backed easy chair, in which thou wert wont to sit at thy little table,—nor have I forgotten my annual Christmas visits—(so eagerly longed for)—to thy quiet abode, when thou usedst to help me to such very small portions of meat, to teach me dependance, as thou wert wont to affirm. My aunt had no children of her own,—she had never married, in fact, gentle reader, she never had an offer,—and that is why I now appear as her Biographer, as you shall hereafter see; but in her own words shall her story be related. I often during my visits to her, wondered that she chose to live alone, and uncared for, seeing she never disliked the other sex,—and boy-like many a time I put the question to her. Her only answer was a smile,—it was unlike all her other smiles though, it was one of disappointment. And often since, when memory has wandered back to ramble once more amid the ever cherished scenes of youth,—and has conjured up my aunt amongst the dear departed, and has recalled that smile to her lips,—so often have I tried to account for Cupid's neglect, in altogether passing her by. It was not that she was what the world calls "ugly," nor was she portionless,—in a word, she was what matrimonial advertisements term a "desirable female." And yet she lived and died, to use her own word, "unblessed."—But I will not detain you longer from her narrative, kind reader, than just to tell you how I came by it.

I was seated at my desk, employed as usual, when all breathless and unannounced my aunt's old gardener (he was her butler too) rushed into my office,—his anxious look, and travel-soiled clothes, told me all was not right, and yet I dared not ask. He laid a note before me, and then sunk exhausted to the floor. Ah! John thou too hast followed thy kind mistress, not long didst thou survive her whom thou hadst so faithfully served. Death soon beckoned thee away too!—how often have I heard thee say thou wouldst never care to serve another,—and a kind mistress was she to thee, and a worthy servant thou, thy very shape was honest,—and integrity was stamped on every feature of thy face,—yes, thou too art gone!

As soon as I had attended to John, I returned trembling to my desk, for the letter he had brought. It was from my aunt's medical attendant, informing me that she desired to see me ere she was gathered to her fathers,—and intimating that if I wished to comply it must be done immediately.

You may guess, gentle reader, that I lost no time in hurrying to her bed-side, for I loved her as a parent. The forty miles that lay betwixt us was soon reduced to twenty, the twenty to ten,—and at last I stood by her. She reached her hand to welcome me,—her tongue could not perform the office,—then beckoning to an attendant to hand me a packet, that lay on a table near her bed, she smiled as I took it, withdrew her hand, and expired.

The packet contained my aunt's will, of which I need say but little. I am through it independent;—inclosed with it was an answer to my oft repeated boyish enquiry, which I shall now present to you,—it is called,

## THE CONFESSION OF AN OLD MAID.

Dear Samuel, often hast thou, in the simple innocence of thy boyhood, questioned me concerning my loneliness,—and now I am about to disclose to you all the hopes and fears thou hast so often, and so unconsciously, awakened by thy enquiries. Know then, that it was not from choice thy aunt lived thus solitarily and uncared for,—nay, to have been joined to one of thy own sex, my dear nephew, one whom I could have loved and depended upon, was once the chief of my wishes. I blush not to own it, and she is less or more than woman to whose heart the wish is stranger. As soon might one suspect the gentle twining ivy would prefer to creep unregarded along the ground, rather than cling for support to the lordly oak, where its very dependance makes it appear more beautiful, or that the luxuriant vine should trails its clusters over an earthy bed, in preference to hanging them aloft, to be daily greeted by the ripening sun. In my youthful days many a pleasant picture had I painted to my imagination,—A-but alas! never to be realized. Can you wonder then, that the tear has followed the smile of disappointed hope, which you have so often received as the only reply to your oft repeated question? Whilst youth lasted, the feeling of utter loneliness which maturer years brought with them was unknown to me; but when at length the flattering tale of hope could no longer be believed, and I was compelled, in spite of all my views, to ac-

knowledge myself an old maid, then, for the first time did I realize the solitariness of my situation,—then did I know what it was to be surrounded by human beings, and yet feel alone—yes, quite alone.

I fear my dear nephew, nay I am sure, that I shall be censured by many for thus disclosing to you thoughts which they will term indelicate,—you, I am confident, will not so judge me. To you then have I vouchsafed the story of my disappointments,—not in anger, nor with the bitterness of defeat, have I penned it;—but solely to vindicate those, who, like myself, have been neglected by the capricious god, and who are in consequence often exposed to the ridicule of others of their own sex, and are stigmatized by them as prudes, and nurses of cats, and cultivators of misanthropy; but of all these are we innocent,—and that you may thus declare to the world I have entrusted you with his confession of one who never had an offer.

Halifax, November, 1839.

C. C.

For the Pearl.

## WEEP THE BRIGHT TEAR OF LOVE.

Weep the bright tear of love from the depths of thy soul,  
Sparkling pure, big and warm, o'er thy cheek let it roll,

For the large burning tear than the sigh is sincerer,  
That dew-drop of feeling,  
The heart's truth revealing,

Than the sweetest fond kiss is purer and dearer.

Then from those we love dear,

Let us part with a tear,

'Tis affection's pure gem

And of Love's diadem:

Shed, shed then the tear.

The soft lip may be press'd when proud passion mounts high,  
Lur'd by the witchery of some bright flashing eye,

While the heart is as cold as the rock on the shore,

That is kiss'd by the gale,

By the sleet and the hail,

And is lav'd by the beach wave when Ocean's seas roar,

Then from those we love dear, &c.

The eye may be sad while the bosom is heaving

With a heart swoll'n sigh for the friend we are leaving;

But the tests of affection, what language may tell

Like the soft flowing tear?

And what sigh can compare

With the nectar of feeling distill'd in farewell?

Then from those we love dear,

Let us part with a tear,

'Tis affection's pure gem

And of Love's diadem:

Shed, shed then the tear.

Halifax,

WERRAND.

For the Pearl.

## ORIGINAL FACETIÆ CONS. ETC.

A RESPONSIBLE MAN.

As a great deal is said in these times about various kinds of responsibility, we think we cannot do better than relate a genuine provincial anecdote, in illustration of the signification of the term in the view of an honest Dutchman at Lunenburg. Some years ago, that very active man and very good Governor, Sir James Kempt, was taking a ride through the county of Lunenburg, as was his wont, mixing and conversing familiarly with the people as he went along. In passing through a settlement which shall be nameless, he stopped a night at the house of an old Dutchman, who, like most of his class, was a trinitarian as regarded his employment, his time being spent in about due proportions between fishing, farming and coasting. After breakfast on the following morning, Sir James put various questions as to the state of the settlement, and its wants and prospects, and concluded by asking his host if he knew of any respectable and responsible man in the neighbourhood, who was fit to be made a magistrate of? "Come here, Sir James," said the Dutchman; and leading the way into another room, took the key of a strong box, and throwing up the lid, exposed to the Governor's astonished gaze such a pile of dollars and blue notes as he had not seen for many a day. "There, Sir James," said the Dutchman, "there is the responsibilities, and the man that has got them is the best man for a magistrate."

What hill in Nova Scotia do I name, in telling my son Thomas to get on horseback? Mount, Tom.

What river in Nova Scotia is like preserving cranberries and thrashing a man? The Stew-whack.

What fort in Nova Scotia did William IV. name, when he told his brother to read louder? York! read out. (York Redout.)

What township would I name, in telling one not to go so fast? On-slow.

Why are we like divers in the eastern seas? Because we "get up the Pearl."

When asked what is good fruit for a dumpling, what town do I name in answer? An apple is [Annapolis.]

What county does the Monkey's looks express, when he catches a roasted chesnut? Shell-burn.

Why is a crop of stones like an extreme western county? They cumber-land.

Why should Isle Madame be well painted? Because she has Lawrence to represent her.

## A GLANCE AT THE (NOVA SCOTIA) ALMANACK. 1839.

*Application of Leeches.* Take an account, place it in a Lawyer's hands, and tell him to proceed.

*To prevent milk from turning sour.* Give it to the young-uns.

*Eclipses.* Mrs. Fuzbelow, in the front seat at meeting, displaying a large fashionable bonnet,—Pilgrick behind, trying, right and left, to squeeze a look at the rostrum.

*Oriental and Occidental Stars.* The Pictou Mechanic and Farmer dispensing its rays, over rails roads, coal pits, and locomotives; the Yarmouth Herald shedding its effulgence on a busy town and well-masted harbour.

*Commencement of the Seasons.* Spring,—removing day,—Summer,—first quarter's rent due.—Autumn,—Market turns to Port Mouton,—Winter,—Coal a necessary of life.

*Movcable Feasts.* Messing on ship board in a gale of wind.

*Holidays at the Public Offices.* When the principal is out of the way.

*Equation of Time.* Having a bill to discharge, and a check to draw for the amount, on the same day.

*High Water.* Money in both pockets.

*Recipe for forming the Weather Tables.* Put the words—fair, foul, rainy, expect snow, more rain, rather cold, frost or snow, windy, showery and changeable, into a hat; shake it well, take out the words as they come to hand, deliver them to the "devil" for copy, and the work of public illumination is completed.

*Commissioner of the Revenue.* The Lady of the House.

*New Light Houses.* McIntyre's Hall,—Ebenezer,—Brunswick Street,—and Providence.

*Officers of Her Majesty's Customs.* The Ladies of the Household.

*Land Surveyor.* A bewildered traveller, up a tree, looking out for his road.

*Meals (Mails) made up at Halifax.* At Coblentz's, Medley's, &c. &c. every hour, every day.

*Prevention of Smuggling.* Repeal the duties.

*Masonic.* A trowel, ladder, hod and plumb.

*Halifax Volunteer Artillery.* The urchins who throw stones without intermission in the streets.

## A STRING OF GEOGRAPHICAL PUNS,—gleaned from lines on Emigration, Liverpool Magazine.

Supposing an Emigration scheme, according to classes, where should the following persons go to,—

The Brewers?—To Malta. (Malt-a).

The Logg-heads?—To Scilly. (Silly).

The Quakers (called Friends)?—To the Friendly Islands.

The Farriers?—To Chili. (Chilly).

The Nurses?—To Babylon. (Baby-lon).

The Babes?—To Lapland or Brest.

The Cooks?—To Greece (Grease), taking passage at Spit-

The Misers?—To the Coast of Guinea. [head.

The Spendthrifts?—To the Straits.

The Drunkards?—To Geneva.

The Spinsters?—To the Needles. (English Coast).

The Gourmands?—To the Sandwich Isles.

The Musicians?—To the Sound.

The Hypocrites?—To Canton. (Cant on).

The Bachelors?—To the United States.

The Maidens?—To the Isle of Man.

The Gardeners?—To Botany Bay.

The Shoe Blacks?—To Japan. (Japan Blacking).

The Debtors?—To Ohio. (Oh! I, owe).

The Hostlers?—To the Mause. (Mews).

The Firemen?—To the Indians. (Engines).

The Lovers?—To the Cape of Good Hope.

The Sailors?—To Maine. (The Main).

The Stationers?—To Rheims. (Reams).

The Rogues?—Be'ow the Line. (Equinoctial Line).

The Surgeons?—To Connecticut. (Connect-a-cut).

## IMPROVING THE BREED.

Whenever our House of Assembly resolves itself into a committee of ways and means, a violent dispute is got up between the farmers and fishermen as to the relative degree of protection to which each interest is entitled: the fishermen complaining that they cannot be allowed to have pork duty free, and the farmers that the Legislature will not give them a bounty for cultivating their own land. Simon D'Entremont, a French Member from Argyle, who does not speak often, but generally says something to the point, had listened to the wordy warfare of the committee of last session, and to his annoyance had seen several votes pass in favour of the agriculturists, while those meant to encourage the fisheries were invariably rejected. At last Simon could stand it no longer, and starting to his feet, thus gave vent to his feelings: "Why you farmers want every thing—Money to import a bull to improve the breed of cattle, Money for a Leicester hunter to improve the horses, a grant to improve the sheep, all for the benefit of the Farmers; but when do you see the Fishermen coming for a bounty to improve the breed of mackerel?"

For the Pearl.

## A SCENE FROM GESNER.

DEATH OF ABEL.

Book I.

The tranquil night had just its shades withdrawn,  
The vapours fled before Aurora's face,  
The purple eye of incense breathing morn  
Had beamed across the earth with radiant grace ;  
The glorious orb that rules terrestrial days,  
Behind the cedars of the mountain height  
Had darted forth his earliest purest rays,  
And summoned all the world to light and life.

Now from their verdant couch, their peaceful rest,  
Abel and his beloved Thirza rose,  
And quickly to a neighbouring bower they prest,  
Of intertwining jessamine composed.

The tenderest love, and purest virtue shone  
With mildest beams in Thirza's fine blue eyes,  
Her cheeks were like the fragrant rose new blown ;  
Twin corals to her lips were mean allies ;  
Her golden locks in waving rings unfurled  
Loaded her ivory neck with labyrinth toil,  
And o'er her bosom negligently curled,  
Affording beauty's self a beauteous foil.  
Fashioned of grace she walked by Abel's side,  
Whose ringlets circled on his steadfast brow  
Of ripest brown, and on his shoulders plied ;  
There terminal, they vouched each holy vow.  
An air serene, of wisdom fraught with grace,  
Formed and displayed the attractions of his look ;  
And with an humble yet majestic face,  
Across the pearly plain his way he took.  
So when an angel journeying from the sky  
Brings peace to earth—and God's good-will to man,  
Assumes a form congenial to our eye,  
Yet to conceal himself, say not he can,  
Some heavenly rays bespeak an angel nigh,  
And God with us, the saint is taught to scan.

Thirza—to love and tenderness awake,  
With placid smile address her equal spouse.  
“ The little birds this morn the silence break  
And warble praise from off their waving boughs,  
Then let me hear again the hymn you sung,  
And let me with you join to praise the Lord,  
Upon your lips I've oft with transport hung  
To catch the sacred strains those lips afford,  
In proper terms to speak my pregnant heart,  
To utter what my tongue cannot express,  
Does to my soul such extacy impart  
As makes me all desire our God to bless.”

Abel replied, requiting love with love—  
“ My Thirza, instantly to thee I'll yield  
Soon as thine eyes to me thy wishes prove,  
Oft as thy dear request appears revealed,  
I strive to accomplish with a lover's haste  
Thy whole desire.” They then the flowers among  
Were side by side in just relation placed,  
And she with him her Abel's matins sung.

“ Retire—retire, O sleep, from every eye,  
Intelligence again resume thy throne,  
Illusive dreams—to buried shadows fly  
Reason—reclaim—illuminate thine own,  
Thy central influence is the light of man,  
Like as the sun of this green fertile earth.  
Resplendent orb, which erst thy race began,  
Hail the propitious glories of thy birth !  
Beaming beyond the cedar's sombre shade  
Thy friendly rays bring light, and nature's youth,  
And in these beauties everywhere displayed,  
We learn the Eternal's reign of light and truth.

“ Retire, O sleep, retire from every eye,  
That every eye may see the hand of God :  
Ye hovering dreams to deepest shadows fly ;  
Go search where they have taken their abode.  
If in the gaping caverns of the rocks,  
Or to await us in the thickest groves,  
Umbrageous groves, which sol's refulgence mocks  
While in the topmost arc of heaven he moves.  
See where the towering eagle wakes to hail  
The new born day, there on the glittering sides  
Of marble rocks and mountain mists exhale,  
And on the morning breeze still gathering rides :  
All nature's incense rising to her God.  
As holocausts and offerings we proffer,  
'Tis thus she glorifies her sovereign Lord

Who pours his light each opening day on her.  
Praise him all things that are in earth, sea, skies,  
Whose wisdom planned your being, powers and place,  
Praise him ye blooming sweets that spring and rise  
Your varied gifts unbosom to his praise ;  
Ye winged inhabitants of fluid air  
Chant forth your melodies in varied song,  
And daily for his praise your lays prepare  
Who formed your notes, and does your strains prolong.  
Majestic lions—sound the breath he gives,  
And yield him honour by your awful mien,  
Whilst from the echoing rocks the sound yet lives  
And all around the Almighty's works are seen.  
But chiefly thou—my soul, thy God shouldst praise,  
Who did create, and does sustain thy powers  
High as the heavens,—let man his anthem raise  
To God the mighty Lord of us and ours.  
Before the lark tunes his aspiring note,  
Ere any creature lifts its natal cry,  
Let man in gratitude himself devote  
To him, who holds creation in his eye.  
In the grey twilight—in the blushing morn,  
While birds and beasts their lives suspend in sleep,  
From my warmed heart be ardent praises born ;  
Let me thy love in due remembrance keep.  
O love, deign thou to accept my humble song ;  
And let me cite all creatures to thy praise.  
Thy word gave life, and does that life prolong,  
Thy boundless grace crowns my revolving days.  
How grand and glorious are thy works, O God,  
Wisdom and goodness are impressed on all ;  
Through all the vast, thy bounties spread abroad,  
And has a voice on all my sense to call—  
A voice transporting to my inmost mind  
Ravished with beauties it can ne'er express.  
O God, though meek and frail myself I find,  
Fain would I strive thy holy name to bless.  
Maker omnipotent, what moved thee  
For ever, self-existent, perfect bliss,  
To order chaos—bid confusion flee,  
And call from nothing such a world as this ?  
What thee induced to form man out of dust  
And in his nostrils breathe the breath of life ?  
'Twas goodness infinite ! that praise I must ;  
'Twas love transcendent did the whole contrive ?  
This drew the plan of man's existence here,  
And told itself to him in rich display,  
To bless his being daily didst appear.  
And taught him, that “ to enjoy is to obey.”  
O smiling morn, in thee I see portrayed  
A lively emblem of thy maker, God :  
Where the bright sun dispels the gloomy shade,  
And light diffuses from his glorious road,  
Reviving lustre in thy face displayed,  
Down from the empyrean is o'er all conveyed.

“ Once th' Almighty spoke,—the darkness fled :  
Eternal silence heard his awful voice ;  
His fiat given,—th' effective mandate led  
Myriads of lives ; obedient to his choice.  
The pregnant earth emerged these varied forms,  
The air was flocked with birds of every plume,  
The feathered choir, which every grove adorns,  
That praise thee still—and still their work resume ;  
Th' echoing words return some thankful lays,  
In unremitting melody poured forth :  
That weakest instruments may perfect praise  
To God, the Lord supreme, of heaven and earth.  
Earth again hears th' Almighty maker speak,  
With varied shapes, and attributes conferred  
Forth to the light new forms of being break  
From heaving clouds,—prolific at his word ;  
The sprightly horse now shakes his flowing mane,  
The noble lion, fired with freedom, roars,  
The antelope bounds o'er the verdant plains  
And ranging wide the forest deep explores ;  
And all around fresh forms of beauty burst  
Upon the astonished eye that scans the earth,  
Thy wondrous works can never be rehearsed,  
So wide their compass, so complete their worth !  
O thou Omnipotent, thy works are these,  
Thy light is life ; all wake at thy command,  
Whose eye their every want immediate sees,  
Whose providence feeds each with liberal hand.  
The day shall dawn when all the earth shall raise  
Accepted honours to thy boundless grace,  
When man thy works shall celebrate and praise  
From the sun's rising to his resting place.”

Thus Abel ceased, while his loved Thirza sat  
Mute by his side, enraptured with his song.

With holy joy, she seemed to hear him yet ;  
Her soul transported, would the notes prolong.  
Embracing Abel, in her snowy arms—  
“ My love,” she cried, and spoke it in her eye,—  
“ My love, the music of thy lips hath charms  
Which lift my spirit up to God on high.  
Thy tenderest care protects my feeble frame,  
Thy kind direction even guides my soul  
Up to the source from whence at first it came,  
Though clouds or darkness o'er my prospects roll :  
Turns her astonishment to ecstasy,  
When gratitude this bosom oft hath warmed  
To God most high, who gavest me to thee,  
And for that love which thee for me hath formed.  
Oh Abel loving thee, how sweet my lot :  
How dear this world to me, if thou wert not.”

W. F. T.

For the Pearl.

MR. EDITOR,

I am a disciple of the old school. Nay, start not, as if *somolusus naturæ* were presented before you ! I am not of mammoth-like dimensions, nor an antediluvian megatherion, to scare you from your propriety, but a plain old animal that has spent his years in cropping the grass of the olden time, and has no taste for the new, and the so-called improved herbage of the present day. I have no sympathies with the utilitarianism of this generation—my days have been passed in intercourse with the worthies that are gone—my feelings are buried in their graves. I am aware of the contempt that will be thrown upon one for this confession by the philosophers and wits of this busy, working, bustling age. But I will not conceal the truth, nay I glory in it. I like not the rapid conquests of the real and the practical over the ideal and the beautiful. I like not your crowded cities, nor the unceasing hum of their busy inhabitants. Manchester or Liverpool, or any other bloated centre of commercial life has no charms for me, to be compared with the ivy-covered ruins of Kenilworth, or the gigantic piles of Stonehenge. No, give me the blue expanse of ocean, and the majestic river rolling onward to meet it—or give me the boundless forest of my native country, as once it was seen in its glory far as the eye could reach—whose noble pillars were reared by ages,—and I care not for a steamer to pollute the waters of the one, or the sound of the axe to disturb the solitude of the other. Neither do I like the superficial literature of the age, when compared with the fine old folios, the precious relics of generations that are past.

But, Mr. Editor, I would not have brought my old-fashioned oddities to your notice, had not my ire been kindled by a paragraph I saw in a late Pearl. This purported to be an extract from the Boston Times newspaper, which lauded and magnified the “ Cincinnati Sun” for the following admirable bit of advice, viz. “ Let nothing unseemly, in word or action, pass the threshold in which there is a child.” Now as I am jealous of the rights of my favorite old authors, and dislike to see their beauties stolen by the moderns without any acknowledgement, I could not allow the opportunity to pass without complaining of the sacrilege. The remarks of the Editor of the Times upon the sentence in question were very just, but he little thought that the sentiment itself, instead of dating its birth at the obscure workshop of the “ Cincinnati Sun,” originated in the brain of one of the first poets of antiquity whose words run thus :—

“ Nil dictu scdum, visuque, hæc limina tangat,  
Iutra quæ puer est.”

Juvenal. 14. sat. : 45.

Truly the children of this generation are wiser than their forefathers, and thus it is, ye sages of old ! that your sacred fire is stolen by pigmy Prometheuses to animate their lifeless bones ! No wonder then that it is the fashion of the present day to decry all classical literature ; for by making the wisdom of the past a sealed book, the borrowed ideas of these plagiarists can less easily be detected. My indignation is not so much excited by the mere carelessness, or ignorance, of a stray Editor, except in as far as that carelessness and ignorance, are the effects of the spirit of the age. But it is the design of the utilitarians of the time that I would oppose. They would prostrate in the dust those geniuses who were the idols of my youth, and whose thoughts were the studies of my riper years. And I fear their wish will be accomplished. Once let the tide of public feeling be set against any specified object, no matter how long it has existed, or how deeply rooted in our prejudices, it will soon be swept away. And such will be the case with classical learning. The obloquy now thrown upon it must, ere long, bring it into contempt. It was not always so. There was a time when the productions of antiquity were the chosen companions of men of letters, when the perusal of their eloquent pages was the favorite amusement of the lady's boudoir—aye, when they were the chief study and delight of queens. There was a time too when an essay, though written in the pure style of Addison, would hardly have been acceptable to the public, unless it were adorned with some choice motto drawn from these sacred sources. But the scene is changed now. All things that were heretofore considered firm and stable are now in a state of

revolution; but for this change in literary taste I was not prepared. I cannot look upon it with any degree of resignation. My mind has been too much wrapped up in these authors, like Charles Lamb in his antient dramatists; and oh! that I were but gifted with that rich vein of quiet satire so characteristic of the author of *Elia*! I would soon wreak my vengeance upon the presumptuous aspirants of the day. Yet what care they for the prejudices of an old man? They prefer the flaring brilliancy of the modern gas-lights to the bright sun that poured his meridian splendour over the mountains of Greece, or the hills of Rome. Be it so. There has been one voice raised against them,—the feeble remonstrance of

AULD LANG SYNE.

Sept. 21st, 1839.

For the Pearl.

## A CHAPTER ON CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL.

"Regardless of their doom,  
The little urchins play;  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
No ills beyond to-day."

What a delightful theme would Schools be to write a chapter on. I like a subject of a somewhat pleasant character, "once in a while"—not to be continually hammering the sciences and arts into our craniums. Let us sing of old times occasionally, ere they forever fade from the note-book of our memory,—let us cherish young recollections now, ere we become so inured to baseness and so overwhelmed by "the thousand natural ills which flesh is heir to,"—that we shall only recall scenes of childhood and youth to call them foolish, and to stigmatize their remembrance as not worthy our care. Oh! our youthful days are our happiest!—when we have nothing to toil for,—no dreamy sleep to purchase with the anxious sweat of our brows,—and the wear of our bones,—and at the expense of the suppleness of our sinews,—and the loss of the cheek's bloom,—and of the laughter-loving, joyous heart, of Boyhood: They are like the few blissful days which the father and mother of us all enjoyed in Paradise.

It is well we cannot anticipate all these bereavements in childhood,—it is good for us we are not then fully sensible of the pain we shall one day have to experience in parting company with our bounding heart, and in the exchange of our play-ground for one of a very different description;—when we shall lose our old companions—the companions of our hearts—with whom we have gone to school,—and played,—and had numberless amusements—and all without quarrelling: or, if we did "fall out," it was seldom, and served to make us firmer friends than before,—companions with whom we have

"Grown, side by side,"

and who, with us, have

"Filled one house with glee"

on many a winter evening, when we have met to have a "jollification" on a diminutive scale, and to make merry on our own account. And to exchange such, for those whose boasted duty it is to drown the remembrance of former scenes,—who, if we should by accident talk when we should not,—or laugh when we should be serious,—or idle when we should be industrious,—gratuitously give us a harsh word, or cast a chilling look, to restore sensibility. How could we bear the thought of all this, but for the novelty with which our fancy clothes it? But the novelty soon evaporates; and then we sigh for our old school-fellows again—our old amusements and walks—our dogs and rabbits we want to caress again. But above all, we miss our own relations. We look in vain for our Mother—the dearest relation a boy has—to say "Good night" and smile on us, as we go to rest,—we long for the familiar and gentle and loving tones of our sisters, and the cheerful voice of our brothers, and the affectionate look of our father, and the fond gaze of our grandsires and grandames. Oh! we pine for the home of childhood. Our own dinners pleased us best,—we relished our own breakfasts better,—with familiar forms round the table, with whom we chatted and laughed without a pang. We are on the "broken bridge" of life alone; and, in truth, we are desperately home-sick!

School is a queer place, although it be the appointed place for a momentous business. You are sure to have a schoolmaster proverbial for something that is a source of amusement. If he be severe and cross and disobliging,—these all bring our ingenuity into exercise, to "give him as good as he sends." I never could like a surly schoolmaster, and I could never believe he liked himself; he is almost certain to "get himself into trouble" with the girls and boys, if he does not understand the proper treatment of his impatient. True, the lads may not boast the dexterity of the heroes of the "Fool of Quality," but neither, perhaps, will they have old vicious Vixen for a master. We often find one boy in a school who is the champion of the others' rights, and who, if the pedagogue be an "out-of-sorts" personage, will be "up to him." Some of our schoolmasters, though, are funny fellows, and we get on a vast deal better with them than we should with those who look like sandpaper continually,—but where there is such an one, you will generally discover the girls to be as ready for his punishment as the boys: encouraging them with bewitching smiles and laughter. And what so dangerous for a youth of fourteen? How can the fellow resist them?

I pray you, Mr. Editor, allow me to mention my old schoolmaster—I wish to immortalize him—his name was Mr. W—B— He was a sociable and a kind man, a tolerable schoolmaster—not severe—and withal rather humorous.

"Grammar class!" cried he, one morning.

The girls and boys rose simultaneously from their seats, and made their appearance at the proper place. It was the custom in these good times, for the grammars to be placed on the long desk in front of the scholars, with the pages on which were their lessons in immediate contact with said desk, and the covers upwards. The head-boy then went round and piled up all the books, in order as they appeared, and all open, placed them in front of "the old man's desk," and then commenced the lessons. He was pretty sure to know his, for he held it a dignity of no ordinary magnitude to keep head of the class for a week or fortnight; and the lad next to him, would, beside his own task, have by heart that of his friend next above,—in order that at a convenient "slip" of said friend, he might "pop a-head." The lads about ten, and downwards, from the head, who had no hopes of attaining the higher dignities of our little kingdom, were generally notorious for idleness concerning their lessons. One little lady was, on this morning, attempting the repetition of Lindley Murray's account of Articles and their Substantive accompaniments. Four lines she repeated superbly,—whether her understanding kept pace with the account she gave of the metaphysical doctrine of "parts of speech," would be disrespect to the memory of Mr. B. to enquire. Equal success, however, did not attend her in the next paragraph of her lesson.

"A or An is—is—" and she was beginning to falter; "is—is" and a dead halt.

"Begin again," said the schoolmaster.

"A or An is—is—is—"

"Mind what you're about there!" uttered the stentorian organs of speech; "only one more trial."

The little girl looked painfully perplexed; she was famed for carelessness about her lessons.

"A or An is—is" she began to whimper. Some sweetheart prompted her just then, and she commenced with fresh strength.

"A or An is sty—styled the in—indef—indefinite article." A pause and another whisper, which did not appear to reach Mr. B.'s hearing organs. "It is used—it is used"—a cough, and the hands twisting each other in fearful anxiety of the coming thunder storm.

"It is used—used—it is used in a va—vague—vague—vague"

"In a bag, my dear, in a bag!" vociferated our instructor.

The boys had been tittering, but now they burst into a roar of laughter, in which the worthy schoolmaster and the girls, except little Ellen, heartily joined.

The farce ended by the pedagogue giving the negligent fair one her book, for the more studious meditation of her lesson.

Another little story before I close.

One morning, a little fellow had got at "loggerheads" with one of the young ladies,—how or wherefore has escaped me. He was, however, whimpering about some indignity they had put upon him. Mr. B. investigated the affair, and the youth recounted a tale, which ended with the fair one having made a curtsy to him.

"And how did she do it?" enquired our teacher, with assumed gravity.

"This way," rejoined the urchin, placing thumb and forefinger each side of his "walkers," and making a curtsy with none of the gracefulness of his copyright,—to the unbounded amusement of schoolmaster, girls and boys, except the hero himself, who stood stupidly, unable to divine the cause of their merriment.

O! give me back youthful scenes—restore to me the glad days of my boyhood,—and I will relinquish my fairest hopes, and wish for nothing more—save Heaven!

ROBIN.

For the Pearl.

## WINTER.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The drifting leaves and hollow moaning winds,  
Remind us, that once more grim winter's reign  
Approaches. "Rude Boreas," his prime minister,  
And hoary frost his chamberlain:—an oak,  
Of giant stature amongst trees, crystallised o'er  
With frozen slets, his sceptre. His ermine  
The driven snow; fit emblem of cold justice;  
The groves, deserted by their warbling tenants,  
Bemoan their loss with many a sigh,  
As chilling gusts sweep through their stripped boughs;  
The brooks have changed their gentle murmur  
To a harsh and sullen growl, for angrily  
They chafe their pebbled banks as though  
E'en now they felt the tyrant's chains.  
The busy humming bee frequents the sunny wall,  
Which yet reflects some warmth, his very hum sounds  
Sullenly; its seems a funeral dirge,  
O'er the dear departed summer flowers:  
The fields no more send forth the merry song  
Of the shrill crickets, who all day long,

Was wont to chirp his song of praise  
To the bright sun.—The painted butterflies,  
An ever flitting tribe, have long since ceased to rove,  
Except a few, time-worn and soiled,  
Who, stripped of all their rainbow tints, are yet  
Unwilling to relinquish life; sadly reminding us  
Of some whitened, tottering, votary of pleasure;  
Making vain attempts to dance beside his yawning grave,  
His toothless gums mumbling some half forgotten song  
The while. All these admonish us another year  
Shall soon be added to the past. How wise,  
Benevolent and kind, the ever-constant, ever-varying  
Round appears!

C. C.

Halifax, N. S. November, 1839.

For the Pearl.

## FABLES.

THE MOOSE AND THE COWS.

The sun had just topped the upland grove, and poured a flood of radiance over the dewy fields, as a Moose strayed leisurely across a pasture where some cows were feeding. They raised their heads from the sweet grass, and gave enquiring looks at the long-legged stranger. "You may well gaze," said the Moose, "if I am here when your master leaves his cottage, he will make as great ado, and follow as savagely in my tracks, as if I were the onomy of the world: I, who feed on the young leaves of the forest, and never intermeddle in his concerns. How happy are ye, ye favored herds, reposing here day by day, milked at eve lovingly by the fair dairy maid,—and provided with comfortable shelter, in the homestead, when winter binds the streams and covers up the herbage." An old Cow, whose ears had been stretched in the direction of the Moose, catching every word, thus slowly addressed the stranger. "Fool, fly while you can,—and I would fly with you if I could exist in your retreats. We are here in the tyrant's power ever day,—he cares for us for his own convenience, and we know not the hour he may order us to the slaughter. You have your green-wood glades for a green-wood life of freedom,—you may evade the hunter, and live like a real citizen of the forest. We are in a verdant dungeon, and can oppose neither flight nor resistance to the dreadful power of our master. Fly, it is not those who seem sleekest and fattest and possess of most ease, who are in the happiest condition." The Moose started at this speech, and with one bound cleared the fence, and scampered off to the solitary glades and glooms of the forest, to the wide-spread, fragrant barren,—to the un-named luke, and no more envied the herds which browsed in the rich grounds around the cottage, recollecting that appearances were deceptive and that certain cares were attached to every state of existence. Z.

## TABLE 2.

THE GARDEN AND WILD FLOWER.

Lucinda, on a fine day in summer, carried her favourite flower from her chamber window to a sheltered and partially shaded bank, which bounded the garden of the villa. It was the queen of flowers, the Rose,—and it was in its pride of beauty, bursting into full-blown maturity. Its rich fragrance, and its blushing tints greatly enhanced the sweet exhalations and the delicate greens of the turf on which it was laid. A breeze passed along, and the beautiful flower waved its head, and shook out its odours, with more than courtly gracefulness. Beside the vase which held it a Violet peeped up from a clump of moss, and seemed to eye the fair aristocrat. Again the globular cluster, of elegant tints and perfumes and textures, waved in the breeze, and thus, as it were, addressed the little object below. "Poor flowret, how mean is thy lot, small, and dull,—half hidden in moss,—exposed to summer suns and winter chills,—unknown, and uncared for,—while I, Lucinda's favourite, am tended carefully by her own hands,—am trimmed, and watered,—am sheltered in her own chamber from night chills, and brought by her own hands to enjoy the summer noon in a chosen spot of her garden. How canst thou look so cheerful, little Violet, and have confidence to send up thy scant incense where I fill the air?" The blue eye of the Violet seemed to twinkle with emotion, as the modest flower appeared to answer the rose. "Boast not thyself above those with whom thou art not acquainted, proud flower. In beautiful and solitary glens, beneath the sweet dews, and the glow worm's ray, and the bright stars, and every beam of heaven, we are as happy, and fill our places as well, as thou in thy secluded room; thou indeed boastest of one mortal hand, but the Creator of all cares for us.—Our tints and perfumes are appropriate, and not useless nor unlovely, in their sphere. And as to human fame, vaunt thyself no longer. A fair Artist of our Province has paid our tribe devoted attention,—she has sought out all our varieties,—she has gazed at us till she loved us—she has portrayed our forms and tints, and described our habits, in books fit for the houses of Princes, and she is now preparing to circulate them in the cottages of the humblest. What is thy fame, proud Rose, more than ours? Simplicity has its beauties as well as magnificence, and the modest, and humble, and unaffected, when known, may be found to have excellencies near akin, indeed, to the highest and the richest." Z.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, 1839.

**IMPROVEMENT OF HALIFAX.**—Halifax has been improving in appearance, pretty regularly, during some years past, without exhibiting any very sudden change in any one particular point. One almost forgets now what the town was about ten years ago, but a retrospection, and a walk along some of the streets, would present a striking contrast. Argyle street, near the Methodist Meeting House,—Granville street, from Romans' corner to the Ordnance,—as they were in 1829, need only be alluded to, to suggest the effect of improvements since then. The part of Granville street, just mentioned, has grown from a sudden declivity bordered by a few out-of-the-way shops, and some tumble-down private dwellings,—to a fine level street, noted as one of the neatest and best business portions of the town.—But a period much less distant than 1829, may be taken, to mark the advance of out-door improvements.

Within the last and the present year many evidences have appeared, that somewhat of the attention which should be directed to these matters has been given. We may make the following enumeration, at random :

The lower parts of the town in the vicinity of Lower Water street, have at length been attended to. A foot or two of materials judiciously laid on, have made dry pleasant roads, and gentle slopes, of places which were rugged, and very miry deformities. Lower Water street itself, in its most crowded part, has been changed from a surface like that of a "broken sea," to a good level road; much to the delight, we should suppose, of its inhabitants, who, in worse times, beside the danger of being lost in some of the cavities if they attempted crossing the street, must have had a horrid jarring in their ears, from the continued bumping of trucks and box carts, as they jolted from one paving stone to another.

In the most improved part of Granville street, just alluded to, the houses are improving month by month, and that vicinity is becoming, in appearance, more and more like a very respectable part of one of the old thoroughfares of European cities. Already, in this place, one splendid stone mansion attests the spirit of the mercantile class, and another just completed, does as much for the mechanical,—while a gay and prosperous industry marks every house in the line.

That part of Upper Water street which joins the Ordnance establishment, and which has gained the significant appellation of *Razor Row*, bears evidence of the commercial keenness of its inhabitants. One after the other, the houses and shops and stores have become modernized, and new establishments have been created, until the place which seemed particularly unsightly and dull a few years ago, is now noted for its neat lively appearance. This Row, we believe, commences southerly, with a *shaving* establishment, and terminates, northerly, with an extensive *leg-iron* store, so that each flank, *literally*, well supports the name which the centre has earned by the *spirit* it has evinced.

Continuing this line, many improvements appear in particular spots in Upper Water street, until the thoroughfare opens on that greatly beneficial alteration, the Campbell Road, and, in the midst of a picturesque situation, the eye rests on the commencement of the Richmond settlement, the mansion, and cottages, and stores and wharfs,—promising seeds of future animation and, we trust, of comfort and prosperity.

The burnt district, near the Ordnance, is already, in part, covered with good buildings, others are in rapid course of completion, and the block promises to be one of the most uniform and business looking in the Town; this is something gained, when we recollect the non-descript varieties that were swept away by a night's conflagration. The line of buildings going up, at this part, fronting Hollis street, are to be kept in countenance, we understand, by a row of respectable houses which are projected for the opposite side. When this is completed, it will form a fitting finish to what only requires slight embellishment to form a magnificent artery of the Town,—Hollis street.

Other parts of Halifax exhibit, in the houses, and the thoroughfares, and the side paths, very gratifying proofs of the growth of attention and taste in these matters, which have a very sensible effect on the comfort and character, and consequently on the prosperity of a community. We will just allude to the lowering and levelling in the vicinity of the South Barracks,—to the new aspect which much of the property has gained, on the line from these Barracks to Water street,—to the new streets and erections in the Spring Garden suburb,—to some excellent and substantial stores and wharfs recently completed,—to the houses and cottages which have sprung up in Pleasant street,—to the noble promenade, presented by the South Campbell road,—to the reclamation of the area of the Province Building, from its wilderness and forlorn and filthy state to comparative neatness and beauty—and, better than all, to the bustling groups which give an unusual air of liveliness to the business parts of the Town, and which intimate that we are about commencing somewhat of the city character so long desired, instead of the listlessness and depression so long a matter of complaint.

With all this, strangers might not think that Halifax has much to brag of,—we only speak now of the *advance* made, and do not at all intimate that we have arrived at a state wherein we should rest, but at one which affords encouragement for the future, by showing what a little past exertion has accomplished.

Much remains to be done in the path of improvement. We may be pardoned for suggesting one or two matters, which if not undertaken soon or to be conducted continuously, will most probably be completed by slow degrees and as a matter of course, as the town makes progress; but is it not time that Halifax should attempt something direct in these matters, as most other towns, comparable with it for size and wealth, do? The back streets above Argyle street, although much better than they were some years ago, are not what they should be, and present a very straggling and uncomfortable appearance to the eye of one who is not in the daily habit of witnessing their condition. Long lines of miserable looking houses, marked by several praiseworthy exceptions, is the general characteristic. These thoroughfares, together with the upper street, which seems in part given up as a kind of outlawed district, should exhibit, chiefly, lines of neat, small houses and cottages, where those engaged in the business of the town might reside, instead of extending a mile away, north and south,—and where they might enjoy retirement, and air, with proximity to the centre. The upper street, if it were thoroughly cleansed from some of its present characteristics, might have a line of neat cottages along its whole length, which would form pleasant and healthful places of residence. Fronting the green slopes of Citadel Hill, possessing many advantages of air and view and nearness to town and country, this might be made a very favorite suburb, instead of being a place to be shunned, as at present.

One matter, in the ornamental way, should be particularly remembered, this is the improvement of the much neglected "Parade." Here is a spot, in a central situation, which affords excellent opportunity for something similar to the squares of embellished cities every where. Those who have visited London or Paris, or continental cities, know what delightful places these openings form;—the regular lines of good mansions,—the fine level spaces, so pleasing to the eye, after being pent up in crowded streets,—the shrubs, and trim walks, and flowers, which adorn the centres, and which form most agreeable retreats for the nursery maids and children of the surrounding houses. Much need not be attempted for the Parade, and yet much might be effected,—and the area might be preserved to the inhabitants, instead of being scrapped away as some of the original space has been. Let a spacious oval grass plot occupy its centre, relieved by some of our native, beautiful shrubs; let a gravel walk bound this; let each of the angles of the area be occupied by a group of evergreens trees, the whole speckled by some of the hardier flowers, and surrounded by a neat, substantial fence. Thus, at a small expense an improvement could be effected, creditable to the town, pleasing to all who looked on it,—and particularly embellishing to the houses in the vicinity, which would soon assume a much more respectable appearance, and rise in value. One boundary of this area, would be the College front,—the other, the road in front of St. Paul's, removing the Engine-house trespass,—the third and fourth, the Post office, and upper side, lines, greatly improved,—and thus "Parade Square" would be an ornament to Halifax.—Suppose this done, and the splendid fortifications at Fort George completed, where could a more romantic and picturesque street-view be found, than that seen from the foot of George's street; the spacious and fashionable and busy thoroughfares, the expanse and verdure of the Parade,—the street beyond, rising the hill,—and above all, the green glacis of the fort, the old Town Clock in its new position, the battlements and the flag staffs. Already, the soldiers pacing along the battlements just mentioned, dwindled to pigmies by distance yet distinctly traced against the sky, and looking down from their quiet post on the bustle of the town, form part of a very picturesque sketch;—what the view will be when the fortification works are completed, and the Parade contributes its foliage, may be imagined.

There is another feature of old cities which might be introduced easily and with good effect. We mean what are called obelisks; these are ornamental erections, in the shape of pyramids, pillars, &c., surrounded with railings and shrubs,—and placed at the more open spaces which occur where streets meet or cross each other. The green spot in the street above the north end of St. Paul's Church,—and similar places, might be mentioned, as fit for these; although it must be acknowledged that the appropriate sites for such ornaments are but few in Halifax. Those obelisks are generally made to support three or four lamps for gas lights;—a luxury which Halifax may aim at, by and bye, when it becomes ashamed of being immured in cimmerian darkness, from five in the evening to seven next morning, during half the nights of winter.

Among the most desirable objects for the improvement of Halifax, must be reckoned a supply of water for the inhabitants of the town. The recent scarcity of this necessary of life, pleads strongly on the subject. The few who have never-failing wells and pumps can but poorly appreciate what other classes suffer in

this respect. It is pitiable to see boys, and girls, and poor women, wandering about the streets, making deplorable expenditure of time and labour,—dispirited and exhausted—moving from pump to pump, clanking the handles of the useless machines, and evincing more joy over a muddy pailfull, than the epicure does over his choice wine. This may be styled a disgraceful and degrading state of things,—to provide a supply of water is a duty of those who have public arrangements in charge, and well might this apathy be shamed by the accommodations of many places which we are wont to call barbarous and among the dark corners of the earth. This very serious evil, to many house and room keepers, should not, surely, be overlooked, because it is felt, chiefly, by the poorer of the people. The monarchs and municipal rulers of other countries, delighted to provide magnificent conveniences for copious supplies of this rich blessing of heaven. These were luxuries in which all could participate. The fountain from which the labourer filled his pitcher, was embellished by the great masters of Architecture and Statuary, and the crystal volume of water spread a delicious coolness about its marble rim, which was a treat to nobles during the sultry beams of summer. We here might so far emulate this spirit, that good homely pumps should appear at convenient distances, and should communicate with reservoirs which would bear a few hours sun or frost without exhaustion.

Some, at least, of these suggestions, are not altogether so far-fetched as to be entirely inappropriate. We expect, and with reason, future seasons of much activity, and fruitful in public advances. The Steamers, from Halifax, to Britain, the U. States, the western shore, the West Indies, and Newfoundland, must cause a much altered state of things, and must have beneficial results, as rays of light directed from many points to one, adorn and illumine. By these vast, modern conveniences, we expect many strangers to visit the town, and some to settle down among us. We should take some little trouble to give the place a prepossessing appearance, to cause outward matters to reflect some credit on the inhabitants, and to have some influence in causing visits, or occasional additions to the fixed part of the community. Government is doing its part in this work; when Citadel Hill is finished, it will be a source of much confidence and interest,—it will combine many mathematical and natural beauties,—and will give an air of importance and romance to the whole town. Our harbour also, is of first rate attraction; why should not some efforts be used to make the town, as regards neatness, uniformity and embellishment, not unworthy of its natural position, and its military consequence?

**NEW WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CLOCKMAKER.**—The Colonial Publisher has, this week, announced two New Works of home manufacture, by the celebrated Samuel Slick, of Slickville, and which are to appear simultaneously in London, Philadelphia, and Halifax. The first of these is, "The Letter Bag of the Great Western; or, Life in a Steamer. Dulce est desipere in Loco."

The character of this work, may be guessed from the character of the author, and the following table of Contents: "Preface—1. Journal of an Actress; 2. Letter from Cato Mignonette (the colored steward) to Mr. Lavender; 3. Do. from Captain Haltfront, of the 40th Regt. of foot, to Lieutenant Fugleman; 4. Do. from a Midshipman of H. M. S. Lapwing to an officer of the Inconstant; 5. Do. from John Skinner (butcher) to Mary Hide; 6. Do. from one of the Society of Friends to her Kinswoman; 7. Do. from a New Brunswicker to his Friend at Fredericton; 8. Do. from an Abolitionist to a Member of Parliament; 9. Do. from a Cadet of the Great Western to his Mother; 10. Do. from a Lawyer's Clerk; 11. Do. from a Traveller before he had travelled; 12. Do. from a Stoker; 13. Do. from a Stockholder of G. W. to the Secretary; 14. Do. from a Servant in search of a place; 15. Do. from a French Passenger; 16. Do. from an Old Hand; 17. Do. from the Son of a Passenger; 18. Do. from Elizabeth Tegg to John Buggins; 19. Do. from an American Citizen; 20. Do. from the Professor of Steam and Astronomy to the Directors; 21. Do. from Moses Levi to Levi Moses; 22. Do. from a Servant emigrating to Astoria; 23. Misdirected Letter, No. 1—A Colonist to his Father; 24. Misdirected Letter, No. 2—A Colonist to his Brother; 25. Do. from a Doctor; 26. Do. from a Coachman on the rail road line; 27. Do. from the Author."

A third Series of The Clockmaker, is also in preparation, but the heads of chapters have not been given in the Prospectus, which has been circulated. We have had the good fortune, however, to see some portions of both works, and believe that they will not detract from, and do much to extend the already high reputation of Mr. Haliburton, as a humourist; and a close observer of Men and things.

**APPLES.**—We regret to learn that there is a very great scarcity of apples, in the western Counties this autumn. A friend from Annapolis, assured us the other day that most of the orchards, which did not lie immediately under the shelter of the North or South mountains, had yielded but little fruit—that in fact many farmers who are in the habit of sending two and three hundred Barrels to market, would not have five to send. Of course if

there are no apples, there can be no cider. This is a sad drawback to an otherwise fine and very productive season. All the Schools will have to go in mourning, and the wail of lamentation over the fruit that ought to have been eaten, will be heard through the length and breadth of the land. The loss of the domestic consumption of Annapolis County, will be severely felt by many to whom apples and cider have become necessities of life.

**THE CLASSICS.**—We "take it for granted" that our correspondent "Auld Lang Syne" writes in jest, rather than in sorrow or anger. If we supposed him serious we might venture a few words in behalf of the right of the moderns to express their thoughts, although their fathers, the writers of antiquity, were born before them. There is in some, it must be acknowledged, an undue thirsting after literary novelty, but they are, after all, only a fair and wholesome set off to those, who, versed in ancient lore, desire nothing beyond it. If the former are frequently satisfied with productions of an inferior order,—the latter would destroy all chance of present excellence. This exclusive devotion to the works of a former period, is not always according to judgment, for with many of this class, to be old and to be foreign, is to be classic and good. An anecdote in point may not be amiss. An artist, now celebrated, was originally a house painter's apprentice. Having fine natural talents, and great industry, he soon attained to much dexterity. He painted marine scenes which exhibited abundant promise of future excellence. A connoisseur, and collector,—one who loved the productions of the old masters because they were rare and much talked of, picked up a fine sketch, and paid a fair price for it. He brought it in triumph to a frame-maker who was also an amateur, and ordered a splendid frame, remarking on his good luck in getting such a gem so easily, and mentioning the "master" whose production he supposed it to be. The frame-maker informed him that he was mistaken, and that what he thought the work of a celebrated old master, was that of a poor young man, and was a good picture nevertheless. After some incredulity, the question was settled beyond doubt by the mechanic. "Don't make the frame then," said the mortified connoisseur, and the picture was thrown aside as of no value. So it has been sometimes in the literary world. The picture was as good after its painter was known as before,—yet admiration turned to contempt; were the painter not discovered it would be doated on, and exhibited, as almost an object of worship.

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—The Session commenced last Wednesday evening. Mr. Joseph Howe delivered an Introductory Address. Mr. Howe recited some particulars connected with the history of the Institute, dwelt on present encouraging appearances, and made suggestions respecting the future. By a vote of the audience, and the acquiescence of Mr. Howe, the Address is to be published.

**DECK LOAD LAW.**—Wishing to make some additional securities against accidents at Sea, Her Majesty's ministers have carried a law by which merchant ships are not to carry deck loads. This has caused a question—some understanding that all traders are to be included,—others, that timber vessels plying between America and the United Kingdom are the chief objects of the measure, and that it does not interfere with inter-colonial trade. The Customs authorities of St. John, N. B. take the former view, those of Halifax the latter.

**FIRE.**—The only alarm of fire, in Halifax, during the last twelve months occurred yesterday. A spruce beer brewery shed, caught fire, and burnt down,—the damage was but trifling.

**LEGISLATIVE SESSION.**—The Legislature of Nova Scotia are called to meet for despatch of business, on the 31st of December.

An examination of that benevolent establishment, the Halifax African School, took place on Saturday week, in the presence of several visitors. The event reflected much credit on all concerned.

Master Hutchings, the "little Prodigy," performed at Mason Hall on Wednesday evening,—his first appearance before a Halifax audience. Much gratification, we understand, was the result. He appears again on Saturday evening. The little fellow, young as he is, might be safely put on his own earnings, which is more than could be said of some full grown gentlemen.

**News.**—Nothing of consequence has come to hand, during the week. Sir J. Colborne had departed from Quebec, and Sir C. P. Thompson had been installed in his place. European dates, received in N. York, brought intelligence one day later from France. They are barren of general interest.

The New York and Boston Banks continued to pay in specie. The losses by fire, in the U. States, from the 1st of October to the 26th. amounted to 600 houses; and property estimated at \$1,040,000. The number of fires was 24. The United States Postmaster General has revoked the order by which mails for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, were detained at Eastport.

LATEST.

New York, 30th ult. Arrived Packet ship Independence, in 31 days, bringing London and Liverpool dates to 28th September. The accounts of the harvest, although at considerable variance in different parts of the country, on the whole leave scarcely a doubt, that a large portion of the wheat crop has been irremediably damaged, and that the oats and barley crops were in serious jeopardy. Large orders had been sent to the Continent, and the necessity of parting with heavy amounts of gold, in payment for foreign grain, could be no longer questioned.

**ORIGINAL PEARL.**—We present our readers to-day with another Original Pearl, and beg to thank the correspondents who so readily stepped forward to assist us in carrying out this feature of our plan, for their various contributions. It is not to be expected that the paper can boast, in a few months, either of that perfect arrangement, or correct and brilliant composition, which are only the result of experience, and of a familiar and systematic use of steadily accumulating stores. We do not pretend that we have done our best yet, nor that our correspondents have: we hope to do a great deal better, but we have done the best we could in a new situation, and in strange company. By and bye, when we get on a new dress, and grow more familiar with the literary stores that can be depended upon, and get our own materials more aptly at our fingers' ends, we shall feel more at our ease, and promise our readers that the experiment of whether or not the British provinces will support a literary paper, shall be fairly tried.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. C. Churchill, Mr. W. McNally, to Charlotte, fourth daughter of Mr. W. Wells, both of this place. On Sunday evening, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Capt. J. Grant, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Fenerty. At Charlottetown, P. E. Island, on the 22d ult, by the Rev. L. C. Jenkins, Capt. Ledret, commander of the French brig-of-war Brestoise, to Margaret, third daughter of Mr. George Mayhey, of that town—At Crapaud, on the 24th ult, by W. B. Welner, Esq. Mr. G. Smith, to Miss Ann Wigginton. On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, Mr. Samuel Rand Thompson, to Miss Eliza Stirling. On Friday evening, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. W. Smith, to Miss Alice Fraser, both of the Bay of Islands. On Tuesday evening by the Rev. C. Churchill, Mr Morris Bowen, to Miss Ann Bowes, both of Halifax.

DIED,

On Sunday morning, after a short but painful illness, in the 31th year of her age, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Richard Woodroffe. At Annapolis, Royal, on the 30th ult, at the residence of his father, James Lovett, Esq, Barrister at Law, aged 25 years. At Burley's Hotel, in Hamilton, U. C. on the 5th October, very suddenly, G. H. Dunbar, Esq. late of the 93d Highlanders, Yesterday afternoon, Rachael, wife of Qr. Master Sergeant Shean, Royal Sappers and Miners, in the 33d year of her age, leaving a husband and large family to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife and tender parent. Her funeral will take place from the Artillery Park, to-morrow, Saturday, at 3 o'clock, when the friends of the family are respectfully requested to attend.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Monday, November 4th—Schr. Royal Miner, Babin, P. E. Island, 5 days, produce. Tuesday, 5th—Schr. New Messenger, Miramichi, 6 days, fish and lumber to J. Allison & Co. Matilda, Fougere, Bonavista, N. F. 8 days; Ann, Reynolds, Burin, N. F.—fish, to B. Story; brig Coquette, Demerara, 35 days, rum to S. Binney. Wednesday, 6th—Schr. General Warren, Baker, Philadelphia, 14 days, flour to J. H. Braine; Susan, Taylor, Alexandria, 18 days, flour wheat and bread to S. Binney; brig Saldanha, Stubbe, Baltimore, 10 days, flour and wheat to G. P. Lawson, Schr. Royal Adelaide, Kirkby, Dominica, 18 days, molasses to J. & M. Tobin; New brig. Slaney, Shubenacadie, to P. Furlong; H. M. Brig Ringdove, Commander Stewart, Quebec, 12 days. Thursday, 7th—Brigt. St. Patrick, Listen, St. John's N.F. 15 days, dry fish etc. to S. Cunard & Co. and others. Friday, 8th—Barque Georgian, Marshall, Montego Bay, 29 days, ballast to D. & E. Starr & Co; brig Judith & Esther, Brown, New York, 9 days, to McNab Cochran & Co; brig Griffin, Young, Turks Island.

**Keefler's Reading Room,**  
ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1836.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the above are respectfully notified, that their SUBSCRIPTIONS for the next year (1840) are now due. Gentlemen wishing to subscribe, will please hand in their Names to the Proprietor.  
October 4. CHARLES KEEFER.

AUCTIONS.

**Sugar, Treacle and Flour,**  
At Collins' wharf,

BY DERLOIS & MERKEL,

To-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock, immediately previous to the sale at M. G. Black's wharf.

2 HIDS CRUSHED LOAF SUGAR,  
8 do fine Bastard ditto,  
4 do common do do  
3 puns. TREACLE,  
100 Bbls RYE FLOUR,

Nov. 8

**Tobacco, Rice, Pale Seal Oil.**

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

To-Morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock, at M. G. Black's Wharf.

**30 kegs Tobacco, 16 hands to the lb.**

15 Tierces Rice, 10 bbls, Pale Seal Oil,  
5 do. Cod do, 6 Qr. casks SHERRY WINE,  
10 boxes CHEESE, 40 boxes 7x9 WINDOW GLASS,  
20 boxes SOAP.

Nov. 8

At 11 o'clock.

BY DEBLOIS & MERREL,

At their Room, on Monday next, at 11 o'clock,—The following Goods, just received;

**Broad Cloths, Pilot Cloths, Flushing,**  
CA-SIMERES, Red green, white and yellow FLANNELS, do. do. BAIZES; Canvas, Raven's Duck, Osaburgs, Muleskins, Vestings, Striped Shirtings and Checks, Bedticks, printed Cottons, Merinos, cotton Handkerchiefs, Pilot and Fearnought Coats, blue cloth Suits, Buckskin and lined Muleskin do, cloth cloaks and Overcoats, with fur collars, Pen Jackets, flushing Trowsers, Dutch Peg coats, woollen Drawers, striped cotton, serge and laize Shirts, BLANKETS, and Rugs, 8 cases LONDON PICKLES, assorted, &c. &c. Nov. 8

MASONIC HALL.

By Command and under the immediate patronage of HIS EXCELLENCY SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

ON SATURDAY Nov. 9th, 1839, MASTER HUTCHINGS will personate 5 characters. The entertainment will commence with a new piece, written expressly for Master Hutchings, entitled the

**Pet of the Admiral,**

Frank Freely	Mr. Hutchings.
Charles	
The Hon. Augustus Algernon Fitzpoodle,	MASTER HUTCHINGS.
Miss Pamela Prim	
Patty Meadows	
Bob the Sailor	

In the course of the evening Master Hutchings will sing the following Song

**The Ladies Man and the Merry Sea Boy.**

To conclude with, by desire, the celebrated Burlesque Burletta of

**Bombastes Furioso,**

GENERAL BOMBASTES - - - - Master Hutchings.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Hutchings at Medley's Hotel. Doors open at 7, performance to commence at 8 precisely. Price of admission \$1, Children under 12, half-price. Nov. 8

**Just Published,**

And for sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacKinlay, Mr. John Muar, and at the Printing Office of W. Cunnabell, Marchington's wharf,

**Cunnabell's Nova Scotia Almanack for 1840.**

Containing lists of the Executive and Legislative Councils, House of Assembly, Sittings of the Supreme Court, Justices of the Peace, Barristers and Attornies, Officers of the Provincial Revenue, Officers of H. M. Customs, Land Surveyors, Banking companies, Insurance companies, Mails, Stage Coaches, Steamers, Clergy, Academies, Merchants Private Signals, EQUATION TABLE OF TIME, the Navy, Army, Staff of Provincial Militia, &c. &c. with a variety of miscellaneous matter, and INDEX. Nov. 1-

**Seasonable Goods.**

Landing, Ex Prince George from London:

PILOT Cloths, Flushings, fine and Slop CLOTHING, Blankets, and a variety of other articles in

**50 Packages,**

Received as above, and for sale on reasonable terms by Nov. 1, 1839. 3m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

**Canvas and Cordage.**

A FRESH SUPPLY of CANVAS and CORDAGE received per Acadian direct from the Rope Walk of the Gourcock Company. ALSO, Per Brenda,

Pilot Cloths, Flushings, Flannels, Blankets,

Brown Cloth, Prints, Springfield and Manchester Warp, Mackereet and Herring Nets, Salmon Twine, Nails, Spikes, Paints, Oils, Shot Gunpowder, and many other articles suitable for the season, all which the Subscriber offers for sale on moderate terms. Oct. 18. —2w ROBERT NOBLE.

**775 BARRELS FLOUR and MEAL,**

ALSO, a few barrels Prime APPLES, Received by the schr Sulan, Morrill, Master, from Philadelphia, and offered for sale by the Subscriber, at low prices, while landing. Sept. 20. ROBERT NOBLE.



For the Pearl.

## A SCRIPTURE SKETCH.

"And Moses said unto Hobab, 'We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.'"—Numbers x. 29.

O'er the lone waste the setting sun  
His golden glories threw,  
And Paran's vast and sandy wilds  
Were lighted up to view.

No shrub was there—no grassy glade  
Shone forth in that bright beam,  
Nor limpid fountain bubbling up,  
Nor river's silvery stream.

'Twas desolation's seat—nor bird,  
Nor living thing was near,  
Save where of Israel's pilgrim bands  
The snow-white tents appear.

And strange it was to see that troop  
Alone on that drear road—  
Alone! No—yonder pillar'd cloud  
Speaks the protecting God.

And none of that vast multitude  
But stretch'd him on his bed,  
Conscious that His Almighty arm  
Would shield his pillow'd head.

But now the light is glancing o'er  
The leader's lowly tent,  
And near stand groups of slaves and steeds,  
As if for journey bent.

And there too is the camel seen—  
Guide o'er the sandy wave—  
Submissive kneeling for his load,  
'To man the willing slave.

And forth from that lone tent there strode  
Hobab the Arab Chief,  
And with him came the Man of God,  
His eyes suffus'd with grief.

By Hobab's troop the brothers stand  
To press each kindred heart,  
To bid a long and kind farewell,  
Ere they forever part.

Then paused the holy Man of God—  
And to his noble guest,  
To turn him from his homeward path,  
These earnest words address.

"Why turneth my brother toward Midian's fair plain,  
Though deep in Arabia's bosom it lie,\*  
There pleasure and honor will court thee in vain,  
If the blessing of Israel's God be not nigh.

"What though thy parents and kinsmen be there,  
And thou leavest them all with our wanderers to go,  
Jehovah a lasting, a mightier care,  
Than parent or friend upon thee will bestow.

"Come with us—oh come! if drear be the way,  
And the ocean-like sand spread forth to thy sight,  
Our path is mark'd out by yon bright Cloud by day,  
And our slumbers secured by the Fire at night.

"Come with us—our God his promise of good  
Hath given to Israel his own chosen race;  
And from Egypt's oppression, through the Red Sea flood,  
He leads them to dwell in their long destin'd place.

"And fair is that region as Eden of old,  
The land of the olive, the myrtle, and vine,  
Where vallies and mountains new beauties unfold,  
And the sun lights them up with a radiance divine.

"And no scorching deserts the travellers allright,  
But cool sparkling streams trickle down the hill side,  
And Jordan's dark wave there flows on in its might,  
Mid leaves of green palm-trees with leaves spreading wide.

"Come with us—oh come! and thy lot shall be cast  
In that blissful rest with the people of God,  
And 'neath His protection thy days shall be pass'd,—  
Come with us, my brother, and we'll do thee good."

He ended—and the Chieftain's train,  
Left not that pilgrim band,†  
For Record shows that Hobab's lot  
Fell in the promised land.

KAPPA.

\*The Midianites, of whom Hobab's father was priest, were settled in the western part of Arabia, along the eastern shore of the Red Sea.  
†The only mention of Hobab's name in the Bible, after his interview with Moses, is in Judges iv, 11, where his children are spoken of as inhabitants of Canaan.

For the Pearl.

## TO REBECCA.

Too lovely girl, when those dark eyes  
Shall softly beam on what I write,  
And beauty in thy smiles arise  
Bright as an angel's of the light,  
Say,—wilt thou not remember him,  
Who makes for thee his lonely verse,—  
And though all else is darkly dim,  
Smile on the lines he doth rehearse?  
For they are written love for thee,  
And with a hope that not in vain  
Words of unrest to thee may flee,  
Though not to give thy bosom pain.

For one so beautiful as thee—  
So framed to give the heart delight,—  
So like those fairy forms we see  
Bewitching in the dreams of night,—  
Should never feel the weight of care,  
Should never know the pangs of grief,  
Should never raise the trembling prayer  
'To skies that will not give relief;  
But in the midst of sunny flowers,  
In perfumed airs that lilies give,  
In grottoes and ambrosial bowers  
Pure as a heavenly Peri live.

And who can gaze upon thy face—  
Upon thine all unrivalled light—  
Upon the lustre and the grace—  
That dazzle, while they win the sight,—  
And hear the low tones of thy voice—  
Thine honied words so softly sweet,  
And see thy blissful heart rejoice;  
Or in the dance with sylph-like feet  
Observe thee move,—and coldly turn  
Away from thee, thou lonely one?  
Not he who writes, and can discern  
Enough to make a heart undone.

I will not ask a tear from thee,  
I will not ask the breath of love,  
But thou within my heart shalt be  
As one I'd worship, from above.  
Though some may think they know the hand,  
That, as before, now writes again—  
Tell them that thou canst understand,  
Alone, the thoughts which guide my pen;  
That though all else may pass them by,  
With looks of scorn or deep disdain,  
Yet the calm beauty of thine eye  
Will say I do not write in vain.

Kentville, October 5th, 1839.

HENRY.

For the Pearl.

## SONG.

The moon is beaming  
Amid the mild light,  
Each flower is gleaming  
In silvery light:  
Come, fairest, then with me,  
'Together we'll roam—  
Under the greenwood tree,  
Dearest, oh! come.

Soft airs are stealing  
O'er deepening night,  
Steep'd is each feeling  
In mute delight;  
All things around agree  
To hallow our love,  
Oh then along with me  
Pure moments prove.

The streamlet that flows  
Beneath the green shade  
Shall witness our vows  
Endearingly made;  
And the pure Being above  
We'll humbly implore  
On our mutual love  
His blessing to pour.

To mortals but few  
Such moments are given,  
When earth takes the hue  
And the semblance of heaven;  
Then, fairest, come with me,  
Together we'll roam,—  
Under the greenwood tree  
Dearest, oh! come.

Halifax, October 28th, 1839.

KAPPA.

For the Pearl.

## A SUMMER SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

The bright-eyed day had climbed far up the steep,  
Towards the golden palaces of noon;  
And sparkling drops from out their od'rous beds,  
Among the crimson leaves, had stolen, unseen,  
To fleecy clouds along the summer sky.  
The tuneful birds had sung their matin songs,  
And silent now retired to grateful shades.  
Each verdant hill, and every flowery vale  
Refulgent shone with genial solar light;  
And zephyrs, warm and gentle as the breath  
From Beauty's lip, stole o'er th' unruffled lake,  
And bore its moisture to the fainting flowers.  
Not the shrill voice of lab'ring swain was heard,  
Urging the tired steed: for the six days  
Of toil for man and beast were done, and now  
The plough lay in the furrow, and the ox  
Found grateful rest beside the peaceful lamb.  
Now, at the appointed hour, all cleanly clad,  
In garb unostentatious, came the meek  
And holy worshippers of heaven supreme:  
Some mutely stood beside the humble church;  
While others wandered 'mid the grassy mounds  
Where lay, unmarked by sculptured stone, the dust  
Of many a worthy sire and graceful youth.  
Beside a new-made grave an aged man  
Leaned on his staff, and sorrowful he seemed  
As one bereaved of his last hope; none heard  
His deep-drawn sighs; none saw his muttering lips,  
Save one fair child, who touched with sympathy—  
Pure, strong, and open as it ever is  
In days of innocence—stood gazing on  
The grey-haired mourner; soon that mourner saw  
And felt the tenderness of that sweet boy;  
And new emotions rose in his sad breast,  
Recalling days of early thoughtless mirth.  
"Oh! lovely child! oh generous boy," he said,  
"Can thy young heart be touched with my poor grief?  
Canst thou feel sorrow for an old man's sighs,  
Or pause from thy amusements to bestow  
Thy care on one so wretched? Yes, thou canst!  
For once like thee I felt, like thee I played;  
And many a time, upon this very spot—  
Ere it had been the resting-place of all  
I loved on earth—ere its green bosom hid  
The dust of sinful man—I roamed at large,  
And laughed, and ran, with headlong speed, to catch  
The golden butterfly;—as man pursues  
Like fitting pleasures of as little worth.  
But gloomy clouds, alas! soon overcast  
The sunshine of my days; and since that time  
My hours have darker grown, till no bright ray  
Is left: the children, that I loved so well,  
My darling boys,—here, here, they ~~are~~—and now  
The long-loved partner, who, with earnest care  
Tried every art to soothe my saddened soul,—  
She too, alas! is torn from my embrace,  
And I am left a wretched lonely one."  
Thus having poured his tale of sadness forth,  
He sought his place amid the attentive throng  
Assembled in the temple of their Lord.  
Now heaven's devoted servant had performed  
His Sabbath task; and from that obscure church,  
That day, a song of adoration rose  
To heaven's exalted throne; angels, that day,  
Rejoiced to hear the heart-felt prayers pour'd forth  
Of many a one unknown to noisy fame,  
Unknown to fashion, and the city's pomp:  
But known in heaven!  
Then each retiring sought  
His distant habitation, and I saw  
The old man pass; but oh! how altered was  
That old man's look; new lustre filled his eye,  
His aspect tranquil seemed as summer lake  
That pictures heaven; for he had heard of worlds  
Where happy kindred meet, forever blest,  
And in his heart he said, "I'll meet them there."

Halifax, August, 1839.

S. N.

## AGENTS.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
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HALIFAX: Printed by W. Cunnabell, at his Office, near head of Marchington's wharf.