

## LITERATURE.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

## HALIFAX.

From shores of the stranger, unhallowed by  
 tie,  
 I turned with a smile from the heart in mine  
 eye,  
 And came to the land which my childhood had  
 known—  
 The spot the heart deots on encircled by  
 Home.

Here hands I embraced in days honor'd and  
 prest,  
 In warm-hearted clasp held my own to the  
 last;  
 And tests of affection and friendship placers,  
 In the beauty of tenderness met with me here.

Sweet fountain of joy's sublime mansion of  
 truth!  
 My mansion still found you the same as in  
 youth;  
 E'en old haunts did woo me by bush, stream,  
 and tree,  
 And the wildings of Home seemed to smile  
 upon me.

My home is a garden of pleasures in bloom,  
 Where rarest of feeling sheds grateful per-  
 fume;  
 Where fruits of the bosom grow tenderly fair,  
 And life's dear perennials unsolied by a sero.

Ye Loves and Friendships! social bulworks of  
 Home!  
 Ye altars of old, and each love-laurel'd dome!  
 And fond ones unchanged! I turn to ye yet,  
 And my heart fondly tells me 'twill never for-  
 get.

The graver of Time may sink deep in my brow,  
 And the current of life be less feeble than  
 now;  
 My eye may be dim, and my frame waste away,  
 But I'll never forget ye, in my casket of clay.

WERAND.

## The Yankee Pedler.

BY COLONEL JOHNSTON.  
(Concluded)

Not a shout was issued from all that  
 immense multitude. The dons were  
 chap-fallen, dumfounded; they even  
 doubted if this were not the fantasy of a  
 fitful dream. At length a low murmur  
 was raised, disputing the first heat.  
 Many said the horses came in neck and  
 neck, and they must run again to decide  
 the contest. The judges, however, decid-  
 ed differently; they said the mare had  
 won the stakes. But still the discontents  
 were getting noisy, and cried out 'who  
 is the owner of this mare? Let him say  
 whether she may run again.'

'I own that there critter,' replied Ralph  
 Brown; 'and though I never bet, nor  
 swear, nor drink; yet jest for your amuse-  
 ment, gentlemen, she may whip round  
 agin; and if the boss beats her I'll return  
 the stakes and pay the shot.'

All were delighted with this, and gave  
 a shout—'Well done the Yankee Pedler,  
 he's a man after all!'

The major, now in his turn winked to  
 the pedler, and said, 'Don't play the fool;  
 you've fairly won the money; and the  
 mare now is certainly fagged, and depend  
 the knowing ones see it.'

'Keep cool, Major,' said Ralph, 'I  
 didn't cross the Potomac for nothing. I  
 was born agin before these here squires  
 had their eye-teeth cut. They think they  
 are cute like, but I'll let the lamination  
 into them.'

Saying this, the pedler dropped a word  
 in the ear of the curly pated boy, not  
 heard by those around. The horses  
 started again; and for half the course  
 kept neck and neck as before: when  
 young curly head rammed his thumb into  
 the mare's flank blowing out a whistle at  
 the same time so clear and piercing it  
 could be heard a mile off. The mare  
 sprang into the air as if she had been a  
 wild sprite of the winds! She seemed  
 to fly rather than run; and even poor Sir  
 Charles gazed in terror and wonderment  
 as he ploughed his way through the  
 clouds of dust, far in the rear of the flying

witch. Virginia was never so taken by  
 surprise; and when the mare reached  
 the goal her competitor was fifty yards  
 behind.

The dons had too much chivalry to let  
 this pass in silence: they raised a shout  
 of triumph for the winner, freely relin-  
 quished their claims to the stakes, and  
 gathered round the weasel mare in ad-  
 miration of her parts. True enough by  
 this time the animal had got her spirits  
 roused: her head and tail were up; she  
 sprightly champed her bit; her fiery  
 nostrils were widely distended; and the  
 white of her eyes was terrible round  
 about.

'This mare shall never go from Vir-  
 ginia,' said one of the capitalists, 'if  
 money can detain her.'

'The critter is not on sale,' replied  
 Ralph Brown, 'my waggon would stick  
 fast in the mud, I reckon, but for the help  
 of this here catamount.'

'Waggon?' said the dons disdainfully,  
 'this flying dragon never saw a waggon.'

'Good rhyme, gentlemen, good rhyme,  
 I'll set it to music and sing it to the crit-  
 ter as we jog along on our journey to-  
 gether.'

The gentlemen became in earnest, and  
 made him several sly bids for the mare—  
 tempting enough.

'Well, I'll tell you what it is, gentle-  
 men, fur play's a jewel; and if I must part  
 with this screamer, it's to be done by  
 way of auction.' Thus saying and hold-  
 ing the mare, the pedler mounted the  
 platform erected for the judges, and raising  
 his rattle, cried, 'Who bids? I put up  
 this here critter for sale—the flying witch  
 of Narragansett. She's a real buster,  
 gentlemen. An immortal spirit wrapped  
 up in a mare's skin—d'ye see the  
 white of her eye as I call her by name?  
 Once, twice; who bids?—1000 dollars,  
 say, I for myself; just a going, going  
 gone! And so I've knocked her down to  
 myself at half price.'

'That's not fair,' cried many voices,  
 'we've not had a chance.'

'Quick is my word, gentlemen—can't  
 humor your slow motions. If you want  
 the critter, bid away in earnest. Now,  
 gentlemen, she's up agin; who bids?  
 Once, twice—jest agoin'

1,250 dollars.'

'Thank ye. This critter's sire was a  
 catamount, and her dam the witch of En-  
 dor! 1,250 dollars; jest a-going, gentle-  
 men; once, twice, three'

1,500 dollars.'

'Thank ye. Ay, gentlemen, ye are  
 jest beginning to sense the virtues of this  
 here buster. 1,500 once, 1,500 twice'

2,000 dollars.'

'Thank ye, thank ye. Can't dally;  
 2,000 once, 2,000 twice; going going,  
 three times. Gone at 2,000 dollars;  
 cheap as pulsey. Now mister, jest stamp  
 the speltre and the mare's yours.'

The bank notes were paid over to the  
 pedler, and the pockets of the major were  
 crammed with the winnings; and both  
 together were on their way home before  
 it was dinner time.

Seated at the tea table in the evening  
 the mass of bank notes was disgorged  
 from the major's ample pockets. On  
 counting them they amounted to thou-  
 sands more than I dare state, for fear of  
 gaining no credit with those ignorant of  
 the deep gaming in Virginia. The amount  
 was so great that even Laura looked  
 on with astonishment, never having seen  
 so much money in the mansion before,  
 the amount was ascertained; and the ma-  
 jor placed the huge pile before the ped-  
 ler, saying—

'I congratulate you, Mr. Brown, on  
 winning more money to day, than I have  
 ever known to have been won at a horse  
 race before.'

Ralph opened both eyes and mouth in  
 great astonishment, exclaiming, 'I win,  
 did ye say, mister? Not a wrap. I  
 never made a bet in my life.'

'All the same,' replied the Major, 'the  
 money is yours, every farthing of it. I  
 had not a shilling in my purse to hazard.  
 The risk was yours, Mr. Brown, and yours  
 the good fortune.'

'Away with your nonsense, major,'  
 cried Ralph; 'don't poke fun at me. I've  
 a conscience against bets. You know,  
 too, Major, that besides other sorts of  
 business I do a little in the religious way  
 down east; and the mothers in Israel o'

Vermont State and New Hampshire,  
 would be shocked to know I had so fallen  
 from grace, as to step upon a race ground,  
 much more to hear I had pocketed the  
 speltre. No, no, major, not I. Now,  
 I'll jest tell ye, squire, the kink of this  
 matter: I've known this here Narragansett  
 mare from colthood up; I've seen her  
 caperin' over the paster of an old Rhode  
 Island farmer for four summers past.  
 When I seed her last May I thought of  
 you, major, and the loss of backer last  
 year, and said to myself, 'Now, I'll jest  
 give a friend a lift, and grease the wheels  
 of my waggon a little in the same spec.'  
 I bought the mare for seventy-five dollars,  
 and put her to school for her education  
 on Long Island. They know a thing or  
 two, major, on Long Island about horse-  
 flesh. When they tried her, they want-  
 ed to coax me out of her for five hundred  
 dollars. I told them she was for a friend  
 of mine down south, and could not be tra-  
 ded. That there curly pated joker you  
 see'd thummin' the critter is a very devil  
 with a hose, major; have ye ever heard  
 of him?—'tis frank Durfy, that beats all  
 the riders in creation. He can make that  
 mare jump straight out of her skin. Now  
 I only make believe about the waggon,  
 major. The mare came at short stages  
 from Long Island tied to my cart tail,  
 while old Roan I left three miles from  
 here drew the waggon and luggage. I  
 only jest put her in the mornin' I came  
 here; and three miles slow drivin' did not  
 stiffen her.'

At length the major returned the pack-  
 et of notes lent him in the morning for  
 his bets; squared the account of 2600  
 dollars the pedler had against him; and  
 placed the balance of the money—a huge  
 lot—in his bureau. The pedler now an-  
 nounced that he should be off the next  
 morning, as he had a great quantity of  
 goods to dispose of among the planters.  
 The major's remonstrance against this  
 movement was unavailing; and Laura  
 turned as pale as ashes at the announce-  
 ment. The bales of rich goods were re-  
 moved from the hall to the pedler's sleep-  
 ing room, and the key of his door being  
 placed in his hand, he bade the major and  
 daughter good night, intending to be off  
 before they were up in the morning. His  
 money he deposited in one of the bales.

He slept soundly for the night, well  
 satisfied with his day's labour. On  
 awakening in the morning, he bounced  
 out of bed; when to his horror and  
 amazement, the key had fallen out, the  
 door stood on the jar, and his bales of  
 goods, money and all, had disappeared.  
 He rung his bell with terror and haste.  
 The negro ran to his call, learned the dis-  
 aster, and hastened to communicate it to  
 massa and young mistress. They soon  
 joined Ralph Brown in the parlor. He  
 was walking the floor in unusual agita-  
 tion. Laura was in great distress at the  
 loss—felt as if it had been her own. The  
 major appeared thoughtful but at length  
 said—

'Make yourself perfectly easy, Mr.  
 Brown: I am responsible for all losses  
 sustained by my guests while at my house;  
 and if the robber cannot be traced out,  
 and the goods restored, my purse shall  
 make the loss good to the last farthing.'

'That will not satisfy me, major,' said  
 Ralph, 'we must leave no stone unturned  
 to ferret out this devilment.'

The parties made a hasty breakfast,  
 and were soon on horseback to scour over  
 the estate, thinking some tokens of the  
 goods might turn up among the negroes.  
 Nothing of the kind, however, appeared;  
 and not a blush was seen on the sable  
 cheeks of the stock. The major at length  
 rode to Charlotteville, to consult his law-  
 yer on so grave an emergency, while  
 Ralph was left to watch the movements  
 on the estate. On the major's return, it  
 was dark—no clue to the robbery had  
 been obtained, and Ralph's uneasiness  
 was not allayed. While at tea the Ma-  
 jor thus addressed Ralph—

'Well, Mr. Brown, you must not be  
 held in suspense; just tell me the value  
 of the goods you have lost'

'Major,' replied Ralph, 'it was not the  
 goods alone, but all my money was in one  
 of the bales.'

'Unfortunate!' responded both father  
 and daughter.

'Well,' resumed the major, 'what is

the total amount of the loss, including  
 goods and cash?'

'About fifteen thousand dollars, re-  
 plied Ralph.'

Laura almost fell into fainting fits at  
 the fearful amount of loss. The Major,  
 more calm, replied—

'Well, I supposed it would have been  
 about that figure, and so I have provided  
 for it. Here is a mortgage for twenty  
 thousand dollars, I have got executed to-  
 day, and secured on five thousand acres,  
 the east half of my farm, worth as you  
 know one hundred thousand dollars at  
 least, and unencumbered; and I have to  
 beg that you will relinquish pedling, take  
 possession of my estate, and manage it  
 as your own; for I can do nothing with  
 the niggers and land.'

The pedler made no reply—drank his  
 tea in thoughtful mood; but before bed  
 time he was side by side with Laura, per-  
 forming a duet, at the piano.

Within six weeks from this event,  
 Laura Carroll was Laura Carroll no more.  
 She was Mistress Ralph Brown! and the  
 Major released his equity of redemption  
 on the mortgage, making his son in law  
 proprietor in fee of half of his estate, as a  
 wedding present. The new married pair  
 took a week's outing to Richmond in the  
 Major's best coach. On their return  
 home their sleeping room was the very  
 one where the pedler's great disaster had  
 so recently occurred. Despite this, the  
 happy pair slept soundly till the morning;  
 when rousing up, strange to tell, the key  
 lay on the floor, the door stood ajar, as  
 previously, and lo! there stood the bales  
 of goods apparently untouched. Ralph  
 ran to the one where he had placed the  
 money, and every stiver of it was in its  
 place, just as he had left it six weeks  
 before.

'Ah! the major drew the wool over my  
 eyes for once,' exclaimed Ralph, 'and  
 has let the illumination into me, and no  
 mistake; but thank God, Laura, you and  
 I have won the stakes after all.'

Laura blushed and smiled as a sweet  
 bride should ever do.

Three years after the marriage I visited  
 Major Carroll for the last time. A sur-  
 prising change had taken place. The  
 mansion had been fitted up, the court  
 yard enlarged, ornamented and beautiful  
 with gravel walks, trees, flowering shrubs,  
 and flowers. The roses bloomed more  
 freshly, and the birds sung more sweetly  
 around the spot than formerly. Thirty  
 New England farmers had been imported,  
 and had put the land under high cultiva-  
 tion—the negroes having been emancipa-  
 ted, and by their own choice placed them-  
 selves as hired servants on the estate.  
 Green grass and waving grain clothed the  
 surface where late sterility prevailed;  
 and lowing herds and bleating sheep  
 sported over the extensive pastures.  
 Chapels for religious service, and a dozen  
 school houses for the instruction of the  
 young Africans, had sprung up as by  
 enchantment. A large temperance so-  
 ciety had been formed among the negroes;  
 and almost to a man of them had become  
 members. The songs of the sable maids  
 and swains were cheerful and merry, as  
 they carolled o'er the sea at early dawn,  
 and evening close. Even the fiddle of  
 old Sambo seemed to have got a new  
 string, as he played to the light hearted  
 dancers on the green, under a Virginia  
 sky by moonlight.

While standing beside the major, ad-  
 miring this transformation, I said to him—  
 'None but a rare genius and a practical  
 operator combined could have produced  
 what I see.'

'Aye, right,' replied the major, 'the  
 genius and the operator are no other than  
 Ralph Brown, the YANKEE PEDLER.'

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.—A pin  
 and a needle, neighbours in a work con-  
 tract, being both idle, began to quarrel,  
 as idle folks are apt to do. 'I should  
 like to know,' said the Pin to the Needle,  
 'what you are good for, and how you  
 expect to get through the world without  
 a head?' 'What is the use of your  
 head,' replied the Needle, rather sharply,  
 'if you have no eye?' 'What is the  
 use of an eye,' said the Pin, 'if there is  
 always something in it?' 'I am more  
 active and can go through more work  
 than you can,' said the needle. 'You;  
 but you will not live long.' 'Why not?'