

the colour of horn. There are black spurs on the legs, shorter than those of a cock: there is a membrane that connects two of the toes together; and the male is much more beautiful than the female.

This bird, though so beautiful to the eye, is not less delicate when served up to the table. Its flesh is considered as the greatest dainty; and when the old physicians spoke of the wholesomeness of any viands, they made their comparison with the flesh of the pheasant. In the woods the hen pheasant lays from eighteen to twenty eggs in a season; but in a domestic state she seldom lays above ten. Its fecundity when wild is sufficient to stock the forest; its beautiful plumage adorns it; and its flesh retains a higher flavour from its unlimited freedom.

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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### A WESTERN STORY.

#### FOUNDED ON FACT.

The State of Georgia is one of those warm cotton-planting regions where negroes live and labour. The white population, of course, fill the offices of Church and State and attend to the land. Mr Henry Lossley was the son of a gentleman who was in but moderate circumstances. He was raised in the general custom of raising children among the southern planters: he received a tolerable education and some knowledge of book-keeping, having spent a few months in the house of N—, in the town of A—. In the nineteenth year of his age, he formed an attachment for Miss Lansing, a lady of some accomplishments and great personal beauty—but her patrimony was small. Mr. Lossley and Miss Lansing were frequently in each other's company, and every time they met their mutual attachment increased. They often spoke of their affection for each other, and lamented that their prospects were not such as to justify a connection for life. Thus matters went on with them for several years, till, at length, finding it impossible for either to be happy unless in each other's

society, they determined to cast their lots together, and if they should not be able to move through the world in the style they could wish, at all events they could support themselves decently; so they were united by that tie which is the most sacred and endearing that can be formed in this life.

For some months after their union they did not seem sensible of their want of pecuniary means; but it soon became evident that they would have to gain support by their actual labour; and it was also certain that in Georgia they could not do more than obtain a mere subsistence, and at last, in old age, be without any settled home, to which they did not seem willing to submit. It was thought best that Mr Lossley should travel into some new country, get a piece of land, make some little improvement on it, and then return to carry his companion. Many were the anxious thoughts that filled their bosoms—the husband had his fears lest he should fail in obtaining a pleasant home for his beloved one whom he was about to leave behind, and the wife already began to count the months, the weeks, and even the days she should be left, as it were, alone in the world—while, on the other hand, they both looked forward with pleasure on the time, when, in a new country, growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength, they should rise to a state of importance in the world.

The time of separation at last arrived; and Mr Lossley, after embracing the best of all earthly friends, gave the parting hand, took his journey, not knowing certainly whither he was going. He travelled to the State of Kentucky, and was about contracting for a piece of land in the neighborhood of where the town of H— is now built. He availed himself of the first opportunity of writing a few lines to his companion in order to let her know where he was and what he was doing.

This letter never reached the beloved object for whom it was intended—but fell into the hands of one, whose name will be 'revealed in that day.' Suffice it to say, there was one