

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE DAY WAS DARK.

The day was dark, save when the beam  
Of noon through darkness broke,  
In gloomy state, as in a dream,  
Beneath my orchard oak,  
Lo, splendour, like a spirit came,  
A shadow, like a tree ;  
While there I sat, and named her name,  
Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear ;  
I look'd around in awe ;  
But saw no beautiful spirit near,  
Though all that was I saw ;  
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears  
She mourned her hopes o'erthrown,  
Her joy cut off in early years  
Like gather'd flowers half blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,  
But Mary did not come ;  
And e'en the rose, which she had set,  
Was faded ne'er to bloom !  
The thrush proclaimed in accents sweet,  
That winter's reign was o'er ;  
The bluebells throng'd around my feet,  
But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she  
Awake to thought again ;  
No voice of comfort answers me ;  
But God does nought in vain :  
He wastes no flower, nor bud, nor leaf,  
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave ;  
And will he waste the hope which grief  
Hath placed in the grave !

\* From the Augusta Mirror.

## JUDGE LYNCH OUTWITTED.

Now, of all other men, perhaps John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to "sittin on a rail." He would rather have died than suffer such an indignity ; and immediately on receiving this intelligence, he resolved that he would not be caught "sleeping bery sound." He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, complained in a whining tone of voice.

"Well you'd better put out, then," said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle and popped the "pie," in the drawer. "Judge Lynch has said it."

"Well, now I'm not a gowin to be served no such trick," said John. "Judge Lynch be hanged."

"John sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself, 'I'll blow 'em up, if they come a projectin' about this child.'"

He then stepped into a store and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pocket handkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars, lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him, and as he saw them gather round the door, he began to puff away at his cigar and mutter against "the whole infernal pack of 'em."

"Yes," said he, "you come tryin' that are, and you'll get walked up worse than ever you was afore—You jest fool with this child—that's all ; and if I don't blow you to kingdom come—you see if I don't."

The crowd which had assembled round the door, now gradually entered the room, and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar, and cry,

"Just you tetch now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirlin, if this here powder's good for anythin. I don't care for myself—I'd rather be blowed through the roof of this here store than be rid on a rail—a confounded sight."

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

"Ha, what dat you shall say ?—blow off de roof from my house !"

"Lay hold of him," said the Judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentence in person, "lay hold of him, fellows !"

"Stand off !" exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held the powder in one hand and the cigar in the other. "Do you see this 'ere cigar, and this 'ere powder ? jest lay hands on me and I'll fetch 'em together. If I don't now dad burn me."

"Help !" help !" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "Go out of my house, sair—begone with your powder and cigar—what de diable !—will you blow up my property ?"

"Well, let 'em let me alone then. I'll blow all hands up, and myself, too, before I'll be rid on a rail."

"Gather him up, gentleman," said the judge ; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd which had now increased in number, gradually drew round the besieged Rodgers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

"Here goes, then !" exclaimed Rodgers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief. There was a sudden rush to the door, and a confusion of voices crying,

out, "stop ! stop ! Dont dont !" above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman, crying out, "Murdaire ! murdaire !"

"Well," said Rodgers, as the crowd dispersed, "I'd just as live be killed, as rid on a rail !"

"I tell you one, two, several times, to begone vid your powder magazine, and your cigar. Will you leave my house, sare ?"

But Rodgers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his possession against the wall, until the old man had prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from the door. He then left the house much to the relief of the old Frenchman, but ever as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination, and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Bring the rail !"

"You try it," said John, "and if you don't go into a hornet's nest, it'll be because fire won't burn powder, now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close round him, and as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerably, by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat dashed it to the ground, and exclaiming, "Non comatible in statue combustibus !" abandoned the attempt. The rest of the posse soon imitated his example, leaving Rodgers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch for the first time, witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers a better man, and from that time forth he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch of T—, Florida.

**THE MISERY OF WISDOM.**—The ruins of Castleonnell, formerly belonging to the De Burgos, are situated on a steep rock above the town. There is a tradition which is firmly believed by the surrounding peasantry, that this ruin will fall upon the wisest person in the world, if he should pass under its walls. The late Mr. —, a gentleman of much consideration in the neighbourhood, fancied himself entitled to the honor of being crushed to death by the ruins. He never could be prevailed on to approach them ; and when obliged to ride along the high road to Limerick, which runs near, he always passed the dangerous spot at full gallop.—*Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland.*

**MORNING SONG AMONG THE COSSACKS.**—A kind of population soon began to make themselves heard that we had not reckoned on—not the bees, nor the singing maidens, but the poultry—cocks, hens, and chickens, geese, turkeys, every winged creature that man ever tamed, long before dawn, filled the air with a crowing, droning murmur, which at first we could in nowise understand. It seemed as if the whole region had been one large hen-roost. The houses and trees rang with their din.

**A CUNNING MIND.**—There is nothing in the world so curious to look at as the mind of a cunning man—not a conjurer, but a man who thinks he is carrying on his schemes, and manœuvring and keeping everybody else in the dark as to his designs and intentions. Addison says that "cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom."

In days of yore, when drinking flip was a fashionable mode of dissipation, a worthy old gentleman came near losing his life by its excessive use. While danger thus stared him in the face, he made a solemn vow that, if he recovered, he would never taste of another drop of flip. Health returned, and with it his former appetite. Self-denial did not long maintain the supremacy. 'Cuff,' said he one day to a favored and favorite slave, 'bring me a mug of beer.' 'Yes massa.' 'Now drop in some sugar.' 'Yes, massa.' 'Cuff, set it down on the hearth, and stick the hot end of the andiron in it.' Cuff paused a little. 'Massa, me thought you swear you drink no more flip.' 'This is not flip, Cuff ; you may call it warm sweetened beer, with a little rum in it.' 'Yes, massa, me berry tickled to—but—but—' 'But what, you black rascal ?' 'Me berry much afraid debble set it down flip.'—*Barre Gaz.*

**GETTING READY TO MARRY.**—A 'loveyer' in the lower country writes to his sweetheart down south, that his prospects are good, and that he clears on an average five dollars a day, by pitching dollars.

**SPRING AND POETRY.**—The editor of the Cincinnati News has had his imagination exalted by the poetic influences of springs, and thus pours out the tide of song :

"And now the merry ploughboy  
Whistles his morning song :  
Along the dale, and through the vale  
'Tis echoed loud and long.  
The farmer's flocks are roving free,  
And on the budding shrubbery  
His spouse's  
Cowses  
Browzes,

And the martins have returned, and found  
A welcome to our houses ;  
And the little niggers run around  
Divested of their trouaes."

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me sir," said she, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning."

**CANINE ATTACHMENT.**—The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* relates the melancholy particulars of the death of a Mr. H. Roberts, butcher, of Tredewen, Montgomeryshire, who, on returning homewards a few days ago from Llanfyllin-market, had to cross the Godderford, near his residence, and the river being vastly swollen, he fell from his horse (when the animal plunged), and was drowned. His dog had accompanied him all the day ; and, it appears, had seen the accident, for he followed the body as it sank, and seizing the collar of the coat in his teeth, with great labour brought the body to the side of the stream, and, raising the head above water, held it firmly there during the whole of the inclement night ; and when discovered in the morning the faithful animal was half immersed in the water, and shivering with cold, yet still engaged in its affectionate office, holding the head of its old master above the stream, and all unconscious that its exertions were useless, for the life had long departed from him to whom the poor animal was so much attached. So severe had been the dog's exertions to bring the body ashore, that the greater part of the collar of the coat, and much of the unfortunate man's shirt, were torn to pieces in the attempt.

**INNOCENCE MADE MANIFEST.**—Among the persons who emigrated to Texas, in the early part of the contest of that country with Mexico, was a young gentleman of the name Laurens, formerly assistant editor to the *New-York Star*. He became acquainted with several gentlemen of his own age, also emigrants, in company with a number of whom he one night visited the house of a Dr. Goodrich, where the party remained till morning, Laurens sleeping with his host. In the morning, Goodrich missed his wallet, with a large sum of money, and he accused Laurens of the theft. It was in vain that the latter denied the charge—he was compelled to challenge his accuser, by whom he was shot dead. It is now ascertained that the money was stolen by another of the party, and who was actually Mr. Laurens's second in the duel. Goodrich suffered much from remorse, and came to a violent death at San Antonio. The whole affair forms an admirable commentary on the folly of duelling.

At a country hotel a short time since, a servant girl enquired of a gentleman at the breakfast table if his cup was out. "No," said he, "but my coffee is." The poor thing was considerably confused, but determined to pay him in his own coin. While at dinner, the stage drove up, and several coming in, the gentleman asked, "Does the stage dine here ?" "No, sir," said the girl, "but the passengers do."

**A MAGNIFICENT CAPE.**—According to the *New York Evangelist*, a most curious specimen of native ingenuity, and of the extravagance of despotism, is to be seen at the Missionary Rooms. It is a cape worn by a Sandwich Island Chief, which, according to an estimate of the Rev. Mr. Richards, must have cost \$100,000. It is made of small feathers, of very bright and beautiful colors, only two of which grow under the wing of a particular bird. These are skillfully wrought upon a coarse net-work, so as to form stripes of several different colors. The manner of obtaining them is as follows : An adhesive substance is placed upon the end of a long pole, and some bait a little distance below. This pole is held near the bird, upon the rocks and branches—it alights on the end of the pole, and by the adhesive substance is caught and drawn down and the feathers pulled out. Mr. Richards estimated that he could have obtained \$100,000 worth of provisions, with the labor that was expended on this cape. There are also two small tippets for the neck, made of the same materials.

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