

## THE STAGE DRIVER.

He is a man of consequence upon the turnpike road,  
And many a look and many a smile upon him is bestowed;  
Here as he halts his smoking team, and stops to give them  
water,

A passing word he's sure to have with the good dame's pretty  
daughter—

A package on the road to leave, a message to convey,  
A whisper and a knowing laugh, as she turns her head away.

He whistles, careless, as he walks at leisure to and fro,  
To eye the harness and the steeds, if all be right or no;  
The stable boy looks up to him with reverential air,  
And learns his saunter and his slang, to crack a whip and  
swear:

His speech is brief, and no appeal is had from his decision,  
As he drains his glass all solemnly, and "blows" the "Op-  
position."

If you sit on the box with him and but admire his team,  
He'll tell you all their merits, how they're better than they  
seem;

Perhaps their various pedigrees and history he'll go through,  
And tell you of the wondrous feats that he has made them do,  
And now as near a town we come, with voice and rounding  
thong,

See how he bids them arch their necks, and proudly prance  
along!

The children and the women folks come running to the door,  
As though a stage were new to them, or never seen before:  
The dogs are barking furiously, the town is in a din,  
As mid a rolling cloud of dust we thunder to the inn—  
How gallantly he reins his team—with what a stately grace!  
The driver's in his glory now—his highest pride of place.

## ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION—THE ECCALEOBION.

A highly curious and interesting exhibition, especially to the  
physiologist, is now open at 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera  
Colonnade, called the *Eccaleobion*, a contrivance for hatching  
eggs by artificial heat. It differs from the Egyptian method of  
artificial incubation by means of *mammals* or ovens heated im-  
mediately by fire, which was tried in Paris by De Reaumur, and  
in London by Mr. Mowbray; and also from the more recent at-  
tempt at the Egyptian Hall by means of steam. In what way the  
heat of the *Eccaleobion* is produced, we are not informed; prob-  
ably it is by hot water; certainly the operation is simple and  
effective, as abundant living proofs daily testify.

In an oblong wooden case, about nine feet in length, and three  
feet in width and depth, entirely isolated, and divided into eight  
compartments, each closed by a glazed door darkened, the eggs  
are placed on cloth, without any covering; here they remain for  
twenty-one days, the period of incubation; at the expiration of  
which time, the chick liberates itself, and the next day is running  
about and pecking its food as lively as if it had the hen's wing to  
shelter it. The *Eccaleobion* is capable of containing upwards of  
two thousand eggs, and of hatching about a hundred daily; and  
though some failures occur from natural causes, the machine, un-  
like the parent bird, never addles the egg.

It is always contrived that one compartment shall exhibit the  
last stage of incubation; and this being open, the visiter may not  
only hear the faint chirp of the imprisoned chick, but watch its  
attacks on its oval cell, till having broken the shell all round, it  
bursts the integuments and liberates itself. At first emerging into  
this new state of existence, the light and the human eyes gazing  
on the little chick, together with its extreme weakness, make it  
appear as if it would fain retire into its confinement again: it stag-  
gers, closes its eyes, and falls in an apparently exhausted state,  
but soon revives, though but for a short time; as soon as it can  
take food, however, it gains strength rapidly.

In a case fitted with lenses, placed before eggs in different  
stages of incubation, lighted by gas, the appearances through the  
shell may be observed; and on a table are placed the contents  
of several eggs at successive periods of incubation, showing the  
formation of the embryo, from the first day (as seen under the  
microscope) to the complete bird, coiled up in its oval form; to  
trace the gradual development of the eyes, the bill and cranium,  
the heart and circulating system, the feet, feathers, etc. is exceed-  
ingly interesting.

The fledglings are placed in partitions and supplied with food,  
and the room rings with their chirping.

The *Eccaleobion* process is of course applicable to eggs of  
every species of bird, but none others than those of the common  
gallinaceous fowl have been reared: parties bringing the eggs of  
other birds, however, can have them hatched by the machine, as  
the same temperature (about 98 degrees of Fahrenheit) is appli-  
cable to all, from the wren to the eagle. The introduction of the  
*Eccaleobion* into general use, will supply abundance of fowls for  
the table, at a very cheap rate, and with little trouble: the machi-  
nery of the *Eccaleobion* is also applicable to a variety of scientific

purposes, where an even and pervading temperature is required;  
as it may be regulated at pleasure up to 300 degrees of Fahren-  
heit.

## MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

An occurrence, which resulted in the death of four citizens of  
the county of Chambers, in the state of Alabama, was detailed to  
us yesterday; and from the respectability of the source we have  
no doubt of its truth.

It appears that a well, in the neighborhood of Standing Rock, in  
the county above mentioned, having failed to yield its usual sup-  
ply of water, the owner determined to have it cleaned out. A  
person was let down by the well bucket and rope, but showed no  
signs of action when at the bottom—he was called to but did not  
answer. A second proposed to go down and ascertain what was  
the matter, and he also, as soon as he arrived at the bottom, be-  
came supine and silent. A third proposed to go down, with the  
understanding that he was to be drawn up as soon as he called out,  
the persons present then suspecting for the first time that there  
was some mephitic gas at the bottom of the well. He went  
down, but it was only to join his unfortunate companions. When  
he got nearly to the foot of the well, he called to be drawn up;  
but when about half way up, he fell from the bucket! A fourth  
then proposed that he should be lashed fast, and he would descend  
with the understanding also that he should be hauled up as soon  
as he called out. He then descended but little more than half  
way when he gave the word; they drew him up quickly, but had  
barely time to unlash him before life was extinct. The other  
three were then taken out of the well with grapples, but none of  
them showed the least signs of life—the vital spark was forever  
extinguished! This melancholy catastrophe happened on Thurs-  
day, and the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were all consign-  
ed to the grave on Friday last.

Thus have four human lives been destroyed, and their spirits  
hastened to eternity, for the want of a small share of caution. A  
well should never be descended, when there is the least haze or  
appearance of vapor within it, without trying it by introducing  
therein a lighted candle or torch: if the light will continue to  
burn there is no danger, but if it is extinguished in its descent, or  
as soon as it arrives at the bottom, the utmost caution should be  
observed in descending.—*West Point, (Ga.) paper, Sept. 18.*

## A LANDSCAPE NEAR CADIZ.

I reached at length a sandy tract, covered with dwarf fan-palms,  
gigantic aloes, prickly pears, and other shrubs, with many beauti-  
ful flowers peculiar to the country, and with which I was not fa-  
miliar. Numerous lizards, which lay basking on the sunny path  
—some brown or red, of five or six inches in length, and others  
about eighteen inches, of a beautiful bright green—fled into the  
bushes at my approach. Hawks of various kinds were sailing and  
screaming through the air; and rabbits from time to time rustled  
amongst the underwood. These were the only signs of life in this  
wilderness. The extended plain, with its thickets of fan-palms,  
and strange, tropical foliage, the hot heavens of cloudless azure,  
the glittering towers, domes, and flat-roofed buildings of Cadiz,  
which rose into view as I reached a slight eminence, together  
with the long lines of bright sandy coast dotted with snow-white  
towns, dazzling the eye with the glare of the sun, and all thrown  
into still brighter and stronger relief by the intense blue of the  
bay, with here and there a cluster of lofty date-palms towering in  
the distance, combined to form a scene so peculiar, so brilliant,  
and so strikingly Eastern in character, that with difficulty I could  
believe myself in Europe. It exactly realized my conceptions of  
the torrid clime of India, whither I could imagine myself sudden-  
ly transported.

I was here particularly struck with the great want of green which  
is characteristic of a Southern landscape. Something there was  
in the foliage generally which might perhaps claim the name, but  
pale blue predominated in the aloes, browns, olives, and yellows in  
the other shrubs; there was yellow orchre, too, of the richest hue  
in the sand, indigo in the sea, and intense ultramarine in the sky;  
but of green—the clear, fresh, decided green of England—there  
was none.

A gentleman observed to Henry, Prince of Prussia, that it was  
very rare to find genius, wit, memory, and judgment united in the  
same person. "Surely there is nothing astonishing in this," re-  
plied the prince, "Genius takes his daring flight towards heaven  
—he is the eagle. Wit moves along by fits and starts; he is the  
grasshopper. Memory marches backwards; he is the crab. Judgment  
drags along slowly: he is the tortoise. How can you  
expect that all these animals should move in unison?"

ANECDOTE OF DOMITIAN.—It is dangerous to jest with  
monarchs. The favourite amusement of the Emperor Domitian,  
it is well known, was fly-catching, to which royal amusement he  
devoted the greater part of his time. Once, while he was thus  
employed, a stranger presented himself in the ante-chamber, and  
requested to be admitted to the emperor, asking, at the same  
time, if he had any other company. "No—not even a fly," an-  
swered the officer in waiting with a smile. Unfortunately Domi-

tian overheard him, and exclaimed in a voice like thunder—"Thy  
head shall pay for that joke!" and it was cut off within an hour.

DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK.—Captain Little, of the ship Glas-  
gow, at this port, from Liverpool, reports that on the 18th Sept.,  
lon. 61 20, wind light from the westward and baffling, he disco-  
vered at a distance the appearance of a raft with something on it,  
bore up and sent his boat and took from it three human beings,  
with scarcely any life in them—took them on board, and learnt  
that these were the only survivors of a crew of nineteen men, and  
belonging to the ship Arab, Capt. Robertson, of and for Hull,  
from Balize, Honduras, with a cargo of mahogany. During the  
gale of the 15th Sept. she was dismasted, and finally went entire-  
ly to pieces. These saved were on the side of the poop, being  
four planks twenty feet long. They had been on this five days  
without any thing except two cocoa nuts, which they found, and  
were in a most wretched and starving condition when taken off,  
and would not have survived another day. There was original-  
ly nine upon the raft, including the mate, but they had previously  
died, or becoming deranged for want of food, had jumped into  
the sea. The names of those saved are William Westwood, car-  
penter, of Selby, Yorkshire, England; John Arsley a Prussian,  
and Halvor Haralsen, a Norwegian.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Mr. Elisha Burrett, the learned blacksmith, illustrates fully  
what a man can accomplish under almost any circumstances, if he  
possesses only application. Mr. B. has worked for many years as  
a blacksmith, and continues to labor two thirds of the day at the  
anvil in Worcester. The other portion of time he devotes to his  
studies, and already he has acquired a knowledge of fifty differ-  
ent languages. Last year he addressed a letter to the President  
of the Royal Society of Antiquities in France, written in Celto  
Breton, one of the provinces in that kingdom, but now an obsolete  
language. The President of the Academy replied to his letter, and  
the correspondence has been published in a volume just issued by  
the Society in Paris, a copy of which has been sent to Mr. Bur-  
rett of Worcester. He certainly has made great acquisition as a  
linguist, and discovers most commendable application, if not men-  
tal power.—*Northampton Cour.*

TAKING ADVICE.—A tailor making a gentleman's coat and  
vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them  
out. Some days after, the gentleman inquiring for the gar-  
ments, was told by this matter-of-fact man, that the clothes hap-  
pening to fit a countryman of his, he had let them out at a shilling  
a week!

Pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more  
terrible enemy to fine faces than the small pox.

A lady being at a party, with a very high black cap, surrounded  
with scarlet feathers, an illustrious personage remarked, "that  
she was like a kitchen chimney on fire."

The aristocracy are prone to ridicule the elevation of the mid-  
dle class to high official situations, not reflecting it is easier to  
transmute men of talents into gentlemen, than it is to convert  
mere gentlemen into men of talent.—*Lady Blessington.*

When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his  
merits and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of  
a wagon always creaks the loudest.

Avarice in old age, says Cicero, is foolish, for what is more  
absurd than to increase our provision for the road, the nearer we  
approach to our journey's end.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"Paddy, do you know how  
to drive?" said a traveller to the 'Phaeton' of a jaunting car.  
'Sure I do,' was the answer. 'Wasn't it I who upset your hon-  
or in a ditch two years ago?'"

LORD BROUGHAM.—Sir Edward Sugden (says the *Globe*)  
is reported to have made the following complimentary remark on  
Lord Brougham's varied attainments: "It is a pity his Lordship  
does not know a little of law, as he would then know a little of  
everything."

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