

THE OLD MILL STREAM.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Beautiful streamlet! how precious to me
Was the green swarded paradise watered by thee;
I dream of thee still, as thou wert in my youth,
Thy meanderings haunt me with freshness and truth.

I had heard of full many a river of fame,
With its wide-rolling flood and its classical name,
But the Thames of Old England, the Tiber of Rome,
Could not peer with the mill streamlet close to my home.

Full well I remember the gravelly spot,
Where I slyly repair'd, though I knew I ought not:
Where I stood with my handful of pebbles to make
That formation of fancy—a duck and a drake.

How severe was the scolding, how heavy the threat,
When my pinafore hung on me dirty and wet;
How heedlessly silent I stood to be told
Of the danger of drowning, the risk of a cold.

"Now mark!" cried a mother, "the mischief done there,
Is unbearable—go to the stream if you dare;
But I sped to the stream like a frolicsome colt,
For I knew that her thunder-cloud carried no bolt.

They puzzled with longitude, adverb and noun,
'Till my forehead was sunk in a studious frown;
Yet that stream was a Lethe, that swept from my soul
The grammar, the globes and the tutor's control.

I wonder if still the young anglers begin
As I did, with willow wand, packthread and pin;
When I threw in my line with expectancy high,
As to perch in my basket and cels in a pie.

Oh! I loved the wild place, where its clear ripples flow'd
On their serpentine way o'er the pebble strewn road,
Where, mounted on Debbin we youngsters would dash
Both pony and rider enjoying the splash.

How often I tried to teach Pincher the tricks
Of diving for pebbles and swimming for sticks;
But by doctrines could never induce the loved brute
To consider hydraulics a pleasant pursuit.

Did a forcible argument sometimes prevail
What a woeful expression was seen in his tail;
And though bitterly vexed, I was made to agree,
That Dido, the spaniel, swam better than he.

What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun
When the school door was opened and our lessons were done;
When "Where shall we play?" was the doubt and the call,
When "Down by the mill-stream" was echoed by all.

When tired of childhood's rude boisterous pranks,
We pull'd the tall rushes that grew on the banks;
And, busily quiet, we sat ourselves down
To weave the rough basket, or plait the light crown.

I remember the launch of our fairy-built ship,
How we set her white sails, pull'd her anchor a trip;
'Till mischievous hands working hard at the craft,
Turned the ship to a boat and the boat to a raft.

The first of my doggerel breathings was there,
'Twas the hope of a poet, "An Ode to Despair."
I won't vouch for its metre, its sense, or its rhyme,
But I know that I then thought it truly sublime.

Beautiful streamlet! I dream of thee still,
Of thy pouring cascade and thy tacking mill;
Thou livest in memory, and will not depart,
For thy waters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

Home of my youth! if I go to thee now,
None can remember my voice or my brow;
None can remember the sunny-faced child,
That play'd by the water mill joyous and wild.

The aged who laid their thin hands on my head,
To smooth my dark shining curls, rest with the dead;
The young, who partook of my sports and my glee,
Can see nought but a wandering stranger in me.

Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,
But the changes that mark'd thee awaken'd deep pain.
Desolation had reigned, thou wert not as of yore—
Home of my childhood, I'll see thee no more!

HORRIBLE! A CHALLENGE AND ITS EFFECTS.

We received a letter from a friend in the west a short time since, from which we extract the following account of a duel, which for

novelty and brutality the reader must confess has not yet been surpassed.

"Writing of this genteel and honourable mode of settling disputes, I will endeavour to give you a description of a duel which took place in a southern city not long since; and to do the narration justice, I must inform you of its origin.

"One night a stranger, a tall, bony, and powerful man, stepped into the bar room of a fashionable hotel, and swaggered about to the no small amusement of the company. His dress was unique, being a coarse petersham coat, deer skin pantaloons, and heavy water boots. His head was graced with a huge Mexican hat with a brim half a yard wide. The butts of two large horse pistols protruded from either pocket of his coat, and the handle of a bowie knife projected from under his vest. The strangeness of the man's appearance rivetted the attention of all present, and those who did not boast the bump of combativeness shrunk from the swing of his giant arm.

"'I'm a gentleman,' said he by way of introduction. No one appeared to dispute it, and so he proceeded. 'I own three acres of prime land, two sugar plantations, and one hundred negroes, and I can chew up the best man in this room!' Still no one disputed him, and looking round with a sneer, he exclaimed, 'I've killed eleven Indians, three white men, and seven panthers; and it's my candid opinion you are all a set of cowards!' With this denunciation he jostled against Dr. B——, a man of high honour and unquestionable courage. The doctor immediately threw the disgraceful epithet back on him, and at the same time spat in his face.

"The bowie knife of the stranger in an instant glistened in the light, but the timely rush of several gentlemen prevented his plunging it into the heart of his opponent. Matters were soon brought to an understanding, and a formal challenge was given and accepted by the parties. Dr. B—— was a thick set muscular man, and considered one of the best shots in the States: and even the arrangement of the duel did not shake his determination to humble the arrogance of the stranger. The terms were these: The parties were to be locked up in a dark room, (the seconds remaining outside,) each to be stripped of his clothing, with the exception of his pantaloons, and the arms and shoulders to be greased with lard. Each had a pair of pistols and a bowie knife. At a signal given from the seconds the butchery was to commence.

The doctor, who survived the dreadful conflict, stated that for nearly a quarter of an hour they kept at bay, and scarcely a tread or breath could be heard after the cocking of the pistols. At moments he could see the cat eyes of his antagonist, and when he was about firing they would disappear, and appear again in another part of the room. He at length fired; as quick as thought the shot was returned, and the ball passed through the shoulder. In his agony he discharged his second pistol at random, the flash brought a return from his opponent, and another ball passed through the fleshy part of his thigh. Faint with the loss of blood he staggered about the room, and at length fell heavily upon the floor. The stranger chuckled when he heard the noise of his fall, but soon became silent, and slowly and softly approached his victim, with the intention of despatching him with his knife. This, however, the doctor, with much presence of mind, though barely alive, prevented—for the grey eyes of the stranger betrayed him, and while they glared like fire balls over him, he struck his knife upward, and it went through the heart of his antagonist, who fell by his side without a groan.

"The door was then opened, and the duelists were found weltering in each other's blood."—*Baltimore Clipper*.

The survivor and the seconds were not hanged, we presume, but they ought to have been.—*N. Y. Spectator*.

PROUD ENGLAND.—England is an exceedingly proud nation, and it would be the greatest anomaly in the history of the world if she were not—for never had any nation so much to be proud of. She is proud of her own little island, and the more so, because she is so little, and yet so mighty; she is proud of her London, her Liverpool, her Manchester, and all her great manufacturing towns and districts. She is proud of her princely merchants, her immense commerce, of her enormous wealth, and even of her national debt, for what other nation of the globe, she exultingly demands, could pay the interest of such a debt, without any perceptible check to her prosperity? She is proud of her navy, of her dock yards, of her arsenals, and of her Greenwich and Chelsea palaces for invalid warriors; of her hospitals, her asylums, her almshouses, which stud her island "like strings of sparkling diamonds."

She is proud of her vast foreign possessions and dependencies, she is proud of her Gibraltar, of her tributary princes and emancipated islands. She is proud of her poets, of her Shakespeare, her Milton, her Pope, her Dryden, and hundreds of other inspired souls. She is proud of her philanthropists, of her Howard, her Reynolds, her Coram, and her Gresham. She is proud of her mechanics, of her Smeaton, her Watt, her Telford, her Davy. She is proud of her Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey—of her cathedrals—of her churches. She is proud of her Drakes and Nelsons, and Marlboroughs and Wellingtons—of her statesmen and orators—of her Coke, her Littleton, her Bacon, her Newton, her Butler, her Locke. She is proud of what she has been, proud of what she is, proud of the anticipated prosperity in her future. And lastly, she is beginning to be proud of her once wayward daughter on the other side of the Atlantic.—*The Mirror*.

Some one observed to Prince Henry 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," replied the prince. "Genius takes its 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 slowly along—he is the tortoise. How can you expect that all these animals should move in unison."

ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—From the Anglo-Saxons we derive the names of the most ancient officers amongst us, of the greater part of the divisions of the kingdom, and of almost all our towns and villages. From them, also, we derive our language; of which the structure and the majority of the words are Saxon. Of eighty-one words in the famous soliloquy of Hamlet, thirteen only are of Latin origin. Even in our most classical writers, as Milton, Addison, and Johnson, the words of Saxon origin greatly predominate.—*Wade's British History*.

THE SWORD OF BRUCE.—The sword which King Robert Bruce wielded at Bannockburn, has, with his helmet, survived the entire family. Mrs. Catharine Bruce, the last of the royal house, died in 1791, at a very advanced age. Only a short time before her death, Burns called upon her, and, although she was almost speechless from paralysis, she entertained him nobly, and conferred the honor of knighthood on him with Bruce's two-handed sword, saying, she had a better right to grant the title than "some people." After dinner the first toast she gave was "Awa', uncoss!" that is, away with the strangers, which showed her Jacobite feelings to the house of Hanover. The old lady bequeathed the sword and helmet to the Earl of Elgin, whom she considered the next of kin.

ORIGIN OF SLANDER.—Mother Jasper told me that she heard Greatwood's wife say that John Hardston's aunt mentioned to her that Mrs. Lusty was present when the widow Baskman said that Hertall's cousin thought Ensign Doolittle's sister believed that old Miss Oxley reckoned that Sam Trixe's better half had told Mrs. Spaulding that she heard John Rheumer's woman say that Mrs. Garden had two husbands!!

The following anecdote concerning Dr. Arne may not perhaps be known to many of our readers.—Two gentlemen having differed in opinion which was the best singer, it was agreed to leave the case to Dr. Arne, who having heard them both, observed to the last gentleman that sung, "Sir, without offence, you are the worst singer I ever heard in all my life." "There! there!" exclaimed the other, exultingly, "I told you so, I told you so." "Sir," said the Doctor, "you must not say a word, for you cannot sing at all."

SONG.

The winds are blowing winterly!
Lonely o'er the midnight sea,
Frozen sail and icy mast
Shiver in the northern blast!
Wild birds to their rock nests flee,
For the winds are blowing winterly!

O'er the moor the cotter strides—
Drifting snow his pathway hides;
Stars keep trembling in and out,
As though too cold to look about!
Glad he'll see his own roof tree—
For the winds are blowing winterly!

By the fire the cotter's dame
Sits, yet scarcely feels the flame;
Often looks she from the door,
Fearing sad that dismal moor,
And weeping for her son at sea—
For the winds are howling winterly!

REPARTEE.—A Frenchman once trading in the market, was interrupted by an impertinent would-be waggish sort of a fellow, who ridiculed him by imitating his imperfect manner of speaking the English. After patiently listening to him for some time, the Frenchman coolly replied, "Mine fine friend, you will do vell to stop now; for if Samson had made no better use of de jaw-bone of an Ass dan you do, he vud never have killed so many Philistines."

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