

THE JACOBITE'S LAST SONG.

"There is an old tradition that a Jacobite Chevalier, when a price was set upon his head, and he was out on the hills, received a memento from his betrothed. A few hours after he was set upon and slain."

Remember thee Mary!
Remember thee yet!
Thy star is above me,
And can I forget?
Its watchers at even
We vowed we would be—
I gaze, 'till from Heaven
Thou whisp'rst to me.

Remember thee, Mary!
The spoiler hath come,
I once had broad manors,
I now have no home;
I'm on the hills, lady,
The storm rages free—
But wropped in my plaidie,
I dream love, of thee!

Remember thee, Mary!
My benchmen have fled,
My king is an exile,
My kindred are dead,
They've sent out their rangers
To hunt me and slay—
But what are life's dangers
Since thou art away!

Remember thee, Mary!
The hound has my track—
I hear from each hill side
His yell echo back—
I ask them no parley,
Though death bows my knee—
Huzza for Prince Charlie?
One sigh, love, for thee!

EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

Below are some comments of a Scotch Gazette on the Eglinton Tournament. Curious and splendid as was the sight, can any one read the announcement, that, with one half the sum spent by a young nobleman on the "gorgeous folly," village schools might have been endowed in every parish in Ayrshire, without mournfulness. There never was a period when it was more necessary for the nobles of England, to devote a portion of their enormous revenues, to the instruction of the poor, than the present. Chartism is but another name for the necessities of the poor; these necessities are preparing their minds for violence.—Violence can be neutralized by intelligence, but by no other means. The horrors of the French Revolution would not be matter of history, had the people been instructed.—*Montreal Courier.*

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.—"Fools and their money are soon parted," saith the proverb, and so this Eglinton Tournament, about which there has been such a quantity of writing, and puffing, and gossiping, and what not, has ended in the most miserable manner. The very elements seem to have conspired, and to have poured down the phials of their wrath against it, so soon as the Grand Knights came forth on their splendid chargers to try their tilts with one another. What tomfoolery! What a caricature on rational beings—to break wooden lances, and to tumble down in six inches of saw-dust provided for them! No wonder that the Heavens laughed at such things in derision, and drenched the on-lookers to the very skin.

But the young Earl of Eglinton will pay for his whistle. This tilt or Tournament, or whatever it is called, will cost him, we hear, one way and another, £20,000 or £30,000 sterling. With half of that sum he might have endowed village schools in every parish in Ayrshire, and his name and his fame would thence have descended in grateful recollection to posterity, long after this Tournament, with all its tinsel and gaudy array, will have ceased to be spoken of even with ordinary regard. We are far from denying that it has done some good to many classes. The shopkeepers and the inn-keepers, and last, though not least, the toll-keepers of Ayrshire have much reason to be thankful for it, since it has been the means of making "the circulating medium" to pass through their hands pretty well for one week. But it will leave no beneficial permanent impression behind—quite the reverse. We should be sorry, but not at all surpris'd, to hear that the next Tournament at Eglinton Castle will be a real one—that some of the rich London Jews will have come down to take possession, by staff and baton, of the unentailed lands not far from that splendid seat, in virtue of some Trust Deed, or Heritable Bond and Disposition in Security. But Lord Eglinton may say, as the Duke of Newcastle did, in an opposite direction, "Have I not a right to do what like I with my own?" To be sure he has.—*Scotch Gazette*

SOUTHEY'S RESIDENCE.

You may like to know how and where the Poet Laureate of England lives. Imagine the Vale of Keswick then, almost a level tract, some six or eight miles long by four or five wide, and making, to the eye which surveys it from a neighbouring hill, nearly a complete oval; for though it connects with the vallies above and below, it is by passages too narrow to be noticed in the distance. South of the centre lies Derwentwater:—a fine clear sheet, with rich islands covered with woods that wear just now, like all the neighbouring forests on the hill-sides, and among the parks, the gorgeous, but melancholy hues of the autumn. A quarter of a mile east of the head of the water is Keswick village, which is one of the neatest and most rural in England, though it is small, and there are no fine buildings in or about it. At the southern end a neat road, lined with hedges and shaded by trees, forks off towards the lake, and follows its borders for some miles. A few other rural roads, more resembling paths, branch away in other directions—leading to water-falls, views, and so on—for Keswick is the favourite resort of the tourists. The whole valley is well planted with trees. The village itself is so nestled among them that, from the hills, one only gets a glimpse of its Church-tower and here and there a white-washed wall glimmering through green leaves. This is the valley. Add an uninterrupted rim of rich fine hills and mountains, ranged closely round the edge of the whole oval, over 3000 feet high in places, but every where affording a new variety of foliage, verdure, and form. This is far the completest frame of a picture in all this region, studded with gems as it is. Southey's house is at the northern end of the village, on the top of the only eminence in it, a long smooth slope stretching away to the head of the lake before it for a quarter of a mile; and behind, winding about the head of this slope, close by, comes round a rapid mill-stream, (which here they call a river,) dashing down the hills in the rear over a rocky channel, and making all the noise it can in its short space, for it soon loses itself, after a vain turn or two, in the calm motionless sheet of the lake. Standing at the Poet's door the view is exquisite indeed and exquisitely English too. The height is just enough to show you the whole valley up and down—the lake village in front—on the left the grey towers of the churches on either hand—the white walls of many a cottage here and there—the green slopes at the edge of the mountain's base, and the long lawns at the shore of the water, both spotted with flocks and herds—the little rounding river, with its antique moss-grown bridge, and humble mill—then the red-rimmed grain-wains of the farmers rumbly to and fro along the narrow road between me and the lake, and rising in still plainer sight over the high round arch of the bridge. Nay, I can see the old-fashioned, cumbersome, clumsy harness, with the high leathern housing over the horse's shoulders, flaring and flapping as he jogs on. How quiet the scene is! How clear the air! How serene this fine October sky!—*The American in England.*

THE ESSEX RING.

This ring, to which an historical and romantic record is attached as the token (the sight of which, recalling her tenderest feelings was to act with talismanic power on the Queen, and ensure her assent to any request accompanied), is an heir-loom in the "Warner" family, and is in the possession of Colonel Edward Warner, the representative of the elder branch. The ring is formed of a single diamond, cut in the shape of a heart, and bears an additional interest as having been the gift of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scotland to Queen Elizabeth at the period of her marriage with Lord Darnley, in 1564, when she sent it to her royal rival, together with the following lines, written by Buchanan:—

"This gem behold, the emblem of my heart,
From which my cousin's image ne'er shall part,
Clear in its lustre, spotless does it shine,
As clear, as spotless, as this heart of mine;
What though the stone a greater hardness wears,
Superior firmness still the figure bears."

The fact of Lady Nottingham's treacherous concealing of the ring, confided to her by the condemned Essex, with his pleading for life from his offended sovereign is too well known to require repetition, as well as that the Queen's anguish at Lady Nottingham's death-bed confession led to her own immediate dissolution. The ring then fell into the possession of King James I., who gave it to Captain Warner, together with other marks of distinction, in remuneration of his extensive discoveries in the West Indies, by which three of our most valuable colonies were added to the British dominions. In 1629, Captain Warner was knighted by King Charles I.—*Court Gazette.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, not generally known, exhibits in a strong light the indefatigable perseverance and foresight of the duke, and especially exonerates his grace from the charge raised against him by many writers, of allowing himself to be surprised by Bonaparte while amusing himself at a ball at Brussels at the time referred to:—At a dinner, a short time since, the duke was asked, "Has your grace seen the pamphlet published in Ame-

rica, by Gen. Grouchy, in answer to Gen. Foy's attack on him respecting the manœuvres on the day previous to Waterloo?" "I have," answered the duke, "and Grouchy has the best of it. He could not move without orders, and orders he certainly did not receive. As to his manœuvres, I know all about them. I was a witness to them." "You," exclaimed one of the party; "every one thought your grace was in Brussels." "I know they did; but they were wrong, for on the evening in question I and Gordon (who was killed at Waterloo) left Brussels, took a squadron of horse as escort, no one knowing us, and joined the Prussian head-quarters. I passed the whole of that night in conference with Blucher, Bulow, D'York, and Klest. In the morning I observed to Bulow, 'If I had an English army in the position in which yours now is, I should expect to be most confoundedly thrashed.' The attack of Grouchy soon after commenced, and the Prussians were defeated. I waited long enough to see that event, and I then thought it time to be off, and on the 17th Bonaparte made that monstrous movement on my flank which was the commencement of the battle of Waterloo."—*Dover Chronicle.*

DEATH PREFERRED TO DISHONOR.—During the Irish reign of terror, in 1798, a circumstance occurred, which, in the days of Sparta would have immortalized the heroine; it is almost unknown, no pen has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into the principles that influenced her; suffice it that in common with most of her stamp, she beheld the struggle as one in which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned by martial law to death; she followed the officer, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution, and besought him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt in the agony of her soul and clasped his knees, while her eyes with the glare of a maniac, fell on the child beside him. The judge was inexorable, the transgressor must die. But, taking advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit on condition of his discovering the members of the association with which he was connected. The son wavered; the mother rose from her position of humiliation, and exclaimed, "My child, my child, if you do, the heaviest curse of your mother shall fall upon you, and the milk of her bosom shall be poisoned in your veins." He was executed; the pride of her soul enabled her to behold it without a tear; she returned home; the support of her declining years had fallen, the tie that bound her to life had given way, and the evening of the day that saw her lonely and forsaken, left her at rest for ever. Her heart had broken in the struggle.

THE DREAM.

Two lovers thro' the garden
Walk'd hand in hand alone,
Two pale and slender creatures,
They sat the flowers among.

They kiss'd each other's cheek so warm,
They kissed each other's mouth;
They held each other arm in arm,
They dreamt of health and youth.

Two bells they sounded suddenly,
They started from their sleep,
And in the convent cell lay she,
And he in dungeon deep.

Umland.

There is one noble trait observable in mankind all over the world. The man who has been unjustly injured excites the sympathy of his fellows, and nothing advances a cause so much as the persecution of its supporters. The world cannot become wholly depraved while such is the disposition of mankind.

KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE.—A profound knowledge of life can only be acquired by trials that make us regret the loss of our ignorance.

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