

## THE ENGLISH GIRL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

She laughs and runs, a cherub thing;  
And proud is the dotting sire  
To see her pluck the buds of spring,  
Or play by the winter fire.  
Her golden hair falls thick and fair,  
In many a wavy curl;  
And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek  
Of the infant English girl.

The years steal on, and, day by day,  
Her native charms expand;  
Till her round face beams in the summer ray,  
Like the rose of her own blest land.  
There's music in her laughing tone,  
A darker shade on the curl,  
And Beauty makes her chosen throne  
On the brow of the English girl.

She is standing now, a happy bride,  
At the holy altar rail,  
While the sacred blush of maiden pride  
Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.  
Her eye of light is the diamond bright,  
Her innocence the pearl;  
And these are ever the bridal gems  
That are worn by the English girl.

## A SWISS INUNDATION.

For a long time previous to the bursting of the glacier, it was observed that the waters of the Dranse, which runs close to Martigny, had almost disappeared. Unfortunately, it was not thought necessary to ascertain the cause, until about two months before, when a few individuals ascended for this purpose; having some suspicions that all was not right. About ten leagues distant from Martigny, and sixty from Bagnes, near the glacier of Getroz, they found immense masses of ice had fallen into a narrow ravine, stopping up the course of the river by a solid wall above six hundred feet in length, four hundred feet high, and having a base, or breadth, nearly five times this capacity. Behind its almost impervious embankment the river had formed a vast lake, more than three thousand yards long and one hundred and fifty broad; having an average depth of seventy yards, or thereabouts. The contents have been variously estimated; probably, on a rough guess, above seven hundred and fifty millions of cubic feet, rapidly increasing, and every moment threatening to burst its barrier. An eminent engineer, M. Venetz, was immediately applied to, who undertook, with the help and self-devotion of other inhabitants, to drive a tunnel through this enormous mass, about twenty yards above the level of the lake behind. It was calculated the water would not rise higher before the work would be completed. On the 10th of May, the undertaking was begun; both sides of the wall being perforated, with the intention of meeting half-way. Two gangs of fifty men each were employed night and day. It was truly gratifying to witness the heroic conduct of these individuals, devoting themselves to the safety of their country. Sometimes large masses fell from the glacier causing a sudden swell, which threatened to burst through and overwhelm them. Its rise was very irregular; about two feet per day on the average; at times considerably more. In about three weeks they had cleared an opening of more than five hundred feet. Unfortunately, however, when the terminations were to have met, one of them was found considerably too low. Whilst remedying this mistake, the lake rose into the aperture, which began to discharge its waters. The perforation was completed in spite of these dangers, but, unhappily, was found too small; and the water accumulated above the tunnel. Nevertheless, the force and rush of the torrent soon widened its outlet, and on the 13th of June, the water was reduced to two hundred and fifty millions of cubic feet, leaving above five hundred millions yet to be drained off. About ten yards were already lowered, and the violent motion of the torrent, as was expected, cut itself a channel continually deeper. Under ordinary circumstances, it was supposed a few days would have discharged the whole, and brought the channel to its accustomed level; but the continual fall of water more than a hundred yards in height, had washed away and undermined the lower part of the barrier.

Gradually its projecting base grew less, and the terrified workmen expected every instant a total disruption. Signal-posts were erected, and watchmen stationed on the heights; watch-fires and cannons, to give immediate notice when the breach should give way; and to these precautions may be attributed the comparatively small amount of human life that fell a sacrifice in this awful catastrophe. On the 16th of June, at half-past four o'clock, p. m. a tremendous explosion was heard: the ice had given way, and, in half an hour, the whole accumulated waters were discharged. At its commencement the torrent was about one hundred feet in depth, rushing on with a fearful momentum. Charged with immense masses of ice, rocks, trees, houses, cattle, etc. this devastating flood, accompanied by a thick black smoke, arrived at Bagnes, about eight or nine miles, in forty minutes; at Martigny, twelve miles farther, in fifty minutes more; to St. Maurice, nine miles, it travelled in sixty-six minutes; arriving at the lake of

Geneva, fifteen miles farther, in three hours and fifty-four minutes; having run fifty-four miles in six hours and a half. [Worthy Mr. Roby does not seem to have been aware that this was hardly nine miles an hour, including stoppages—slow-coach rate.] The whole once fertile valley of Bagnes was now converted into a sterile waste. Nearly every bridge in its course, and four hundred dwellings, were destroyed. Thirty-four individuals lost their lives, either through fear or inadvertence. A great part of the harvest was totally lost, and about eighteen houses in and near Martigny swept away. The total estimated damage was about 80,000*l.*—an irreparable loss in this country.

It is said that the roar of the torrent was absolutely deafening; and the terror of the inhabitants was such, they left their all at the mercy of the devouring element, and could hardly be persuaded to return.—*Roby's Continental Tour.*

## ESCAPE FROM A TIGRESS.

SIR,—I send you an extract from a letter I have received from my brother, Lieut. George Grenville Malet, 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry. If you think it worth while to insert it in your valuable Journal, by doing so you will oblige your obedient servant,

C. S. MALET, Capt. 8th Regt.

Balmeer, Jan. 1837.

(Copy)

"On the 26th inst. Mortimer, (her Majesty's 40th,) Reeves, and myself, (3rd Light Cavalry,) separated from the rest of our party to go to the Ghud Nullah, having been informed by our Shicarris that they had tracked a tiger in the morning; we were afterwards joined by Ravenscroft and Forbes, both of my regiment, and only armed with spears, expecting swine. We soon reached the Nullah, the banks of which, high and steep, intersected by smaller branches, were covered with grass and brushwood; to this we applied fire where the track entered, and then took our stations on foot; Mortimer on the right bank, nearest the fire, Reeves on the left bank, myself also on the left, with a broad deep branch and two or three gullies between us. There was not much wind, and the grass being green the fire did not come down rapidly; however, after waiting some time, a shot, answered by a loud roar, announced "the presence." This was from Mortimer: as she passed Reeves she got the contents of two barrels, and came on roaring furiously, evidently hard hit, and turned into the deep branch between Reeves and me. My station commanded the entrance to this, between thirty and forty yards' distance, and, as she came out after a short time and stood, I let fly right and left, and back she went. I reloaded as quickly as possible: on receiving another shot she came towards my position, and as she passed under me I fired the other barrel into her. I then supposed she would get into a deep little gully immediately on my right, so I went to the rear, mounted my horse—drew near, all ready. Low growls or rather moans were all that was now to be heard, and after some time all was silent. Ravenscroft shot into some brushwood near where I had last seen her, but there was no growl of defiance in answer thereto, and he narrowly escaped a serious accident: he had fired from off his horse, and in reloading cast the butt of his gun over on his left foot, he was on the point of putting in the powder when the other barrel went off, two balls passing his face without injury.

"We now tried to light the grass both above and below where she was supposed to be, but it would not burn well; there were some dry thorns near the top of the gully which cracked famously, and this was not more than twenty yards long—still nothing was heard or seen of the enemy, and we all began to be impatient, and of one opinion that she was dead.

"Seeing a native with a drawn sword going towards this gully, I got off, and accompanied him, wishing to look into it, if possible, and expecting to see her dead at the bottom. It was some twelve or fifteen feet deep, and the banks, nearly perpendicular, had long grass and brushwood growing thickly up them. By bending this on either side with the muzzle of my gun, I was enabled to see into it tolerably well, and was on the point of giving it up, when my eye caught sight of a patch of her yellow hide. It was no use firing, as I could not tell whether it was her head or her tail: but before I could make out a mortal spot to aim at, she was up and sealing the bank, roaring furiously. The native made off. As she pushed on, I fired into her—but still on she came; and as she gained the top, I aimed at her breast. You may conceive my feelings when she dashed my gun aside with her paw as I pulled the trigger; the contents flew harmless. She seized my Joe Manton—which, fortunately, is not injured, through it will always bear her mark—just above the locks. I now turned to run for it; and then Reeves proved himself the friend in need; he was standing on the opposite bank of the deep branch before-mentioned, full thirty yards from me: ere I had gained five paces she sprang upon me. Until I had turned, my body was between Reeves and her: and in the short space thus allowed him, he fired both barrels, both taking effect—one striking her in the spine caused instantaneous death. I, of course, was underneath her; she was very heavy; and as I struggled, it came across me to lie still (as poor Woodhouse, of my regiment, did when similarly situated with a lion), but finding I rather freed myself, I worked on, and gained my legs, just as Ravenscroft came running to my rescue, who, by way of a settler, put

a ball into her head—and there she lay, a fine four or five-year-old tigress, with my hunting cap in her mouth. Only one of her teeth reached my head, and that but very slightly at the back; in fact, I may say that I escaped unhurt, having only one rather deep claw on my left fore-arm, and merely the skin raised by her claws on the back of my left shoulder.—*United Service Journal for April, 1838.*

CUPID IN INDIA.—Many years ago a gentleman of property in Bengal wrote to a friend in London, deploring the state of beauty in that scorching climate, and requesting him to prevail on some young lady, well born and educated, with a tolerable share of personal charms, to make a voyage to India, giving his honor to make her immediately his wife, or forfeit all he was worth. The gentleman who received the commission was induced to send his daughter, who, to a disengaged heart, added beauty, music, and every accomplishment. The fair one bade adieu to the black shores of England, and glowing with triumphant hopes, found herself in a few months on those of the Ganges. But, alas! the expected lover did not appear to greet her arrival: business had carried him some hundred leagues up the country; but foreseeing the arrival of the English fleet during his absence, he had provided for the accommodation of the lady in the house of a factor. Two months elapsed before his return; then, panting with expectation, he flew to his friend's, to throw himself before the future arbitress of his fate. Whether his impassioned fancy had drawn the lady in colors beyond those of nature, or whether the style of her beauty differed from the picture he had formed, it is certain he beheld her with a coldness almost bordering on aversion. The capricious god for once was uniform; the lady found herself as little captivated as the youth, and several succeeding interviews served but to confirm their mutual dislike. The gentleman finding there was no danger of the lady's breaking her heart for his perfidy, offered a compensation of sixteen thousand pounds to be released from his engagement, which was gladly accepted. The friend, who had been laying by for the event, now boldly stood forward as her lover, professing the most ardent passion; the lady was pleased, and the nuptials were celebrated. No sooner had the rejected beauty become a wife, and totally out of the reach of her first lover, than his eyes were opened—he was astonished that he had before been blind to her perfections, was seized with despair, took to his bed, and for some time was pronounced to be in a state incapable of recovery. If a vertical sun sublimates the body and mind to such extravagances as these, let us be thankful that we may have his beams as a glance, and be content with humbler feelings.—*London paper.*

PRO IRON has its name from a fancied resemblance to a sow and pig, which is given to the metal on running it into the sand. There is no doubt but the form was selected for its convenience. A Turkish ironmaster in Romelia from the same motive has adopted one which his brethren in this country of facilities would be long in seeing the propriety of: "At one league and a half to the east of Egri-Palanka in Romelia, we visited some very picturesque *cavages* established for procuring the octahedral iron-ore which is disseminated in almost imperceptible crystals in a decomposed state. A stream of water is made to fall upon the rocks to enable the workmen to separate the iron. The smelting of it is not less curious. The kiln is opened every sixteen hours and an immense quantity of charcoal is consumed. The iron is cast in the form of a saddle, that it may the more easily be transported on asses. These mines afford a great quantity of iron, which would be of good quality if it were properly treated.—*Bois's Geology of Turkey.*

SLANDER.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none that are actively engaged in the struggle of business life. Have a bad fellow in your employment and discharge him, he goes round and slanders you. Let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another, he goes round and slanders you. In fine, as we said before, we would not give a cent for a person that is not slandered. It shows that he is either a milk-sop or a fool. No, no. Earn a bad name from a bad fellow—and you can easily do so by correct conduct—it is the only way to prove that you are entitled to a good one.

A CLINCHER.—R. was saying at his club a few evenings ago, that during his travels in the East he saw a juggler place a ladder, in open ground, upon one end, and mount it by passing through the rounds, and stand upon the top erect. H., who was present, immediately exclaimed, 'Poo! poo! I saw another do the same thing with additions. When he arrived at the top he pulled the ladder up after him.'

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