

A TALE OF ERRATA.

(HOSTESS LOQUITUR.)

Well! thanks be to Heaven,
The summer is given;
It's only gone seven,
And should have been six;
There's fine overdoing
In roasting and stewing
And victuals past chewing
To rags and to sticks!

How dreadfully chilly!
I shake, willy-nilly,
That John is so silly
And never will learn!
This plate is a cold one,
That cloth is an old one,
I wish they had told one
The lamp wouldn't burn.

Now then for some blunder
For nerves to sink under.
I never shall wonder
Whatever goes ill!
That fish is a riddle.
It's broke in the middle.
A turbot! a fiddle!
It's only a Brill!

It's quite over-boiled too,
The butter is oil'd too,
The soup is all spoil'd too,
It's nothing but slop.
The smelts looking flabby,
The solos are as dabby,
It all is so shabby
That Cook shall not stop!

As sure as the morning,
She got's a month's warning,
My orders for scorning—
There's nothing to eat!
I hear such a rushing,
I feel such a flushing,
I know I am blushing
As red as a beet!

Friends flatter and flatter,
I wish they would chatter;
What can be the matter
That nothing comes next?
How very unpleasant!
Oh! there is the pleasant!
Not wanted at present—
I'm born to be vext!

The pudding brought on too
And aiming at ton too!
And where is that John too,
The plague that he is?
He's off on some ramble,
And there is Miss Campbell
Enjoying the scramble,
Detestable Quiz!

The veal they all eye it,
But no one will try it.
An Ogre would shy it,
So ruddy as that!
And as for the mutton,
The cold dish it's put on,
Converts to a button
Each drop of the fat.

The beef without mustard!
My fate's to be fluster'd,
And there comes the custard
To eat with the hare!
Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,
Such waiting and dishing,
I cannot help wishing
A woman might swear.

Well, where is the curry?
I'm all in a flurry,
No, cook's in no hurry,
A stoppage again!
And John makes it wider,
A pretty provider!
By bringing up cider
Instead of champagne!

My troubles come faster,
There's my lord and master,
Detects each disaster,
And hardly can sit.
He cannot help seeing,
All things disagreeing,
If he begins swearing
I'm off in a fit!

This cooking?—it's messing!
The spinach wants pressing,
And salads in dressing
Are best with good eggs.
And John—yes, already—
Has had something heady,
That makes him unsteady
In keeping his legs.

How shall I get through it!
I never can do it,
I'm quite looking to it,
To sink by and by.
Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry!

Comic Almanack for 1839.

CAPTURE OF A SMUGGLER.

"A large mandarin-boat was seen one afternoon passing down the river, beyond the first bar, and then entering and taking up its station in one of the numerous little inlets which abound in that neighbourhood. In a few minutes it was perfectly at rest, the yellow sails were taken in and furled, and all that was then to be seen of it over the puddy, were the slender sticks with little balls on the top, and which were hardly to be distinguished from the tall reeds, which were growing at the edge of the water.

"It had scarcely taken up its position, before the faint creaking sound of an approaching smuggler was to be heard in the distance. By the time it approached the open-entrance of the little inlet, the mandarins were ready to receive it, and issued forth just at the moment it was passing. The centipede must, at that moment, have had the other firmly hooked on to it, if the spare hands on board had not used the long bamboos, and by their means prevented the two boats coming in contact. These long spears were pushed out to their full length, and then applied to the bows of the other vessel, while, at the same time, all the other men worked with desperation at the oars; so that in a few minutes, notwithstanding the most violent exertions of the mandarin's party, the smugglers kept clear, and were soon a boat's length a-head of their enemies.

"Then the chase began. The screams and yells of the smugglers were mixed with the rickety sound of their vessel, and the orders and cries of the mandarins behind them. Every now and then the long ornamented gun was turned upon its swivel, and the loud report reverberated across the country, as it was discharged against the chase, but with little effect: the shot were generally seen dancing along the water, wide of the mark, resembling the stone thrown by the boy, in making what he calls 'ducks and drakes.'

"Although the most violent efforts were made by the other party, it was soon evident that the smuggler was walking away from his pursuers. The brown machine, with its hundred feet, was seen a-head, while the gaudy boat, with its white oars, followed, fulminating forth its ineffective missiles, by which it was enveloped at each discharge in a cloud of blue-gray, curling smoke.

"After leading the way through many intricate channels, and dodging in and out, to cut off a corner, the smuggler appeared as if he would very soon be out of all danger of being taken; when suddenly, another mandarin-boat was seen issuing from a little creek right a-head, and thus completely cutting off all hopes of getting away without a scuffle. The stream was at this place so narrow, that it was impossible to pass by the one a-head without coming into contact; while the one behind, now coming up very fast, prevented them making an honourable retreat. It is thus, sometimes, in the streets of London, when a thief is congratulating himself upon leaving far behind the hue and cry of his pursuers, upon suddenly turning the corner he runs into the arms of a policeman.

"Thus completely blockaded, the smugglers determined to stand at bay, and make a vigorous resistance. All the oars were laid aside, but placed ready for instant use, and every man seized a bamboo pike and awaited the attack with great determination. They then resembled a nest of demons, chattering and yelling out their notes of defiance. As the mandarins cautiously approached, the white oars were laid back, the spears were taken up, and the savage features on the shields were displayed in the faces of the resisting vagabonds. In a short time the poor devoted bark had its two enemies on its quarters, and the whole multitude were engaged in a desperate struggle.

"It appeared to be the object of the mandarins to board, and thus fight hand to hand, while the object which the others wished to attain, was to keep their enemies' boats off with their spears, until they could have a fair opportunity to get another run for their lives. The different manner of engaging, by each party, was very apparent during the conflict, and showed the decision and vigour which fighting in a good cause will give to the weakest combatant, while the arm of the strongest is paralysed, and its powers withheld by the still, small voice of conscience. The mandarins rushed to the attack without hesitation, and laid about them in right good earnest with their swords and pikes, frequently cutting and wounding in a dreadful manner; but the smugglers appeared to act merely on the defensive, and although slight wounds were occasionally inflicted with their spears, yet it was evident that their great aim was to keep the mandarin's boats at a distance.

"The unequal contest lasted for a longer time than might be imagined, but it was soon evident in whose favour it would terminate. The gaudy vessels were soon alongside, and the gay caps

of the mandarins were soon intermixed with the bald heads of the illicit traders. The struggle was then soon over. Many of the defeated jumped overboard, and as they struggled in the waters to gain the shore, formed excellent marks for the spears and javelins of the conquerors. The great mass of them, however, were seized before they could try this doubtful chance of escape. The long pigtail served instead of the coat collar of our part of the world, and when twisted two or three times round the hand, formed a handle with which the owner could be moved at pleasure.

"The men were thrown down at the bottom of the boat, and then securely lashed and fastened. In a short time, the din and hubbub of so many voices were over, and the mandarin's boats were seen leading away in triumph their silent and crest-fallen captives."—*Fainqui in China.*

THE PRAYER OF ONIAS.—While Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, two brothers, were contending for the government of Judea, the Jews were divided into parties. Hyrcanus resorted for aid to Aretus, the King of Arabia. Aretus having come into Judea, and being aided by the Jews, who were in favour of Hyrcanus, he besieged Jerusalem, in which was Aristobulus and the Jewish Priests.

"Now there was one," says Josephus, "whose name was Onias, a righteous man, and beloved of God, who in a certain drought had prayed to God to put an end to the intense heat, and whose prayers God had heard, and sent them rain. This man had hid himself, because he saw that this sedition would last long. However, they brought him to the Jewish camp and desired that, as by his prayers he had once put an end to the drought, so he would in like manner make imprecations on Aristobulus and those of his faction. And when, upon his refusal and the excuses he made, he was still by the multitude compelled to speak, he stood up in the midst of them and said—

"O God, the king of the whole world! since those that stand now with me are thy people, and those that are besieged are also thy priests, I beseech thee that thou wilt neither hearken to the prayers of those against these, nor bring to effect what these pray against those."

Such was the prayer of this good man, while two armies of deluded brethren were wishing and preparing to shed each others' blood. "Whereupon such wicked Jews as stood about him, as soon as he had made this prayer, stoned him to death."

In the prayer of Onias and in the conduct of his murderers, we have the spirit of peace and the spirit of war exhibited in contrast. The man of peace cannot pray that either of two parties at war may be enabled to destroy or injure the other; but he will pray that each party may be saved from the guilt of shedding blood. On the other hand, the spirit of war leads men to thirst for blood—not only the blood of enemies, but the blood of friends who endeavour to dissuade them from the work of revenge and murder. Because Onias prayed that neither of the armies might be suffered to injure the other, he was deemed an enemy, and deserving of death. Such is the blindness and malignity of that spirit which men are at so much expense to cherish in every Christian nation.

The process of tickling to death, of which we have before had an instance, has been recently renewed at Brignolles, in the Var, where a man named Reboul, applied it to his second wife. It appears that after seizing her with one hand, he with the other tickled her violently at the bottom of the feet, and on the knees and ribs, until he threw her into a high state of irritation, and then held her with her head downwards and her feet in the air, with the intent of producing a congestion of the brain. This he has done several times, but upon the last occasion she was saved by the coming of her neighbours, who were attracted by her cries. Reboul was taken into custody, and it is suspected that he got rid of his first wife by this means, as he had previous to this attempt told his present wife that he knew how to dispose of any person without compromising himself.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

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