

## THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead,  
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;  
Brave Keeldar, from his couples free,  
Careered along the lea;  
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,  
As if to match the gamesome hound;  
His horn the gallant huntsman wound;  
They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse of higher fame,  
To wake the wild deer never came,  
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game  
On Cheviot's rueful day:  
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,  
Thae Tarras ne'er was stauncher steed,  
A peerless archer Percy Rede;  
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engrossed their joys and wces,  
Together at the dawn they rose,  
Together shared the noon's repose,  
By fountain or by stream;  
And oft, when evening skies were red,  
The heather was their common bed,  
Where each, as wildering fancy led,  
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near  
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear.  
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,  
The signs the hunters know;  
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,  
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears,  
The restless palfrey paws and rears;  
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—Hullo! Hullo!  
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;  
But woe the shaft that erring flew—  
That e'er it left the string!  
And ill betide the faithless yew!  
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,  
And gallant Keeldar's life blood true  
Has drenched the grey goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies!  
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,  
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,  
Without a moan or quiver,  
Now may day break and bugle sound,  
And whoop and hollow ring around,  
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,  
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,  
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,  
He knows not that his comrade dies,  
Nor what his death—but still  
His aspect has compassion dear  
Of grief, and wonder, mix'd with fear,  
Like startled children when they hear  
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,  
Can well the sum of anguish know,  
And, o'er his favourite, bending low,  
In speechless grief, recline;  
Can think he hears the senseless clay  
In unrepentful accents, say,  
"The hand that took my life away,  
Dear master, was it thine?"

## THE PIGEON.

The Passenger Pigeon, *Columba migratoria*, is a hardy wayfarer, which cares very little for climate, and is governed in its migrations, not by the desire to escape a cold climate, or to build its nest in a mild one, but simply by the necessity of going where food abounds, because no small supply will satisfy the appetite of such immense numbers. Having powers of vision equal to their power of flight, they can easily take a survey of the country over which they are passing; if they determine to descend, they break the force of their motion by repeated flappings of their wings, to keep themselves from being injured by dashing upon the ground. So swiftly do they move over the extent of country, that they have been killed near New York, with their crops full of rice from South Carolina plantations. In the Atlantic States, their numbers are nothing compared to the countless multitudes which assemble in the west, where, as they pass over, the rush and roar seem like those of a tornado, darkening all the sky. But their numbers, though reduced from those of former times, are still considerable,

and as soon as it is known in a neighbourhood, that the pigeons are flying over, it is the signal for assembling all the arts and instruments of destruction. Many are shot with the gun; many are taken with nets; and others are decoyed by pigeons with their eyes blinded, which are stationed on a roost, provided for the purpose; the roost being shaken with a string, these pigeons open their wings to balance themselves; and the wayfarers, supposing that they have just alighted, after examining the region, think it safe to come down and join them without farther investigation. The accounts of the breeding places of the pigeons at the west are almost incredible. Some of them extend several miles, covering thousands of acres; the grass and underwood is all destroyed; the ground overspread with limbs, broken down with the weight of the birds clustering upon them, and the trees killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. When the young are fully grown, but have not yet left their nest, a general invasion is made upon the spot. Hawks and eagles snatch them from above; hogs attack the thousands that fall to the ground; the axemen cut down the trees most loaded with nests, and the crash of falling timber mingles with the thundering roar of the wings of ten thousand pigeons. One large tree, as it descends, often brings down several others, and two hundred squabs have been gathered by means of a single fall. The multitudes of birds are continually breaking down large branches with their weight, so that it is dangerous to walk below. There is some disagreement in the accounts given of their breeding. Wilson maintained that there was but a single young one in the nest; while Audubon asserts that there are two. The prodigious numbers of the birds would seem to confirm the latter. The young come to maturity in six months. Every year, they at least, double their numbers. One office of the pigeon seems to be to protect the oak forests. It is stated, on excellent authority, that for some years after they have occupied a particular spot as their breeding place, the oaks for many miles around are remarkably free from the green caterpillars, by which they are apt to be infested.

## LAST MOMENTS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

The following account of the last moments of Lady Hester Stanhope appears in the Morning Post, copied from L'Echo de l'Orient, of the 15th February. It furnishes a striking instance of the ruling passion strong in death:—It was midnight. I was aroused from my sleep by a loud knocking at my door. On opening, I found a gigantic negro, with his bridle in his hand, and large big tears coursing each other down his ebony cheeks. "For God's sake, come, sir, and save Lady Hester. Come quick, or you will be too late!" Within a few minutes I was galloping on the road to Djouni; and, on entering Lady Hester's chamber, I found her lying on her couch, at the head of which sat her faithful negress, weeping bitterly. "Zaira," exclaimed the lady, let my big mare be saddled; let my guards be ready, and tell the brave fellows that I will be ready to lead them on to Jerusalem. "Alas, my lady! these are not fitting thoughts for a death-bed."—"Insensate Zaira! I on my death-bed! I, whose brow is encircled with a golden halo, which will last as long as the world! I, who shortly am going to mount the throne of Jerusalem! Avaunt! I banish you from my presence." I then advanced, and my patient immediately began enumerating to me her myriads of combatants who were to follow her to the throne of Jerusalem. I suggested that her present state of health would not allow her to take so long a journey. She attempted a reply, but sank exhausted on the couch. An old man, covered with rags, at this moment entered the room. Here is his history:—In 1806, Pierre Louis Lustanos left France for the East Indies. Penniless and friendless, but possessing some slight military knowledge, he arrived at Lahore, and served with great credit under Runjeet Singh. In 1820, feared and beloved by all, he had amassed an immense wealth in gold and diamonds. A considerable portion of this he left with his wife, the Princess Cachucea. Loaded with riches, he left Lahore for Europe; but, just as the ship had arrived off Gibraltar, she was wrecked, and his wealth was swallowed up by the waves. Nothing was saved, excepting a diamond worth £600, on which he lived until 1825, when Runjeet Singh recalled him to Lahore. One day he fancied that the Almighty had commanded him to adopt the life of a hermit, and since that period, he lived as a rigid anchorite. At length he left his cell to share the palace of Lady Hester, whose affections he had gained; but they soon quarrelled, as both of them were aspirants for the throne of Jerusalem. Since that period he has wandered about, subsisting on the bounty of Lady Hester, who carefully concealed the hand that administered to his wants. It was this old man, Lustanos, who entered the chamber of death. The lady's countenance was lit up with a smile for a few seconds; she then sank down upon her couch, and all was over.

## METHOD OF PRESERVING CELERY.

As a completion of my article on celery, published in your January number, I send you my method of preserving it for use through the winter. Celery must be taken up in the autumn, before it has been, in the least possible way, injured by frost; as I am confident that, if the tops are frozen, it affects, directly or indirectly, the whole root.

A fine dry day, of course, must be chosen for the above mentioned purpose. When the celery is all taken up, cut off all the fibrous

roots and all the green tops, and lay it singly on boards, in an airy shed, to dry, two or three days; turning the whole over once or twice a day will be necessary, in order that every part may be as free from moisture as possible; if that part of the process has been duly attended to, after the third day, the celery will be in good order for the next and last operation, which is as follows:—

Having plenty of dry sand at hand, place about three inches in depth, of the same, at the bottom of a flour barrel, or any other kind of barrel will answer, provided it is clean and dry; then lay the celery flat on the sand, and so continue on, with the sand and celery alternately, until you finish at the top with sand, about four inches of which should be placed over the last layer of celery, and the work is completed. A dry, cool place, where it never freezes, is to be preferred to keep it in. The operator need not be in the least alarmed, if he finds that it has shrunk a little from the operation of drying; for it will immediately become plump again after packing. He should have faith in the method, and he will be sure to succeed.

J. W. RUSSELL.

Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Feb. 1840.

To which the following is added by the editor of the Magazine:—

Mr. Russell's remarks, we apprehend, apply only to preserving celery for family use during the winter. When a large quantity is grown, and it is desired to keep part of it until spring, before it is wanted, the best method will then be to protect it in the situation where it was grown. Before frosts, severe enough to injure the tops, occur, we cover up the ridge formed by the earthing up of the stems, with leaves, sea-weed, or coarse straw, preferring either of the two first to the latter; this covering should extend down the sides of the ridge, and should be about six inches thick, and should be put on in rather a dry state. This covering is to be immediately protected with boards, put up in the form of a ridge also, so as to carry off all the rain, or water which may be formed from the melting snow, in the months of February and March. The top board on the east side, if the rows stand north and south, as they always should do, unless very inconvenient, should project over that, on the west side, from half an inch to an inch, thus allowing no chance for the water to find egress immediately over the roots.

By the middle of March, unless that month should be very severe, the ridge may be opened at one end, and the celery dug for use; and it may afterwards be dug from time to time, as it is wanted, and it will be found as fresh as if it had been dug in the preceding autumn.

It should be always borne in mind that celery, intended for winter or spring use, should be of the large, giant, solid kind, and not the little pipe-stem, suckery variety, generally grown, which is only fit for early fall use, and, at the best, barely worth growing at all.

ELOQUENT DESCRIPTION.—Campbell, in his lecture on English Poetry, thus describes the launching of a line-of-battle ship:—

"Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will, perhaps, forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me. I sympathize with their deep and silent expectation, and their fierce burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity.—When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being."

LOSS AND GAIN.—A man of wit once said, rightly enough, "He who finds a good son-in-law gains a son—he who finds a bad one, loses a daughter."

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