

ODE.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. MR. PIERPONT, AND SUNG AT THE
BOSTON FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

JONATHAN'S INDEPENDENCE.

Tune—'Yankee Doodle.'

Says Jonathan, says he, 'To-day
I will be independent,
And so my grog I'll throw away,
And that shall be the end on't.
Clear the house! the tarnal stuff
Shan't be here so handy;
Wife has given the winds her snuff,
So now here goes my brandy:
Chorus—Clear the house, &c.

The tyrant that our fathers smoked
Lay skulkin' in a tea pot;
There's now 'a worser' to be choked,
In bottle, jug or wee pot;
Often in a glass he shows
What he calls his 'body';
And often wades up to his nose,
In a bowl of toddy.
Chorus—Often in a glass, &c.

And when he gets the upper hand—
This tyrant, base and scurvy—
He strips a man of house and land,
And turns him topsy turvy.
Neck and heels he binds him fast,
And says that he is his'n;
But lets him have, rent free, at last,
A poor-house or a prison.
Chorus—Neck and heels, &c.

'And now,' says Jonathan, 'tow'rds Rum
I'm desp'rate unforgivin';
The tyrant, never more, shall come
Into 'the house I live in.'
Kindred spirits, too, shall in
to outer darkness go forth;
Whiskey, Toddy, Julep, Gin,
Brandy, Beer, and so forth.
Chorus—Kindred spirits, &c.

While this cold water fills my cup,
Dane dare not assail me;
Sheriff's shall not lock me up,
Nor my neighbors bail me;
Lawyers will I never let
'Choose me as defendant';
Till to Death I pay my debt.
I WILL BE INDEPENDENT.
Chorus—Lawyers will I, &c.

"TIPPO SULTAN" IN THE WEST INDIES.

Mr. Curtis, who went out to St. Domingo with this extraordinary elephant, relates some interesting incidents connected with the elephant Tippo Sultan—which took place soon after their arrival at Port au Prince. This animal was imported into this country eighteen years since, and is believed to be the largest ever exhibited in the United States. He is ten feet high, and weighs over 12,000 pounds. His tusks four feet long. Since he was brought to this country, he has travelled more than seventy-five thousand miles. His usual gait is three miles per hour; but he can travel ten with ease, and has been known to walk sixty miles in 24 hours—While exhibited in the Zoological Institute, and other places, he evinced a remarkably docile and affectionate disposition. His erratic character seems to have developed itself for the first time in December last, while at Port au Prince. In December 1826, he exhibited in the Menagerie in the Bowery. A tiger and tigress broke through the flooring of the cage, and breaking into the apartment, sprung upon a beautiful lama, which with the elephant and some small animals, were permitted to go loose. It was killed and devoured in a short time. The roaring and noise of the other animals was terrific—all their native wildness seemed to have returned. The keeper hearing the noise, and supposing that they were impatient for food, went into the room, where the first object that met his view was the tigers preying upon the lama. He seized a stick to drive them into their cage, at this the tiger left his victim, and in the act of springing upon the keeper was arrested by the lion, near whose den he was crouching, and who held him fast in his claws. In the mean time, our hero, Tippo Sultan, hurried to his friend the keeper, wound his trunk around his waist, and lifted him in the air, out of the reach of harm, and kept him there safely until assistance came, and the terrors were secured.

Soon after his arrival at Port au Prince, he became quite wild and unmanageable, attempting several times to strike his keeper and while the caravan was journeying to another part of the island, he fell upon a horse which was following on in the train

ran his tusks through him and destroyed the poor animal on the spot. The keeper was knocked down, in attempting to rescue the horse, and would probably have shared the same fate, had not Curtis rode up and fired a ball through his trunk, which made the elephant fall back. The keeper took to his heels, and the elephant reared up and prepared to attack Curtis, but he succeeded in getting out of his way. At this time the eyes of the elephant seemed to project out of his head, and amid the darkness of the night, to emit wild unearthly gleams of light, resembling balls of fire. He then rushed into the woods with great fury, tearing up every thing that came in his way, stripping himself of his saddles, and the canvas covering. After the party had succeeded in getting him back into the road, he set out and chased one of the men, mounted on a fleet horse, for four or five miles, the men behind following in order not to lose sight, and if possible to seize him. Towards morning he broke into a plantation, and commenced the work of destruction. The planter, an old black man, heard the noise of the elephant, and supposing that cattle were making havoc with his crops, took his musket and went out for the purpose of driving them out. The first glimpse of old Tippo, never having seen so high a creature before, frightened him half out of his senses, and made him drop his gun and scamper for his domicile, with the elephant at his heels. During the day, he made repeated attacks on his keeper and the company. He then took to the mountains, and was pursued in a circuitous route in his ascent about three miles, the party constantly firing upon him, till he at length came to a ledge of rocks and was so cornered that he must either turn back and receive the fire of his pursuers, or tumble down an almost perpendicular precipice. He however, chose the latter alternative, and descended more than a mile tearing trees and rocks, and every thing that impeded his progress. He ran into a small river at the bottom of the mountain, where he remained more than hour throwing water over his body. Until then, he had been perfectly unmanageable, but his wrath was somewhat subdued by the cooling influence of the water. His keeper, still fearing to approach, directed Tippo to lay down, which he did. He then went up to him and succeeded in hobbling him, by fastening a chain about his legs. He continued wild and unmanageable for several days after this, but by severe discipline, he gradually yielded to the will of his keeper, and at length became so tame and docile that he would obey any of the party. Heretofore he has never submitted to yield obedience to but one master.

AFFECTING STORY.

The following story is from a young female in humble life—an emigrant from Ireland. During the recital, the expression of her fine intellectual face—her fast flowing tears, attested a truth we all admit—that warm hearts and gentle sympathies may exist when the refinements of polished life are wanting. The narrative is in all its incidents correct, but we fear that in our hands it has lost, along with the strong accent of her country, the touching simplicity of the original narrator.

"The steerage of our ship was crowded with passengers of all ages—and before we had been long at sea, a malignant disease broke out among the children on board. One after another sickened and died, and each was in its turn wrapped in its narrow shroud and committed to the deep with no requiem but the bursting sigh of a fond mother, and no obsequies but the tears of fathers and brothers, and pitying spectators. As they sullenly plunged into the sea, and the blue waves closed over them, I clasped my own babe more strongly to my bosom, and prayed Heaven would spare my first, my only child. But this was not to be. It sickened, and day by day I saw that its life was ebbing and the work of death begun. On Friday night it died, and to avoid the necessity of seeing what was once so beautiful and still so dear, given to gorge the monsters of the deep, I concealed its death from all around me. To lull suspicion, I gave evasive answers to those who enquired after it, and folded it in my arms, and sang to it, as if my babe was only sleeping, for an hour, when the cold long sleep of death was on it.

A weary day and night had passed away, and the Sabbath came. Like others, I wore my neatest dress, and put on a smiling face—but oh! it was a heavy task, for I felt that my heart was breaking. On Monday, the death of my child could no longer be concealed—but from regard to my feelings, the Captain had it enclosed in a rude coffin, and promised to keep it two days for burial, if by that time we should make land. The coffin was placed in the boat which floated at the ship's stern, and through the long hours of night, I watched it—a dark speck on the waves, which might shut it from my sight forever. It was then I thought on my dear cottage home, and my native land, and of the kind friends I had left behind me, and longed to mingle my tears with theirs. By night I watched the coffin of my babe, and by day looked for the land—raising my heart in prayer to Him who holds the winds in his hand, that they might waft us swiftly onward. On the third morning, just after the sun had risen, the fog lifted and showed us the green shores of New Brunswick. The ship was laid to, and the captain with a few men left it, taking the coffin with them. I was not permitted to go, but from the deck

of the vessel I could see them as they dug the grave under the thick shade of the forest trees, on the edge of a sweet glade, which sloped down to the water—and in my own heart I blessed them, and prayed that God would reward their kindness to the living and the dead. When they returned on board, the Captain came to me and said—"My good woman, the place where your son is buried is Greenvale, upon the coast of Brunswick—I will write it upon paper, that you may know where his remains lie." I thanked him for his care, but told him the record was already written on my heart, and would remain there till my blest boy and I should meet in a brighter and happier world."—*Am. paper.*

LITERARY REWARDS.

It appears by a communication lately made by Mr. Tegg, bookseller, to the Times newspaper, that the editorial payment is not less than a thousand a-year to Mr. Lockhart, for his contributions to the Quarterly Review; Professor Wilson to Blackwood's Magazine; Professor Napier to the Edinburgh Review; and Theodore Hook to the New Monthly. Mr. Macaulay, Dr. Southey, Mr. Barrow, and other eminent writers, receive one hundred guineas for a single article in the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews. Hannah Moore derived £3000 per annum for her copyrights during many of the later years of her life. Mr. Dickens is to have £3000 for his Nicholas Nickleby. Mr. Murphy for his Almanac £3000. Sir R. Inglis obtained for the widow of the Bishop by the sale of Heber's Journal, £5000. Fragments of English History, by Charles James Fox, was sold by Lord Holland for 5000 guineas. Sir Walter Scott's Buonaparte was sold with the printed books for £18,000, and the net receipt of the copyright on the two first editions only was above £10,000. Mr. Tegg computes that Sir Walter Scott had gained by his writings, now comprised in eighty volumes, more than a quarter of a million sterling; and the sale of Byron's Works has produced £20,000. Lalla Rookh, by Moore, £3000. The republication of Crabbe's Works £3500. Life of Wilberforce, by his sons, 4000 guineas. Life of Byron, by Thomas Moore, £4000. Life of Sheridan, by Moore, £3000. Mr. Bulwer has received from £1,200 to £1,500 for each of his novels. Captain Marryat from £1000 to £1,200 for each novel. Mrs. Trollope £1000 for her Factory Boy. In the Augustan age of British Literature, Pope got £15 for his Essay on Criticism, and £32 5s 5d. for his Windsor Forest. Johnson sold his London to Dodsley for 10 guineas, and his Vanity of Human Wishes for 15 guineas. and had only two guineas per paper for his Rambler and Adventurer. Goldsmith sold his Vicar of Wakefield for £60, and the Deserted Village for 100 guineas.

A Physician of Utica, N. Y. states, that in twelve years he had travelled about twelve thousand miles chiefly on horseback, and had learned from experience, that should a horse be in the most violent perspiration, or in a foam of sweat, by immoderate exercise, giving him a handful of common salt, he may be fed with grain, hay or the like, without the least danger of being foundered. In like manner, let a person whose stomach is overheated from the effects of unusual exercise, or extremely warm weather, take half a tea-spoonful of table salt, which will immediately cool the coats of the stomach, he may in one minute time drink cold water; although it would not be advisable to drink largely the first draught.

The remarkable exemption of Persia from the plague has been noticed by a great number of writers; remarkable, inasmuch as contiguous countries have been the greatest sufferers from the pestilential visitations. For this exemption the Persians are obviously, in part at least, indebted to their peculiar habits. "They are the most cleanly people in the world; many of them making it a great part of their religion to remove filthiness and nuisances of every kind from all places about their cities and dwelling."

A humble man is like a good tree; the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.

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