

BISHOP HEBER.

The following exquisitely beautiful lines were addressed by the late Bishop Heber to his wife, while he was on a visit to Upper Hindostan:—

If thou wert by my side, my love!
How fast would evening fall,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
My children at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide,
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream,
My twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

STORMY PETREL.

This ominous harbinger of the deep is seen nearly throughout the whole expanse of the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to the tropical parts of America, whence it wanders even to Africa and the coasts of Spain. From the ignorance and superstition of mariners, an unfavourable prejudice has long been entertained against these adventurers and harmless wanderers, and as sinister messengers of the storm, in which they are often involved with the vessel they follow, they have been unjustly stigmatized by the name of Stormy Petrels, Devil's Birds, and Mother Carey's Chickens. At nearly all seasons of the year these Swallow Petrels in small flocks, are seen wandering almost alone, over the wide waste of the ocean.

On the edge of soundings, as she loses sight of the distant headland, and launches into the depths of the unbounded and fearful abyss of waters, flocks of these dark, swift flying, and ominous birds begin to shoot around the vessel, and finally take their station in her foaming wake. In this situation, as humble dependants, they follow for their pittance of fare, constantly and keenly watching the agitated surge for any floating mollusca, and are extremely gratified with any kind of fat animal matter thrown overboard, which they invariably discover, however small the morsel, or mountainous and foaming the raging wave on which it may happen to float. On making such discovery they suddenly stop in their airy and swallow-like flight, and whirl instantly down to the water. Sometimes nine or ten thus crowd together like a flock of chickens scrambling for the same morsel; at the same time pattering on the water with their feet, as if walking on the surface, they balance themselves with gently fluttering and outspread wings, and often dip down their heads to collect the sinking object in pursuit. On other occasions, as if seeking relief from their almost perpetual exercise of flight, they jerk and hop widely over the water, rebounding as their feet touches the surface, with great agility and alertness.

There is something cheerful and amusing in the sight of these little flocks, steadily following after the vessel, so light and unincumbered across the dreary ocean. During a gale it is truly interesting to witness their intrepidity and address. Unappalled by the storm that strikes terror into the breast of the mariner, they are seen coursing wildly and rapidly over the waves, descending their sides, then mounting with the breaking surge which threatens to burst over their heads; sweeping through the hollow waves as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, it trips and jerks sportively and securely on the surface of the roughest sea, defying the horrors of the storm, and like some magic being seems to take delight in braving overwhelming dangers. At other times we see these aerial messengers playfully coursing from side to side in the wake of the ship, making excursions far and wide on every side, now in advance, then far behind, returning again to the vessel, as if she were stationary, though moving at the most rapid rate. A little after dark they generally cease their arduous course, and take their uninterrupted rest upon the water, arriving in the wake of the vessel they had left, as I have observed, by about nine or ten o'clock of the following morning. In this way we were followed by the same flock of birds to the soundings of the Azores, and until we came in sight of the Isle of Flores.

According to Buffon, the Petrel acquires its name from the Apostle Peter, who is also said to have walked upon the water. At times we hear from these otherwise silent birds by day, a low *weet, weet*, and in the evening anxiety, apparently to obtain something from us, they utter a low twittering *pe up*, or chirp. In the night, when disturbed by the passage of the vessel, they rise in a low, vague and hurried flight from the water, and utter a singular guttural chattering, like *kuk kuk k' k' k' k' k' k'* or something similar, ending in a low twitter like that of the swallow.

These Petrels are said to breed in great numbers on the rocky shores of the Bahama Islands, and the Bermuda, and along some parts off the coast of East Florida and Cuba. Mr. Audubon in-

forms me that they also breed in large flocks on the mud and sand islands, off Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia, burrowing downwards from the surface to the depth of a foot or more. They also commonly employ the holes and cavities of rocks near the sea for this purpose. After the period of incubation they return to feed their young only during the night, with oily food which they raise from their stomachs. At these times they are heard through most parts of the night, making a continual clattering sound like frogs. In June and July, or about the time that they breed, they are still seen out at sea for scores of leagues from the land, the swiftness of their flight allowing them daily to make these vast excursions in quest of their ordinary prey; and hence, besides their suspicious appearance in braving storms, as if aided by the dark ruler of the air, they breed, according to the vulgar opinion of sailors, like no other honest bird, for taking no time for the purpose on land, they merely hatch their egg, it is said, under their wings, as they sit on the water!

The food of this species according to Wilson, appears to consist, as he says, of gelatinous spora of the Gulf weed, as well as small fish, barnacles, and probably many small mollusca. Their flesh is rank, oily, and unpleasant to the taste.

The Petrel is about six and three-fourths inches in length: the alar extent being about thirteen and a half. The bill black. Head black, and lower parts brownish black:—Greater wing coverts, pale brown, minutely tipped with white. Wings and tail black. Legs and naked parts of the thighs black: slight rudiment of a hind toe. The membrane of the foot is marked with a spot of straw yellow, and finally serrated along the edges. Iridis dark brown.

CEDAR QUARRIES.—Much of the cedar which comes from Lake Ontario is absolutely dug out of the soil. On some of the islands in that lake, which furnish great quantities of that valuable timber, there has not been growing a single tree for many years. Generation has apparently succeeded generation of this timber, and fallen, and been successively covered with earth, and is dug out for rail roads, fence posts, etc. in a perfectly sound state.

We believe, however, the quarries are getting exhausted of their most valuable mineral—the red cedar—or that it is so deeply imbedded, that the labor of excavation is not sufficient reward. During this season, nearly all the cedar importations have been of a white species. We have heard it stated that on some of the islands—there are subterranean passages pervading their whole area. That the roof or exterior surface, seems to be composed of agglomerated earth matted and held together by roots of trees which rest upon it, and have covered it with a thick growth of timber. The vaulted passages or dens below are filled with cedar logs lying in every variety of position, and which no doubt formerly, like the rafters of a house, gave support to the superincumbent mass. From the accounts we have had, there are more wonderful labyrinths constructed by nature on Lake Ontario, than that of old upon the banks of Lake Mœris.

Similar quarries exist or did exist, in the Jersey marshes, between this city and Newark. We have seen people engaged in excavations, for fencing-timber. Thus cedar posts and rails were dug from the earth on one side of Newark, and blocks of free stone on the other.—*N. York Com. Adv.*

LAKE ONTARIO.—The navigation of this Lake is as pleasing a sight to one who is familiar only with the ocean, and who has never seen one of the great inland seas. After travelling four hundred miles by land, through forests, you come to this beautiful Lake, where you find all the comforts, facilities, and conveniences of travelling that are to be found on the North River. On entering the Lake, the eye looks in vain for land on the Western side. The Lake, which is generally over forty miles wide, affords no opportunity to see the coast on the Canada side. All has the appearance of the broad ocean. Thus you run in a steamboat, upwards of two hundred miles,—the coast generally on our side presents the appearance of a deep forest, being heavily timbered, with here and there a creek or inlet. The Lake is said to be five hundred feet deep—of this I have my doubts. It, however, is sufficiently deep to give all the appearance of the ocean, the water being apparently blue. In the whole distance we were constantly in sight of some distant sail, which appeared but a speck; or of some steamboat, whose smoke could be seen curling in the clouds. The entrance of the Niagara river is full of inlets—on the one side is the Canada shore, with Newark and Queenston on the right—the surrounding country of which appears to be well cultivated—on the left is the American shore, with the fortress of Fort Niagara towering on the bank, and the pleasant villages of Kingston and Lewiston, the latter being at the head of navigation. The whole face of the country at this particular time is most interesting. The rich fields of wheat turned to the golden color that denotes that it is nearly ripe for the sickle, waves beautifully with the breeze.

NIAGARA FALLS, 22d July, 1839.

EMIGRATION.—The facilities of travelling are such that a person may travel from the city of New York to this place, in comfortable steam boats and rail road cars, in a little more than

two days. To one who has never travelled this way before, the change cannot be realised. But to those who visited this enchanting spot twenty years ago,—about that period of time I first visited the Falls,—the change is astonishing. It was then a most arduous undertaking, and seven and eight days was as short a time as the journey could then be performed, even in the fine weather. From Albany to Buffalo there was no other conveyance than stage coaches, and about twenty miles of the distance was over a corduroy road,—that is, over round logs placed side by side. The fatigue and pounding to be endured was quite severe enough for strong constitutions, and too severe for the feeble and infirm. Then the road was lined with every description of vehicles, loaded with families emigrating to the great west,—the extreme point of which was the Connecticut Reservation on the lake borders of the state of Ohio. The emigrant, as he travelled in his rickety vehicle, incumbered with a few humble but necessary articles of furniture, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day, with a flock of little children, suffered beyond all calculation. Many and oft as I have passed a New England emigrant, encamped in the woods, my heart ached to witness his sufferings of toil and privation. I once saw a family of emigrants from New England, consisting of a man, his wife, and six children, wading knee deep in water through the four mile wood, as it is called,—the mother with an infant in her arms. Often have I stopped at a tavern, and have been compelled to sleep in a room with twenty emigrants, all spread out on the floor, so circumstanced as never to be able to undress.

Now this vast exposure to famine, sickness, and even death, is at an end. The emigrant is wafted from New York to the shores of the Ohio, Michigan, and even the distant territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, with a facility that is truly astonishing. The emigration from the New England States, of the poorer classes, has ceased. The flourishing manufactories of that section of the country afford abundant employment for all her inhabitants. The emigrants, or that portion of them you fall in with East of Buffalo, are all from the "Old Country." They start from New York in comfortable tow boats, reach Albany for a dollar, take the canal boats, and proceed on at less than a cent a mile, reach Buffalo in three or four days, take passage on board the beautiful steamboats on the lake, and in less than a week are landed in Michigan, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, in about a week, and at an expense of less than ten dollars, or a cent a mile.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon-daughter of the skies!
Far on fearful wings she flies
From the tyrant's scepter'd state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottag'd vale she dwells,
Listening to the sabbath bells,
While all around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears;
And, mindful of the past employ,
Memory, bosom spring of joy!—COLLIERIDGE.

IRON SHIP.—The largest iron sailing ship in the world is now building at Messrs. J. Ronald and Co.'s yard, Footdee, Aberdeen. This stupendous vessel is of the following dimensions:—Length of keel, 130 feet, breadth of frame, 30 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet; length over all, 137 feet; tons register, 537. Judging from her appearance she is a beautiful model, and will carry an immense cargo on a small draft of water. She is intended for a company in Liverpool.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

The Danish watchmen, as they go their rounds at bed-time address a prayer to the Almighty to preserve the city from fire, and warn the inhabitants to be careful in extinguishing their candles and fires.

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