

**THE BLUSH.**

BY CHARLOTTE E. VANDENHOFF.

Unbidden I come  
From my prison home,  
Where I linger mid smiles and tears:  
Oh! the sweetest word  
I ever have heard  
Has waked me with fluttering fears!

And first o'er the snow  
Of the bosom I flow,  
Then change the fair hue of the brow;  
And see, on the cheek,  
Though silent, I speak,  
Sweet secrets revealing there now.

A traitor am I!  
For a gentle sigh  
May be breathed for another's wo;  
And the crystal tear,  
All bright and clear,  
From soft pity may oftentimes flow.

But one little thought,  
With tenderness fraught,  
One word into life makes me start;  
Love bids the tongue hush—  
He speaks in a blush:  
A blush tells the tale of the heart!

N. Y. Mirror.

**SOUTH AFRICAN HUNTING.**

On the left of the plain was a broad and winding belt of high trees and bushes, indicating the course of a river, the Chuntop, (or that which in running is suddenly checked): this entered a craggy opening in a flat range of mountains stretching across the plain to the north. The notch in the range where the wooded Chuntop disappeared, was the anxiously looked for Kopumans, or Bull's Mouth Pass—so named from its being full of dangers, like the valley of the Shadow of Death. I now girded up my loins for the chase, and I burned to slaughter some of the larger game, as much to feed my fifty followers, who ate at the rate of two sheep a day, as for mere sport. The people were divided into several parties, and we rode towards the foot of the mountains, where wild animals are always rife. We were not long before we saw a cloud of dust, which proceeded from a large troop of wild horses; dismounting, and extending ourselves, we approached them under cover of the bushes—they took the alarm—started off—passed through between us—galloped backwards and forwards—halted and gazed—and three fell under our fire in the course of as many hours' hard exercise on foot. A troop of that most magnificent antelope, the koodoo, next occupied us for a little, but before we had time to secure any of them, we intercepted a dancing flock of springboks: and again, by sharp running and quick firing three of them were also added to our larder. Our blood was now fairly up, and turning towards the mountain two large grey objects were seen, apparently disturbed by the "clattering of the musquets;" they ran a short distance among the bushes on the lower slopes, and then turned to look around them—these were two black and double horned rhinoceroses, covered with dried mud, from the pools of the Chuntop, in which they had been wallowing. We approached these dangerous animals with some caution, crept upon them, and got two or three flying shots at them; but unless they are taken standing, with deliberate aim at the backbone, or behind the jaw, good balls are thrown away upon them; not that their hide, though more than an inch thick, is impenetrable in other places to lead and powder bullets, (hard and heavy), such as mine were, but because the rhinoceros runs away, with a bushel of balls fired through his ribs. In his side they seemed to make no more impression on him, at the time of receiving them, than so many peas would, though he may die from them afterwards. So our two first rhinoceroses, being continually on the move, escaped from us, though we tickled them roughly. The black rhinoceros, whose domains we seemed now to have invaded, resembles in general appearance an immense hog; twelve feet and a half long, and of the weight of half a dozen bullocks; its body is smooth, and there is no hair seen except at the tips of the ears, and the extremity of the tail. The horns of concreted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre, and the second resembling a flattened cone, stand on the nose and above the eye; in the young animals, the foremost is the longest, whilst in the old ones they are of equal length, namely, a foot and a half, or more; though the older the rhinoceros the shorter his horns, as they wear them by sharpening them against trees, and by rooting up the ground with them when in a passion. When the rhinoceros is quietly pursuing his way through his favorite glades of mimosa bushes (which his hooked upper lip enable him readily to seize, and his powerful grinders to masticate), his horns fixed loosely on his skin, make a clapping

noise by striking one against the other; but on the approach of danger, if his quick ear and keen scent make him aware of the vicinity of the hunter, the head is quickly raised, and the horns stand stiff, and ready for combat on his terrible front. The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a centinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of its horns.—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

**MYSTERY, REASON AND FAITH.**

It is seldom that we meet with a passage more truly eloquent than the following. It is taken from an essay by the Rev. E. Peabody, of New Bedford:

Night comes over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on the deck. The waters plunge and welter and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadow falls as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and, as the ship changes her course the passenger knows not which way is east or west, or north or south. What islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course—or what that course is, or where they are he knows not. All around to him is *Mystery*. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock, and taking note of the place of the sun, and, with the aid of a couple of books composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is *Reason* appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of the waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel, and watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle which points ever, as if it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky. But reason and experience have given him *Faith* in the commanding officer of the ship—faith in the laws that control her course—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so, without a single doubt, he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the gray and misty highlands rising like a cloud on the horizon; and, as he nears them, the hills appear, and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, and (sight of joy) the spires of the churches, and the shining roofs among which he strives to detect his own.

'The duelist to noble combat goes.  
His former friends and he have turned to foes;  
They settle their dispute with two good hoes,  
Digging potatoes.'

The editor of the Worcester *Ægis* (Hon. W. Lincoln), closes a controversy, with the Worcester *Palladium*, by offering to the editor of that print honorable satisfaction in the field—the weapons to be hoes—each party to dig one acre of potatoes—and he whose work is done the best and in the shortest time, to be declared the victor. Should the challenge to mortal potato-digging be accepted, the editor of the *Ægis* will transmit the size of his hoe by a friend, who will arrange the preliminaries for the settlement of all difficulties.—*Salem Observer.*

The above is going the rounds of the papers, and will excite many a smile, as seems to be intended. But in sober earnest why cannot a *dispute* be as well decided by a digging match as by a shooting match? The *merits of controversy* are surely as well discussed by the hoe as by the pistol. And then there would be no danger in looking on, but on the contrary much sport in seeing too lazy, Falstaff-looking fellows, sweating and puffing at their hoes to settle a point of honor.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

The following little gem from the German of Goethe possesses an indefinable charm:

**SONG.**

Many thousand stars are burning  
Brightly in the vault of night,  
Many an earth-worn heart is yearning  
Upwards with a fond delight.  
Stars of beauty, stars of glory,  
Radiant wanderers of the sky;  
Weary of the world's sad story,  
Thoughts would ever fix on high.

The following from the Boston Morning Post conveys a lesson of charity and philosophy. It is carrying out Lord Byron's idea, that,

"Men are the sport of circumstances, when,  
The circumstances, seem the sport of men."

A PLAIN TRUTH.—There is a plain but solemn truth in the quotation which we here make: "Where one individual walks voluntarily into crime, a thousand are deceived into it by unsuspected villainy, or forced into it by the pressure of irresistible misfortune. Let us be charitable, then, towards even those who are apparently the greatest criminals, for we know not but that, after all, they are the wronged. It is better to err with charity, than to run the least risk with its reverse.

EXPORT OF TIMBER FROM THE HIGHLANDS.—The progress of railroads in England and Scotland has lately caused a great demand for fir wood in this part of the country. The sound of the axe and the saw-mill are heard in the loneliest and most remote parts of the Highlands. We have heard of one proprietor selling his firwood for £10,000, and another for £5,800. Within the last eight or ten years, a vast number of sales of this kind have been effected, ranging from eight or ten thousand to as many hundreds each. A considerable amount of shipping is engaged in this trade; and the vessels that carry out the timber in the shape of railroad-sleepers, pitprops, etc., generally return with cargoes of coals, lime, and other commodities. The number of men employed in felling the trees, sawing them up, and exporting them, is also a source of advantage to the country.

PAPER VENEERING.—We examined an elegant piece of furniture, veneered with marble paper, in imitation of rose-wood. The imitation was so perfect, and the veneering so exact that an experienced painter was unable to discover that it was not grained with paint, though he considered it almost impossible to shade and blend colors in such a beautiful manner. This plan of veneering furniture, will we think, prove a very useful improvement. It combines three very desirable qualities—elegance, durability and cheapness. A common pine table can be covered in imitation of rose-wood, for \$1 50, in a style that would defy the most skillful painter in the world to equal. It is the opinion of cabinet makers, that it will wear much longer than common veneering.—*Dedham Patriot.*

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—"It is like a stream which has no cataracts to astonish us with their magnificent thunder, but which winds along the tranquil valley, asserting its existence only in the life and verdure which appear along its course."

ALL MANNER OF TRAVELLING.—A Bostonian writing from Illinois, states that, in getting to his place of destination, he experienced all kinds of goaheadiveness. In the first place he took a steamboat—in the second, the railroad—the third, a mail-coach—the fourth, rode on horseback—the fifth, went six miles on foot to Terre-Haute, and was finally rode out of the village on a rail. He says he don't know which to prefer out of the six, but thinks the latter method is unquestionably the cheapest, though its accommodations are most wretched.

If a person is bent on quarrelling with you, leave him to do the whole of it himself, and he will soon become weary of his unencouraged occupation.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,  
"Like Sampson, I my thousands slay!"  
"Yes," cried a wag, "indeed you do—  
And with the self-same weapon too."

'Think there's any danger, mister meannageeryman, from that Boy Contractor?' 'Oh no,' said the man 'the serpent don't bite, he swallows his wittals whole.'

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