The Colonial Pearl.

THE SHIP.

Where art thou going mighty ship? Thy sails are on the wind, And the ocean with a roaring sweep, Is racing on behind.

The sea birds wheel above thy mast, And the waters fly below, And the foaming billows, flashing fast, Are leaping up thy prow.

And 'midst the clouds thy fluttering flag Is streaming strong and well, As if to bid yon beacon crag A last and gay farewell.

Where art thou going? "Far away, To seek a distant shore...Gaze ye upon me while ye may, You will not see me more.

" My flag is dancing in the sky, My sails are on the breeze, And the wild bird screams exultingly, As we bound along the seas.

"Gaze while ye may—ye can but see My panoply and pride— Ye can but hear the hissing sea Dashed gaily from my side.

" Hush! bootless sobs and yearning sighs, Ye broken hearts be still, Lest yonder landsman's envious eves

Dream we have aught of ill-

" Lest he should think of care or woe Amidst our gallant crew, Or souls that hear the blithe winds blow With checks of ashen hue.

" Hurrah ! hurrah ! our home we quit And those who are therein----

Will they be safe and standing yet When we cross the waves again ?

" Hurrah | hurrah | a glorious land Is rising far away— What grave upon that stranger strand

Shall wrap our unknown clay?

 Hurrah ! hurrah ! beneath our keel A thousand fathoms sleep—
And fleets are there—but with hearts of steel We'll gaily o'er them sweep.

" On—on—the worm is at our heart, But the shout upon our lip, And who shall play the craven's part In our proud and gallant ship ?

"And who shall let the groan be heard Which lips are gnawed to save... Or the tears be seen, that without a word, Are falling on the wave ? where here is, sir ?-these, sir, are my manors; what d'ye think of flames broke out in the city; Napoleon, driven from his quarters that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire; "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir-what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan !" said the squire, cooling a little, "oh, from Lord Craven's, ch? Well, sir, I could not know that, sir-I-"

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan !" said the squire; "you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all well well to talk, but if you were in my place I should like to know what you would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment."

The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say) "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me-now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a arm-yard': in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond—in the pond were ducks innumerable, swimming and diving; on its banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very eivilly—

" My good friend," says Tom, " I'll make you an offer." " Of what, sir ?" says the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I have been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot; now, both my barrels are loaded, I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here, and to have whatever I kill?"

- "What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.
- " Fairish !" said Tom, " fairish !"
- "And to have all you kill? said the farmer-eh?"
- "Exactly so," said Tom.
- " Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. I'll tell you what I'll do--I'll give you a seven shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I bave in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made—Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other; and such quacking, and splashing and screaming, and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before. Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended. "Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer. "Yes," said Tom; "eight ducks and fowls are more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—ch?"

in the suburbs, hurried to the Kremlin, ascended the steps, and entered the door at which I sat. For two days the French soldiers labored to repress the fierce attempts to burn the city. Russian police officers were seen stirring up the fire with their tarred lances 1 hideous looking men and women, covered with rags, were wander. ing like demons amid the flames armed with torches and striving to spread the conflagration. At midnight again the whole city was in a blaze, and while the roof of the Kremlin was on fire, and the panes of the window against which he leaned were burning to the touch, Napoleon watched the course of the flames and exclaimed, "What a tremendous spectacle !- These are Sythians indeed." Amid volumes of smoke and fire, his eyes blinded by the intense heat, and his hands burned in shielding his face from its fury, and traversing the streets arched with fire, he escaped from the burning city. Russia is not classic ground. It does not stand before us covered with great men's deeds. A few centuries ago it was overrun by wandering tribes of barbarians; but what is there in these lands which stand forth in the pages of history, crowned with the history of their ancient deeds, that for extraordinary daring, for terrible sublimity, and undaunted patriotism, exceeds the burning of Moscow.

AFFECTING SCENE.

We find in the Philadelphia Evening Star, the following article, relating to the sentencing of Dr. Chauncy, who had been convicted of causing the death of a Miss Sowers of that city, by attempting to produce an abortion :---

"An affecting scene occurred on Monday, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. The spacious room was crowded to excess, and the solemnity of the bench, consulting upon some topic of judgment, indicated that they were about to exercise an important and unpleasant duty. In the midst of the concourse of lawyers and gentlemen within the bar, sat an elderly man, about fifty, of genteel appearance. He was about to be sentenced to an ignominious pun² ishment. His face intimated to the observer that recollection of his home and his large family, were darkly and deeply pencilling an additional agony to his heart, and ploughing a new furrow on his forehead.

"He was a man of classical education, and that refines the feelings, but he was induced to enter upon the delicate and dangerous business of dealing with life and death, and he realized that the brilliant scholar, is incapable of catching the healing art by intuition." A young and erring girl fell by his hand. His plea of profession: al duty, and tender care for her reputation availed not. He had done an unlawful act, and the inflexible commentary of the law gave to the act the highest penal offence. The Court, by its organ the President, directed that the prisoner stand up. He evidently, made the effort,—and again, and again—to obey the direction, but failed; his agitated frame was palsied.

"He was heard to say to his counsel beside him—"For Heaven's sake save me from this ceremony."—But the ancient formality of the law must be complied with. A violent effort brought him to his feet, pale, haggard, and staggering, the lineaments of his face speaking the language that imprisonment, misery and disgrace among men impress upon the most hardened. The judge impressively prefæced a short address to the sentence—he spared the unhappy man an oration of daggers; the judicial fiat was spoken; he fell upon his seat, unmanned; his tears fell like rain drops, and his sobs broke out audibly. He is now in solitary confinement, at labour, in the Francisville jail; and for five long years his earthly career is, as it were, suspended. Who would be a criminal ?

" On, on—the sea birds heed us not— And the shores are sinking fast— And scarce the landsman from his cot Can see our lessening mast—

" But sighs him as he turns away To trim his evening hearth. That aught should be so proud and gay Without one care of earth."

Blackwood's Magazine.

A SHOOTING EXPLOIT OF SHERIDAN,

Tom Sheridan used to tell a story for and against himself, which we shall take the leave to relate :

He was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham, (or rather Hampstead,) and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper : the sport was bad—the birds few and shy —and he walked and walked in search of game, until_unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you sir," said the squire, when within half-car-shot, what are you doing here, sir, ch?"

" I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are sir, ?" said the squire.

" I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir !" said the squire, growing angry, "and do you know

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be, but what do I care for that—they are none of mine !"

"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning, and coolness."

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Here was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary events in the history of the world. After sixty battles and a march of more than two thousand miles, the grand army of Napoleon entered Moscow and found no smoke issuing from a single chimney, nor a Muscovite to gaze upon them from the battlements or walls. Moscow was deserted, her magnificent palaces forsaken by their owners, her 300,000 inhabitants vanished as if they had never been. Silent and amazed, the grand army filed through its desolate streets. Approaching the Kremlin, a few miserable, ferocious, and intoxicated wretches left behind, as a savage token of the national hatred, poured a volley of musketry from the battlements. At midnight,

Emma—is from the German, and signifies a nurse. Caroline—from the Latin, noble minded. George--from Greek, a farmer. Martha—from Hebrew, bitterness. Mary—that beautiful, though common name, is Hebrew, and signifies a tear. Sophia—from Greek, wisdom. Susan—from Hebrew, a lily. Thomas—from Hebrew, a twin. Robert—from German, famous in council.

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