

Selected, by a Correspondent, for the Pearl.

**THE BONNIE SCOT.**

The bonnie Scot ! he hath nae got  
A hame o' sun an' light ;  
His clime hath aft a dreary day  
An' mony a stormy night.  
He hears the blast gae crooning past,  
He sees the snawflake fa' ;  
But what o' that ? He'll tell ye still,  
His land is best o' a' !  
He wadna' tine, for rose or vine,  
The gowans round his cot ;  
There is nae bloom like heath an broom.  
To charm the bonnie Scot.

The roarin' din o' flood an' linn  
Is music unco sweet ;  
He looes the pine aboon his head,  
The breckans 'neath his feet  
The lavrock's trill, sae clear and shrill,  
Is matchless to his ear ;  
What joy for him like bounding free  
To hunt the fleet dun deer ?  
Nae wonder he sae proudly scorns  
A safter, kinder lot ;  
He kens his earth gave Wallace birth,  
That brave and bonnie Scot.

ELIZA COOK

**A SCENE NEAR NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.**

We now stand upon that stupendous bulwark that the Mighty One has appointed to the bounds of the Great Father of Waters, who frets and roars at its eternal base—"hither shalt thou come and no further," is the decree. If the forest, of only half a mile in extent, which is intermediate between this and Lake Concordia, was felled, we should have one of the finest panoramic views on earth. Natchez, close on our right, lies on a point nearly as elevated, like a crowning glory. Back of us, is a noble range of walnut hills extending as far as the eye can see, and dotted here and there with noble mansions. In the fore-front of the picture, at our feet, sweeps on, like a conqueror with majesty and might, the wild and impetuous Mississippi. His bosom is animated by those splendid palaces, like "fiery centaurs," that wreath up their white smoke above his blue stream like fleecy clouds ; and also by the tall masts of those wanderers of the ocean, that go forth laden with the wealth and luxury of nations. One arm stretched downward to mingle his waters with the ocean tide, and the other upward as far as the eye can see, and the fancy travelling onward traces him up the sources of those mighty tributaries that penetrate into the bosom of thirteen of these United States. Little did the wild child of the forest think a century ago, as he stood upon this high projected cliff with folded arms and contemplative brow, that now his eyes might be saluted with cultivated fields, villages and cities. Cast your eyes now to the opposite bank of this wide stream and you will discover a little village, that seems to enjoy repose and quiet on that green and sunny shore—your eyes too are now attracted by the broad lands of the favorites of fortune with their wide fields of waving corn and cotton. You see also a long line of roads radiating from this great centre, and intersecting each other in every possible direction—you now behold the lake that stretches out before you like a sheet of clear blue sky. How green and beautiful are its banks winding away in the distance with waving curves as gentle and as graceful as the bendings of the poplar. Its shores are lined with the splendid mansions of our planters with their tastefully arranged negro quarters, which rise up like distant villages to animate the scene. There, too, at the farthest extremity of the lake, projects from the crystal wave that lovely island, that is covered with such a noble and stately forest of trees, and is redolent with every luxury and every sweet of nature, and whose fragrance is the breath of flowers, and through whose shadowy forest we chase the bounding buck. Now, sir, we have, surrounding all, the dim outlines of the distant fort, rising up like a blue barrier that the gods had erected to exclude all other from this glorious scene, than sacred foot-prints. This is, indeed, as lovely a land as Italy. It may not have its softness, but here we have the unrivalled splendor of the sun. Beneath his warmth every tree, every flower, every insect, yea, every living thing seems to exult in a consciousness of joyous existence. We want, like her, a history to throw its glory and its majesty over all. When our foot first touches the soil of Italy, we view every object in connection with the past.

And then there is the softness of the Italian tongue "whose words ring like clarions of victory" whilst the "beauties of the English language are all melancholy ; tinted with clouds and tuned with lashing waves."—N. J. Spirit of Times.

There is one pride pardonable, that of being above a mean or dishonourable action.

Humility is a grace which sets off all other graces.

**HORTICULTURAL.**

From the Address, lately delivered before the Horticultural Society of Maryland, by Z. Collins Lee.

Among the letters preserved and published of the immortal Washington, is one addressed by him, in 1782, to Mr. Young, an English horticulturist, in which the Father of his country uses the following language :

"Agriculture in the field and garden has ever been among the most favorite of my amusements, though I never have possessed much skill in the art, and nine years' total inattention to it has added nothing to a knowledge which is best understood from practice."

He then desires his correspondent to send him the following horticultural items :

"A little of the best kind of cabbage seed for the field culture—twenty pounds of the best turnip seed—ten bushels of sanfoin seed—eight bushels of winter vetches—two bushels of rye, grass seed—and fifty pounds of best clover seed."

What a touching illustration of the simple habits and practical sense of this illustrious man ! At the time this letter was penned, he had just returned victorious from the revolutionary struggle to the shades of Mount Vernon. We there find him turning from the voice of praise and the blaze of military glory to his farm and garden, with the same fondness with which the infant seeks the maternal bosom, and, in the unostentatious amusements and healthful exercises of his fields, becoming the first American farmer, as he had proved himself the greatest hero and general on the tented plain.

What a lesson and rebuke should this incident convey to the noisy pride and bustling littleness of some of the miscalled great men of our day ! To the placeman and demagogue, even the garden of Mount Vernon, blooming under the eye and hand of Washington, could afford no charm or solace for the loss of power or emolument—these serve their country but to serve themselves. Marius, in his defeated hour, sighed amid the ruins of Carthage, and the Imperial Exile wept upon a barren rock.

Imagination might carry those of us who have visited the hero's tomb to that sequestered and beautiful garden, with its nursery of rare exotics and tropical fruits—the classic arrangements of its boxwood and hawthorn hedge, and the simple but chaste display of every flower and plant which wealth or fancy could procure. There, upon this seat, sat Washington, when the storm and battle were over, and refreshed his spirit and elevated his thoughts by the culture and contemplation of his garden. Beside him was her, the chosen and beloved consort and companion of his life—like him in the noble but gentler attributes of her mind, fitted to be the sharer of his glory and repose. Around them bloomed the gifts of every clime, from the rose and fragrant coffee shrub of Java to the night-budding Cereus of Mexico.

The seat still remains, but the patriot sleeps at the foot of that garden, by the side of his fond associate and exalted partner : wild flowers and the evergreen are blooming over them, in token of the renewal and immortality of the glorious dead. And, when Summer comes, there the birds sing sweetly, and like angels' voices do they tell of happiness, harmony, and peace.

The sculptured column and proud mausoleum might adorn that spot ; but in the scene as nature's hand has left—in the murmurs of the breeze, the majestic flow of the Potomac, and the solemn stillness of the grove, broken only by the wild bird's note ; above all, in the yet unfaded and unaltered walks of that garden of Washington, there is a memorial which the "storied urn or animated bust could never give." It is the pathos and truth of Nature.

**WATERLOO.**

The correspondent of the New York Star, in a late letter from Waterloo, speaks of the changes that have taken place in the field. He says :

"In the plain, the Dutch erected a huge mound, shaped like a cone, on which they placed a Belgic lion. This hillock was actually made, to mark the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded. And to do the matter thoroughly, about twenty feet of the soil were levelled away to some extent—thus changing the very character of the scene of battle ! The localities are thus destroyed. You read an account of the battle, and when you visit the scene of action, you cannot understand how the battle was fought, and you wonder why you cannot. The French cavalry were checked in their advance by the roughness of the ground—the mound manufacturer has cleared them all away. A bank sheltered the English cavalry from the deadly sweep of the French guns—the bank is taken away. The English troops for hours sustained the attack of the French in one commanding position—that has been shovelled away !—All this has been done to tell that a Dutch Prince has been wounded on the field !

The wood of Poignes is rapidly vanishing. The owners are cutting it down every year. The Duke of Wellington has an estate here, (as Prince of Waterloo,) and he also is cutting down his timber. By and by, when Belgium falls into the possession of the French or the Prussians, or is again joined to Holland, it

will be some revenge to have cut down every stick in the country.

Hougomont is becoming a ruin—but then, as a set off, the willow over the Marquis of Anglesea's amputated leg is very flourishing. George IV. visited Waterloo when on the Continent in September, 1821, and is said to have contemptuously smiled at the idea of a gorgeous monument over the said leg.

They say that the field of Waterloo has been remarkable for its fine corn since the battle. The year after the fight, the corn all came up of a dark green—human gore had made the land much too rich.

I believe it is not generally known that in the autumn of 1814, as the Duke of Wellington was passing over Waterloo, he was struck with the aspect of the place.—"This," said he, "is the very spot I would choose on which to fight a pitched battle for the liberties of Europe." He even remained a day at Mount St. Jean, and carefully examined the place. No doubt this observation was of essential service to him on June 18, 1815."

**A BIVOUAC.**—I had risen before the first sound of the morning drum—the night was clear, the moon bright, but calmly bright, the stars sparkled in brilliancy, the hills in one direction were clothed in silvery light, in another their dark masses but sharp and clear on the bright sky. Some few of the bivouac fires glared red ; many more were gradually dying away ; the ground was covered over with thousands of forms buried in profound sleep ; horses in numbers were reposing. The whole scene was motionless, calm and silent. It is an hour well suited for meditation. I have thought more in five minutes at those times than during whole months in other situations. How numerous are the scenes of former days when they crowd upon the mind ! how calm and softened they present themselves ! they, perhaps, even wear a shade of melancholy, but so light as not to be unpleasing ; it is no more than the effect of the surrounding silence, and of the momentary quiet of your own breast. But the eastern sky wears a paler hue, a beat or two is heard from the head-quarter guard, and the next instant the drums of the nearest regiment beat *la Diane* ; this is taken up by others, by the trumpets of the cavalry, of the artillery, by the full bands of many corps ; all around, both near and in the distance, is this enlivening call now heard, and there certainly exists not a more inspiring and beautiful, though simple air. As the strains of music swell on the ear, the hitherto motionless multitude start on their feet. The fires blaze more brightly, the clang of arms, the words of command, the neighing of horses, are heard in all directions—all is life, noise and activity ; for the moment, hardships, fatigues, and privations are all forgotten ; your blood circulates warmer and quicker—your mind is occupied with what is to be done, and you wonder how you could but the moment before have felt sentimental. The soup is eaten, you are in the saddle, the column is formed, the band strikes up some lively waltz or gallop, and so with a gay and light heart you march on. During this time the stars have vanished, and the glorious sun soon after shines forth in all its splendour.

**CONTENTMENT.**—Is that beast better that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouse of heaven, clouds, and providence ? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a fall urn, or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it swells over the green turf ?—Jeremy Taylor.

**A COMMON FACE.**—During the trial of a prisoner at the Devon Assizes for stealing a silver watch, a witness who swore to the article was severely cross-examined by counsel as to how he could swear to a watch of such a common make. 'Why,' at last replied the witness, 'it is certainly a very common watch, but I could swear to it : and so I could to your face, which is also of a very common make.'

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