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# THE COLONIAL PEARL.

## POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

"FANCY AND FACTS—TO PLEASE AND TO IMPROVE."

VOLUME FOUR.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1840.

NUMBER EIGHT.

### THE LAST HEIR OF FERNEY—A LEGEND.

One Hugh Roe M'Mahon succeeded his brother, as Chief of Ferney, at the time that Elizabeth was queen of England. He was not only the natural heir of his brother, but he had a grant of the county from the English government; for the late chieftain had surrendered it to the queen, and been reinstated in his honors and possessions under the broad seal of England. Well, sir, on his brother's death, this Hugh thought he should go up to Dublin to have his title recognized; and so he did: but it turned out the most unfortunate journey he ever made, except, indeed, the journey back. He got plenty of hard usage at the castle, and very little satisfaction of any kind, till at last the Lord Deputy, one Sir William Fitzwilliams, spoke to him wonderful fair, and said that he would go down with him to Monaghan, and settle him in his inheritance himself. Of course, M'Mahon thought all was right, and expressed his great obligations to Sir William, and off they set to Monaghan; when the first thing the worthy Lord Deputy did, was to clap the baron into irons; and the next thing, after a sort of a sham trial, was to hang him up like a dog before his own door. That was the end of the M'Mahons as chieftains and men of power. Their county was confiscated of course, and their descendants left to wander the world, or depend, as it might be, on the charity of their own vassals. However, sir, it happened that after the wars of the Revolution, as they call it, there was a widow lady living in an humble little cottage, but most beautifully situated, just about a mile, I think, from where we are sitting at this moment. Her husband was the lineal descendant of the chieftains of Monaghan, but he had been killed in the wars, fighting for King James, and he left this lady and one boy poorly enough provided, as you may suppose.

The old castle of the M'Mahons was at this time in the possession of one Colonel Vaughan, who before the Revolution had been the brother officer and most intimate friend of Major M'Mahon; indeed they were so attached to each other, that there was a mutual understanding between them, that Vaughan's eldest daughter should become the wife of young M'Mahon. However, when the war broke out, Vaughan sided with the English party; but still, when all was over, he entertained a warm regard for the memory of his friend; and though the obstacles to the contemplated marriage seemed almost insurmountable, for young M'Mahon was of course a Catholic, and under the ban of the new laws; yet the colonel had him constantly at his house, and was even in hopes that he could, in the course of time, be induced to change his religion for the sake of the lady, and of the property of his ancestors, which he would in that case inherit with her. Vaughan had another daughter, and that was his whole family; but as they grew up there was not their equal for beauty in the whole country round. The eldest, however, was by far the loveliest. She had the heavenliest eyes, they say, that ever shone in a woman's head; and when poor M'Mahon would see her moving through the lighted ball-room, with her dark hair rolling down in rich waves like, to her waist, a sadness used to come over him, when he would think, that notwithstanding her own love and her father's regard for him, it was little better than a wild dream to think that he could ever possess the hand of his beautiful Sassenagh.

Well, sir, there was a cousin of M'Mahon's, one Neal Nugent, and from the time that they were both children they were more like brothers than cousins, though their dispositions were, in all respects, the very opposite. One was a proud, high-spirited fellow, loyal in his heart to the cause and religion for which his father perished; but Nugent, though he was brave, too, thought it a hardship to give up everything for the sake of religion, and be shut out from all chance of gaining either riches or honours, because he happened to be born a Catholic. He often hinted to M'Mahon that he'd be a fool to forfeit such a splendid alliance for any scruples he might have about the affairs of the other world; and his advice might have been more dangerous, only it was plain that it was for her rich domains, and not for the lady herself, that he would have had his cousin sell his faith. He was an ambitious young fellow, this Nugent; and he was a clever fellow, too; and so, when he was determined he would be a slave no longer, wasting away his youth and intellect among the hills of Ferney, but that he would make a name for himself in the world, and become one of the lords of the land where he was now trampled on and despised. The end of it was, sir, that he turned Protestant, got into the army, and sure enough, he did seem in the way of rising fast to honour and distinction. In the meantime, Mr. M'Mahon was still received at the castle in the character of Ellen's lover; but their intercourse became every day more painful and embarrassing. The colonel still entertained the hope that the young baron, as he called him, would yield to what might be almost considered as the necessity of his fate,

and remove the only obstacle that seemed to stand in the way of his worldly happiness; but Ellen knew him better, and she knew that not even for her would he abandon the religion of his fathers. At last the colonel thought it was time that there should be a full understanding on the subject; and one day he asked M'Mahon when he intended to conform, for that he saw no necessity for delaying the marriage any longer. This was a severe trial to poor M'Mahon: but he was prepared for it, and he told the colonel that conform he never would; and that if he must relinquish the hand of his daughter, he hoped that he might soon enjoy in another world the happiness that was lost to him for ever in this. The colonel was vexed, and disappointed; but he had to acknowledge, that though he had deceived himself, M'Mahon had never deceived him, nor by word or act given encouragement to the false hopes he had entertained; and though he was as proud a man as ever buckled on a sword, the tears fell from his eyes, as he wrung the hand of his young friend, and saw him ride out from the castle, which he never entered but once again. It was a lonely castle now to poor Ellen Vaughan. Her lover had often told her that it must come to this; for that although he was suffered to live in peace, he was, in all other respects, little better than a common outlaw; but yet, as they had known and loved each other so long, even since their childhood, indeed, he could never bear the thought of losing her; and he sometimes tried to persuade himself, that by entering into a foreign service, he might attain such rank as would compensate in some degree for the loss of her inheritance, which she must have sacrificed by marrying him. It was this vague hope that prevented him breaking off their intercourse long before; and he might have carried it into effect, only that his mother had no friend in the world but himself, and he could not, of course, abandon her; and now it was too late to think of entering on such a career. It was not long after this interview with Colonel Vaughan, that Nugent happened to be quartered down in this part of the country. He had now been three or four years in the army; and a fine looking young fellow he was; but he was one that didn't care very much for old times or old friendships; and when he found that it was all over between Ellen and his cousin, he thought he might do worse than propose for the heiress himself. He was now in high favour with the government, and had every prospect of rising in the world, so after a while the colonel consented to give him his daughter; and while the poor girl's heart was regularly breaking, she had to receive the addresses of a new lover, who knew at the time how she was devoted to his rival. At last the day was fixed for their marriage. Ellen and M'Mahon had never met from the day of his fatal interview with her father; and when they parted that day it was with the firm belief that they would never meet again. The night before the morning appointed for her unhappy marriage, the lady was sitting alone in her chamber. It was just such a night as this, wild and desolate; and there poor Ellen sat in a kind of abstracted reverie, "looking with idle grief on her white hands," when the door gently opened, and lifting her eyes, she saw her lover, wan and ghastly as a ghost, standing before her. She never shrieked nor spoke, but her lips turned as pale as ashes, and she kept gazing at him with her large dark eyes, as if she thought it really was his ghost come to claim her promised hand. At last M'Mahon came forward, and told her he was come to take his leave of her for ever; but then as they talked of old times, and thought of the future, all their feelings yielded to the love they had cherished through life; and Ellen that night left her father's castle to wander with her lover wherever fate might guide them. M'Mahon had left his horse in a grove at a little distance; and the servant, by whose means he had gained admission, joined them there in a few minutes with the lady's palfrey; and off they rode through storm and darkness as hard as their horses could lay a hoof to the earth. Their flight, however, was almost immediately discovered. Instantly the retainers were up and mounted, scouring the country in all directions; for no information could be procured as to the course which the fugitives had taken. It happened that Nugent was at the castle at the very time, arranging some matters with the colonel, and he had with him a very intimate friend who was to be groomsman on the following morning—an officer of high family, and connected with some of the greatest people in the country. He and Nugent were, of course, among the most active of the pursuers, but they took different routes; and as this gentleman was riding along the wild road that you and I travelled to-night, he heard the tramp of horses a little way before him; and so he pressed on, and got almost within pistol shot of M'Mahon, as he and the lady reached the stream you remember crossing. He had taken the precaution of slinging a bugle-horn across his shoulder, and when he first got sight of the fugitives he winded this to collect any of the pursuers that might be within hearing; and as he gained on M'Ma-

hon, he called on him to surrender, or that he would fire. There was no time for parleying then. They could hear at a distance the tramp of steeds dashing along the road. M'Mahon was on one side of the stream, and his pursuer just entering it on the other, when he wheeled round, and drawing a pistol from his belt, shot him dead. On M'Mahon and his lady rode; but where they rode to none could ever tell, for he knew all the wild by ways of the country, and he soon had his prize safe beyond the reach of his enemies. It was a night of hard riding; and when the horsemen gathered in before dawn of day to the castle, it was with the sorrowful tidings of the lady's loss and the death of a young and honorable gentleman. The circumstances of that night broke the old Colonel's heart. He never heard more of the being he had loved and prized above the earth; nor of the unfortunate companion of her fate. M'Mahon was outlawed of course; but though all possible measures were taken for his discovery and apprehension, both by the relatives of the young officer and the Sassenagh gentlemen of the country generally, who felt highly indignant at the idea of a papist having the audacity to carry off a lady of rank and fortune, their efforts were all unavailing; no trace could be discovered of the rank or fortune of the ill-starred pair. Vaughan, as I told you, had another daughter, younger than Ellen; though without any of the romance or high sentiment of her sister. She was now, of course, the heiress of her father's possessions; and in a little time Nugent, as was natural transferred his affections to her; and in a little time more they were married; and soon after that the Colonel died; and Nugent became lord of that noble castle, while the lady that should have graced it, had no home but the wild retreat of the outlaw. Nugent now became a man of great power and influence in the country. He was appointed to the commission of the peace, and made himself very active in the suppression of those rapparee bands that were at this time very formidable, and in some parts kept the gentlemen of the country in a state of constant apprehension and alarm. After some years the country became more tranquil; and these rangers disappeared at last altogether. *Pulsat equo pede*—as Horace says. In the course of time Nugent was gathered to his fathers; and his son occupied the same position in the country, and earned for himself the same character of a useful and energetic magistrate, which his father had formerly maintained. He had abundant opportunities for displaying his zeal. About fifty years after the occurrences I have told you of, there was a robber in this country, one of the most daring and celebrated characters that ever took to the hills. He was formidable not only from his own extraordinary prowess and the number of his band, but from the great attachment which the people entertained for him, and the protection which it was supposed they frequently afforded him. You know, sir, that in those wild times, and in such a wild country as this was then, a robber might well be a very popular character, and M'Mahon was particularly so: for he acted here as a sort of self-constituted arbiter between the rich and poor; and though he made sad havoc among the possessions of the great, he saved many a wretched family from want and ruin. The country, you must know, is full of M'Mahons, and the gentry knew nothing of this man but that he was a very notorious and desperate outlaw; but there was a secret concerning him among the people, and it is probable that their knowledge of his origin and history increased the influence he possessed among them. There is a wild district off to the west here, which was at this time very thinly inhabited. You might travel for miles and miles without meeting an acre of cultivated land; and it was at a place called The Rocks, a beautiful spot it is, the heart of this wild region, that the banditti had their retreat. It was a regular little community. The robbers lived there, with their wives and children, beyond the reach of the law, and enjoying an abundance of everything the country could afford. They drove the cattle, levied money, and did everything, in fact, as if their leader's family were still the lords of Ferney. Nugent was one of those that suffered most from their incursions; and as active as he was for their suppression, and no man could be more so, they baffled him in all his efforts. M'Mahon had constant intelligence of whatever concerned his safety. He was always aware of Nugent's movements, and seemed to care as little for him and his dragoons as he would for a party of village schoolboys. They went on in this way for years. M'Mahon, in fact, held the country; and with the trifling aid which could be afforded them by government, the magistrates found it was impossible to think of dislodging him. They agreed, at last, that they had nothing for it, but to try and make some sort of terms with him, and prevent him, by fair means, from harrying the country in the way in which he was doing. Now, sir, this is the truth, I assure you, though you seem to doubt it.

(I certainly did suspect my historian of romancing a little—but

I was afterwards convinced, from other sources, of the accuracy of his narrative, in this point, at least, which being of comparatively recent occurrence, could have none of tradition about it.)

Well, sir, (he continued) Nugent managed somehow or other to communicate with the outlaw, and gave him his word of honour that if he would afford him an interview at any convenient time and place, no advantage should be taken, but that he should be suffered to come and go in perfect safety. M'Mahon, who was getting old, and probably weary of the wild life he had led, agreed to the proposal, but declined appointing either time or place; for I suppose he thought it would be only prudent not to rely too much on the faith of an enemy. He merely said he would have the honor of waiting on his worship as soon as he had settled matters with a few worthy gentlemen whose rent had been for some time in arrears. Nugent thought this rather an insolent sort of a reply; but he had to put up with it, and to wait for whatever time might suit the robber's convenience. My grandfather (continued the boy) who was then living where we live at present, happened, though a Catholic, to be on terms of intimacy with most of the other gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and one evening, as Nugent and one or two others were dining at his house, they began the old subject of the terrible state the country was in, and wondering whether it was possible that this formidable banditti could ever be destroyed. It was winter, and the night was very dark and stormy, and they were talking on in this fashion, when they heard a horseman riding up to the door—a loud double knock followed, and presently a stranger was ushered into the room—a fine military looking man, with long silvery hair, and a cloak of the old Irish fashion wrapped around him. He saluted my grandfather with an air of frank courtesy, and then turning round, said, he believed he had the honor of addressing Mr. Nugent, of Castle Marron. Mr. Nugent looked a little surprised at this, for he had never seen the stranger before, neither had any of the others, and they wondered how he knew Nugent, for that he was a stranger they thought was evident—such a distinguished looking person could not possibly have been living in their neighbourhood unknown. My grandfather, of course, welcomed him with all hospitality, but he refused to partake of any thing till he had declared the object of his visit. He said he had come according to appointment; and then it was hardly necessary for him to declare his name, for throwing back his cloak as if without any design, he displayed a belt studded with pistols, and a rich heavy sword that hung almost to his heel. I dare say there was hardly one present who did not feel a little nervous in the presence of the outlaw; but my grandfather perceived at once why he had chosen his house as the scene of conference. "This is a wild night, sir," he said, "and rather an unseasonable time to intrude on your hospitality; but I have sometimes reasons for preferring night to day—not in this case, however—I would not presume to question the good faith of so near a relative as Mr. Nugent."

The other looked at him in amazement.

"Eh!" said he. "I really was not aware, sir, that I had the honor of being connected with such a distinguished individual."

"Were you not, indeed?" said the robber, dryly—"I'm not sure that there is any very great honour in the connexion either one way or other. However, sir," he added, "you have the misfortune—and, I dare say, that expresses your meaning better—of being very nearly related to the man whom you have spent a great deal of useless time in hunting like a wild beast through the country."

The robber's brow darkened as he said this; but the truth of his story flashed on the minds of all present when he drew a miniature from his bosom, richly set in diamonds, and, handing it to Nugent, asked him if he had ever seen a face resembling that? The other looked at the portrait, and, though he had never seen the original, he had seen often enough, in his own castle, where it hung covered with black crape, and apart from all the other family portraits, the likeness of the same sad and lovely countenance.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "who are you, M'Mahon, or what claim have you to this?"

"Merely," replied the outlaw, "the claim that a son has to the only relic of a broken-hearted mother. Are you astonished at this? I'm an outlaw, to be sure, and am standing here among your worships with a price on my head; but did you never hear before of the son of the elder born being driven out from among men, while his castles and domains were the lordships of another?"

The gentlemen were soon convinced that the robber was really the son of those unfortunate lovers whose fate had been involved in mystery from the fatal night of their elopement; and it was even observed that his dark and weather-beaten countenance bore a strong resemblance to the beautiful image that he wore. They had a great deal of conversation of a rather friendly kind, for they seemed for the time to forget the character of their visitor in the misfortunes of himself and his family; but though M'Mahon spoke with carelessness and freedom of the circumstances of his own life, he evinced a degree of reserve and uneasiness whenever any allusion was made to the history of his unhappy parents. It appeared, however, that they had succeeded on the night they had left the castle, in reaching the dwelling of an old priest, who was living away in some wild and secret part of the mountains, and there they were married. What became of them then he either didn't know or didn't wish to communicate; but, at all events, they both died very young; and he, after a great many adventures, while he was yet a child, fell in among an army of the rapparees, who were at that time very formi-

dable. He was only about ten or twelve years of age when the rapparees were suppressed in this part of the country, chiefly by the active measures of his uncle, John Nugent. The small party to whom young M'Mahon remained attached, after wandering through the greater part of the south and west of Ireland, returned towards the north under his leadership, and this was the origin of the powerful banditti that now kept the country in awe.

"So here I am," said M'Mahon. "The last lord of Ferney trusted to the honor of a Lord Deputy, and was hanged for his pains; and yet I have trusted myself in your power to-night, for I know that under this roof, at least, no act of perfidy can be committed."

"He was cautious enough, however, for when one of the gentlemen happened to rise from his seat, he fixed his eyes upon him, evidently determined that no man should leave the room. He was right in this, to be sure, for it was only Nugent that was on honor with him, and there were troops at hand that could have been turned out in an instant. Well, when they found out who M'Mahon was, this made them still more anxious to have matters brought to some kind of settlement; but the robber was higher in his notions than they had calculated on, and a great deal of angry recrimination passed between them.

"Come, now," said the outlaw, "I am the scourge of the country, you say, and you are one of the people's preservers. I ask you, Nugent, would you mount your horse to-night, and ride from one end of your barony to the other without arms or attendants, and rely for safety on the forbearance or affection of the people?"

"No, faith," said Nugent, "not while your ruffians are abroad."

"No, nor if my ruffians, as you call them, were lying dead in their wild haunts, the only shelter the world affords them. I have plundered the great gentlemen of the country, but I never yet left a cabin tenantless, or a family without a home; and, robber as I am, my name has been uttered in the prayers of many a broken heart."

Well, they went on this way, reproaching each other as the authors of all the misery that it was acknowledged existed in the country, and by this means they only increased the difficulty of a compromise. M'Mahon was well enough disposed to abandon his lawless course, and pass the remainder of his days in peace and retirement; but his principal object was to provide for the safety of his followers. At last it was settled that he and the most notorious of his band should leave the country, and that the others, having dispersed, should be suffered to pursue, unmolested, any honest course of life. M'Mahon, on his part, promised most faithfully that he would suspend all hostile operations until the government should have been applied to, to ratify these conditions, and thus the interview terminated. The next morning Nugent was informed that a wounded prisoner had just been brought into his castle. He went down, and, to his astonishment, there was the old outlaw lying on the floor, in one of the strong rooms, apparently at the point of death. Though in this state, he was heavily ironed, and a couple of soldiers, with fixed bayonets were standing over him. He raised his eyes as Nugent entered the room, and his brow, which was pallid before, grew suddenly as dark as night.

"You perjured villain!" he muttered through his ground teeth, and half rising on his arm; but his eyes rolled vacantly, and he immediately fell back in a swoon. Nugent ordered the bolts to be knocked off, and proper care to be taken of the prisoner, and then he inquired into the circumstances of the case.

It appeared that as M'Mahon drew near the Rocks, on his return home the previous night, he witnessed what he at once regarded as a most flagrant violation of faith. His retreat had been stormed; but the battle, which was now raging at its highest, showed him how desperately it was still defended. He dashed on, and a wild cheer welcomed him to the fray; and there he fought while his men fell round him, till at last he fell himself, covered with wounds. He was the more desperate, as he thought Nugent had broken faith with him; but this was not the case. A fellow of his own, who had fallen under his displeasure, after trying in vain to spread disaffection in the band, had adopted another course, and offered to a magistrate of the neighbourhood to betray camp and garrison into his hands. The magistrate happened not to be on good terms with Nugent, and whether he was ignorant of the negotiation he had on foot, or wished to anticipate him in freeing the country of the banditti, he immediately came into the fellow's proposals. The retreat was surprised, and almost every one of the robbers killed in defending it. M'Mahon died that night in the castle of his ancestors, but not till he had been informed of all the circumstances connected with his downfall, and had asked Nugent's forgiveness for the wrong his suspicions had done him. Nugent was a proud but a generous-hearted fellow, and in the noble form and countenance of the robber, he seemed only to contemplate the ruin of a fallen kinsman. Different as their lives and fortunes had been, they were the children of the two most beautiful beings, and one the most unfortunate that ever graced those ancient halls; and Nugent remembered this, and forgot, for the time, all distinction in their present rank, as he stood by the couch of the dying outlaw.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A French Abbe, who was extremely corpulent, coming late one evening to a fortified town, asked a countryman whom he met "if he could get in at the gate?" "I should think you might," said the peasant, looking at him jocosely, "for I saw a waggon of hay go in this morning."

For the Pearl.

### CRITO THE CRITIC.

"I do remember him,  
And hereabouts he dwells, excessive spleen  
Hath worn him to the bones."

Let Crito write, and publish, and abuse,—  
Invent new venom and traduce my muse,—  
His inert liver drowsily complain,  
O'erflow with gall and deluge every vein,  
Ooze through his heart and stagnate on his brain,  
Pale o'er his cheek, shed livid cankering spleen,  
Flood his foul eye, and leave it sickly green,  
Rank on his breath its morbid currents roll,  
Parch his dry lip and drench his paltry soul,—  
Nurse him in noxious love of critic strife  
To lose his ghastly rancour with his life.  
Still let him fume in all his billious fire,  
Till self-consumed the creature shall expire;  
Yet ere that hour, oh all ye Gods at once,  
Crown Critic Crito, Criticising Dunce!

Though still he scoffs, I'll woo the zephyr's wing  
That plays o'er ocean like a living thing;—  
Poetic dream, amid the glowing isles  
That Fancy's Peri with the floweret smiles.  
Still sing the fragments of a scattered wreck,  
The riven planks of some proud vessel's deck,  
And hope the desperate struggler to save  
From the fierce terrors of the whelming wave.  
Still see the bosom press'd with doubts and fears,  
Sworn with pale griefs, anxieties and cares,—  
I leave the big sigh, that born of hot despair,  
Loads quivering lips and finds expression there.  
Again o'er ocean, for Montego Bay  
Set my white sails, and brave the sea-girt way,—  
Dry the deep tear that love's own essence weeps,  
And prize the heart that fond remembrance keeps,  
Sigh, "farewell, love," but hush, "I'll come again"  
Ere yonder moon shall three times wax and wane.  
Still see the storm-fiend in the whirlwind free,  
Drive the proud waters downwards to the lee,  
Breathe from his nostrils tempest-stirring wrath,  
And strew with terror ocean's fearful path.  
Still muse when midnight silence reigns around,  
And nature calm in holy spell is bound,—  
Still hear no sound 'neath Cynthia's silent beam,  
Save torrents dash or milder flowing stream.  
Still love the muse and woo her witching power  
To cheer the soul mid fell afflictions' shower;  
Still prattle love in balmy accents sweet,  
When heart with heart in unison shall beat;—  
Still point my pen to nature's noble theme,  
Sing Love and Friendship, no unearthly dream;—  
My friends still honor, and forgive my foes,  
Even Crito, scavenger of bungling prose:  
That canker'd thing, full in my muses ken,  
A meagre fragment of the sons of men,—  
Diseased in mind, of slanderous repute,  
Discord's harsh child, abortion's wither'd fruit,  
Hot, arid, selfish, with the world at strife,  
A mental shrimp, a very ghost of life.—  
But why, my muse, pollute thy generous spring,  
Or waste a thought upon so base a thing,  
As Critic Crito, senseless braying ass?  
So "step aside and let the reptile pass."

(A writer who evidently has thought himself considerably aggrieved by some late critical remarks, has furnished the above poetic retribution. It appears to us rather severe; but coming from a poet, and addressed to a personified signature merely, it may be considered admissible, and so our correspondent get the redress which he desires.)—PEARL.

### GAMING HOUSES IN PARIS.

As those establishments which for so many years exercised so powerful an influence upon French society, have ceased to exist, it may be interesting to note down some few facts concerning them, ere the recollection be lost to the present generation.

The licensed gaming houses of Paris were seven in number, of which four were in the Palais Royal. The well known No. 154, being considered the aristocratic one of that quarter, and to obtain admission to which a certain air of respectability and a general propriety of dress were considered indispensable. At No. 129, the society was less exclusive—the only qualification for entrance, being, that the individual should be twenty-one years of age. Then came No. 36, the lineal descendant of the No. 9, so well known in the years of the restoration, and so celebrated for the speedy repayment of the tribute exacted by the allies from the nation. Blucher himself, who came in for a considerable share of the spoil, made rapid restitution at this shrine. Here every source of voluptuous pleasure contributed to the overwhelming excitement of play. The famous Abelard arrived at eleven o'clock, with his far-famed "Chapons au riz," and the conquerors of Europe fell before the all-subduing attractions of the salons of M. Bernard. Amid the clamor



of delicious music—the rarest wines of France—the most recherché cookery—the odalisque of the opera, covered with the spoils of many a European court, appeared: and between the mazurka of the Hungarian, and the galoppe of the Cossack, was ever heard the never-ceasing clink of the gold, as it rattled beneath the "rateu" of the croupier. Last of all came No. 113, and here the class of players consisted of persons in the lowest walk of life.

The salon of the "Rue Manivaux," deserves some mention here. Here there was but one roulette table, and a small reading room; the whole air of the place breathing a species of peace and quietude strangely at variance with its more frequented rivals. The salon had all the easy domesticity of a private house, and it was hard to believe that one was not playing *en famille*. The banquiers chatted familiarly with the betters; gave them prudent counsels, smiled at their winnings, and looked unhappy when they lost; in fact, you half expected when your last louis had followed its predecessors, that the banquier would come forward and restore your losses.

The two great gambling houses of Paris, occupied the extremity of the Rue Richelieu, next the Bouvelard. "The salon," as one of these was distinctively called, was frequented by all the great playmen of the world. Here might be seen in "thick confusion crowding"—Deputies, Cortes, Lords of Parliament, Peers of France, exiled Kings, and millionaire bankers. Here, Don Carlos, upon the only night of his appearing, lost five thousand Carlists; and here Don Miguel "invested" all the gold he had brought with him from the banks of the Tagus. Four generals of Queen Christina, left their last Napoleon, and the richest banker of Germany, who had come expressly to combat foot to foot with fortune, here became a beggar. English without number followed in this train of ruin; and not a nation of the continent but had contributed its victims at the Salon. The supper was served at midnight, and nothing was wanting to complete its enjoyment, save the gold you had lost while waiting for it.

The late M. De Cassy, the rival of Cambaceras, directed all the arrangements. Nothing was spared which could tempt the appetite of the guests; and the first delicacies of the season appeared here before they made their appearance upon the table of royalty.

Among the many singular scenes Francati has witnessed, not the least so have been the numerous attempts made by practised players to establish what is called in play parlance, a martingale, or, in other words, so complete a hedge, that the chances must be always with, never against them.

The different species of game thus contrived have obtained distinctive appellations—such as the "montant et descendant," &c. But I believe no success has hitherto attended these efforts; and the questions of Napoleon—"Is he clever—can he win at rouge et noir?" remains as unanswered as ever it was.

Other, and less legitimate means of gain have, however, occasionally been successful; one of the most ingenious of which was practised during the empire, by an officer of high rank upon Napoleon's staff.

This person appeared one evening at Frascati, where he had been a frequent visitor, and seating himself at the table, placed somewhat ostentatiously before him several small rouleaus of louis d'ors, with which he proceeded to bet. On his winning his "coup," the banker opened the little packet, and perceiving that it contained fifty Napoleons, counted out to him an equal number. After this had been done once, and the amount in it was ascertained, the banker either gave a similar sum, or, as the case happened, received it from him when he lost, never taking any further trouble to open the packet. This had continued for some time without changing success; and, at last, as the banker was about to count out the sum as usual, the officer coolly said, "break the rouleau;" he did so at once, and what was his amazement to find instead of fifty louis as he expected, that his packet contained billets de banque to the amount of 20,000 francs. The payment was immediately disputed, nominally on the ground that they were not aware of the amount of the bet, and would only have expected fifty louis, had they won, but, in reality, because they perceived the roguery of the transaction. The question, however, was decided against them, they being held liable to an equal sum to any placed upon the table if they lost. The fortunate officer was immediately ordered to the presence of the Emperor, his epaulets were torn from his shoulder, and he was degraded from his military caste, and declared unworthy to serve ever after.

On our return from a tour in Germany, we had strolled into Frascati one evening, rather with the hope of meeting some acquaintance than with any intention of play. Unsuccessful in our search, we were about to leave the Salon, when we were struck by the haggard air and disturbed look of a young man who sat at the table, and scarcely looked up from the card he was marking with a pin to place his money upon the table. We watched him for nearly an hour, during which time he bet almost every deal, and nearly as constantly lost. At length, as a new deal was commencing, he hurriedly placed before him all his remaining gold, and scarcely was it done when he lost again; he now remained for some minutes motionless; at length, rising from his seat, he passed round the table till he reached the back of the croupier's chair, and whispering a few words in his ear, waited for an answer. The nature of the demand was evident enough, for he immediately after returned to his place, his hand full of billets de banque.

For some time he did not bet, but sat steadily regarding the table, his eyes following the "rateu" of the banker as he raked in or gave out the shining gold. At last, with a trembling hand he placed a note upon the "rouge," and lost,—another, and another quickly followed, still without any change of fortune—his look at each loss becoming more and more fixed, and his features, already pale as death, becoming hardened like those of a marble statue—his blood-shot eye and straggling hair giving a terrific expression to the otherwise stern composure of his face. His neck was bare, and his hands played restlessly in the folds of his neckcloth, which lay upon the table before him. He lost again, and a larger sum than before—at last, as it were impatient at the lingering torture of his fate, he seized all the billets which remained, and threw them recklessly on the table, saying, at the same time, "Huit milles 'rouge.'" "Rouge perd, noir gagne," said the banker in the same instant, raking in the money with his usual careless and passionless look. A short thick laugh broke from the young man, whose features, however, never changed. He rose from the table and leisurely replaced his neckcloth. His place was immediately occupied by another, and even ourselves, although the only one who had taken any interest in his proceedings, soon lost sight of him in the scene which ensued. It having struck some of the players that the banker had miscounted the cards, a dispute arose as to whether the rouge or the noir had won; fortunately, the cards still remained upon the table, and amid a considerable uproar of voices eagerly raised on either side, the banker proceeded again to count them.—"Trente sept rouge." "Trente neuf noir." "I was wrong, the rouge has won," said he in some astonishment. The money of the betters, on the red, was immediately paid over to them, some of whom took it up, others preferring to let it remain upon the table for another coup. It would appear, that the young man we had been watching preferred this latter course, for his money remained where the banker placed it, and it was with a sense of great anxiety we waited for the deal upon which his fate was now to be decided. It won,—the money still remained, and again won—the sum now upon the table amounting to 64,000 francs, being rather above the limit of the bank, the croupier asked who was the owner of that sum, and how much he proposed to bet. No answer was given to this question, and some surprise was excited in the room. Again the croupier spoke, but no explanation followed, and the general silence in the room proclaimed the interest that all took in so strange a circumstance, when suddenly a heavy crash was heard, succeeded by a low faint groan, and all was still. The assembly rose, and rushing to the antechamber, found the window open, and, on looking out, perceived that the unfortunate gambler we had so long observed, had thrown himself down a height of about fifty feet, and lay dead at the bottom. His skull had been fractured in the fall, and his death must have been almost instantaneous. It was but too plain he had believed the statement of the banker, and hurried on to suicide as the only resource left him in misery. Had he lived one moment longer he must have learnt the mistake, and found himself winner of thousands.

From the New York Whig, Monday the 27th.

#### SINGULAR, ROMANTIC, AND UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.

Yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, a one horse carriage, containing a lady and gentleman, was observed in the Third Avenue, proceeding outwards, but at such a pace as to excite no curiosity. Scarcely, however, had the carriage time to leave Tenth Street—where our informant first noticed it—than a gentleman, in a high state of excitement, and mounted on a powerful bay horse, came up, riding furiously, and having made a brief enquiry relative to the party in the carriage, and learned they were a short distance in advance of him, dashed off at full speed. This occurrence naturally suggested the idea of an elopement—or something of that sort—and accordingly Mr. Isaac Osburn, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, in company with another gentleman, who chanced to be passing at the time, started in pursuit, presuming, and justly, that the headlong velocity and strong horse of the single rider would soon bring the chase to an end. Thus they continued, running in a jog trot, until they had passed Fortieth street, when their attention was attracted by the clattering of a horse's hoofs, and in a minute after, the strange horse, but without its rider, dashed madly by them, in the direction of the city. Their curiosity now becoming more ardent, and with a more certain hope of being gratified, Mr. Osburn and his companion increased their speed to a gallop, which they continued until they reached Seventieth street, where they found the dismounted horseman lying on the road side, in a state of insensibility, and a man and a woman chafing his temples, and rubbing his hand, in order to restore him. And, on further examination, Mr. Osburn discovered that the unfortunate gentleman had received a severe wound, apparently given with a heavy, blunt instrument, on the side of the head, and that the thumb of his right hand was broken. He further perceived a heavy club lying on the ground, which he remembered to have seen in the hand of the gentleman who was now before him. Mr. Osburn then questioned the man and woman, and obtained from them the following additional particulars.

They had perceived the carriage driving on at a rapid pace, and the single gentleman in pursuit—and the moment the latter came up with the vehicle, he struck at one of the parties within with his

club.—The gentleman in the carriage then snapped a pistol in the face of the rider, but it missed fire, whereupon he jumped out of the carriage, and at the same instant, the horseman sprang to the ground and grappled with him. The parties then struggled fiercely with each other for about half a minute, but the single rider, being by much the larger and more powerful man, flung his opponent to the ground, and put his knee upon his breast, and was commencing to beat him violently upon the face with his clenched hand, when suddenly the lady threw herself out of the carriage—and having seized the club which had fallen from the horseman's hand, she dealt his horse a tremendous blow, which caused it to dash off like mad in the direction of the city. She then advanced upon the struggling parties, and struck at the head of her late pursuer, but he parried the blow with his right hand, thereby receiving the injury in his thumb. In the following instant, however, the lady effected her apparent purpose, for her second blow took effect on the side of the wounded man's head, and caused him to loose his hold, and fall over quite senseless. The heroine of the scene then assisted her companion, who appeared to be considerably hurt, into the carriage—and then drove off as fast as the horse could carry them.

Mr. Osburn further informed us, that after considerable exertion the wounded man was sufficiently restored to walk with assistance to the Bowery, where he had his head and thumb dressed by Dr. Stacey; and on the way the gentleman told Mr. O. that the lady who had injured him was his own niece—that they were but three weeks in this city, during which time she had become acquainted with the person she was running away with—who, he believes, is a young lawyer—and further, that she is worth, in her own right, upwards of three hundred thousand dollars when she comes of age, which will be in a few months. The name of the wounded gentleman is George F. Ledwith, of Augusta, Georgia, who, with his niece had recently arrived from Europe—and the lady's name is Evaline Hamilton, but we have not been able to discover the name of the fortunate lawyer. Mr. Ledwith also informed Mr. Osburn that the lady is very beautiful, and that she had treated him with the most devoted tenderness and affection until the period of the occurrence related above.

SELF-ACTING FIRE ALARM BELL.—Fire alarm bells without number have been invented, but they have all of them required the fire to come in contact with the machinery before they would act. Not so with this contrivance. The bell will strike whenever the heat rises to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, or the instrument may be graduated to even a lower temperature, and one of them may be placed in every room in the house or store, so as not to fail of giving the alarm in every case. The principle is perfectly simple, and perfectly certain in its operation, the whole movement being based upon the expansion of a metallic plate, subjected to the action of the temperature. The whole cost of the apparatus for the largest building will not exceed forty dollars.—N. Y. Gaz.

The ludicrous activity of the acquisitive spirit of our countrymen is thus illustrated in a London farce. A Yankee lands at Portsmouth, and an English lady, who understands that he has been an invalid, asks him if he has been benefitted by the voyage. "Benefitted!" he exclaims, "no, not at all: I haven't made a dollar by it!"—N. Y. paper.

COATS OF ARMS.—Their original is not prior to the twelfth century; that is to say, the time of the Crusades. As noblemen from the various nations of Europe were collected together in the holy land, and as they had no names but their baptismal, they agreed, in order to distinguish each other, to assume armorial ensigns, which, in general, expressed the name and title of the bearer, as John de la Tour—John of the Tower.

STATISTICS.—It appears from the Massachusetts Register for 1840, that in a population of about seven hundred and fifty thousand they have 1250 religious societies, of which 588 are Congregationalist, 260 Baptist, 180 Methodist, 125 Universalist, and 42 Episcopal. Of Physicians, 650 belong to the Massachusetts Medical Society. Of Counsellors and Attorneys, the number is not less than 800. The Legislature consists of about 550 members. Of Postmasters we have 472. 123 Banks. 46 Insurance companies. In Boston, there are 42 Charitable Societies, and not less than 58 other public institutions, besides schools and academies.

LOSS BY FIRE.—The loss of property in this city by fire, during the year 1839, amounted 3,028,500 dollars, of which 2,488,744 was in stock, and 540,756 buildings. There were in all 160 fires.—(N. Y. Whig.)

WATERING MILK.—A Dutchman in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked if he wished him to fill both vessels? The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis for de milk, and dis for de watter, and I will mix dem so as to shute mine self."

HECATEUS, the sophist, being found fault with, because, when admitted to one of the public repasts, he said nothing all the time: Archimedes replied, "He that knows how to speak, knows also when to speak."

BROAD HINT.—Two persons, each occupying a room in the same building, the one in the story above was complaining that his stove did not draw well. The other replied, "I thought it did draw well, for I find it drawing my wood up stairs."

## THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side,  
On a bright May mornin', long ago,  
When first you were my bride;  
The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high,  
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,  
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;  
The day is bright as then;  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again!  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath, warm on my cheek,  
And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near—  
The church where we were wed Mary—  
I see the spire from here;  
But the grave yard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest;  
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends;  
But, oh! they love the better still,  
The few our Father sends!  
And you were all I had, Mary—  
My blessin' and my pride;  
There's nothin' left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,  
That still kept hopin' on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arms' your strength had gone,  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow;  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,  
When your heart was fit to break,  
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,  
And you hid it, for my sake,  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore;  
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm hidin' you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind and true!  
But I'll not forget you, darlin',  
In the land I'm goin' to;  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there;  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies;  
And I'll think I see the little stile  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,  
When first you were my bride!

From Life of Joseph Brant—Thayendanege: including the Border Wars of the American Revolution, and sketches of the Indian Campaigns.

## ADVENTURES IN ESCAPING FROM CAPTIVITY.

The 'Fortress' here mentioned is Chamblée, near Lake Champlain. The prisoners had been captured in the course of a foray into the American country, led on by Sir John Johnson, and they were left transiently at this station, until his return, which was rather hasty.

The prisoners at this fortress numbered about forty. On the day after their arrival Jacob Sammons, having taken an accurate survey of the garrison and the facilities of escape, conceived the project of inducing his fellow-prisoners to rise upon the guards and obtain their freedom. The garrison was weak in number, and the sentinels less vigilant than is usual among good soldiers. The prison doors were opened once a day, when the prisoners were visited by the proper officer, with four or five soldiers. Sammons had observed where the arms of the guards were stacked in the yard, and his plan was, that some of the prisoners should arrest

and disarm the visiting guard on the opening of their doors, while the residue was to rush forth, seize the arms, and fight their way out. The proposition was acceded to by his brother Frederick, and one other man named Van Sluyek, but was considered too daring by the great body of the prisoners to be undertaken. It was, therefore, abandoned, and the brothers sought afterward only for a chance of escaping by themselves. Within three days the desired opportunity occurred, viz: on the 13th of June. The prisoners were supplied with an allowance of spruce beer, for which two of their number were detached daily, to bring the cask from the brew-house, under a guard of five men, with fixed bayonets. Having reason to suppose that the arms of the guard, though charged, were not primed, the brothers so contrived matters as to be taken to the brewery on the day mentioned, with an understanding that at a given point they were to dart from the guard and run for their lives—believing that the confusion of the moment, and the consequent delay of priming their muskets by the guards, would enable them to escape beyond the ordinary range of musket shot. The project was boldly executed. At the concerted moment, the brothers sprang from their conductors, and stretched across the plain with great fleetness. The alarm was given, and the whole garrison was soon after them in hot pursuit. Unfortunately for Jacob, he fell into a ditch, and sprained his ankle. Perceiving the accident, Frederick turned to his assistance; but the other generously admonished him to secure his own flight if possible, and leave him to the chances of war. Recovering from his fall, and regardless of the accident, Jacob sprang forward again with as much expedition as possible, but finding that his lameness impeded his progress, he plunged into a thick clump of shrubs and trees, and was fortunate enough to hide himself between two logs before the pursuers came up. Twenty or thirty shots had been previously fired upon them, but without effect. In consequence of the smoke of their fire, probably, the guards had not observed Jacob when he threw himself into the thicket, and supposing that, like his brother, he had passed round it, they followed on until they were fairly distanced by Frederick, of whom they lost sight and trace. They returned in about half an hour, halting by the bushes in which the other fugitive was sheltered, and so near that he could distinctly hear their conversation. The officer in command was Captain Steele. On calling his men together, some were swearing, and others laughing at the race, and the speed of the 'long-legged Dutchmen,' as they called the flying prisoners. The pursuit being abandoned, the guards returned to the fort.

The brothers had agreed, in case of separation, to meet at a certain place at 10 o'clock that night. Of course Jacob lay ensconced in the bushes until night had dropped her sable curtains, and until he supposed the hour had arrived, when he sallied forth, according to the antecedent understanding. But time did not move as rapidly onward that evening as he supposed. He waited upon the spot designated, and called aloud for Frederick, until he despaired of meeting him, and prudence forbade his remaining any longer. It subsequently appeared that he was too early on the ground, and that Frederick made good his appointment.

Following the bank of Sorel, Jacob passed Fort St. John's soon after day-break on the morning of the 14th. His purpose was to swim the river at that place, and pursue his course homeward through the wilderness on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; but just as he was preparing to enter the water, he descried a boat approaching from below, filled with officers and soldiers of the enemy. They were already within twenty rods. Concealing himself again in the woods, he resumed his journey after their departure, but had not proceeded more than two or three miles before he came upon a party of several hundred men engaged in getting out timber for the public works at the Fort. To avoid these he was obliged to describe a wide circuit, in the course of which at about 12 o'clock, he came to a small clearing. Within the enclosure was a house, and in the field were a man and boy hoeing potatoes. They were at that moment called to dinner, and supposing them to be French, who he had heard were rather friendly to the American cause than otherwise—incited, also, by hunger and fatigue—he made bold to present himself, trusting that he might be invited to partake of their hospitality. But, instead of a friend, he found an enemy. On making known his character, he was roughly received. 'It is by such villains as you are,' replied the forester, 'that I was obliged to fly from Lake Champlain.' The rebels, he added, had robbed him of all he possessed, and he would now deliver his self-invited guest to the guard, which, he said, was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. Sammons promptly answered him that 'that was more than he could do.' The refugee then said he would go for the guard himself; to which Sammons replied that he might act as he pleased, but that all the men in Canada should not make him again a prisoner.

The man thereupon returned with his son to the potatoe field, and resumed his work; while his more compassionate wife gave him a bowl of bread and milk, which he ate sitting on the threshold of the door, to guard against surprise.—While in the house, he saw a musket, powder-horn and bullet-pouch hanging against the wall, of which he determined, if possible, to possess himself, that he might be able to procure food during the long and solitary march before him. On retiring, therefore, he travelled only far enough into the woods for concealment—returning to the woodman's house in the evening, for the purpose of obtaining the musket and ammunition.

But he was again beset by imminent peril. Very soon after he entered the house, the sound of approaching voices was heard, and he took to the rude chamber for security, where he lay flat upon the irregular floor, and looking through the interstices, saw eleven soldiers enter, who, it soon appeared, came for milk. His situation was now exceedingly critical. The churlish proprietor might inform against him, or a single movement betray him. But neither circumstance occurred. The unwelcome visitors departed in due time, and the family all retired to bed, excepting the wife, who, as Jacob descended from the chamber, refreshed him with another bowl of bread and milk. The good woman now earnestly entreated her guest to surrender himself, and join the ranks of the King, assuring him that his Majesty must certainly conquer in the end, in which case the rebels would lose all their property, and many of them be hanged into the bargain. But to such a proposition he of course would not listen. Finding all her efforts to convert a Whig into a Tory fruitless, she then told him, that if he would secrete himself two days longer in the woods, she would furnish him with some provisions, for a supply of which her husband was going to the Fort next day; and she would likewise endeavour to provide him with a pair of shoes.

Disinclined to linger so long in the country of the enemy, and in the neighbourhood of a British post, however, he took his departure forthwith. But such had been the kindness of the good woman, that he had it not in his heart to seize upon her husband's arms, and he left this wild scene of rustic hospitality without supplies, or the means of procuring them. Arriving once more at the water's edge at the lower end of Lake Champlain, he came upon a hut, within which, on cautiously approaching it for reconnoissance, he discovered a party of soldiers all soundly asleep. Their canoe was moored by the shore, into which he sprang, and paddled himself up the Lake, under the most encouraging prospect of a speedy and comparatively easy voyage to its head, whence his return home would be unattended with either difficulty or danger. But his pleasing anticipations were extinguished on the night following, as he approached the Isle au Noix, where he descried a fortification, and the glitter of bayonets bristling in the air, as the moon beams played upon the burnished arms of the sentinels, who were pacing their tedious rounds. The lake being very narrow at this point, and perceiving that both sides were fortified, he thought the attempt to shoot his canoe between them rather too hazardous an experiment. His only course, therefore, was to run ashore, and resume his travel on foot. Nor, on landing, was his case more enviable. Without shoes, without food, and without the means of obtaining either—a long journey before him through a deep and trackless wilderness—it may well be imagined that his mind was not cheered by the most agreeable anticipations. But without pausing to indulge unnecessarily in 'thick-coming fancies,' he commenced his solitary journey, directing his course along the eastern lake shore towards Albany. During the first four days of his progress he subsisted entirely upon the bark of the birch—chewing the twigs as he went. On the fourth day, while resting by a brook, he heard a rippling of the water caused by the fish as they were stemming its current. He succeeded in catching a few of these, but having no means of striking a fire, after devouring one of them raw, the others were thrown away.

His feet were by this time cruelly cut, bruised and torn by thorns, briars, and stones; and while he could scarcely proceed by reason of their soreness, hunger and fatigue united to retard his cheerless march. On the fifth day his miseries were augmented by the hungry swarms of musquitoes, which settled upon him in clouds while traversing a swamp. On the same day he fell upon the nest of a black duck—the duck setting quietly upon her eggs until he came up and caught her. The bird was no sooner deprived of her life and feathers, than he devoured the whole, including the head and feet. The eggs were nine in number, which Sammons took with him: but on opening one, he found a little half-made duckling, already alive. Against such food his stomach revolted, and he was obliged to throw the eggs away.

On the tenth day he came to a small lake. His feet were now in such a horrible state, that he could scarcely crawl along. Finding a mitigation of pain by bathing them in water, he plunged his feet into the lake, and lay upon its margin. For a time it seemed as though he could never rise on his feet again. Worn down by hunger and fatigue—bruised in body and wounded in spirit—in a lone wilderness with no eye to pity, and no human arm to protect—he felt as though he must remain in that spot until it should please God in his goodness to quench the dim spark of life that remained. Still he was comforted in some measure by the thought that he was in the hands of a Being without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

Refreshed, at length, though to a trifling degree, he resumed his weary way, when, on raising his right leg over the trunk of a fallen tree, he was bitten in the calf by a rattle-snake! Quick as a flash, with his pocket knife, he made an incision in his leg, removing the wounded flesh to a greater depth than the fangs of the serpent had penetrated. His next business was to kill the venomous reptile, and dress it for eating; thus appropriating the enemy that had sought to take his life, to its prolongation. His first meal was made from the heart and fat of the serpent. Feeling somewhat strengthened by the repast, and finding, moreover, that he could not travel farther in his present condition, he determined to remain where he was for a few days, and by repose, and feeding upon the



body of the snake, recruit his strength. Discovering, also, a dry fungus upon the trunk of a maple tree, he succeeded in striking a fire, by which his comforts were essentially increased. Still he was obliged to creep upon his hands and knees to gather fuel, and on the third day he was yet in such a state of exhaustion as to be utterly unable to proceed. Supposing that death was inevitable and very near, he crawled to the foot of a tree, upon the bark of which he commenced inscribing his name—in the expectation that he should leave his bones there, and in the hope that, in some way, by the aid of the inscription, his family might ultimately be apprised of his fate. While engaged in this sad work, a crowd of painful thoughts crowded upon his mind; the tears involuntarily stole down his cheeks, and before he had completed the melancholy task, he fell asleep.

On the fourth day of his residence at this place, he began to gain strength, and as a part of the serpent yet remained, he determined upon another effort to resume his journey. But he could not do so without devising some substitute for shoes. For this purpose he cut up his hat and waistcoat, binding them upon his feet—and thus he hobbled along. On the following night, while lying in the woods, he became strongly impressed with a belief that he was not far distant from a human habitation. He had seen no indications of proximity to the abode of man; but he was, nevertheless, so confident of the fact, that he wept for joy. Buoyed up and strengthened by this impression, he resumed his journey on the following morning; and in the afternoon, it being the 28th June, he reached a house in the town of Pittsford, in the New Hampshire Grants—now forming the State of Vermont. He remained there for several days, both to recruit his health, and, if possible, to gain intelligence of his brother. But no tidings came; and as he knew Frederick to be a capital woodsman, he of course concluded that sickness, death, or recapture, must have interrupted his journey. Procuring a conveyance at Pittsford, Jacob travelled to Albany, and thence to Schenectady, where he had the happiness to find his wife and family.

From the London Athenæum, Dec. 7.

#### TEMPESTS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

It was in October of the year 1808, that I left Madras on board of the East India Company's ships, (the *Diana*, of which he was commander,) with eight others, under the convoy of a seventy-four gun ship. On reaching the latitude of 8° south, and the longitude of 88° east, we unfortunately encountered one of the most tremendous hurricanes that was, perhaps, ever experienced by a ship that did not actually founder. It is impossible to convey to the minds of those who have never witnessed such a storm, any adequate idea of the fury with which it blew during the three days and nights of its continuance, the sound resembling more a succession of peals of thunder, or the roaring of cannon, than of wind; whilst the sea formed one continued breach over the ship, sweeping every thing moveable before it. During nearly the whole of this period, passengers, officers, and crew were, without distinction of persons, employed in pumping or bailing, cutting away masts, securing guns, or in other work essential to the safety of the ship; whilst, owing to the impracticability of getting into the hold through the body of water always lodged on the gun-deck, the chief part of this period was passed without food, or even a drop of water to allay the thirst of the men at the pumps, who were with difficulty, and occasionally could not be, prevented from swallowing the bilge water as it ascended from the well. And had it not been for the fortunate circumstance of a quantity of this precious beverage being found in the lockers of the great cabin, which was latterly served out at the pumps in wine glasses, the probability is, that we should have literally perished through the want of a liquid, of which there was an abundance in the hold. Our distress, too, was not a little aggravated by two of the twelve pounders being adrift at once on the gun-deck; causing the greatest consternation lest some port should be stove in by their means. Notwithstanding, the fore-mast, main-mast, main-top-mast, and bowsprit, were, at the peril of our lives, alternately cut away. At the close of the third day, we were left with seven feet of water in the hold, and four feet in parts of the gun-deck, frequently with three out of the four pumps choked at a time, and without the slightest prospect of any abatement of the storm. Heaven only knows whether the wonderful alteration which soon took place, after the close of this day, in our desperate situation, was owing to an especial interference of Providence; but if the elements by which this globe is governed in its course, are ever for a moment turned aside for the benefit of frail mortality, a scene was now exhibited which might have been deemed sufficiently appalling by an All-merciful Being, to call forth such interposition.

Well may the Psalmist say—"These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." But to return from this digression. At the close of the third day of this awful hurricane, the cabins below being no longer habitable, the passengers were crowded into one side of the round-house, as being the only cabin from which the water could be effectually excluded. Here, then, a scene of woe was exhibited which baffled description,—a scene sufficiently appalling to rend the stoutest heart in twain, especially of his on whom all eyes were turned for that relief which it was not in his power to afford,—even to her, who had the strongest of all

claims on him for consolation, and whose peculiarly interesting situation demanded the utmost stretch of his sympathy.

The ship, apparently water-logged, was now observed to be settling fast forward. Every countenance exhibited a picture of despair; when, at this critical moment, the wind rapidly began to subside, which was no sooner announced to the people at the pumps than their labours, which, from a feeling of despondency, had previously languished, were resumed with renewed vigour; and such was the rapidity of the change in our favour, that one of the most dreadful of all storms was speedily lulled into a perfect calm; the ship once more rose freely to the sea, and by day-light on the following morning all the water was discharged from her.

The scene which now presented itself was of a different description, but still it was not without its alloy, and under any other circumstances it was one which might have excited feelings of despondency instead of excess of joy.

The ship lay a helpless wreck on the water, exposed to every surge of the sea, which had not subsided so rapidly as the wind, and which occasioned her to roll most awfully; and now, as she rose on the mountainous billow, every eye eagerly swept the horizon in search of the fleet, but all in vain, for not a ship could be seen; upon which we trembled for their fate. The bowsprit, fore-mast, mizen-mast, and main-top-mast, as before intimated, were all gone by the board, the whole of the live stock, (with a trifling exception,) consisting of 150 sheep, 30 pigs, 4 cows, 3 calves, 8 goats, and many hundred head of poultry, were washed overboard, or otherwise destroyed; nearly all the captain's stores, the medicine chest, and seamen's chests, with their contents, were in the same predicament. After an anxious scrutiny of the charts, no friendly port was found to be within reach of us; the nearest towards the east was Bencoolen, which, on account of the season of the year, was difficult of approach, and incapable of affording the relief we stood in need of. Towards the west was the Isle of France, then in possession of the French. To proceed direct to the Cape, was an undertaking which, at the first blush of our situation, nobody conceived to be practicable. Still, upon a closer inspection of our resources, many difficulties were obviated, and our situation appeared to be far less desperate than we had first imagined. Our stock of water and salt provisions, which was considerable, and well secured before the storm commenced, was safe; we had spare sails, canvass, and cordage sufficient, and we knew our situation to be on the verge of the south-east trade wind, which blew direct towards the Cape, and the season for entering Table Bay was favourable. After due deliberation at a meeting of the officers of the ship, and the principal passengers, it was unanimously resolved to undertake the voyage to the Cape; and, as an encouragement to the crew to give their spontaneous exertions in favour of this great undertaking, a subscription was immediately entered into with a view to replace their chests, clothes, &c. on our arrival at the Cape, which were lost in the storm. £7000 were raised for this purpose in the course of a few minutes, (perhaps an unprecedented act of similar liberality,) which was no sooner communicated to the crew, than they gave three hearty cheers, and declared their readiness to perform every duty required of them; and never was a promise more rigidly fulfilled; however, in spite of these, but seldom paralleled, exertions, we were eleven weeks in reaching the destined port after suffering many privations. Still I consider this as one of the happiest periods of my life; and judging from the number of cheerful countenances, and the unanimity which reigned throughout the ship, I much doubt whether it was not the lot of every soul on board. I cannot account for the fact, unless it were owing to the particular frame of mind we had imbibed from our recent deliverance,—a frame of mind which philosophy might spurn at, but which religion might have hailed as the precursor of the only solid happiness destined for man.

The day of our arrival in Table Bay was one of intense excitement, anxious as we naturally were, to ascertain the fate of a fleet from which we had separated eleven weeks before under such unpropitious circumstances. This suspense, however, was of short duration; our worthy commodore, with five of his convoy, were soon discovered to be safe at anchor in the Bay, the remaining three ships were missing, and, sad to tell, have never since been heard of. Of those which were safe, four, including the seventy-four gun ship, had been in more or less danger of foundering in the storm; whilst two escaped with but little injury, owing, as it appeared from a comparison of journals, to their having escaped the brunt of the storm by being considerably to windward of the others; thus corroborating the theory with which I commenced, in my endeavours to prove that where the storm begins there will it soonest end; during a greater part of the third day, which was by far the most tempestuous with us, these two ships lay nearly becalmed.

Such were the disastrous effects of this memorable hurricane, from a summary of which I think myself at liberty to draw the following practical inference; namely, that had we instantly attended to the timely warning of the Barometer, by bringing the ship to the wind, and making preparations for the storm, instead of scudding before it, until we could scud no longer, we should have escaped with as little injury as the two ships I have just alluded to; and that, had the three unfortunate ships, which foundered in the storm, pursued a similar course, which it may be fairly presumed they did not, a very different fate might have befallen them too.

But lest this fatal catastrophe should be deemed a solitary instance, and consequently not sufficiently conclusive, I shall briefly advert to another hurricane, which took place in the same neighbourhood, in the following year 1809, by another fleet of India-men, while under the command of the late Lord Exmouth.

On this occasion, four of the finest ships of the fleet, which, with their cargoes, were probably worth nearly two millions of money, and crowded with passengers from Calcutta, foundered in the storm.

It is said that the last time they were seen, was by Lord Exmouth himself, when they were all four together, scudding before it, while the rest of the fleet were lying to, thus affording another melancholy example of the dangerous fallacy, which but too often leads on the commanders of vessels to scud before a tropical hurricane, instead of bringing them to the wind, and making every possible preparation to encounter it upon the first indication of its approach by the Barometer.

#### THE GREYHOUND.

That most, if not all, our domestic animals were originally reclaimed from a state of nature or unlimited freedom, appears uncontestedly evident from a great variety of facts, the complete catalogue of which (even if procurable, which it is not) would be far too long for insertion in this place: I allude to those cases where animals, after having experienced that degree of domestication which the wants or the whims of man rendered necessary, or of which their habits and sagacity rendered them susceptible, have withdrawn from their subjection to, and dependence upon, man, and assumed a life of savage freedom. But it does not hence result, that the more sagacious the animal, the less likely is it to be tempted to regain its native independence, since the tame elephant not unfrequently makes its escape from its human master, to enjoy a more precarious existence in the wilds of the forest. Of all quadrupeds the elephant is the most sagacious: if we observe the form of the elephant's head, the frontal region in particular, we shall perceive that it is more elevated than that of any other four-footed animal; therefore, as it is thus furnished with a more capacious receptacle for that portion of the brain which indicates sagacity, and the receptacle being filled with the medullary substance accordingly, we find the manifestations in exact correspondence, amounting nearly to cause and effect.

The dog must be classed next to the elephant on the score of sagacity; and as from his size and the purposes for which he is employed, he becomes, to a great extent, the associate of man, so he may be said to experience a greater degree of domestication than other quadrupeds; yet these habits of intimacy, these close associations, have not been always found sufficient to restrain him within those bounds of civilization (if such a term may be allowed). However, if we duly investigate the matter, we shall find that where instances have occurred of the dog quitting human society to ramble at large in the wilder and less frequented parts of the country, the animal has been one of the least sagacious of the tribe. The domestic dog is ramified into endless varieties. Subjected by man from the earliest periods to which history or tradition will carry the mind, and very susceptible of change, this creature is presented in a great variety of forms, of colours, and also of sizes; in fact, he has undergone all those transmutations which human ingenuity was capable of directing.

Keeping in view the remarks which precede, respecting the elevation of the elephant's frontal, we shall find that dogs differ in sagacity precisely according to the development of the part in question; thus the genuine talbot, whose head is larger and more capacious than that of any other variety of the tribe, and whose frontal region is more elevated also, is the most sagacious of the species. The greyhound, on the contrary, whose head is narrow and compressed, and whose frontal is correspondingly small, is equally inferior in the quality for which the dog before-mentioned is so remarkable.

Greyhounds, or something approaching the greyhound, are more apt to run wild than the more sagacious varieties. Some years ago a black greyhound bitch, the property of the late Mr. Heaton, of Scarisbrick, in Lancashire, left her master, forsook the habitation where she had been reared, betook herself to the fields and thickets, and adopted a life of savage freedom. In this state hares became her principal food (no sheep being kept in the neighbourhood), of which she killed a great number, as became evident from the fragments which were met with in her haunts. She had taken up her locality about two miles distant from the house of her owner, where she was frequently seen. Many attempts were made to shoot her, but in vain; she eluded for more than six months the vigilance of her pursuers. At length she was observed to go into a barn, which stood in a field which she frequented. She entered the building through a hole in the wall, and was caught as she came out by a snare set for the purpose. In the barn three whelps, about a week old, were found. The bitch had lost all notion of her former state of domestication, evinced the utmost ferocity, and, even after she was properly secured, vainly attempted to seize every person that approached her. She was treated with the greatest kindness; by degrees her ferocity abated, and in about two months she became perfectly reconciled to her original abode. The following coursing seasons I repeatedly witnessed her exertions,

when she appeared quite orderly in the slips, was pleased with the sport, and ran as truly as possible.

At various periods dogs in this country have quitted their abodes, and assumed wild and predatory habits, particularly in the mountainous parts of the north of England, the whole of which, I am inclined to think, would be found, on inquiry, to have been something of the long-legged, narrow-headed class.—*London Era.*

#### PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued from page 38.)

'It is rare for a person to drink a glass of water when he is not thirsty, merely for the pleasure of drinking; and as thirst is the natural guide, if he drinks when not thirsty, he takes more fluid than nature points out as proper; and so far violates one of her obvious laws. But it may be asked if any injury can result from drinking more than nature absolutely require. Not perhaps in particular instances, but the habit of drinking more may undoubtedly be injurious. It is a sufficient answer to all these questions to say that our Creator knows best. Under the guidance of the instincts he has planted in us we are safe. But as soon as we leave these, and place ourselves under the direction of our own educated appetites, we are constantly liable to be led into danger. It is certainly hurtful to drink habitually more than was intended by nature, because it imposes upon the constitution the task of removing the excess; or else it is retained in the system, and there may lead to dropsy, or some other of the consequences of plethora, or redundancy of fluids in the system.'

Dr. Cullen, formerly a distinguished professor of Medicine in Edinburgh, after speaking of the general use of water, both by man and the brute creation, remarks,—'Simple water is, without any addition, the proper drink of mankind.'

Dr. Gregory, the successor of Cullen, in his *Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ*, says, that 'pure spring water, when fresh and cold, is the most wholesome drink, and the most grateful to those who are thirsty, whether they be sick or well; it quenches thirst, cools the body, dilutes, and thereby obtunds acrimony—often promotes sweat, expels noxious matters, resists putrefaction, aids digestion, and, in fine, strengthens the stomach.'

Dr. James Johnson, an eminent physician now residing in London, remarks upon water as follows: 'There can be no question that water is the best and the only drink which nature has designed for man; and there is as little doubt but that every person might, gradually, or even pretty quickly, accustom himself to this aqueous beverage. The water drinker glides tranquilly through life without much exhilaration, or depression, and escapes many diseases to which he would otherwise be subject.' The wine drinker experiences short but vivid periods of rapture, and long intervals of gloom; he is also more subject to disease. The balance of enjoyment, then, turns decidedly in favour of the water drinker, leaving out his temporal prosperity and future anticipations; and the nearer we keep to his regimen, the happier we shall be.'

How congenial is this fluid to the human organization, adapted as it is to its necessities under every variety of constitution, and vicissitude of climate, from the equator to the arctic circles. Dr. Mitchell, in reference to facts already quoted, and others like them, respecting ships' crews wintering in icy regions, says, 'that in all frequent attempts to sustain the intense cold of winter in the arctic regions, particularly in Hudson's Bay, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, those crews or companies which had been well supplied with provisions and liquors, and enabled thereby to indulge indolence and free drinking, have generally perished; while at the same time the greatest number of survivors have been uniformly found among those who were accidentally thrown upon the inhospitable shores, destitute of food and spirituous liquors, compelled to maintain an incessant struggle against the rigours of the climate in procuring food, and obliged to use water alone as drink.'

In hot climates, too, water is the only safe drink. Dr. Mosely, on tropical diseases, uses the following language: 'I aver, from my own knowledge and custom, as well as from the custom and observations of others, that those who drink nothing but water, or make it their principal drink, are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience.'

The Arabs of the desert are among the most hardy of the human race, enduring the greatest fatigue and exposure under a burning sun, and their habitual drink is water.

The effects of water drinking in a burning climate are well marked in the following account given by Mr. afterwards Sir James M'Gregor, of the march in Egypt of a division of the British army sent from Hindostan to aid the main army in opposing the French under Napoleon. After crossing the Great Desert in July, 1801, from a difficulty in procuring carriage, no ardent spirit was issued to the troops in Upper Egypt. At this time there was much duty of fatigue, which, for want of followers, was done by the soldiers themselves; the other duties were severe upon them; they were frequently exercised, and were much in the sun; the heat was excessive: in the soldiers' tents in the middle of the day the mercury in the thermometer of Fahrenheit stood at from 114 degrees to 118 degrees, but at no time was the Indian army so healthy.'

(To be continued.)

#### INCIDENTS OF THE LEXINGTON.

The following stories show on how small a circumstance our life sometimes depends:

When the Philadelphia morning boat arrived, on Monday the 13th, one of the gentlemen passengers called a hack, and agreed with the driver to take him to Eighth-street. Another gentleman being about to get in, the former admonished the driver that he must not zig zag about the city, but go directly to Eighth-street. "Yes, sir," said the driver, "I will take you first; it will not be out of the way for this gentleman." When the hack had gone on some distance, the two gentlemen fell into a conversation, and the second one stated that he was on his way to Boston, and was then going to the Providence boat. "To the Providence boat, sir!" exclaimed the other; "why, we started from the very next pier to the Providence boat; and here this rascal of a hackman is taking you a journey of three miles, and you will certainly be too late." Such was the fact; the Lexington had gone when the hack returned, and so the man's life was saved.

One of our citizens who was very anxious to go to Boston in the boat of Monday evening, was, by a series of apparently untoward circumstances, prevented from finishing his business at Philadelphia in time to return here on Saturday; and as he could not conscientiously travel on Sunday, he remained at Philadelphia till Monday. His Boston trip was accordingly deferred, and thus his life was saved. This shows the advantage of keeping the Sabbath.

Another gentleman had made all his arrangements on the Saturday previous to take the boat on Monday for Stonington. But learning that a creditor, who held a small demand against him, was watching his opportunity to catch him, and reflecting that the boat would be the place at which he would be sure to be found, he determined on taking the New-Haven route; and so his life was saved.

**THE BALE OF COTTON.**—The testimony of Capt. Hilliard comprises the following thrilling statement of his ride, together with his companion, Mr. Cox, on that dreadful night.

About twenty minutes had now elapsed from the time I first heard the alarm, and I don't think the engine worked above fifteen minutes from the time the alarm was given; I then recommended the hands and passengers to throw the cotton overboard, and they did so, I lending them a hand; we threw over ten or twelve bales: I then cut off a piece of line, perhaps four or five fathoms, and I spanned a bale of cotton, which was the last I believe that was not on fire where I was. It was a flat, square bale, snugly packed, about four feet long and three feet across. I put the rope in the middle of it, and a man lent me a hand to put it on the rail. I then took a long turn of the rope around the rail and kept the end of it in my hand, and then slipped off the bale, and we both got on it and lowered it into the water.

This was just abaft the wheelhouse at the lee side of the boat, which was heading to the land. We then lowered ourselves into the water and got astride the cotton with our faces to each other. The bale was one third out of the water when both of us were on it. We did not lash ourselves to it. The wind was pretty fresh, and the bale drifted at the rate of about a knot an hour. We then coiled up the rope on the bale. My companion did not like the idea of leaving the boat, but wished to hold on to the rail; but I determined to get out of the way before we were burned to death, and accordingly shoved the bale along around the stern.

When we cleared the stern, the boat drifted away from us. It was then eight o'clock; I took out my watch at the time. As we left her we picked up a piece of board to use as a paddle to keep the end of the bale to windward. When I left her, her stern was all on fire, and there were but few persons who had not left her. I, however, saw a lady and a few others; I noticed the lady because her child was overboard, floating about two rods from the boat, and we passed so close to the child that I could put my hands on it. It was lying on its back, and the lady saw us passing it, and cried out to us to save it. We then drifted away from the boat and could see no more persons. I suppose the child was a female from its dress, as I think it had a bonnet on it; it was then quite dead.

My back was to the steamboat, and when the lady called out I turned round to look at her. I could not describe her dress, as the weather was then very rough, and it was as much as I could do to manage the bale of cotton. My feet were in the water, and whenever it washed over the cotton I was wet up to my middle. I was in sight of the boat until she went down, at three o'clock in the morning. I was then about a mile or a little more from her. When we left the boat, it was cloudy and thick, but about nine o'clock it cleared up, and we had a fine night. The moon went down about four o'clock. I looked at my watch nearly every half hour.

It was so very cold as to be necessary to make efforts to keep ourselves warm, and I endeavoured to do so by whipping my hands and arms. About four o'clock the bale capsized with us, from a heavy sea, and went over endways and came up on the other side. We got on the bale again, and by that time we had lost the piece of board, and could not afterward govern the bale. My companion complained of the cold from our first setting out, and did not seem to have that spirit about him that he ought to have, and was fretting

himself about things which could do him no good. His name was Cox, and his wife lived at 71, Cherry-street.

Shortly after we left the steamboat, I gave my companion my waistcoat, as he was poorly dressed, and had nothing on his chest but a flannel shirt. He was one of the firemen.—After the bale upset twice, we got on it again—he remained on it about two hours and a half, and during the last half hour before he left the bale, he was quite stupid, and had lost the use of his hands, and could not help himself, and I rubbed him and did every thing I could to keep his blood in circulation. I could not, however, continually do it, as I had now and then to take hold of the rope which was round the bale to hold by.

The bale at last got broadside to the sea and gave a lurch, and my companion fell off and sunk without a struggle.—Some time after this I got a little more on to the middle of the bale to keep it steady, and continued that way for about an hour, until the sloop came and picked me up. Before this time the sea had got so smooth that I got up altogether on the bale and sat on it until the sloop came up. I waived my hat to the sloop which had come out on purpose to see what she could learn. I was not frozen. The sloop was the Merchant, Capt. Meeker, from Bridgeport.

For the Pearl.

#### A SKETCH.

A gallant youth his fair young bride  
To wild Italia's shore,  
Across the waste of waters wide,  
With fond affection bore.

But scarcely had they gained the strand,  
When sickness dimmed his eye,—  
And sadly in a stranger land  
She saw him droop and die.

O Woman! who can think unmoved  
Of all thy tender care—  
Of all thy faithful love so proved  
When most we feel despair.

Alone his couch of pain beside  
In silent woe she knelt,—  
Wept when he wept, sigh'd when he sigh'd,  
And all his anguish felt.

He died—and she in gloom and tears,  
And loneliness of heart,  
Died also in her early years,  
From all she loved apart.

There, in a lone and lowly spot,  
Beneath a stranger sky,  
The loved, in death divided not,  
In dreamless slumber lie.

To deck that sacred spot with flowers,  
The earliest gifts of Spring,  
A tribute meet from green-wood bowers  
The village maidens bring.

They reck not of their land or name,  
But know in youth they died,—  
Their love a spell—their grave the same,  
The lonely sea beside!

Brookfield, 1840.

J. McP.

#### PERPETUAL MOTION.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Gentlemen,—I have to inform you that, after four years' deliberation and hard study, I have now two years ago been so fortunate as to find out what I consider the long-dreamed-of "Perpetual Motion;" and should you feel interested in the discovery, and encourage me in the development of the wonders which may possibly be effected thereby—I shall either personally or by letter develop so much of the secret, as I hope will lead you to appreciate the merits thereof.

Lest you should imagine it to be a hoax, I inform you that it is rather a simple construction. Magnets of a peculiar form and mystical number are so placed as to keep a wheel of a certain texture in perpetual circumvolution. Quicksilver also hath its use.

Any proper communication upon the subject shall receive attention, by addressing, post-paid, to Mr. James W. Munroe, who shall act as Secretary until my return of a certain tour.

A NOVA SCOTIAN.

River John, February 3, 1840.

P. S.—Gentlemen—If none of your body will deign to notice the above shortly after it appears in print, I resolve to visit our neighbours of St. John; and if there disappointed, to visit "Yankee Town."

A NOVA SCOTIAN.

**MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.**—A paragraph has been going the round of the papers, intimating that of four Female Sovereigns of England, not one had ever been a mother, and last week, one of our contemporaries reached the climax of inaccuracy, by



stating that "Anne," one of these four, "was never married." But these four female Sovereigns did not all reign in immediate succession, as from the language of our contemporary might be supposed; and Anne, the last of them, was not only married, but had *seventeen* children, all of whom, however, preceded their mother to the tomb. To one of her sons, who bore the title of Duke of Gloucester, the celebrated Bishop Burnet was tutor, as our contemporary must have known, had he been familiar with the Bishop's "History of His Own Times." We may add that the case of Queen Anne's husband furnishes the best exposition of our contemporary's own hypothesis, as to the probable rank and authority of the husband of Queen Victoria, as well as the best authority for it; for Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, (the only title by which he is recognized in history,) was, in fact, only Lord High Admiral, although, nominally, Generalissimo also of the forces by sea and land. With the Government of the Kingdom he seems never to have interfered, but to have left it entirely to the Queen herself, who, as all the world knows, was governed by two of her ladies of honour in succession, the renowned Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham.

(The above paragraph has been taken from the Christian Guardian of this week. We do not know which of the Halifax papers is more particularly alluded to. On the last page of last Pearl an article appeared on the subject, which was cut from a respectable American paper, and was selected on account of the interest of the matter treated of, but without any examination respecting the accuracy of the particulars. We gladly avail ourselves of our contemporary's criticism.—PEARL.)

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1840.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—English dates to December 27th, have been furnished by U. States papers.

Very little appears from the United Kingdom, of general interest. The Irish Poor, it is said, are in a state of much destitution.—It is asserted that the Chartists had commenced holding secret meetings in London. The Pawnbrokers were directed not to receive fire-arms in pledge of money lent.—The Bakers of Belfast had addressed a memorial to the Treasury, praying liberty to import foreign flour into Ireland, as it may be into England: an unfavourable answer had been received.—The Temperance reformation was making great progress in Ireland.

Great distress appears to exist in France,—about 70,000 persons were supposed to be dependent on public bounty in Paris. The evil extended over the rural districts, and occasioned much apprehension to the authorities.—The overflowing of the rivers Po and Oglio, on the continent of Europe, had occasioned the loss of about 3,000 buildings, and the destitution of nearly 6,000 persons.—The Pope had issued a Bull against Slavery, and had forbidden Roman Catholic Clergymen to teach that slavery is lawful.

The Arabs were giving much trouble to the French in Africa. The latter, it is said, had been driven into the fastnesses of Algiers.—Mehemet Ali had granted authority to two Englishmen to establish steamboats on the Nile.—A good understanding was expected to be arranged between England and Russia, on Turkish affairs.—The town of Metamoros had fallen into the hands of the Texans and Federalists. Much blood had been shed during the siege.

Chinese dates to Sept. 25, had been received at N. York. The following is the intelligence they furnish. The appearances of forcing traffic in opium by means of armed vessels, seems an horrible evidence of how love of gain can blunt moral perceptions. We trust that this fearful conjuncture of things will pass away,—and that the furtherance of all evil in China will not be added to the other national sins of Great Britain:

"On the 11th of September, Capt. Smith, of the British ship of war Volage, at the instance of the Superintendent Elliot, issued a notice of a blockade of the port of Canton, which would be enforced after 60 days. The American merchants and ship-masters immediately protested against the proposed measure, and on the 16th the notice was revoked.

"Captain MacMichael reports that the British with their families had been obliged by the Chinese to leave Macao, and are now on board the English ships at Hong Kong, 35 miles eastward of Macao. Capt. Elliot, chief superintendent of the English trade, had hoisted his flag on board the English Country Ship Fort William. The British trade with China is totally suspended, and no prospect of an adjustment of the difficulties, without aid from England. The opium trade, however, was carried on briskly, and at high prices, on the eastern coast of China. This, alone, will prevent the possibility of a renewal of the English trade with Canton, and may eventually lead to a suspension of all foreign trade. There is much irritation between the English and Chinese, the former having fired into several junks, and having made an attack under the command of Captain Elliot, on the forts and junks at Kow Loore, a few miles to the eastward of Hong Kong; it was reported several Chinese had been killed, amongst whom was a mandarin of rank. Captain Elliot narrowly escaped, having a ball through his hat. The Chinese claimed the victory. A very severe edict had been issued by the High Commissioner, in consequence of the above attack, and the notice of the intended blockade.

"The American trade continued without molestation on the part of the Chinese. Several vessels under the American, Spanish

and Danish, were employed in bringing India Cotton and British manufactures to Canton from Hong Kong, at high rates of freight. The British ship Mermaid had been purchased at Hong Kong, and was employed in the freighting business, under the American flag, between there and Canton.

A report prevailed that armed vessels were preparing to sail from St. Helena to carry on the trade by force.

"An additional export duty on Teas and Silks was about being laid by the Chinese, to meet the extraordinary expenses occasioned by the unsettled state of affairs between them and the English, new forts have been built at the entrance of the river, and rafts and chains thrown across it.

"American ships were allowed to proceed at once to the Bogue, in compliance with a petition from some of the American merchants.—Jonathan appears to be filling his pockets while John is shaking the tree."

At the Circuit Court of Albany, U. States, the notorious Bill Johnson, the buccanier of the St. Lawrence, had been found guilty of border aggressions, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and a fine of five dollars.—A Bill to abolish imprisonment for debt had passed the House of Representatives of Indiana.—The Coroner's Inquest, which investigated the circumstances connected with the burning of the Lexington, returned a verdict, in which they reproached the conduct of the officers of that boat during the fire,—and the practice of carrying cotton, in a careless manner, on board of passenger boats. Captain Terrell, the commander of a vessel which was in sight of the Lexington on the night of the fire, has published a certificate, exonerating himself from charges which had been loudly made against his conduct in not giving assistance on the occasion. He was nearly six miles from the burning boat, with the wind dead head.—Commercial embarrassment still prevailed in New York. It was said that upwards of one thousand families would break up house-keeping during the ensuing four months.—The Belle, of Missouri, with 1600 kegs of powder on board, and a number of passengers, took fire about 80 miles below St. Louis. She was run aground, and the passengers escaped,—except one who returned to save his baggage, and was on board when the explosion took place.

The unsettled state of the boundary between the State of Maine and New Brunswick, has given rise to much speculation, and apprehensions of a state of hostility. It is to be hoped that nothing so every way deplorable will be permitted to ripen by the Governments interested.—The report that the Governor General was to return to England, for the purpose of assisting in carrying the Canadian Union Bill through Parliament, has not been confirmed by late accounts from Canada.—The Chiefs of twelve Indian settlements held a council recently on the river Credit,—they presented an Address to the Governor General, and also to Sir George Arthur. Answers were returned by their Excellencies.

The Nova Scotia House of Assembly has been engaged for three days of the week, in discussing various proposals respecting Roads and Bridges. Two resolutions, moved by Mr. Howe, passed. One for granting £18,000 for the cross roads,—and the other for granting £26,000 for the main roads, to be expended during the years 1840 and 1841.—Several Bills of local interest, and minor importance, passed.—The Queen's College Bill passed the Legislative Council.—The Quadrennial Bill also passed the Legislative Council. This reduces the existence of the Assembly from seven years to four. A General Election, next summer, may now be considered pretty certain.

"An Inquest was held on Monday afternoon on the body of Mrs. Ann Heffernan, who, it appears, had been returning home on Saturday evening last, from a house where she had for several days been staying as a nurse, when, as she stated, about three or four minutes after the gun had fired at eight o'clock, a woman ran past and a soldier immediately followed, apparently in pursuit of the woman, and passing the deceased a step or two, returned, and saying, "Mary Ann, don't you think I know you?" struck the deceased a blow with his fist which stunned her. On her return to her own house, she mentioned the story to several persons, complained much of her head, but without exciting any alarm, as she went about the house as usual, until about twelve or one o'clock in the morning, when a surgeon was sent for, but before his arrival she became insensible, and so continued until her death next morning. The surgeon's opinion being that her death was occasioned from the rupture of a blood vessel and consequent compression on the brain,—and no trace of the person who had struck the blow having been discovered after a most diligent inquiry,—the Jury returned a verdict that the deceased had died in consequence of a blow inflicted by some person unknown."

The above paragraph is taken from the Haligonian of this week. The outrage occurred, substantially as described, in Barrington street, near Doctor Hume's. The night was clear moonlight. When the man came opposite the deceased, he made a violent rush at her as if intending to seize her. She darted beyond his grasp. He was, to appearance, intoxicated. He passed round the corner opposite the Relief Meeting as if on his way to the North Barrack. He appeared a smart, straight man, height about five feet 8 inches. Three or four persons witnessed the terror he caused the first woman mentioned, and his attack on the second; they expressed their indignant feelings, but did not interfere, as no evil of consequence seemed to be the result, and the person in fault appeared to be retiring to his quarters. He had no side arms on.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. R. Young delivered an interesting lecture on the Laws of Nature, last Wednesday evening. Mr. McDonald will lecture on History next Wednesday evening,—and Mr. McKenzie, on Gas Light, the Wednesday evening following.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—Rev. Mr. O'Brien is to lecture next Monday evening.

John Bourinot, Esquire, of Sydney, C. B. and Charles Morse, Esquire, of Liverpool, have kindly offered to act as Agents for the Pearl in these places.

SIMULTANEOUS TEMPERANCE MEETING.—The Simultaneous Temperance Meeting will be held in the Masonic Hall on the evening of Wednesday, 26th Feby. Admission at seven o'clock—meeting opens at half past seven. Several gentlemen will address the meeting, and some appropriate Hymns and an Anthem will be performed. A collection will be taken to pay the expenses of Meeting, and to purchase Tracts and Papers for distribution.—

PASSENGERS.—In the Elizabeth from New-York, Messrs Scott, Spike and Capt. M. Morris.—In the John from New-York, Capt. and Mrs. Pearson, Messrs Brown, Johnson, Fraser, and master Newman.—In the Acadian from Boston, Mr. Smithers.

### MARRIED.

At Cornwallis, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Grantham, Francis Carter Pike, Esq. of Windsor, to Miss Catherine, youngest daughter of the late John Chipman, Esq. of the former place.

At Port Medway, on the 23d Jan. by the Rev. T. H. Porter, Mr. Archibald Mc Vean, to Miss Margaret Smith, both of that place.

At St. John, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. S. Bancroft, Mr. John Newcomb, of Parrsboro', N. S. to Letitia Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. James Masters of that city.

At Yarmouth, on 13th inst. by the Rev. W. Burton, Mr. John Huostis of Yarmouth, to Miss Christian E. Harley of Lunenburg.

At Cornwallis, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. E. Manning, Mr. Elijah Cox, to Miss Rebecca Huntley both of Cornwallis.

### DIED.

On Monday evening, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with christian resignation to the divine will, Eleanor, wife Mr. J. H. Metzler, in the 36 year of her age, leaving a husband and three children to lament the loss of an affectionate wife and tender mother.

On Tuesday morning, Edward James, in fant son of Mr. Edward Duckett, Junr.

On Sunday morning, Mr. George Hewson, in the 61st year of his age.

On Sunday morning, Ann Heffernan, wife of Dennis Heffernan, aged 38 years.

Yesterday evening, in the 36th year of his age, Mr. James Power, son-of the late Michael Power of this town.

Suddenly, at Burton, (Sumbury) on Thursday morning last, with Christian fortitude and pious resignation, Mrs. Hannah Cromwell, in the 77th year of her age, having been a pious devoted christian of the Baptist church, for nearly 50 years.

At St. George, on the 27th ult. after a lingering illness, Anne, wife of Mr. Rufus Clinch, leaving a bereaved husband and seven children to mourn their great loss.

At Hopton, near Sydney, on the morning of the 29th January, Mrs. Ann Leech, widow of the late John Leech, at the advanced age of 96 years, 29 years of which she had passed in widowhood.

Near Sydney, on the night of the 29th January, Mr. Richard Bormington, at the uncommon age of 115 years.

At Parrsboro', on Sunday the 9th Feby. Charles Chapman, second son of William Chapman, Senr. of Fort Lawrence, aged 62 years, leaving a wife and seven children to lament his loss. He died resignedly declaring that he had made his peace with God.

At Boston, 4th inst. Mrs. Sarah, relict of Dr. A. A. Pierce, and sister of the Hon. Charles Morris, aged 83 years.

At Annapolis on the 24th Jan. Mr. John Winchester, aged 98 years,—he retained his faculties unimpaired to the last.

At Cornwallis 6th Feby. Mrs. Grace, of Habitant, aged 60 years leaving a husband and numerous family to mourn their great loss.

At Cornwallis, on the same day, Mr. Eliakem Newcomb, brother of the late Abraham Newcomb of Stewiacke, aged 50 years, a member of the Presbyterian church.

At Kill Marie, near Sydney, on the 30th January last, Mrs. Margaret Mac Kinnon, in the 77th year of her age, relict of William MacKinnon, Esq. late Secretary, Register and Clerk of Council for Cape Breton; and daughter of the late Thomas Hutchins, Esq. Geographer General to the United States of America.

On Monday last, of Consumption, in the 25th year of her age, Janet, third daughter of Alexander Taylor, Esq. of Preston.

At Shelburne on the 5th inst. Mr. John Fraser, in the 88th year of his age. He was one of the few remaining survivors of those hardy colonists, who left Scotland before the first American war, resided for some time in New York, and came over to this place at its first settlement.

At Piquette, P. E. I. on the 24th ult. in the 65th year of his age, Mr. Allan Shaw, one of the first settlers in the district, and a man of remarkable integrity, and of steady industrious habits. He has left behind him a sorrowing widow, and a family of 20 children, (ten sons and ten daughters) to mourn their bereavement.

### NEW BOOK STORE.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE Subscriber has just received, and offers for Sale as above, cheap for Cash or approved credit:

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Orders from the country thankfully received and punctually attended to. A liberal reduction made from the retail prices to persons sending orders to the extent of £5; and also a discount upon all Cash purchases.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

February 22.



## THE OLD MILL STREAM.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Beautiful streamlet! how precious to me  
Was the green swarded paradise watered by thee;  
I dream of thee still, as thou wert in my youth,  
Thy meanderings haunt me with freshness and truth.

I had heard of full many a river of fame,  
With its wide-rolling flood and its classical name,  
But the Thames of Old England, the Tiber of Rome,  
Could not peer with the mill streamlet close to my home.

Full well I remember the gravelly spot,  
Where I slyly repair'd, though I knew I ought not:  
Where I stood with my handful of pebbles to make  
That formation of fancy—a duck and a drake.

How severe was the scolding, how heavy the threat,  
When my pinafore hung on me dirty and wet;  
How heedlessly silent I stood to be told  
Of the danger of drowning, the risk of a cold.

"Now mark!" cried a mother, "the mischief done there,  
Is unbearable—go to the stream if you dare;  
But I sped to the stream like a frolicsome colt,  
For I knew that her thunder-cloud carried no bolt.

They puzzled with longitude, adverb and noun,  
'Till my forehead was sunk in a studious frown;  
Yet that stream was a Lethe, that swept from my soul  
The grammar, the globes and the tutor's control.

I wonder if still the young anglers begin  
As I did, with willow wand, packthread and pin;  
When I threw in my line with expectancy high,  
As to perch in my basket and cels in a pie.

Oh! I loved the wild place, where its clear ripples flow'd  
On their serpentine way o'er the pebble strewn road,  
Where, mounted on Debbin we youngsters would dash  
Both pony and rider enjoying the splash.

How often I tried to teach Pincher the tricks  
Of diving for pebbles and swimming for sticks;  
But by doctrines could never induce the loved brute  
To consider hydraulics a pleasant pursuit.

Did a forcible argument sometimes prevail  
What a woeful expression was seen in his tail;  
And though bitterly vexed, I was made to agree,  
That Dido, the spaniel, swam better than he.

What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun  
When the school door was opened and our lessons were done;  
When "Where shall we play?" was the doubt and the call,  
When "Down by the mill-stream" was echoed by all.

When tired of childhood's rude boisterous pranks,  
We pull'd the tall rushes that grew on the banks;  
And, busily quiet, we sat ourselves down  
To weave the rough basket, or plait the light crown.

I remember the launch of our fairy-built ship,  
How we set her white sails, pull'd her anchor a trip;  
'Till mischievous hands working hard at the craft,  
Turned the ship to a boat and the boat to a raft.

The first of my doggerel breathings was there,  
'Twas the hope of a poet, "An Ode to Despair."  
I won't vouch for its metre, its sense, or its rhyme,  
But I know that I then thought it truly sublime.

Beautiful streamlet! I dream of thee still,  
Of thy pouring cascade and thy tacking mill;  
Thou livest in memory, and will not depart,  
For thy waters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

Home of my youth! if I go to thee now,  
None can remember my voice or my brow;  
None can remember the sunny-faced child,  
That play'd by the water mill joyous and wild.

The aged who laid their thin hands on my head,  
To smooth my dark shining curls, rest with the dead;  
The young, who partook of my sports and my glee,  
Can see nought but a wandering stranger in me.

Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,  
But the changes that mark'd thee awaken'd deep pain.  
Desolation had reigned, thou wert not as of yore—  
Home of my childhood, I'll see thee no more!

## HORRIBLE! A CHALLENGE AND ITS EFFECTS.

We received a letter from a friend in the west a short time since, from which we extract the following account of a duel, which for

novelty and brutality the reader must confess has not yet been surpassed.

"Writing of this genteel and honourable mode of settling disputes, I will endeavour to give you a description of a duel which took place in a southern city not long since; and to do the narration justice, I must inform you of its origin.

"One night a stranger, a tall, bony, and powerful man, stepped into the bar room of a fashionable hotel, and swaggered about to the no small amusement of the company. His dress was unique, being a coarse petersham coat, deer skin pantaloons, and heavy water boots. His head was graced with a huge Mexican hat with a brim half a yard wide. The butts of two large horse pistols protruded from either pocket of his coat, and the handle of a bowie knife projected from under his vest. The strangeness of the man's appearance rivetted the attention of all present, and those who did not boast the bump of combativeness shrunk from the swing of his giant arm.

"'I'm a gentleman,' said he by way of introduction. No one appeared to dispute it, and so he proceeded. 'I own three acres of prime land, two sugar plantations, and one hundred negroes, and I can chew up the best man in this room!' Still no one disputed him, and looking round with a sneer, he exclaimed, 'I've killed eleven Indians, three white men, and seven panthers; and it's my candid opinion you are all a set of cowards!' With this denunciation he jostled against Dr. B——, a man of high honour and unquestionable courage. The doctor immediately threw the disgraceful epithet back on him, and at the same time spat in his face.

"The bowie knife of the stranger in an instant glistened in the light, but the timely rush of several gentlemen prevented his plunging it into the heart of his opponent. Matters were soon brought to an understanding, and a formal challenge was given and accepted by the parties. Dr. B—— was a thick set muscular man, and considered one of the best shots in the States: and even the arrangement of the duel did not shake his determination to humble the arrogance of the stranger. The terms were these: The parties were to be locked up in a dark room, (the seconds remaining outside,) each to be stripped of his clothing, with the exception of his pantaloons, and the arms and shoulders to be greased with lard. Each had a pair of pistols and a bowie knife. At a signal given from the seconds the butchery was to commence.

The doctor, who survived the dreadful conflict, stated that for nearly a quarter of an hour they kept at bay, and scarcely a tread or breath could be heard after the cocking of the pistols. At moments he could see the cat eyes of his antagonist, and when he was about firing they would disappear, and appear again in another part of the room. He at length fired; as quick as thought the shot was returned, and the ball passed through the shoulder. In his agony he discharged his second pistol at random, the flash brought a return from his opponent, and another ball passed through the fleshy part of his thigh. Faint with the loss of blood he staggered about the room, and at length fell heavily upon the floor. The stranger chuckled when he heard the noise of his fall, but soon became silent, and slowly and softly approached his victim, with the intention of despatching him with his knife. This, however, the doctor, with much presence of mind, though barely alive, prevented—for the grey eyes of the stranger betrayed him, and while they glared like fire balls over him, he struck his knife upward, and it went through the heart of his antagonist, who fell by his side without a groan.

"The door was then opened, and the duelists were found weltering in each other's blood."—*Baltimore Clipper*.

The survivor and the seconds were not hanged, we presume, but they ought to have been.—*N. Y. Spectator*.

PROUD ENGLAND.—England is an exceedingly proud nation, and it would be the greatest anomaly in the history of the world if she were not—for never had any nation so much to be proud of. She is proud of her own little island, and the more so, because she is so little, and yet so mighty; she is proud of her London, her Liverpool, her Manchester, and all her great manufacturing towns and districts. She is proud of her princely merchants, her immense commerce, of her enormous wealth, and even of her national debt, for what other nation of the globe, she exultingly demands, could pay the interest of such a debt, without any perceptible check to her prosperity? She is proud of her navy, of her dock yards, of her arsenals, and of her Greenwich and Chelsea palaces for invalid warriors; of her hospitals, her asylums, her almshouses, which stud her island "like strings of sparkling diamonds."

She is proud of her vast foreign possessions and dependencies, she is proud of her Gibraltar, of her tributary princes and emancipated islands. She is proud of her poets, of her Shakespeare, her Milton, her Pope, her Dryden, and hundreds of other inspired souls. She is proud of her philanthropists, of her Howard, her Reynolds, her Coram, and her Gresham. She is proud of her mechanics, of her Smeaton, her Watt, her Telford, her Davy. She is proud of her Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey—of her cathedrals—of her churches. She is proud of her Drakes and Nelsons, and Marlboroughs and Wellingtons—of her statesmen and orators—of her Coke, her Littleton, her Bacon, her Newton, her Butler, her Locke. She is proud of what she has been, proud of what she is, proud of the anticipated prosperity in her future. And lastly, she is beginning to be proud of her once wayward daughter on the other side of the Atlantic.—*The Mirror*.

Some one observed to Prince Henry of Prussia that it was very rare to find genius, wit, memory and judgment united in the same person. "Surely there is nothing astonishing in this," replied the prince. "Genius takes its daring flight towards heaven—he is the eagle; wit moves along by fits and starts—he is the grasshopper; memory marches backwards—he is the crab; judgment drags slowly along—he is the tortoise. How can you expect that all these animals should move in unison."

ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—From the Anglo-Saxons we derive the names of the most ancient officers amongst us, of the greater part of the divisions of the kingdom, and of almost all our towns and villages. From them, also, we derive our language; of which the structure and the majority of the words are Saxon. Of eighty-one words in the famous soliloquy of Hamlet, thirteen only are of Latin origin. Even in our most classical writers, as Milton, Addison, and Johnson, the words of Saxon origin greatly predominate.—*Wade's British History*.

THE SWORD OF BRUCE.—The sword which King Robert Bruce wielded at Bannockburn, has, with his helmet, survived the entire family. Mrs. Catharine Bruce, the last of the royal house, died in 1791, at a very advanced age. Only a short time before her death, Burns called upon her, and, although she was almost speechless from paralysis, she entertained him nobly, and conferred the honor of knighthood on him with Bruce's two-handed sword, saying, she had a better right to grant the title than "some people." After dinner the first toast she gave was "Awa', uncas!" that is, away with the strangers, which showed her Jacobite feelings to the house of Hanover. The old lady bequeathed the sword and helmet to the Earl of Elgin, whom she considered the next of kin.

ORIGIN OF SLANDER.—Mother Jasper told me that she heard Greatwood's wife say that John Hardston's aunt mentioned to her that Mrs. Lusty was present when the widow Baskman said that Hertall's cousin thought Ensign Doolittle's sister believed that old Miss Oxley reckoned that Sam Trixe's better half had told Mrs. Spaulding that she heard John Rheumer's woman say that Mrs. Garden had two husbands!!

The following anecdote concerning Dr. Arne may not perhaps be known to many of our readers.—Two gentlemen having differed in opinion which was the best singer, it was agreed to leave the case to Dr. Arne, who having heard them both, observed to the last gentleman that sung, "Sir, without offence, you are the worst singer I ever heard in all my life." "There! there!" exclaimed the other, exultingly, "I told you so, I told you so." "Sir," said the Doctor, "you must not say a word, for you cannot sing at all."

## SONG.

The winds are blowing winterly!  
Lonely o'er the midnight sea,  
Frozen sail and icy mast  
Shiver in the northern blast!  
Wild birds to their rock nests flee,  
For the winds are blowing winterly!

O'er the moor the cotter strides—  
Drifting snow his pathway hides;  
Stars keep trembling in and out,  
As though too cold to look about!  
Glad he'll see his own roof tree—  
For the winds are blowing winterly!

By the fire the cotter's dame  
Sits, yet scarcely feels the flame;  
Often looks she from the door,  
Fearing sad that dismal moor,  
And weeping for her son at sea—  
For the winds are howling winterly!

REPARTEE.—A Frenchman once trading in the market, was interrupted by an impertinent would-be waggish sort of a fellow, who ridiculed him by imitating his imperfect manner of speaking the English. After patiently listening to him for some time, the Frenchman coolly replied, "Mine fine friend, you will do vell to stop now; for if Samson had made no better use of de jaw-bone of an Ass dan you do, he vud never have killed so many Philistines."

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