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TRAVELS.

From Captain Harris's Expedition from the Cape into Southern Africa.

After passing Sunday River, and having completed a total of two hundred miles from Graham's Town, they arrived at Graaff-Reinet.

The village is sheltered on each side by high conical mountains, decorated with perpetual verdure, which is derived from the abundance of speckboom that covers their rocky declivities. The serpentine banks of the river are lined with willows and acacias; many of these latter are overgrown with miseltoe, and both with evergreen creepers, which, climbing to the very topmost branches, fall gracefully in festoons adorned with a profusion of fragrant white flowers, not unfrequently concealing the tree upon which they have entwined themselves. Nothing can exceed the neatness of the quaint little Dutch houses; and whilst the salubrity of the climate has no rival in Southern Africa, the produce of the gardens and vineyards may vie with those of Europe. Fruits and vegetables of all kinds grow here in abundance and perfection. On looking out of the window in the morning we saw the street carpeted with snow, while garden-hedges of quince, and a row of lemon-trees on either side, bending beneath a load of ripe fruit, formed decorations as beautiful in themselves as they were novel to an Indian eye.

This district our travellers considered the starting-point or base of their operations; and here they procured a capital waggon, with thirty draught oxen, and completed their stud of twelve horses. The vehicle appears to have been well freighted:—

Our waggon, fitted up with water-casks, tar-buckets, side-chests, beds, pockets, and other appurtenances for the long journey before us, during which it was to be our only abode, might now not inaptly be compared to a ship proceeding to sea. Besides ourselves and our personal conveniences, it contained, with the addition of a barrel of gunpowder, and the commodities for barter already enumerated, six sacks of flour, two bags of rice, and two of sugar, with chests of tea and bales of coffee. The baggage-waggon carried tent, camp-stools, table, and cooking utensils: hams, tongues, and cheeses in profusion: salt and dried fish, biscuits, wax candles, soap, and oilman's stores, or, in other words, sauces and pickles. The luxury of beer, so palatable to an Anglo-Indian, we were compelled to dispense with in consequence of its bulk; but we provided ourselves instead with a few dozens of brandy, and a small barrel of inferior spirits for the use of the followers. Crannies and empty spaces were filled up with spades, pickaxes, hatches, sickles, and joiner's tools, together with nails, screws, spare bolts, and linchpins; and, as if all these were not weight sufficient, no less than eighteen thousand leaden bullets, duly prepared, to say nothing of a large additional supply of that precious metal in pigs, to be converted into instruments of destruction as occasion required, were added to our stock.

HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

Leaving the waggons to proceed to a spot agreed upon, we again took the field about ten o'clock, and pursued the track indefatigably for eight miles, over a country presenting every variety of feature. At one time we crossed bare stony ridges, at another threaded the intricacies of forests; now struggled through high fields of waving grass, and again emerged into open downs. At length we arrived amongst extensive groups of grassy hillocks, covered with loose stones, interspersed with streams and occasional patches of forest, in which the recent ravages of elephants were surprising. Here to our inexpressible gratification we descried a large herd of those long-sought animals, lazily browsing at the head of a distant valley, our attention having been first directed to it by the strong and not-to-be-mistaken odour with which the wind was impregnated. Never having before seen the noble elephant in his native jungles, we gazed on the sight before us with intense and indescribable interest. Our feelings on the occasion even extended to our followers. As for Andries he became so agitated that he could scarcely articulate. With open eyes and quivering lips he at length stammered forth, "Dar stand de oliphant." Mohanycom and Lingap were immediately despatched to drive the herd back into the valley, up which we rode slowly and without noise, against the wind; and, arriving within one hundred and fifty yards unperceived, we made our horses fast and took up a commanding position in an old stone kraal. The shouting of the savages, who now appeared on the height rattling their shields, caused the huge animals to move unsuspectingly towards us, and even within ten yards of our ambush. The group consisted of nine, all females, with large tusks. We selected the finest, and with perfect deliberation fired a volley of five balls into

her. She stumbled, but, recovering herself, uttered a shrill note of lamentation, when the whole party threw their trunks above their heads, and instantly clambered up the adjacent hill with incredible celerity, their huge fan-like ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. We instantly mounted our horses, and, the sharp loose stones not suiting the feet of the wounded lady, soon closed with her. Streaming with blood, and infuriated with rage, she turned upon us with uplifted trunk, and it was not until after repeated discharges that a ball took effect in her brain, and threw her lifeless on the earth, which resounded with the fall.

Turning our attention from the exciting scene I have described, we found that a second valley had opened upon us, surrounded by bare stony hills, and traversed by a thinly-wooded ravine. Here a grand and magnificent panorama was before us. The whole face of the landscape was actually covered with wild elephants. There could not have been fewer than three hundred within the scope of our vision. Every height and green knoll was dotted over with groups of them, whilst the bottom of the glen exhibited a dense and sable living mass, their colossal forms being at one moment partially concealed by the trees which they were disfiguring with giant strength, and at others seen majestically emerging into the open glades, bearing in their trunks the branches of trees, with which they indolently protected themselves from the flies. The back-ground was filled by a limited peep of the blue mountainous range, which here assumed a remarkably precipitous character, and completed a picture at once soul-stirring and sublime.

Our approach, being still against the wind, was unobserved, and created little alarm, until the herd that we had left behind suddenly showed itself, recklessly thundering down the side of the hill to join the main body, and passing so close to us that we could not refrain from firing a broadside into one of them, which, however, bravely withstood it. We secured our horses on the summit of a stony ridge, and then, stationing ourselves at an opportune place on a ledge overlooking the wooded defile, sent Andries to manoeuvre, so that as many of the elephants as possible should pass before us in order of review, that we might ascertain, by a close inspection, whether there was not a male amongst them. Filing sluggishly along, they occasionally halted beneath an umbrella tree within fifteen yards of us, lazily fanning themselves with their ample ears, blowing away the flies with their trunks, and uttering the feeble and peculiar cry so familiar to Indians. They all proved to be females, and most of them mothers, followed by their little old-fashioned calves, each trudging close to the heels of her dam, and mimicking all her actions. Thus situated, we might have killed any number we pleased, their heads being frequently turned towards us in such a position, and so close, that a single ball in the brain would have sufficed for each; but, whilst we were yet hesitating, a bullet suddenly whizzed past Richardson's ear, and put the whole herd to immediate flight. We had bare time to recede behind a tree before a party of about twenty, with several little ones in their wake, were upon us, striding at their utmost speed, and trumpeting loudly with uplifted heads. I rested my rifle against the tree, and, firing behind the shoulder of the leader, she dropped instantly. Another large detachment appearing close behind us at the same moment, we were compelled to retreat, dodging from tree to tree, stumbling amongst sharp stones, and ever coming upon fresh parties of the enemy.

Not an elephant was to be seen on the ground that was yesterday teeming with them; but, on reaching the glen which had been the scene of our exploits during the early part of the action, a calf about three and a half feet high walked forth from a brush, and saluted us with mournful piping notes. We had observed the unhappy little wretch hovering about its mother after she fell, and having probably been unable to overtake the herd, it had passed a dreary night in the wood. Entwining its little proboscis about our legs, the sagacious creature, after demonstrating its delight at our arrival by a thousand ungainly antics, accompanied the party to the body of its dam, which, swollen to an enormous size, was surrounded by an inquest of vultures. Seated in gaunt array, with their shoulders shrugged, these loathsome fowls were awaiting its decomposition with forced resignation; the tough hide having defied all the efforts of their beaks, with which the eyes and softer parts had been vigorously assailed. The conduct of the quaint little calf now became quite affecting, and elicited the sympathy of every one. It ran round its mother's corpse with touching demonstrations of grief, piping sorrowfully, and vainly attempting to raise her with its tiny trunk. I confess that I had felt compunctions in committing the murder the day before, and now half resolved never to assist in another; for, in addition to the moving behaviour

of the young elephant, I had been unable to divest myself of the idea that I was firing at my old favourite Mowla-Bukhsh, from whose gallant back I had vanquished so many of my feline foes in Guzerat, an impression, which however ridiculous it must appear, detracted considerably from the satisfaction I experienced.

HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

'To the sportsman,' says the captain, 'the most thrilling passage in my adventures is now to be recounted. In my own breast it awakens a renewal of the past impressions, more lively than any written description can render intelligible; and far abler pens than mine, dipped in more glowing tints, would still fall short of the reality, and leave much to be supplied by the imagination. Three hundred gigantic elephants, browsing in majestic tranquillity amidst the wild magnificence of an African landscape, and a wide-stretching plain, darkened as far as the eye can reach with a moving phalanx of gnous and quaggas, whose numbers literally baffle computation, are sights but rarely to be witnessed; but who amongst our brother Nimrods shall hear of riding familiarly by the side of a troop of colossal giraffes, and not feel his spirit stirred within him? He that would behold so marvellous a sight must leave the haunts of man, and dive, as we did, into pathless wilds, traversed only by the brute creation, into wide wastes where the grim lion prowls, monarch of all he surveys, and where the gaunt hyæna and wild dog fearlessly pursue their prey.

Many days had now elapsed since we had even seen the camelopard, and then only in small numbers, and under the most unfavourable circumstances. The blood coursed through my veins like quicksilver, therefore, as on the morning of the 19th, from the back of Breslar, my most trusty steed, with a firm wooded plait before me, I counted thirty-two of these animals, industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves which fluttered above their heads, in a mimosa-grove that beautified the scenery. They were within a hundred yards of me, but, having previously determined to try the bounding system, I reserved my fire. Although I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and had put four of the Hottentots on horseback, all excepting Piet had as usual slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of koodoos (*Strepsiceros Koodoo*). Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path; and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge. I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same moment putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun and the sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in grotesque confusion, clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant; and twice on emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence immeasurably in advance. A white turban, that I wore round my hunting-cap, being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged by three rhinoceroses; and, looking over my shoulder, I could see them long afterwards, fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at the small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded; and, after floundering to the opposite side and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull, being readily distinguishable from the rest by his chestnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder, with the right hand, and drew both triggers, but he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path, until the tears trickling from his full brilliant eyes, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment! Alone, in the wild wood, I hurried with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sank exhausted beside the noble prize I had won.

When I leisurely contemplated the massive frame before me, seeming as though it had been cast in a mould of brass, and protected by a hide of an inch and a half in thickness, it was no longer matter of astonishment that a bullet, discharged from a distance of eighty or ninety yards, should have been attended with little effect upon such amazing strength. The extreme height

from the crown of the elegantly-moulded head to the hoof of this magnificent animal, was eighteen feet; the whole being equally divided into neck, body, and leg.

The spell was now broken, and the secret of camelopard hunting discovered. The next day Richardson and myself killed three; one, a female, slipping upon maddy ground, and falling with great violence, before she had been wounded, a shot in the head despatching her as she lay. From this time we could reckon confidently upon two out of each troop that we were fortunate enough to find, always approaching as near as possible, in order to ensure a good start, galloping into the middle of them, *boarding* the largest, and riding with him until he fell. The rapidity with which these awkwardly-formed animals can move is beyond all things surprising, our best horses being unable to close with them under two miles. Their gallop is a succession of jumping strides, the fore and hind leg on the same side moving together instead of diagonally, as in most other quadrupeds, the former being kept close together, and the latter so wide apart, that in riding by the animal's side, the hoof may be seen striking on the outside of the horse, momentarily threatening to overthrow him. Its motion altogether reminded me rather of the pitching of a ship, or rolling of a rocking-horse, than of anything living; and the remarkable gait is rendered still more automaton-like by the switching, at regular intervals, of the long black tail, which is invariably curled above the back, and by the corresponding action of the neck, swinging as it does like a pendulum, and literally imparting to the animal the appearance of a piece of machinery in motion. Naturally gentle, timid, and peaceable, the unfortunate giraffe has no means of protecting itself but with its heels; but even when hemmed into a corner, it seldom resorted to this mode of defence.—*Quar. Rev.*

THAMES STEAMERS.

The view from London Bridge gives, perhaps, the best idea of the extent of the steam navigation of the river. Looking downwards, the eye is attracted by a forest of funnels belonging to steamers lying off the Custom-house, and various quays from that point to St. Katherine's Dock, and thence as far as the sight can penetrate. These, however, are chiefly foreign and coasting vessels, and as such belong only partially to our present subject. But close under the bridge, both above and below it, are clustered on the city side the river steamers; for here it is that the rival Gravesend and Greenwich companies, as well as various others, have their wharfs. Here, during the summer months, prevails throughout the day the constant bustle of arrival and departure; and few spots of this busy metropolis are better calculated to convey, in the spring and summer, a true impression of the out-of-door intercourse and movements of its teeming population. During the winter the scene is comparatively still; fewer steamers are plying, and at longer intervals. We will endeavour to give an idea of the extent of the traffic carried on during the past season (1838); not pretending, indeed, to furnish a complete list of the vessels employed, but noting such as came under our own observation.

To Greenwich, there were steam-boats starting every quarter of an hour, the two companies, the old and new, running alternately. To Woolwich, twelve times a day, from Hungerford Market pier. To Gravesend, the Star company had six boats daily; the Diamond Company, seven; the Commercial Company, one, which proceeded to Sheerness and Southend; the Eagle and Falcon Company, two, from Waterloo Bridge; besides which, there was one from Hungerford. Many, if not all of the Gravesend boats, are accustomed to call at Blackwall; and all receive and put down passengers when required at various points of their course. To Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay, and other favourite resorts of the inhabitants of the metropolis, there are likewise numerous steam-boats, especially in the season. The following particulars as to the traffic in previous years may be added from the evidence on the Blackwall Railway. Mr. J. Taylor, a Thames pilot, gives as the average number of steamers passing through the Pool, up or down per day, from May to September, from 120 to 130. Captain John Fisher, one of the harbour-masters, states that he counted 96 in a day, between eight in the morning and eight at night, pass the London Docks, up or down. And that in the month of July, 1,801 was the total number, likewise from eight to eight, which gives a daily average of about 60. This latter average probably comes nearest to the truth; the former was given only as a guess, this as an actually observed fact. The difference is lessened, if we consider the one to include, as it probably does, the whole twenty-four hours, while the other expressly excludes the night. In both numbers it will be remembered the foreign and coasting steamers are included, besides those properly belonging to the Thames.

Turning our attention up the river, to Richmond, there plied last season four boats daily from Queenhithe and Hungerford, one of which proceeded to Twickenham. This was the station on which the first Thames steamers were introduced. The up-river boats which remain to be noticed are of a more recent date, the "London and Westminster" company having commenced operations in 1837, and the "Iron Steam-boat" company only dur-

ing the last season. The former company had boats every quarter of an hour from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, calling on the Southwark side of Southwark Bridge and at Hungerford; also to Putney three times, and to the Southampton Railway pier, a little above Vauxhall Bridge, twelve times a day. The latter company's iron boats plied every half hour from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway pier, calling on the city side of Waterloo Bridge, and the Westminster side of Westminster Bridge.

From this enumeration, incomplete though it be, it will appear that the facilities afforded to the inhabitants of the metropolis, for enjoying the fresh breezes of their noble river, and visiting the various scenes of beauty on its banks, are very numerous, while the competition of the different companies has the effect of ensuring low fares. It is difficult to form a calculation of the multitudes who avail themselves of these means of locomotion, but we will give a few data, which may assist the reader to do so. In the report of the Eagle and Falcon Company, presented in the spring of last year, it was stated that in three months they had carried by means of their two boats 66,000 persons to and from Woolwich and Blackwall; and that during the first thirty days of their boats plying from Waterloo Bridge, their passengers to and from Gravesend had amounted to 7,600, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. In Gravesend boats we have counted 200 passengers, when they have been not by any means uncomfortably filled; and though they are often to be seen with much fewer passengers, they are, on the other hand, especially on fine Sundays, very frequently still more crowded. Supposing an average of only 60 passengers per voyage, the 17 boats each way between London and Gravesend will give upwards of 2000 passengers daily journeying the one way or the other—an estimate probably much below the mark. From the evidence of Mr. Charles White, a proprietor and director of the Star company, it would appear that the average number of passengers during the four best months of the year is 300 to each boat—that they sometimes take as many as 600, and "on one day of public rejoicing carried 900." Mr. Redman, another director of the same company, states that they received and started about 3,000 passengers in about forty-five minutes; of course with several boats. Mr. T. H. Sinnott, clerk to the solicitors to the Herne Bay Pier Company gives 30,102 as the number of passengers landing and embarking at that pier in 1835, from March 25th to the time when the boats ceased running.

The above-bridge traffic, presents certain peculiar features, which will probably repay a separate consideration. It is a kind of omnibus traffic;—not, indeed, that one may hold up one's finger at any point of the boat's course and be taken on board or set ashore; but in the space of less than two miles, between London and Westminster Bridges, we have seen that there are appointed by one of the companies one, and by the other, two intermediate stopping places, which gives passengers the opportunity of choosing among three several points of communication within that distance.

To these advantages is added speed in most states of the tide; the length of voyage between Westminster and London Bridges varying from a quarter to half an hour or somewhat more. An additional inducement is offered by the low fare of the steamers, which is fourpence from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway, or any intermediate distance. The number of passengers by these boats is very considerable; in ten trips, taken at different days, during last autumn, but never in boats crowded, as we shall hereafter have occasion to observe that these vessels frequently are, we found the average to be 40. Indeed the populousness, if we may so describe it, of the river is so great as to attract the activity of the bill-stickers, who sedulously follow their occupation on the piers and under the arches of the bridges, throughout the whole of the busy season; and they are not a class who waste their labours where there are none to look upon them.

It is curious to observe the adaptation of the machinery of the steamboat, and the mode of navigating it, to this omnibus traffic. Small of build, shallow of draught, and proportionately short in funnel, the up-river steamers generally clear the bridges easily, except at high tide; and then, the inexperienced observer who looks on from the shore in momentary expectation of a collision which shall carry away the funnel, is surprised at the adroitness with which, like geese under a gateway, they stoop their necks and pass on in safety. Again, to one accustomed to the usually lengthy process of "bringing a vessel to," alongside of a pier to land her passengers, it would seem impossible for boats, succeeding each other every quarter of an hour, not to run into one another's way, and present a scene of inextricable confusion at the calling places. But what will not practice effect? A stoppage of a couple of minutes generally suffices to land twenty or thirty passengers, and take in as many more; every one walking on and off with the utmost ease and security. At low water, indeed, it may take longer at some places; but ordinarily, the boat is off again even in less time. The vessels draw up to the pier much like omnibuses to the office door; and the "ease her," "stop her," "back her," "go ahead," &c. of the steam-boat masters are as familiar in the utterance, and as prompt in the action, as the "hold hard," and "all right," of the omnibus cad.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

THE COUSINS,—OR FIRST LOVE.

The next day we remained at home. Clara was too much fatigued to walk out, and none of us would leave her. What a day of happiness that was! I knew something of music, and could sing a second. Clara was delighted at this, for the others had not cultivated singing much. We therefore spent the whole morning in this way. Then she produced her sketch book, and I brought out mine, and we had a mutual interchange of prisoners. What cutting out of leaves and detaching of rice-paper landscapes! Then she came out upon the lawn to see my pony leap, and promised to ride him the following day. She patted the greyhounds, and said Gipse, which was mine, was the prettiest. In a word, before night fell, Clara had won my heart in its every fibre, and I went to my room the very happiest of mortals.

I need not chronicle my next three days—to me the most glorious "trois jours" of my life. Clara had evidently singled me out and preferred me to all the rest. It was beside me she rode—upon my arm she leaned in walking—and, to cumber me with delight unutterable, I overheard her say to my uncle, "Oh, I don't upon poor Harry! And it is so pleasant, for I'm sure Mortimer will be so jealous."

"And who is Mortimer?" thought I; "he is a new character in the piece, of whom we have seen nothing."

I was not long in doubt upon this head, for that very day, at dinner, the identical Mortimer presented himself. He was a fine, dashing-looking, soldier-like fellow, of about thirty-five, with a heavy moustache, and a bronzed cheek—rather grave in his manner, but still perfectly good natured, and when he smiled showing a most handsome set of regular teeth. Clara seemed less pleased (I thought) at his coming than the others, and took pleasure in tormenting him by a thousand pettish and frivolous ways, which I was sorry for, as I thought he did not like it; and used to look half chidingly at her from time to time, but without any effect, for she just went on as before, and generally ended by taking my arm and saying, "Come away, Harry; you always are kind, and never look sulky. I can agree with you." These were delightful words for me to listen to, but I could not hear them without feeling for him, who evidently was pained by Clara's avowed preference for me; and whose years—for I thought thirty-five at that time a little verging upon the patriarchal—entitled him to more respect.

"Well," thought I, one evening, as the game had been carried rather farther than usual, "I hope she is content now, for certainly Mortimer is jealous;" and the result proved it, for the whole of the following day he absented himself, and never came back till late in the evening. He had been, I found, from a chance observation I overheard, at the bishop's palace, and the bishop himself, I learned, was to breakfast with us in the morning.

"Harry, I have a commission for you," said Clara. "You must get up very early to-morrow, and climb the Cader mountain, and bring me a grand bouquet of the blue and purple heath that I liked so much the last time I was there. Mind very early, for I intend to surprise the bishop to-morrow with my taste in a nose-gay."

The sun had scarcely risen as I sprang from my bed, and started upon my errand. Oh! the glorious beauty of that morning's walk. As I climbed the mountain, the deep mists lay upon all around, and except the path I was treading, nothing was visible; but before I reached the top, the heavy masses of vapour were yielding to the influence of the sun; and as they rolled from the valley up the mountain sides, were every instant opening new glens and ravines beneath me—bright in all their verdure, and speckled with sheep, whose tingling bells reached me even where I stood.

I counted above twenty lakes at different levels, below me; some brilliant, and shining like polished mirrors; others not less beautiful, dark and solemn with some mighty mountain shadow. As I looked landward, the mountains reared their huge crests, one above the other, to the farthest an eye could reach. Towards the opposite side, the broad and tranquil sea lay beneath me, bathed in the yellow gold of a rising sun; a few ships were peaceably lying at anchor in the bay; and the only thing in motion was a row boat, the heavy monotonous stroke of whose oars rose in the stillness of the morning air. Not a single habitation of men could I descry, nor any vestige of a human being; except that mass of something upon the rock far down beneath be one, and I think it is, for I see the sheep dog ever returning again and again to the same spot.

My bouquet was gathered; the gentian of the Alps, which is found here, also contributing its evidence to show where I had been to seek it, and I turned home.

The family were at breakfast as I entered; at least so the servants said, for I only remembered then that the Bishop was our guest, and that I could not present myself without some slight attention to my dress. I hastened to my room, but scarcely had I finished, when one of my cousins, a little girl of eight years, came to the door and said,

"Harry, come down; Clara wants you."

I rushed down stairs, and as I entered the breakfast parlour, stood still with surprise. The ladies were all dressed in white, and even my little cousin wore a gala costume that amazed me.

"My bouquet, Harry; I hope you have not forgotten it," said Clara, as I approached.

I presented it at once, when she gaily and impudently held out her hand for me to kiss. This I did, my blood rushing to my face and temples the while, and almost depriving me of consciousness.

"Well, Clara, I am surprised at you," said Mortimer. "How can you treat the poor boy so?"

I grew deadly pale at these words, and, turning round, looked the speaker full in the face. Poor fellow, thought I, he is jealous, and I am really grieved for him; and turned again to Clara.

"Here it is—oh! how handsome, papa," said one of the younger children, running eagerly to the window, as a very pretty open carriage with four horses drew up before the house.

"The bishop has taste," I murmured to myself, scarcely deigning to give a second look at the equipage.

Clara now left the room, but speedily returned—her dress changed, and shawled as if for a walk. What could all this mean?—and the whispering, too, what is all that?—and why are they all so sad?—Clara has been weeping.

"God bless you, my child—good by," said my aunt, as she folded her in her arms for the third time.

"Good by, good by," I heard on every side. At length, approaching me, Clara took my hand and said—

"My poor Harry, so we are going to part. I am going to Italy."

"To Italy, Clara, Oh! no—say no. Italy! I shall never see you again."

"Won't you wear this ring for me, Harry? It is an old favourite of yours—and when we meet again."

"Oh! dearest Clara," I said, "do not speak thus."

"Good by, my poor boy, good by," said Clara, hurriedly; and, rushing out of the room, she was lifted by Mortimer into the carriage, who, immediately jumping in after her, the whip cracked, the horses clattered, and all was out of sight in a second.

"Why is she gone with him?" said I, respectfully turning towards my aunt.

"Why, my dear, a very sufficient reason. She was married this morning!" This was my first love.—*Dublin Univers. Mag.*

GENIUS.

There is no one possession or quality, so highly estimated, or so valuable, as this; other qualities, a cultivated mind, a moral tone of character, etc. are justly prized, and the possessor of any of them, is respected, and exercises a commensurate influence. But, even these qualities are shadowed, as by a dark cloud, in comparison with Genius. No simile can correctly describe Genius. The reverence one has for it, is not unlike the sensation experienced, when, in solitude, we gaze on the waters of the Niagara falling into its dread abyss, and hearken to the voice of the terror-stricken river, awful as the roar of a multitude of lions. The awe one feels, may be likened to that which creeps o'er the mind of the intellectual traveller, as, in the valley of Chamouni, he turns his gaze to the snowy dome of that monarch of the Alps, Mont Blanc. Far, towering beyond the summits of the lofty range, rises that giant form. But seldom has human foot trod on the holy spot; there, too often, has Death joined the adventurous band, that has attempted it,—so high, so vast, so unapproachable, seems it fit for the throne of the Eternal. The deep breathing of nature,—the sounds of muttering thunder, heard with fearful distinctness, in that still moment which immediately precedes the storm, convey to the mind, sensations not unlike those awakened by the sight of Genius.

And yet the possessor of it, this priceless, this inestimable, gift, passes among his fellows, and none touch the bonnet;—the man who has stirred the spirit of a nation, whose words have been inscribed, in the monuments of national fame and greatness, moves among his kind, scarce noticed; the vulgar, the rough, the unclean rub against him: it is, as if the fish-slag should jostle the graceful person of some creature of light and beauty. Otway died of want;—his tomb of him, that, pressed by hunger, he actually broke into a coffee-room in London, and seized a loaf of bread on a table! The divine Milton was poor: And Shakspeare, the incomparable, he was talked of, in his day, by some dogmatic magistrate, as "one William Shakspeare." A baronet, one Lucy, caused him to be apprehended as a deer-stalker. * * *

Into what utter, entire, unspeakable, insignificance, sink wealth, and rank, and title, when compared to Genius, as is here exemplified in the appreciation of the two individuals, now referred to,—Lucy the great man of his country, the Baronet or Lord; and Shakspeare! Hyperion to the Satyr, indeed. We think of one, as a leaden vessel, an earthen porringer—of the other, as a jewelled cup. Genius is sure to be appreciated by posterity; but then, posterity does not minister to the comfort of the physical man. It is a rare treat to see a man of genius, petitioning the rich man, or soliciting the influence of an official. It is, as if the monarch of the woods should entreat the wiselooking Jacko! And yet, how often is the sight seen. 'Tis pitiful, 'tis laughable,—'tis painful: Merriment and indignation, will hand in hand together, as we contemplate such a scene.

Pilgrims visit Mecca's shrine,—the sepulchre; Religion beckons them to the Holy spots. So do Fame and Honour beckon to

the tombs of the sons of Genius, generation after generation of men. The soil around them, is sacred; one treads softly, as if he was intruding: he scrapes together some of the earth, and bears it away to his distant land. A century or two hence, pilgrims from the Great Lakes, or remote Missoari, will visit the shores of Britain, to tread by the graves of Shakspeare and Milton. What attraction has the grave of the man of wealth! none;—'tis like the hole of the worm:—but the grave of genius! the gorgeous magnificence of oriental mausolea dwindles into nothing in comparison.—*Montreal Courier.*

EMIGRATION.

THE SENSATION that daily occur here are of a character little conceived of, or known, in a city like that of New York. After leaving Buffalo, arranging my baggage and sleeping apartment, I busied myself in mingling with many of my fellow passengers, a large portion of whom were "deck passengers," emigrating to the great West. Hardly about leaves Buffalo with a less number of souls on board than from one to five hundred—most of which are bound to a new world to them. Some on board of our boat had traversed the world in search of a favorite climate, and were now wending their way to the prairies of Illinois, or to the oak openings on the heavy timbered lands of Michigan.

Among the deck passengers, I found a very intelligent Englishman, with his sister, from New Holland. He was a man about forty, his sister some few years less, both well dressed, healthy and active. On hearing their story, I learned that they had been induced by ship brokers, to embark for New Holland. They were told that there the climate was most healthy, the soil most luxuriant, the land to be had for a mere trifle. Thither they were induced to go, and after a perilous and tedious passage, they arrived safe, and purchased a large spot of ground in a distant settlement. There they toiled seven long years, on a soil fit only for the raising of sheep, and so poor as to require three acres for one sheep. The climate was so hot, that for several months in the year, man could not expose himself to a vertical sun,—added to this, savages surrounded him on every side. Thus situated, he with his sister had left their inhospitable abode, in a whale ship, which touched off the coast, and reached what he believed to be the promised land, "America." He was now, after losing seven years of his life and after sailing round the globe, heading for some fertile spot in Ohio or Michigan, where he could spend the remainder of his days in comfort and peace.

The next group that engaged my attention was a hale hearty man, with a delicate young wife and child, who were going to the most distant section of Michigan. The wife was apparently about twenty, young and handsome. She, however, had been a cripple from her youth, and supported herself on crutches, with singular dexterity. The child, a daughter about three years old, lively and prattling by her mother's side, was innocence itself, happy and unconscious of the toil and suffering that the parents were to endure, in felling the sturdy forest, and the privations of a log cabin. The wife appeared to have all the affection and confidence that a wife ought to have in a husband—she was cheerful and apparently happy in the society of him she most loved—although in conversation she said she had left a fond and affectionate father, mother, sisters and brothers, to seek a home in a new country. The husband was just such a one as was entitled to her confidence and affection. He was a sturdy, and intelligent, active, healthy man, who, it was evident, had been used to hard work. He said he was "formerly from Vermont, had been at work for some time past on one of the large canals in Canada—had acquired by his industry about a thousand dollars—had made up his mind that his best course to become independent, was to purchase a farm in Michigan—he had been out last year, and purchased 168 acres—had built a log cabin, and was now on his way to the spot where he intended to spend his days, and to support his helpless wife and tender offspring."

The next was a brother who was accompanying his brother's wife and children, from a small town in Onondaga, to a farm which he had purchased in Michigan. The wife was a delicate woman, with a flock of four children—the youngest at the breast. Although she slept on the deck, with her little ones around her, under the sky for a canopy, and a damp, cold and piercing wind, yet she appeared cheerful and even happy, at the prospect of meeting the partner of her bosom, who she said was toiling hard to reap a small field of wheat, which he had put in the ground last year, when he selected his farm, and turned up the sod for the first time. She said it was hard to leave the "old folks" in Onondaga, who had little to bestow upon her and her children but a parent's blessing; still she felt as if it was her duty to follow her husband, and she was persuaded it was for "the best."

The next was a Scotchman, an uncommonly intelligent man, who had resided many years in the neighborhood of Upper Canada, and was perfectly familiar with all the difficulties that distracted the province. He had been several years a member of Parliament in Upper Canada. He spoke in the severest terms of Mackenzie and his party. He had very recently returned from a

visit to Scotland, where he had married a young and handsome lass, who with her little infant was with him, to settle on the distant shores of Lake St. Clair. The wife, a most intelligent and pious woman, seemed to be perfectly happy with her husband, and was willing and delighted to go with him any where. I asked her if she did not feel regret at leaving old Scotland and the Kirk. Her countenance fell, and I could see a tear trickle down her cheek, but it was soon checked; she leaned on her husband, and appeared to be perfectly content and happy so long as he was with her.

The next group was a number of Germans, men, women and children. The former smoking their pipes and drinking their beer. The children gnawing a bit of dark brown bread. As I could not understand a word of their language, I could not, of course, take much interest in them.—They appeared happy.

The next group was, in some respects, a sorry contraband. It consisted of a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, from New York—the latter attired in their rich silks, with their gold watches and chains dangling at their waists. Nothing on board seemed good enough for their delicate forms, and the humble passengers on deck, who from necessity and motives of economy were journeying West in search of a new home, appeared to their unworthy of their notice and sympathy. I watched the course of this mushroom group of aristocracy; they evidently felt superior to their fellow beings. On inquiry I found that the gentleman had recently failed for a very large sum.—*Correspondence of New York Express.*

THE VAMPIRE.—A great deal of curiosity was excited recently among the loungers in St. Katherine's docks by a report of the arrival of a real live vampire. So many horrible associations of blood and terror are connected with the popular ideas of this extraordinary animal, that when it was known that one had actually arrived, a most intense desire was manifested to obtain a peep at it, and accordingly the vessel was crowded during the day by hosts of curious visitors, until its removal to the Burry Gardens, to which establishment it was consigned. It was the Sematan species, and the first living specimen ever seen in England. It was one of the most horrible aspects and well deserves the name of *Vespertilio Spectrum*, given to it by Linnæus, remaining constantly suspended to the roof of his cage by the immense hooks at the edges of the wings, his head hanging downwards, and his eyes glistening with most vivid brilliancy. Dr. Azara, the celebrated naturalist, states that the Vampire will attack horses, mules, asses, horned cattle, and the great of Iowa, who generally die in consequence, as a gangrene is engendered in the wounds. Even man himself is not secure from these ferocious assaults, as Dr. Azara says he can bear very tolerable testimony, having had the ends of his toes four times phlebotomized gratis, by this nocturnal surgeon, while sleeping in the cottages in the open country. The wound is not felt at the time of its infliction, as the blood is withdrawn by the most gentle suction, entirely from the capillary vessel of the skin, and not from any of the veins or arteries, and the victim is besides lulled into a deep slumber by the flapping of his destroyer's wings, who thus enjoys his banquet undisturbed.—*London papers.*

THE PITCHER PLANT.—This plant abounds in the rocky and arid parts of the island of Java, from which, were it not for this vegetable wonder, small birds and quadrupeds would be forced to migrate in quest of water. At the foot stalk of each leaf is a small bag shaped exactly like a pitcher, furnished with a lid, and having a kind of hinge that passes over the handle of the pitcher, and connects with the leaf. This hinge is a strong fibre, which contracts in showery weather and when the dew falls. Numerous little goblets, filled with sweet fresh water, are thus held forth, and afford a delicious draught to the tiny animals that climb their branches, and to a great variety of winged visitors. But no sooner has the cloud passed by, and the warm sun shines forth, than the heated fibre begins to expand and closes the goblet so firmly as to prevent evaporation, providing a further supply till called for by the wants of another day. The beautiful and perfect provision of nature would afford a fine theme for a Thomson or Wordsworth, and would afford an illustration of the designs of Providence, such as Paley would have delighted to press into his service.

A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT.—The tailor who was commissioned to clothe the troops of the Carlist Chief, (Count d'Espagne) not being able to find at Berga any women who would work for him, went and complained to the Count. The Count did not give him any answer, but immediately ordered the alcade to cause public notice to be given throughout the town that there would be a grand ball. On the day fixed, all the women of Berga crowded to the ballroom. All on a sudden the Count d'Espagne, who had caused the house to be reserved, entered the ballroom, and having turned out all the men, ordered the women immediately to begin sewing the cloth which the tailor had brought. In five minutes the fair dancers were at work. For three days not one of them was permitted to leave the house.

THE WOLF AND HIS HABITS

"The wolf," says Buffon, "is at once savage and cowardly; he only becomes ingenious through necessity, and bold through hunger; but presently his natural habits resume their sway to such an extent even, that he inflicts injuries for the mere savage pleasure of inflicting them, and not because he needs food for subsistence."

"He preys upon domestic animals in preference to others, because he sees them incapable of resisting him: he next compares his own power with that of any wild beast before he attacks him, and finally does not hesitate in falling upon man."

Nothing, however, seems more clearly proved to us, than, if occasionally the wolf commits ravages amongst the flocks of domestic animals, or attacks man himself, there is reason to believe that either madness or pressing hunger compels him to act contrary to his usual habits and general character. In other cases, and the former one but too frequently occurs, the wolf, ever avoiding the broad daylight, contents himself with strolling about his habitual haunts in the night time, and seeks to seize upon some animal which has either lost its companions or is lingering in their track, and oftener indeed, seeks his habitual nourishment by devouring the carcasses of dead animals than upon living ones.

Sometimes the wolf will conceal himself in a thicket, or in the outskirts of a wood in broad day, and watch a flock of sheep or of geese, a foal while it is playing away from its mother, or a poor ass that may be grazing freely at large, totally unconscious of the lurking danger so near him; and should he perceive any animal straying some distance from the shepherd or herdsman, he creeps stealthily along so that he may come upon it unawares, within the reach of two or three rapid bounds; then he seizes upon the peaceable animal while it is quietly cropping its food. Should it be a flock of sheep, he snatches at the throat of the nearest that comes in his way, and throwing it over his back, runs off with it as fast as he can. Should his proposed victims be a flock of geese, he endeavors to catch as many of them as he thinks he can carry away with him, and if not interrupted in his onslaught, either by the shouts of the careless guardians or the attacks of the dogs set upon him, he will finish by gathering as many victims as he possibly can carry along with him into the nearest wood. If it should be a playful foal too far from its heedless mother, he will suddenly seize upon it, after having, perhaps, been watching it for hours before; he kills it immediately, and drags it away into the depths of the forest to feast upon, or should it be a very young and tender prey, he gives it to his cubs.

The wolf makes war upon domestic animals of every kind, it is true, but then it is not a war of extermination; he makes his inroads upon them only to supply himself with necessary food, or to feed his young ones; nay, further, he rarely dares to commit depredations even for these purposes openly.

Viewed in society with other animals of his own species, he chases the game in the forests as do human sportsmen—in concert and with intelligence. Some will station themselves in places where they suppose the game must pass, and endeavor to surprise them in their passage, while others, performing the office of dogs used for beating covers, pursue the hare, the buck, and the doe, and even the wild boar when he is young, and separated from his companions.

One day on tracing on the snow a band of five or six wolves that had been prowling about some houses, we pursued their track into a wood where there was a spot of cleared ground; at this place we found the snow stained with blood, and strewed with hair and pieces of skin torn off; in short, every thing indicated that a terrible conflict had taken place here between a wild boar and the wolves we were in pursuit of, hoping to come upon them in some such a situation. The latter seemed to have been cruelly handled, and to have been obliged to fight in their retreat, making their escape wounded, for we followed their bloody traces on the snow for some distance,—while the boar had slowly gone off in another direction from the field of battle, leaving nothing behind him but a few bristles, bearing away with him but a few slight bites; this we positively ascertained presently afterwards: for after we had pursued the wolves for some time, and convinced ourselves that they had, in order to make their escape, traversed a wide plain to gain another forest at a considerable distance, we then came upon a boar, which we succeeded in killing, and found upon his body nothing but some slight teeth marks inflicted by wolves, while we had picked up on the place where the combat took place pieces of skin, and even of flesh, torn off by the boar, while courageously standing against such odds; he appeared to be three or four years old.

The wolf is a most difficult animal to kill, and he becomes more formidable when he attains three or four years of age. At that age his strength and bottom are prodigious, nay, almost unconquerable: on being started he darts fearlessly forward, and keeps ahead of his pursuers for two or three leagues, and even then if he can find water in his way, he drinks and starts again as strong as at the commencement of the chase, and happily for himself he very frequently succeeds in escaping from his pursuers.

The young wolves of from six months to a year old are easily destroyed; at that age they have not attained much strength; they

do not dare to quit the wood where they have been whelped and reared; they are hunted and killed like rabbits.

Although full-grown wolves will run very long courses, traversing successively, forests, plains, rivers, and meers, yet they never get far ahead of the dogs; they are often chased in full view all their course, so that it is quite easy to head the dogs and shoot the wolf should he be likely to hold out very long.

There is another way of hunting the wolf, which is to set some strong greyhounds and mastiffs upon him—drive him out of his haunts—and as he is not a very swift animal, they presently come up with him, a contest ensues, which gives time for the hunters to come up and put an end to the battle.

I was one day riding across a vast plain, accompanied by three greyhounds and two setters, when suddenly a cry of "Wolf, wolf!" broke upon me. I looked round about me, and presently perceived an enormous wolf pursued by three or four dogs belonging to some farmers who were ploughing close by; the dogs were followed by the men, who had quitted their work, armed with sticks and pitchforks, and by shouts and gestures encouraged their dogs in the chase. I directed the attention of my dogs to the animal by putting my horse into a gallop after him; they soon caught sight of him and instantly joined in the chase; he was soon overtaken, not only by my greyhounds, which presently were at his tail, and compelled him to turn round and defend himself, but by my setters also, which were not less bold in the attack. These assailants were shortly joined by the farmer's mastiffs, which the wolf had left behind him. His situation now became most dangerous for himself, but full of interest for me. I encouraged the dogs in the fight, and they by turns flew at the poor beast, which not knowing what to think of so many foes, and unwilling to be delayed in his flight, bit whichever came in his way, right and left, in a manner too hurried to be very dangerous, all the time making the best of his way towards some woods a full half league from the scene of action. At length after running some time, one of the greyhounds that was stronger than the others, ran up past the wolf, and seized him on the head, and the animal turning to free himself from them, was instantly fastened upon by the other dogs, and fell down. The pell mell kind of struggle which resulted from the animal's fall and the succeeding desperate combat, almost baffles description. The wolf had now seven or eight dogs upon him, but he still defended himself most courageously; more than once he forced several of his assailants back, making them feel the strength of his fangs, but the number and fury of the dogs prevented him from getting up again to renew the fight. I had already alighted from my horse, and with my gun in my hand was waiting for a favorable opportunity to shoot the wolf, but in vain, for the dogs, animated by my presence, fastened themselves all over the beast, so that no part of him was left uncovered, and had I fired my piece I should have shot a dog instead of the wolf. In the course of a short time, however, the workmen and ploughmen came up with their sticks and iron pitchforks, and the wolf soon expired beneath their blows, yet not before he had inflicted many bad wounds upon the dogs: the fight lasted full ten minutes. The wolf himself was covered with wounds, and certainly he must have succumbed had no men come up with their weapons to put an end to the combat, or had I not been there with my gun to encourage the dogs. My greyhounds particularly were excited almost to madness, and exerting all their powers most determinedly, they pursued him with the swiftness of an arrow, and tore out the pieces of flesh where they bit him.

This was an enormously large wolf, and the farming men told me that their dogs had chased him several times, but had never succeeded in coming up with him. But thanks to my hardy greyhounds we ran into him, and had an amusing chase.—J. H.—*London Sportsman.*

POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

To various classes of Mechanics a knowledge of natural history might be serviceable. The beautiful mechanism displayed in the organization of animals, and also, indeed, of plants, might frequently suggest most important hints for the construction of new, or the improvement of old machinery.

Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer, is said to have "taken the idea of his new plan of tunnelling, (namely, by the frame-work or shield, as used under the Thames,) from the operation of *Teredo navalis*, a testaceous worm, which is covered with a cylindrical shell, and which bores through the hardest timber; hence Linnæus called it *Calamitas nautica*. The accidental sight of the trunk of an old tree, which had been sawn across, suggested to Mr. Smeaton the idea of dovetailing each course of masonry in the Eddystone Lighthouse. The same happy observation of the wisdom displayed in the works of Nature, led Mr. Watt to deduce the construction of the flexible water-main, from the mechanism of the lobster's tail. From a close consideration of the curious structure of the eye, Mr. Dolland contrived his achromatic telescope; and from a minute inspection of the horse's hoof, Mr. Bracy Clark constructed an expanding shoe, by which the elasticity of the foot is preserved, and lameness prevented. Many other instances might be mentioned, where mechanical contrivances have been suggested from the consideration of animated nature."

Dr. Bowring, in his evidence before a select Committee of the House of Commons on the Silk Trade, says, that he was much surprised at finding, in France, among everybody connected with the production of patterns, including weavers and their children, attention directed to everything which was at all beautiful in arrangement or in colour. He mentions having repeatedly seen the weavers gathering flowers in the fields, and arranging them in the most attractive groups. These artisans are constantly suggesting to their masters, improvements in their designs; and it is said that in almost every case where the manufacturer has been very successful, there is always some person in the factory who is the inventor of beautiful patterns. The invention of patterns for fancy silks is there treated as an object of so great importance, that a School of Art is established in Lyons for that purpose, and placed immediately under the direction of the government, as well as of the municipal authorities of the city. A botanical garden is attached to the school, and a professor of botany has thirty or forty juvenile pupils engaged in copying the most beautiful flowers, and great attention is paid to the most tasteful grouping of them. Another professor's duty is, to show the young men how their productions may be rendered applicable to the manufactures,—that is to say, how, by machinery, they can produce on a piece of silk cloth that which they have drawn on paper.

To Military Men, even, a knowledge of natural history may be very useful on particular occasions, especially during their marches in foreign countries.

When Antony led his army into Medea, a considerable number died, in consequence of their ignorance of its vegetable productions. After suffering for some time under the effects of a famine, they were at length reduced to the necessity of endeavouring to subsist on the herbs and roots which the sandy desert yielded. Few of these, however, did they find, that were known to be eatable; therefore they were obliged to venture upon eating those with whose properties they were in utter ignorance. Amongst the vegetables thus indiscriminately chosen, there was one which proved fatal to all that had eaten of it.

In the war with Spain in 1642, the horses of the British cavalry were all docked; and the consequence was, that, not having their long switchy tails to protect themselves from the swarms of insects which annoyed them, they became very restive and untractable. The cause of this being soon obvious, orders were subsequently issued for the abolition of the practice of docking them in future.

"Quartremere d'Isjonval was a state prisoner in Holland in the latter part of 1794, when the French army, under Pichegru, invaded that country. He found means to carry on a correspondence with the French general, and having carefully watched the operations of some spiders, he wrote to Pichegru that he was there, and from his operations upon the spiders, that a severe winter was at hand, which would, of course, facilitate the operations of the invading army. The French general, who had already thought of retreating, acted upon this hint, and, in a few days after, took possession of the whole country, which would have been inaccessible to him, had it not been for the ice, which was soon sufficiently strong to allow the French army to cross the rivers."

To persons engaged in the Fisheries, a knowledge of not only the habits of fish, but of other creatures, is necessary to ensure better success.

The fulmar petrels (*Procellaria glacialis*), are watched in their flight by the whalers, for those birds indicate the spot where the whales are most numerous, by their crowding to the spot where they first rise on the surface of the water.

"In the isle of Man," says the Rev. W. B. Clark, "the gull is looked upon as sacred; and there used to be, so late as 1820, when I remember an instance of the kind, a fine of ten shillings levied on all persons who killed one.* This protection of the bird arose from self interest; for herring are the staple commodity of the island; and the sea-gulls, who are the pilots of the herring fleet, invariably hover over a shoal of herrings, and so direct the fishermen where to cast their nets."—(*Magazine of Natural History*, vi., 148.)

"The Fine Arts owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature. Painting and sculpture are express imitations of visible objects; and where would be the charms of poetry if divested of the imagery and embellishments which she borrows from rural scenes? Painters, statuaries, and poets, therefore, are always ambitious to acknowledge themselves the pupils of nature; and as their skill increases they grow more and more delighted with every view of the animal and vegetal world."—(*Dr. Perceval's Moral and Literary Dissertations*.)

To Painters of Landscapes, Animals, or of Plants, a knowledge of natural history and a habit of observation, would be highly useful. "There is no defect so common," observes Mr. Loudon, "in painted or engraved landscapes, as the want of distinctive characters in the representation of trees. With the exception of Constable, Nasmyth, Robson, Strutt, and a few others, most artists appear to content themselves with producing variations of a few general and vague forms of masses of foliage, trunks, branches, and spray; it seems to be enough for them to produce a tree, without attempting to represent any particular species, or considering that to give a true idea of nature, the spectator ought to be able to distinguish the sort of tree in the picture with the same facility with which he distinguishes it in reality."

When the elephant walks, it does not simultaneously move its right fore-leg and right hind-leg, as the horse and most other quadrupeds do when they walk; but it advances the left fore and hind legs, or the right fore and hind-legs together at each step. Thus, in short, it moves both legs on the same side at once. This is one among many facts in natural history which should be remembered by the sculptor and the painter.

Poets who would attempt descriptive sketches of nature, or to decorate their pieces with similes derived from, or to natural objects and occurrences, should most certainly possess a knowledge of natural history, or a habit of correctly observing for themselves the objects on which it treats.

Some of those poets, whose minds have not been attuned to the enjoyment of nature, and have, therefore, been more successful in compositions relating to very different subjects, have asserted that natural descriptions are not best adapted to poetry. But one of the best and most original poems in our language,—Thomson's *Seasons*,—proves that a good poet, who is also an original observer, can treat such subjects with the utmost felicity. But there can be little doubt that Thomson, when we consider his almost unexceptionable accuracy, had actually observed and studied the works of nature in her own woods and fields.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

BY CATHARINE M. WATERMAN.

Far, far o'er the waves of the blue glancing waters,
Sweet Erin, my country, I wander to thee,
Thy true hearted sons and thy bright smiling daughters,
Are calling me home o'er the wide swelling sea;
My heart has gone out like a wild bird before me,
And rests on thy shore, as I linger the while,
To bless the bright heaven that sweetly shines o'er me,
And the bark that is nearing the Emerald Isle.

Yes, Erin, green Erin, tho' long years have whiten'd,
The dark shading locks that hung over my brow,
Yet closer in fondness the chords have they tightened,
Of the heart that is yearning to be with thee now.
I fancy I grasp the brave hand of my brother,
I see the glad light of a sister's fond smile,
I stand in the hall of my father and mother,
Who welcome me back to the Emerald Isle.

BURNS.

Mrs. RENWICK, AND THE POET BURNS.—The mother of the distinguished professor of chemistry in Columbia College, in this city, was one of Burns's divinities. Her maiden name was Jeffrey, and she was the daughter of a minister of the Scottish kirk of Lochaven, near Ellisland, where the Ayrshire minstrel cultivated his farm, and attended to the duties of his office in the excise. Spending an evening at the manse, Burns was greatly pleased with her, and the following morning presented to her the following lines.

"I gned a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death fra' twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

"She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
She charmed my soul—I wist nae how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue;
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue."

After her marriage, Miss Jeffrey—then Mrs. Renwick—removed to this city; and a gentleman named Thompson, of Edinburgh, visited her here in 1830.—In a note to Burns's works, which he afterwards published, he speaks of her as follows:

"She is a widow—has still the remains of Burns's delightful portrait of her; her *twa sweet een*, that gave him his death, are yet clear and full of expression; she has great suavity of manners, and much good sense. She told me that she often looks back with a melancholy satisfaction on the many evenings she spent in the company of the great bard, in the social circle of her father's fire-side, listening to the brilliant sallies of his fine imagination, and to his delightful conversation. 'Many times,' said she, 'have I seen Burns enter my father's dwelling in a cold, rainy night, after a long ride over the dreary moors. On such occasions one of the family would help to disencumber him of his dreadnought and boots, while others brought him a pair of slippers, and made him a warm dish of tea. It was during these friendly visits that he felt himself perfectly happy, and opened his whole soul to us, re-

peated, and even sang many of his admirable songs, and enchanted all who had the good fortune to be present, with his manly, luminous observations and artless manners.—*N. York Tattler.*

THE LANCER.

A PRUSSIAN TALE OF NAPOLEON'S WARS.

The night was keen and bitter. The report was run that General Maison had concentrated his divisions near to Courtray, and was disposed to give us battle; so that a warm day might be expected after this cold night. "I wonder," said one of my comrades, "if the white flying lancer shall show himself?"

"Can you doubt it?" replied another, "why, man, he is here and there, and everywhere."

In answer to some inquiries, I was informed, that as our Prussians daily came in contact with Napoleon's troops, a Polish officer had, by his daring deeds, rendered himself the fear and wonder of all. In every skirmish was he to be seen, and ever thickest in the fight. He was not only rashly brave, but he was the best rider, and the most expert hurler of the deadly lance; there was not a better horseman, at least in the French ranks.—Like the rapid lightning was he seen darting among our Prussians upon a fleet white steed—whirling his lance, and striking with unerring aim some gallant breast—then dashing away singing his Polish war song, as if in derision of his wondering foes.

"Do you know," said a third, "that the General had a narrow escape from him to-day as he was reconnoitering?"

"So—the General! but an adjutant is above a match for this lancer; let him catch the adjutant sleeping with both eyes shut if he can. The white lancer met the adjutant in a narrow way; well, what was to be done; escape was impossible; but then the adjutant's wit was keener for once than the Polish lance. Well, up comes the flying lancer, and without reigning up, made a stab at the adjutant. Off his horse rolled the wily adjutant into a soft comfortable ditch full of green weeds and mud; and there he lay as if stone dead. The Pole recovered his lance, shook it till its bloody pennon fluttered, and continued his mad career; then the adjutant crawled out, shook his ears, and for that time cheated the dead list of his name."

Many other wondrous tales were related of the wild Polish lancer.

It was midnight—many were calmly reposing near the bivouac-fire; I also stretched myself in the most comfortable spot I could find, and drew over me a female's mantle, which a *Cossaken* had bartered with me from his load of plunder for a glass of *modka*. An unpeeped door, wrenched probably from some chateau, sheltered me a little from the bitter wind. My ready-saddled horse, fastened to the piquet, was slumbering upon three legs. It was a beauteous, clear, starlight night, and the crescent moon sailed majestically through the blue ethereal vault of heaven.

All was calm and still, save the munching of a hungry guard just relieved from a distant post; they were diligently plunging their swords into the great cauldron, and cramming themselves with the still plenteous fragments of fowls and geese, and washing them down with cups of potent *schapps*. At a short distance might be seen a party of anxious gamblers seated upon the bare ground, a knapsack serving to throw dice upon. Another group were huddled together over some flasks of wine, which, doubtless they had fallen in with in some of their marauding parties. Close to the fire sat one, sabre in hand, scraping together the scattered remains of the dimming fire; another, full of strong drink to the point of mischief, was amusing himself with throwing gunpowder out of his flask into the fire. Here tossed and tumbled some, and others lay scattered, snoring away most inharmoniously. The outpost continued his silent melancholy march backwards and forwards, occasionally humming a war-song to keep himself in spirits, or listening to the clanging of his own sabre. In the rear of the bivouac, huddled together, lay the camp followers, ready to sell their potent fire-water, or to purchase from the marauders their plunder at one third its value. I would fain have slept; but to sleep was impossible; the snoring, and trumpet-bass of my envied comrades, kept my weary eyes from closing. Oft would our Jagers fancy themselves in pursuit, or pursued by the white lancer, whose image met them in their dreams, and his name was upon their sleeping lips.

At this moment a bullet came whistling by the outpost, and struck the earth not far from one of the sleepers, who merely raised his head, rubbed his heavy eyes, and dropped into a deeper sleep. The horses snorted and pricked their ears. "Let them fire away!" muttered one near to me, "that is no novelty to us;" and again he laid his weary head upon his knapsack. Then whizzed by another and another bullet. "O ho!" cried the outpost, starting aside, "there is a storm at hand, if one may judge from these heavy drops." Then the careful sentinel listened attentively, and he heard a rushing sound approaching, and afterwards the hasty hoofs of horses, and clang of sabres.

"Halt who goes there?" cried the alarmed sentinel.

"The General and his suit," was the answer.

"Halt, General! forward, one of the suit!" said the well-in-

structed sentinel, who now demanded the parble before he would let even the General pass.

In the meantime the distant firing had become much more lively, and approached nearer and nearer: the roar of the cannon was heard, and the vast iron balls rattled through the air, plunged into the earth, or scattered the bare branches of the trees, as if in scorn of their feeble opposition.—The enemy was making a general attack upon our outposts, and our trumpets sounded the shrill alarm.

Up sprang our sleeping men like a swarm of angry wasps disturbed in their nests, and flew to saddle. One could not find his horse; another limped upon one leg, the other being cramped or not yet awake, a third snatched a roasted potatoe out of the ashes; a fourth hurried to fill his *flaschen* with *schnapps* from the busy camp-follower. One sleepy dog, who contrary to orders, had unsaddled his steed, had now in his hurry girthed in the projecting bough of a tree under his saddle, and set his horse kicking mad: another, only half-awake, sat nodding upon his horse, but could not move forwards, because his steed still remained fast bound to the piquet stake. Here, one stumbled over the camp-line; there, another floundered into a trofe which had been dug into the ground for cookery purposes. Many wandered hither and thither, and did not seem quite certain whether they were about to meet friend or foe. A strange and curious night-piece is an alarmed bivouac, particularly when illuminated by the enemy's fires.

As our men mounted, they were instantly formed into line; and already our advanced party was performing in a piece where the sabre played the principal part. "Take care! take care, my lads! lest in the dark you sabre your friends. Listen for the French tongue, and then slash away," said our commander.

Doubtless, from our resistance, the French judged that we were in much stronger force; but as the day began to dawn, they were astonished that ours was a mere cavalry post, and instantly ordered fresh men to attack us. The tardy sun at last arose, and the cry of our commander was—"Forwards! forwards, soldiers! forwards!" and a gallant crowd sprung out of our ranks, and joined the front.

"There he is! there he is!" exclaimed a dozen voices, and at this moment, was seen in the dim distance, rapidly advancing upon a white horse, in front of the chasseurs, a slightly-formed lancer, his sky-blue uniform was faced with crimson, and from his scarlet hat, like a comet's tail, streamed the milk white horse hair—his glittering lance, from which fluttered the red and yellow bandrol, sparkled in the morning sun-beam. This was the dreaded Polish lancer. This Pole was one of the last of that gallant band, the flower of cavalry, which had helped to gain for the French many a glorious victory. Doubtless he had been induced to fight against the Prussian, who he was led to believe, was the enemy of his country; but our people seeing him approach with in hearing, called out to him—"Komm zu uns Kamerad! heil hinter uns leight schon dein Vaterland." ("Come over to us, comrade! for in our rear lies thy father-land.") To which the lancer answered—"Noch ist Polen nicht verloren." ("Poland is not yet lost.") Then he fired his pistol at us, and commenced his war-song.

The chasseurs followed fast upon the flying hoofs of the lancer's white steed. "Forwards!" cried our commander. "Strike hard, my sons, for the honor of your fatherland!" The word was again thundered forth—"Forwards!" Then came the dread shock—then throbbd many hearts, as we firmly clutched our swords, spurred our willing steeds, and with a loud hurrah! rushed upon the foe.

I was that day mounted on a wild unbroken mare; and when she heard the trumpet sound the charge, the skittish jade broke from the ranks, and hurried me onwards directly towards where the lancer was wheeling and careering upon his well-managed, milk-white steed.

"Be not so rashly valorous, my young comrade," cried the veteran major.

Would to heaven that my mare had understood the warning words! for it was this skittish beast, and not exactly my hot courage, which was hurrying me into the lion's jaws. In the same manner had she only a few hours before brought to us an unlucky French chasseur, and delivered him into our hands, and now it appeared very probable that a Frenchman would again back this unruly brute.

The white lancer witnessed my forced ignoble career, and laughing and uttering one of his bitter jests, he twirled his fatal lance and stabbed me slightly. At this very moment, and before he could repeat his blow, the enemy (most fortunately for me) was driven back.

The white lancer was, by this last manoeuvre of the French, the rearmost of the rear.—He coolly dismounted to give breath to his smoking steed, and then seated himself upon a great stone, and, as if in disdain of our flanking fire, began to eat his breakfast, as if he were upon the parade ground of his father land, and had heard the order "Stand at ease."

"Look at that impudent rascal!" and several of our irritated men dashed at him, but, like lightning, the lancer sprang upon his horse, and flew laughing upon his fleet steed right and left.

seeking for a prey for his sharp lance, and then miraculously escaped from a crowd of enemies, and regained the ranks of our foe, who, strongly reinforced, advanced again, and then came our turn to retreat.

The lancer, upon his white greyhound, galloped lightly over the field, fluttering his lance as a hawk high in air quivers its wings ere it stoops over its destined victim; then he laughed exultingly. "Ho! ho!" cried he in tones of derision, "which of you valiant Prussians will try his sabre against my lance? Come on—come on, Prussians!"

Many of our bravos, who had loudly sworn against this lancer and his horse, now pretended not to hear the challenge. But the generous blood of a young jager was up, and he was determined to conquer or die. Many of his comrades laughed scornfully and said—"Ay, ay, away with thee, my lad; the lancer will surely tickle thee under the rib."

The brave young man disdained reply, but with the sabre swinging to his wrist he left our line. The lancer, perceiving his advance, presented his lance, and in the middle space between the opposing combatants they met, and instantly exchanged cut and stab; but neither rider fell; then they faced about, sprang at each other again, and cut and thrust with might and main. The firing ceased at either side to watch the issue of the champions' strife. Blood streamed from the young jager first, for which he returned a lusty blow, and slightly wounded the lancer.

"Ha! ha! thou art a brave Prussian," cried the Pole; "such an enemy have I never met before.—Come hither, comrade, thou must drink out of my *flasche*!"

"I feel assured now that there is no deceit in thee," said the jager, "and I will pledge thee; and in full confidence he sheathed his bloody sword and approached the Pole, who had laid down the lance in the hollow of his arm pointing backwards.—The Pole held out the *flasche*; then the warriors surveyed each other with curious eye, and their horses laid their heads together as if they also would make acquaintance.

"Drink, comrade! drink success to the brave, whether friend or foe," said the Pole to the young Prussian.

"Here's to your health, comrade," replied the young jager; and, as he took the *flasche*, added—"though at this moment my sharp sabre may perhaps have endangered it."

"Why, ay; the sabre bites keenly enough, but thee and thine have often felt the sting of this good lance, and so far we are quits."

"If we gain a victory to day," said the jager, "how long do you think it will take us to march to Paris?"

"Comrade, this is a matter we need not speak about," replied the lancer. "Here, drink once more out of my *flasche*, we are friends yet!"

"Ay, but once we join our ranks, we are foes again!"

Then they quietly turned their horses; and at twenty paces, puff—puff, went their pistols at each other's heads, as they galloped to rejoin their comrades.

The rattle of some thirty muskets from a thicket where Prussian fusiliers lay in ambush, was heard; and the brave lancer and his white horse were seen to roll upon the ground together. In a moment the advanced guard of the enemy was broken and took to flight, leaving the white lancer in our hands; he was not yet quite dead, but raising himself with a dying effort, he exclaimed, "Poland for—ever!"—His gallant spirit fled with the words he uttered—Though every one feared, yet all admired the brave white lancer; and we buried him in a deep grave, and fired over him three volleys in honor of his bravery; his lance and white horse we buried with him.

For the Pearl.

"They have a 'Lazy Club' in Buffalo. A member was expelled the other day for running down hill; and another for talking with a person in the street without leaning against a post."

Some members might be obtained for such a club, not far from Halifax, and who would be in no danger of fines. They only rarely walk, much less run, up or down hills,—and as to posts, they have leaned against them until the old timber has almost reflected their lazy backs on its smooth surface.

"Maturin, the author of 'Bertram,' always composed with a wafer on his forehead, which was a signal, if any of his family entered the room, not to speak to him."

They should have written any communications which they desired to make, and stuck them on the ready-placed wafer.

"EFFECTS OF SPECULATION.—A speculator at the west recently said to a friend—"When I first came to Chicago I had not a rag to my back, and now I am covered with rags."

Query, which period saw him poorer,—going or coming? The latter, one would suppose, for he intimates that he had nothing going, but that he had plenty of misery returning. As mere negotiation is better than evil possessions,—it would seem that the "no rag" state was better than the superfluity of such symptoms;—but it is a nice question, and not to be answered in a hurry.—Poor

fellow, a little more such speculation would have placed him in primitive simplicity as regards habiliments. May his next attempt make him gay as the flowers of the field. SCRAP.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1839.

ITEMS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

We are without later European dates than those of our last, but in lieu of these we furnish an outline of such intelligence as has come to hand, and notices of some matters which were passed over.

ROUTE TO INDIA.—Arrangements it appears have been made between England and France, for the conveyance of British correspondence through France to India. The system may be expected to go into operation in the course of a few weeks. A line of Steam Packets, and of Mail Coaches, is to be provided for the service. Marseilles as to be the port of arrival and departure, between which place and Calais coaches are to pass daily. By this mode, the time occupied in reaching Alexandria from England, will be about 17 days, and from Alexandria to England, about 19,—on an average.

THE INTERNAL POSTAGE.—The pleasure excited by the supposition that this tax was remitted generally, in these Colonies, has been damped. Letters coming to Halifax are charged 1s only, but from Halifax the internal postage is laid on. The temporary remission, it seems, was caused by a misunderstanding, but it may lead to the desired boon.

UNITED STATES.

REV. R. ALDER.—At the commencement of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, U. S. August 7, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Reverend Robert Alder, one of the Wesleyan Missionary Secretaries, London, now on a tour in British North America.

SHIPWRECK.—A case of shipwreck from an unusual cause occurred on the 31st July, to the American ship *Cornelia*. About 400 miles off Nantucket, at half past 9 at night, she struck forcibly, against the heel of the mast of a large vessel, which was floating as the waves impelled. The shock stove in the ship's bow, and despite the exertions of her crew she sunk at half past three next morning. The crew escaped in their boats, and were picked up by the Olive Branch of Norfolk. The *Cornelia* was loaded with sugar and logwood, and was insured for 10,000 dollars.

Numerous petitions have been got up in the State of New York, in favour of McKenzie's release,—at the same time many there, it appears, are as violently opposed to the agitator's character as his former acquaintances at the Canada side are.

A large seizure of smuggled woollens was recently made in Philadelphia. The party implicated was a commission merchant; the property was estimated at nearly \$100,000.

COLONIAL.

MONTREAL.—The Charlevoix Steamer, ran foul of the Steamer Lumber Merchant, in the river, and some damage to both boats was the result.

On August 21st twelve persons embarked in a canoe, for the Rapids near Montreal. The canoe was upset, in only three feet water, but so strong was the torrent that nine were drowned.

QUEBEC.—The Steamer *Canada*, left Quebec, with a large party on a pleasure trip to St. Ann's. She struck, was run ashore, and laid by for repair, the party getting home the best way they could.

The certainty of Sir John Colburn's return to England, is asserted. His successor, it is said, will be a civilian. Sir Geo. Arthur, it is affirmed, has been recalled, from Upper Canada.

Sir John, by deputation from her Majesty, invested Sir James Macdonnell with the order of Knight commander of the Bath, on August 22nd.

A continuation of Wacousta a Canadian Novel, to be called "the Brothers or the Prophecy fulfilled," is in progress. The writer is Major Richardson, a Canadian.

Holmes, charged with murder, and who had been claimed from the U. States Government, by the governor of U. Canada, is to be surrendered it appears. The governor of Vermont is in favour of the surrender, the Supreme Court of the state has confirmed his opinion, and the Supreme Court of the U. States, to which the party has appealed, will no doubt ratify the finding of the lower authorities.

A new Steamer, called the *Lady Colburne*, commenced plying between Montreal and Quebec. She made her first passage down at the rate of 15 miles an hour, and up stream at 12 miles.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Legislature has been called to meet for despatch of business, on the 10th September.

The burnt district in St. John, is already subjected to the operations of the builder. Temporary erections only will be attempted, until regulations shall have been provided.

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.—About four miles up the Shubenacadie river, on Tuesday the 21st inst. Mr. William H. Gallagher, master of the schr. *Harp*, of St. John, accompanied by two other persons, one of them named Moriarty, went into the river to bathe, the bank being steep, it is supposed that they became alarmed, and Capt. Gallagher, and Moriarty were drowned.

CORONER'S INQUESTS.—An Inquest was held on August 29th on view of the body of Ann Way, found dead in Main Street.

On the evening of the same day, on the body of Samuel Shelbair, whose death was caused by his being thrown from the door of a house in Drury Lane, by Mary Ramsay. Verdict "*Man-slaughter*."

On the same day, at the Marine Hospital, on the body of John McDonald, a boy, who came to his death by falling from the bowsprit of the barque *Adelaide*.

A letter from Shediac, says, that 64 whales yielding about 305 barrels of oil, and one of them 23 feet in length, ran ashore at Raedish, recently. Is this a fish story only,—or has man's monster, the Steamboat, driven the monsters of the deep from their propriety.

P. E. ISLAND.—The officers of H. M. S. *Andromache*, lying off Charlottetown, gave a splendid ball to Sir C. Fitzroy and family, and other of the Island fashionables, on the 24th August.

JAMAICA.—Papers to the 2nd of August state, that a shock of an earthquake was felt on the 19th but did not do much damage. A shock was felt at Marnique on August 2, but happily was not attended with serious evil.

Messrs. Oughter, Phillips, Palma, Casletto and others, Baptist Missionaries, it is said, had been convicted in actions for slander, respecting questions of Slavery, and had been heavily fined. The fines, it appears, range from £2500 to £1000!

Some commotion and rioting had occurred, and caused the intervention of a military detachment.

NOVA SCOTIA.

FREE PORTS.—The London Gazette of July 11th, contains an order in Council declaring the ports of Digby and Arichat free ports. This will be cause of congratulation to these two places situated at the extremities of the Province. Both have facilities for trade, Arichat is in the vicinity of the gulf,—contiguous to Nova Scotia, proper,—in the midst of fisheries, and about mid-way between the ports of Pictou and Sydney. Digby, on the western shore, is a delightfully situated town,—the Bay at its doors, St. John opposite, the towns of Annapolis and Bridgetown on the inland waters which wash its wharves, rich counties of Nova Scotia as a foundation for its enterprise, and Yarmouth the nearest free port, some 70 miles distant.

Mr. W. J. Long was presented with a suit of colours, by Messrs Bennett, Smilie, Fay, Jennings, and Cochran, on the 24th, for the brigantine *Portree*, which he has recently put on the line as a packet from Halifax to Boston.

The former owners of the American fishing vessels, sold recently at Yarmouth for infractions of the fishery laws, bought them in for £260.

His Excellency Sir C. Campbell, Miss Campbell and Hon. S. Cunard, left the harbour in the *Modera*, on Sunday forenoon, on a visit to Sydney, C. B. and P. E. Island.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—A fine lad, nearly 15 years of age, was struck dead during a thunder storm, on the 23d of August, on the Amherst marsh. He was loading a cart with hay. Two oxen which were yoked to the cart were struck dead also. Another young man in company, was knocked down but recovered,—and another felt the effects of the lightning, and had some of his clothes scorched.

The Yarmouth Herald gives the following melancholy information,—

A son of Mr. Nathan Hilton, at Temperance, was drowned on Friday last, whilst swimming in the river in front of the house. He was 13 years old.

On the same day, a son of the late Mr. John Tottie, of Shelburne, aged 6 years, was drowned by falling from the wharf of Mr. Snow at that place.

A correspondent at Liverpool, N. S., to whom we return thanks, kindly forwarded a late English paper, obtained from the Magnificent, which was on shore for a short time at Brod river. The intelligence by the Liverpool steamer is later than that obtained from the Magnificent.

PIC NIC.—We were in error, (last number) in stating that the Governor, Admiral, and suites, were at the Pic Nic on McNab's Island, on Wednesday week. Their presence was announced in the paper of the day, and we supposed the statement correct.

For the Pearl.

THE PAST.

The Past—the Past—the mighty Past!—
Its power, and pomp, and pride
Are down to dark oblivion cast—
To nameless things allied.
By nought of earthly might controlled,
Stern Ruin's Lord hath o'er them rolled
His deep o'erwhelming tide,
And down to rayless darkness hurled
The glory of the olden world!

Tyre, Carthage, Babylon, and Rome,
Of yore so much renowned,
Have perished in the general doom—
Their place alone is found!
Their kings—their mighty men of war,
Who filled the world with fear and awe,
Have vanished from the ground.
The hero's form—the sculptor's bust
Alike have mingled with the dust.

Oh! where is now the living tide
Of burning hearts that bore
The victor wreath, the crown of pride,
The meed of praise of yore?
Gone down where all of earth have met,
Their sun in Time's long midnight set,
Their day of glory o'er!
Where once unnumbered myriads trod
No footstep now imprints the sod!

The dust, the very dust we tread—
The cold and silent clay—
Is formed of generations dead
And fallen to decay.
And we, the living on life's stage
Shall all before another age
Become as low as they!
All—all must perish—and at last
All Time will form one mighty Past!

Queen's County, 1839.

J. MCP.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

The brilliant and lively race of humming-birds, so remarkable at once for their beautiful colours and diminutive size, are the peculiar natives of the American continent, and adjoining islands; and, with few exceptions, are principally confined to the hotter regions. Their vivacity, swiftness, and singular appearance, unite in rendering them the admiration of mankind; while their colours are so radiant, that it is not by comparing them with the analogous hues of other birds that we are enabled to explain, with propriety, their peculiar splendour, but by the more exalted brilliancy of polished metals and precious stones.

It is not, however, to be imagined that all the species of humming-birds are thus decorated; some being obscure in their colours, and, instead of the prevailing splendour of the major part of the genus, exhibiting only a faint appearance of a golden green tinge, diffused over the brown or purplish colour of the back and wings. The genus is of great extent, and, in order that the species may with greater readiness, be investigated, it has been found necessary to divide them into two sections, viz: the curved-billed, and the straight-billed. The exact limits of the two divisions are, however, difficult to determine.

The mode of life in the humming-birds appear to be uniform. They live by absorbing the sweet juices of flowers, which they extract with their tubular tongue; and though small insects are said to have been sometimes observed in their stomachs, yet this seems rather accidental than regular or natural.

A magnificent work has lately appeared on the genus, by Messrs. Vieillot and Audubert, in which a laudable attempt has been made to exhibit the splendour of the natural colours, by means of powder or shell gold, impressed on the plates.

We quote Buffon from an English translation.

"Of all animated beings, the fly-bird (*ciseau mouche*, angl. humming-bird) is the most elegant in its form, and the most brilliant in its colours. The precious stones and metals polished by our art, cannot be compared to this jewel of nature. Her miniature productions are ever the most wonderful; she has placed it in the order of birds, at the bottom of the scale of magnitude; but all the talents which are only shared among the others, swiftness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace, and rich decoration, she has bestowed profusely upon this little favourite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, sparkle in its plumage, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground. It inhabits the air; it flutters from flower to flower; it breathes their freshness; it feeds on their nectar, and resides in climates where they blow in perpetual succession. It is in the hottest part of the new world that all the species of the fly-birds are found. They are numerous, and seem confined between the two tropics; for those which pe-

netrate, in summer, within the temperate zones, make but a short stay.

The smaller species do not exceed the bulk of the great gad-fly, or the thickness of the drone. Their bill is a fine needle, and the tongue a delicate thread: their little black eyes resemble two brilliant points: the feathers of their wings are so thin as to look transparent: hardly can the feet be perceived, so short are they, and so slender; and these are little used, for they rest only during the night. Their flight is buzzing, continued and rapid. Maregrave compares the noise of their wings to the whirr of a spinning-wheel; so rapid is the quiver of their pinions, that when the bird halts in the air, it seems at once deprived of motion and life. Thus it rests a few seconds beside a flower, and again shoots to another, like a gleam. It visits them all, thrusting its little tongue into their bosom, and caressing them with its wings; it never settles, but it never quite abandons them."

Dr. S. has very properly cautioned his readers that they are not to expect an equal degree of brilliancy in all the humming-birds, and that some are even of dusky colours. Nor are they all so very minute in size. The topaz-throated humming-bird, the most splendid of the tribe in plumage, is at least equal to the wren in the size of its body; and if measured from the bill to the extent of the longest tail feathers, is not less than eight or ten inches long.—*Review of Dr. Shaw's General Zoology.*

From Cooper's Naval History of U. States.

PROBABLE EFFECTS OF STEAM IN FUTURE WARS.

An opinion is becoming prevalent, that the use of steam will supersede the old mode of conducting naval warfare. Like most novel and bold propositions, this new doctrine has obtained advocates, who have yielded their convictions to the influence of their imaginations, rather than to the influence of reflection. That the use of steam will materially modify naval warfare, is probably true; but it cannot change its general character. No vessel can be built of sufficient force and size to transport a sufficiency of fuel, provisions, munitions of war, and guns, to contend with even a heavy frigate, allowing the last to bring her broadside to bear. It may be questioned if the heaviest steam-vessel of war that exists could engage a modern two-decked ship even in a calm, since the latter, in addition to possessing much greater powers of endurance, could probably bring the most guns to bear in possible positions. Shot-proof batteries might indeed be built, that, propelled by steam, would be exceedingly formidable for harbour defence, but it is illusory to suppose that vessels of that description can ever be made to cruise. Even in estimating the power of steam vessels in calms, as opposed to single ships of no great force, there is much exaggeration, as historical facts will amply prove. The wars of this country afford several instances of frigates carrying eighteen pounders lying exposed to the cannonade of fifteen or twenty gun-boats for two or three hours, and yet in no instance has any such vessel been either captured or destroyed. It is a heavy sea-steamer that can bring six guns to bear at a time, and yet frigates have resisted twenty guns, advantageously placed, for hours. It may be said that steamers would dare to approach nearer than gun-boats, and that, by obtaining more favourable positions, they will be so much the more formidable. There is but one position in which a ship can be assailed without the means of resistance, and that is directly ahead, and from a situation near by. Large ships can hardly be said to be defenceless even under these circumstances; as the slightest variation in their position would always admit of their bringing three or four heavy guns to bear. The expedients of seamen offer a variety of means of changing the direction of a ship's head in calms, even did not the sea itself perform that office for them. Nothing, for instance, would be easier than to rig, temporarily, wheels, to be propelled by hand out of the stern or bow ports, or even on the quarter, that would bring a large ship's forward or after guns to bear, in a way to beat off or destroy a steamer.

There are certain great principles that are unchangeable, and which must prevail under all circumstances. Of this class is the well-established fact, that a ship which possesses the efficiency which is contained in the double power to annoy and to endure, must, in all ordinary circumstances, prevail over a ship that possesses but one of these advantages, and that too in a smaller degree. Steam may be, and most probably will be, made a powerful auxiliary of the present mode of naval warfare, but is by no means likely to supplant it. Fleets may be accompanied by steamers, but their warfare will be conducted by the present classes of heavy ships, since it is not possible to give sufficient powers of annoyance or endurance to vessels propelled by steam, to enable them to lie under the batteries of the latter. Even as active cruisers, the efficiency of steam-vessels is probably overrated, on account of the consumption of fuel, though it remains to be proved by experience whether their employment may not induce a change in the armaments of light vessels of war. The history of the war of 1812 shows that ships have often cruised months without having fallen in with convoys, and it is certain

that no steamer, in the present state of science, can remain at sea thirty days, with efficiency as a steamer.

In a word, while the introduction of steam into naval warfare will greatly modify maritime operations, is by no means likely to effect the revolution that is supposed. In those portions of the art of seamanship that it will influence, steam will meet steam, and, in the end, it will be found that the force of fleets will be required in settling the interest of states, as to-day.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE MR. KEAN.

Pause, thoughtful stranger: pass not heedless by
When Kean awaits the tribute of a sigh.
There, sunk in death, those powers the world admired,
By nature given, not by art acquired.
In various parts his matchless talents shone,
The one he failed in was, alas! his own.

BEAUTIES OF SAM SLICK.

DIGBY.—Digby is a charming little town. It is the Brighton of Nova Scotia, the resort of the valotudinarians of New Brunswick, who take refuge here from the unrelenting fogs, hopeless sterility, and calcareous waters of St. John. About as pretty a location, this for business, said the Clockmaker, as I know on in this country. Digby is the only safe harbour from Blomedown to Briar Island. Then there is that everlastin' long river runnin' away from the wharves here almost across to Minas Basin, bordered with dikes and interval, and backed up by good upland. A nice, dry, pleasant place for a town, with good water, good air, and the best herrin' fishery in America.

THE FINE ARTS.—Poetry is the music of words, music is the poetry of sounds, and paintin' is the poetry of colours;—what a sweet, interestin' family they be, ain't they? We must locate, domesticate, acclimate, and fraternate them among us.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, squiro; openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they do contrive, somehow or another, to have their own way in the eend, and tho' the men have the reins, the women tell 'em which way to drive. Now if ever you go for to canvas for votes, always canvas the wives, and you are sure of the husbands.

FASHIONABLE LIFE.—There was mirrors and vases, and lamps, and pictures, and crinkum crankums, and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. It looked like a bazar almost, it was filled with such an everlastin' sight of curiosities.

The room was considerable dark too, for the blinds was shot, and I was skear'd to move for fear o' doin' mischief. Presently in comes Ahab slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin' gound, and carryin' a most beautiful-bound book in his hand.

BOOKS OF TRAVELS.—All they got to do is, to up Hedson like a shot, into the lakes full split, off to Mississippi and down to New Orleans full chisel, back to New York and up Killock and home in a liner, and write a book. They have a whole stock of notes. Spittin',—gougin',—lynchin',—burnin' alive,—steamin' boats blowed up,—snags,—slavery,—stealin'—Texas,—state prisons,—men talk slow,—women talk loud,—both walk fast,—chat in steam boats and stage coaches,—anecdotes,—and so on. Then out comes a book.

THE TOOTH BUSINESS.—The tooth business, said I; what is that? do you mean to say you are a dentist? No, said he, laughing; the tooth business is pickin' up experience. Whenever a feller is considerable cuto with us, we say he has cut his eye teeth, he's tolerable sharp; and the study of this I call the tooth business.

ANNAPOLIS.—I'll gist ax to-morrow all about her, for folks have pretty cute cars in Annapolis, there ain't a smack of a kiss that ain't heard all over town in two twos, and sometimes they think they heer 'em even afore they happen. Its most a grand place for news, like all other small places I ever seed.

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