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COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Published every Friday evening, at 17s. 6d. per Annum.

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 5, 1839.

NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

SCHMITZ, THE ENGRAVER.

A TRUE STORY.

Professor Krahe, superintendent of the gallery of Paintings in the city of Dusseldorf on the Rhine, was seated one morning in his study, when a servant informed him that a young man wished to see him. 'Show him hither,' said the professor. Accordingly, in a few minutes a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age was introduced by the servant into the study. Seeing the dress of his visitor to be that of a baker, the professor imagined him to have brought a bread bill, and was about to refer the matter to his lady, when something striking in the youth's countenance and manner made him hesitate until the business was announced. When apparently about to speak, however, the lad hesitated, and cast his eyes on the ground. 'What is it you want with me, my lad?' said Krahe in a kind tone. 'I have a book, sir,' replied the youth, drawing one at the same time from his breast, 'which I wish you to look at, and to—to buy, if it should please you.'

The professor took the proffered book into his hands, and found it to be an illuminated prayer book, or one ornamented, according to the ancient fashion, with a number of coloured figures and engravings. The skill of the examiner told him at once that the book was a copy of an edition which the Elector Clement Augustus of Cologne had ordered to be thrown off, and which had become very scarce and valuable. But there was more in the work before him than the professor imagined. 'Where did you procure this, my lad?' said he, to the young baker. 'It is a copy from one which was borrowed,' said the youth, looking down. 'Not an original!' said the professor, turning over the leaves again; and by whom was this copy executed?' The youth blushed modestly as he replied, 'By myself.' Krahe gazed on the lad with surprise, and then, turning to a book case, took down an original volume, of the Elector's edition, with which he compared the copy brought by the baker's boy. The difference was scarcely distinguishable.

'Young man,' exclaimed the professor, 'why do you pursue the trade which your dress betokens, when you are so well fitted to succeed in a much higher one?' The youth replied, that it was his perpetual, his dearest wish; but that his father, having a numerous family, could not afford the expense of suitable instruction. 'I knew your love of art, and this emboldened me to make an application to you, in the hope that you might purchase the copy, and honor me with your counsel and assistance.' The modesty and cultivation apparent in the young baker's manner, charmed the superintendent of paintings, and confirmed the impression made by the beautiful prayer book. 'Call on me here to-morrow, without fail,' said the professor, emphatically, grasping the youth's hand and shaking it warmly, as he led him to the door.

Early next morning, M. Krahe was on his way to the house of a friend who resided some miles from Dusseldorf. This gentleman was blessed with abundant wealth, much of which he generously expended in an enlightened patronage of the fine arts and their cultivators. Krahe knew this well, and told him the story of the baker's lad, showing him at the same time the illuminated prayer book. The gentleman was astonished and delighted with the style of the engraving. 'What can I do to assist this wonderful boy?' This was the question the professor wished and anticipated. 'Lend him two hundred crowns to continue his studies, and I have no doubt but he will become one of the most distinguished engravers of the day. And I myself will be his security for the repayment.' 'He shall have three hundred crowns,' said the gentleman, 'and I will have no security.' Pleased with his success, the Professor returned to Dusseldorf.

Young Schmitz, as the baker's lad was named, could have fallen at the feet of M. Krahe, when the latter produced the means of liberating him from the oven, and of pursuing his favourite studies. Under the professor's auspices Schmitz was soon prosecuting the science of geometry and drawing, besides storing his mind with other elements of a liberal education. For two years he continued his studies assiduously in Dusseldorf, and made such rapid progress that Professor Krahe saw the place could afford his protegee no further instruction, and advised him to proceed to Paris. Schmitz of course followed his benefactor's advice. With a letter of introduction to M. Willes, a celebrated engraver in the French metropolis, and the remainder of his well economised store of money, he took his leave for the time of Dusseldorf, leaving his love behind him, without knowing whether or not it would be taken care of till his return.

Schmitz, now a fine looking young man of twenty, accomplished

his journey to Paris in safety; but so anxious had he been to live frugally by the way, that he had done his constitution injury, and he fell ill immediately on his arrival. He got himself conveyed to a monastery, where every attention was paid to him. Incidental expenses, however, during his long continued illness, swallowed up the whole of the money upon which he depended for the commencement of his studies. When he did at last issue from the monastery, restored to health, he was penniless, and his pride, or bashfulness, or perhaps a mixture of both, forbade his making an application to Mr. Willes in the character of an indigent beggar. Poor Schmitz now wandered about the streets, musing on the unfortunate condition to which he was reduced, and ignorant in what direction to turn for his daily bread. Accident determined his course. One day he was met by two soldiers of the Swiss guard, one of whom gazed attentively at him; and exclaimed, 'Friend, are you not a German?' 'I am.' 'What quarter do you come from?' 'From the neighbourhood of Dusseldorf,' was Schmitz's reply. 'You are my countryman,' said the soldier joyfully, and then enquired into his condition. Schmitz told what had befallen him, and that as he could not think of being troublesome to or dependent upon any one, he was in want of a livelihood. The soldier advised him strongly to enlist in the guards, assuring him that he would have abundant leisure time to prosecute any studies he liked. After a little consideration, Schmitz, seeing no better course open to him, followed the soldier's advice, and enlisted for four years in the Swiss guard.

The captain who enlisted him, was struck with his appearance, and enquired into his story. This was the unexpected means of good to the new soldier; for the captain, shortly after, took him to M. Willes, and introduced him to that eminent artist. The consequence was, that every moment of leisure time which the service would permit, was spent by Schmitz in pursuing the art of engraving under M. Willes, who appreciated his talents, and was extremely kind to him. Thus did the four years of soldiership pass away, and when they were ended the young man continued two years longer to study his art. He then returned to Dusseldorf, loaded with the most honourable attestations of his skill, industry, and probity.

Professor Krahe received his protegee with open arms, being equally delighted with his mental and scientific progress, as with the improvement which a military life had made in his personal appearance. M. Krahe himself was the first to secure the professional services of Schmitz, engaging him to work in the cabinet. Every successive day, his conduct endeared him more to the professor, who acquired for him a father's affection. Two years passed away in this manner after Schmitz's return to Dusseldorf, when, one day, he was invited by the professor to an entertainment to meet a party of friends. Schmitz presented himself at the appointed hour at M. Krahe's, and found many persons assembled whom he knew, and whose friendship he had gained. Seating himself by one of these, Schmitz began to converse with him. After a little discourse, the gentleman cast his eyes to the top of the room, and whispered to the young engraver, 'How pale the professor's daughter looks! One would have thought Henrietta would have mustered a better colour for such an occasion as this.' Had the speaker at the moment turned his eye upon the party he addressed, he would have seen a face in an instant grow much paler than that which caused his remark. His words indeed had excited an extraordinary emotion in the heart of Schmitz. As soon as it subsided a little, the latter asked his friend what he alluded to, as distinguishing the occasion from others. 'What!' said the other, 'do you not know that the stranger who is now at Henrietta's right hand, has been for some years affianced to her, and he has come from his home, at a distance, to arrange the marriage? But, Schmitz; Good heavens! are you ill?' 'Yes,' muttered the artist, in a choked voice; then constraining himself into something like outward composure, he whispered, 'Assist me, for mercy's sake, to retire without observation!' They succeeded in leaving the room without notice. When they reached Schmitz's residence, the latter begged his companion to return to the company, and to mention nothing further, if his—Schmitz's—absence should be observed, than that he felt a little unwell. The gentleman, though suspicious that something lay under the matter, promised to act as the artist implored him to do.

Schmitz was left alone with his wretchedness, for very wretched he was. He had long loved the daughter of his benefactor, with a passion of which he scarcely knew the force. Though he had never dared to hope for success, and had always regarded her as far above him in every respect, yet the knowledge that she was to be united to another came like a dreadful awaking from a dream.

His eyes on this night closed not in sleep; and when he appeared in the professor's cabinet in the morning, dejection was too deeply written on his countenance to escape that gentleman's notice. 'By the bye,' said Mr. Krahe kindly, 'you were unwell last night, we were told, Schmitz. I fear you are really very ill.' The poor artist burst into tears. Startled and vexed at his condition, the professor inquired narrowly into the cause and at last the young man confessed the truth. 'Have you ever intimated to my daughter the state of your affections?' said the professor, after a pause, in which anxiety and sympathy were depicted on his features. 'Never,' answered Schmitz, with energy; 'not in the most distant manner. Could I have dared, humble as I am, to have spoken of love to the daughter of my patron and benefactor? I was contented to see her; but that satisfaction,' continued he, with a sigh, 'I will not long have now!'

The benevolent professor tried to soothe and comfort the youth, assured him of his affection—that he loved him as his own child—but counselled him to subdue his passion, as it would soon be wrong, criminal, to indulge it. Schmitz promised, and strove to obey him. But the struggle was too much for his constitution. He fell ill; and the illness was destined to be a long one. When it first attacked him, as it was impossible to conceal from Henrietta the bodily state of one who had long been her friend and companion, professor Krahe thought it best to tell her the whole truth at once, determining, if he found her now averse to fulfil the engagement, which had been entered into when she was very young, and before Schmitz's return to Dusseldorf, that he would take some means to break off the proposed match. But Henrietta heard the intelligence of the young artist's passion merely with a sigh, and rose and left her father's presence. Her father did not know exactly what to think of the symptom. When he saw her again, however, he thought he could see that she had been weeping. He then endeavoured to discover the state of her mind; but she put a stop to it by saying firmly, 'Father, I am betrothed; Schmitz,' she continued with a sigh, 'has my pity, but duty and honour—' She left the professor to conclude the sentence himself.

Henrietta's betrothed returned to his parents, and in his letters written afterwards to his mistress, he let some hints escape him that his parents now started some objection to the match. Henrietta was eagle-eyed. In an answer returned by next post, she gave her lover perfect liberty to follow his own inclinations, renouncing every claim resulting from his promise. The result was, that the gentleman accepted of the permission she gave him. No woman likes even the semblance of desertion; but we will not say, whether Henrietta felt glad or otherwise on this occasion. Suffice it to say, that on the day on which her late lover's letter came, she entered her father's study just when twilight was setting in. 'Well, my girl,' said the professor, kissing her fondly when she came in, 'I have been idling for half an hour, musing upon poor Schmitz. But I must have candles and to my writing.' So saying, he stretched his hand to the bell; but Henrietta caught it, exclaiming, 'Oh no, dear papa! it is too early for candles! You study too much, and I wish to speak with you.' 'Well, my love, won't we be still the better for lights?' 'No no,' said she, sitting down by his side. After a pause, she began, 'Papa, I know you love Schmitz.' 'I do,' said the professor, and would to heaven you could, and did love him too, Henrietta!' The young lady let her head fall on her father's shoulder, as she replied, 'I can—and do, papa! Every obstacle is removed, and Henrietta will be his, if she can promote his felicity!'

The professor read the letter which his daughter gave to him, and kissed her again and again with delight. It was not long ere the joyful father was by the side of the slowly recovering Schmitz, and informed him of the change which had occurred. The good news was like to have proved as fatal as his despair. But he recovered from his emotion, and ere long was led by his benefactor to the presence of Henrietta, one evening of whose company cheered and restored the artist to something like a new state of being.

But, on the morning following this meeting, what was the surprise of Henrietta and her father to learn that Schmitz had left the town by daylight in a carriage with four horses, taking with him all his plates and drawings! Poor Henrietta was thunderstruck—was miserable! She had now surrendered her whole heart to the artist—but he was a maniac! What else could be the meaning of his conduct? The professor himself was in terror for the reason of his friend. Meantime, day after day passed, and no letter or intelligence of any kind arrived to quiet the dreadful anxiety under which they labored. On the ninth day, however, while

Henrietta sat gazing from the window in the direction in which he had departed, a carriage drove up to the professor's door, and Schmitz sprang out. In a few moments Henrietta was in his arms, and he had not only quieted her fears, but replaced them with the deepest joy. He had gone to Munich, and thrown himself at the feet of the Elector Palatine—had told his history—shown his work and certificates—and had moved the Elector so much by his tale, that the prince had put his services in requisition as an engraver, and had assigned to him a fixed salary of six hundred florins. 'Now,' said Schmitz, when he had told his tale to his mistress and her father, 'now am I more worthy—or at least more the equal—of my Henrietta.'

Few, who know any thing of the history of continental engraving, are ignorant of the great merits, in his art, of the hero of this little story. The circumstances related here are in strict accordance with the truth.

THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

AN ADVENTURE IN ILLINOIS.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the Indian summer, that season which, particularly in the western portion of our country, is of all others the most enchanting; the bright beams of the sun were tempered by the cool and refreshing breeze that ruffled with soft music the parti-coloured foliage of the trees. All who have stood at this season of the year on the prairies of the west, with uncovered brow, will recall the beauty spread wide around them far better than I can describe it.

Seizing my rifle, I left my uncle Jonathan's log hut, and wandered leisurely over the prairie in the direction of the wood. Having passed through a corner of the forest, I found myself near a small bluff, upon the top of which I could plainly discern the stately outlines and branching antlers of a buck painted in dark lines against the horizon. Entering the skirts of the forest once more, I crept warily round the hill, in order to approach unseen within hailing distance of the object of my pursuit. Stooping low, I hurried along behind the rugged line of rocks at the base of the hill, until I reached a place from which I supposed I could command a prospect of the whole broad summit. Nor was I mistaken; for on peering carefully over the edge of the rock I beheld my game in fair view about a hundred yards distant, little suspecting an enemy, at least in that direction. Thrusting the muzzle of my rifle over the rock, I took a deliberate aim at his side and pulled the trigger. The quick sharp crack of the cap alone followed. This was a disappointment; but quick as possible I cringed behind the rock, and, trembling with eagerness, sought for another cap. After consuming twice the time necessary, and scattering my caps in all directions upon the ground, I was at length once more in a state of preparation. My heart beat as I saw the majestic animal still occupying his former position, though with head erect, snuffing the breeze, and darting his lightning glances in every quarter, unknowing in what direction to flee to avoid the death. Again I pointed my iron and fired. The noble buck sprang into the air and I sprang over the rock. When I reached the spot his limbs were already quivering. In loading again, I found I had but one charge in my flask; so with all convenient haste, as it was now nearly sunset, I dissected the animal which I had slain, and proceeded homeward, loaded with the skin and two quarters, which was all I could conveniently carry, and which, with my piece, formed a very respectable burden. Striking into a path which I supposed would conduct me by a nearer route through the forest, I hurried on with all the speed my load would allow. But after consuming sufficient time to have brought me out, I was somewhat surprised at discovering that instead of drawing near the opening, my path seemed to become less distinct as I advanced, and to conduct me further into the depth of the forest. However, I pressed on with alacrity, deeming it sure that I should soon emerge, and knowing that to retrace my steps would only be conducting me in a course directly opposite to my home.

It was now growing quite dark in the wood, by which the indistinctness of the treacherous path I had followed was of course increased. When standing still with doubt and uncertainty, the long drawn howl of a wolf came with fearful distinctness upon my ear. So suddenly it came, it pierced like a knell "the fearful hollow of my ear," announcing in a tone not to be misunderstood, the kind of companions I should be likely to have, should I be compelled to pass the night in the woody labyrinth—a prospect which, though by no means agreeable, seemed yet not improbable. Nevertheless, I resolved to proceed, and either to come safely out, or to brave whatever dangers I might encounter with a manly heart. Wandering on as well as I might in my former direction, I soon found myself near a brook which murmured on through a shady dell, and immediately determined to follow it, satisfied that it must, sooner or later, conduct me into the open world once more. It was now after sunset, and so dark that I could scarcely see to pick my dubious and fearful way. I would have lightened myself of my burden, but the increased howling of the wolves, which seemed to be gathering in a body behind me, warned me that it might soon become my only protection. You may be sure that these not musical but most melancholy notes

tended not to diminish my speed or trepidation, and I seemed to be chasing down the little brook with all the demons of the pit crowding and yelling behind me.

Presently I could detect a discordant note among the voices of this infernal choir, which I knew at once to be the cry of the panther, than which I would rather have met in general assembly all the wolves of the forest. Notwithstanding the increase of speed caused by the last unpleasant discovery, it availed me so little that I could soon distinguish the rustling of leaves and crackling of dry branches, and presently after, the measured bounds of the panther struck plain upon my ear and to my heart. When it seemed to my frightened fancy that I could almost feel the monster's hot breath upon me, and see in the dark the glare of his eye balls, I procured a temporary reprieve by dropping one quarter of my fine buck, which I had intended for a far different purpose. However, I well knew that he would delay only to return with increased ferocity after his repast. I quickened my pace, if that were possible, straining every nerve, with a faint hope of gaining the edge of the wood before I was again placed in so dangerous a vicinity to my pursuers, but in vain: I could soon distinguish again his lengthened bounds, each one bringing him nearer and nearer.

When he approached so near that I considered him too familiar, I again baited him with my venison. This I did until my load was gone, and, instead of being satisfied, the fierce animal seemed but to have sharpened his appetite for another repast. When I had dropped the last remaining fragment, my means of defence or escape seemed to have been exhausted. However, I resolved to climb with all haste into the first tree that would admit of it, and defend myself as well as I could with the sole charge in my rifle. By good fortune I immediately discovered one which answered my purpose very well. It was of a middling size, and destitute of branches for some twenty or thirty feet from the ground. I found no difficulty in climbing it with gun in hand, as my short sojourn in the country had made me quite an adept at many such indispensable accomplishments.

I had no sooner seated myself on the first bough, ready with my gun, than I could hear my late acquaintance bounding forward again, and soon, by the dim light that had enabled me to discover the tree, discerned his form alternately ascending and descending, leaping high into the air, and it seemed to me, full twenty feet forward each time. It did not in the least puzzle his sagacity to comprehend that the trail he was following came to a very abrupt conclusion; for after running several times round the tree, he finally settled himself down beneath, and raised such a tremendous yelp, that in spite of all my attempts to wear a brave heart, and yield as little as possible to terror, this, with the long and quavering cry of the approaching pack, could not but run like iron through my blood. Much to my astonishment, the wolves seemed content to occupy the back ground. This was soon explained by the appearance of another panther. These two formidable enemies occupied the ground alone, while the murderous but cowardly wolves slunk back into the obscurity of the woods.

Upon this new arrival, the two seemed for a short time to be holding an infernal council. Soon one of them started and ran off, while the other remained crouching beneath the tree. I was at a loss to comprehend precisely what this movement might import, though I could in any case only remain quiet, with my rifle ready poised. It was difficult to resist the temptation of firing at the remaining one, but I resolved to preserve my last charge in case of a greater emergency.

I now had leisure to plan every method of escape that my invention could devise. Other reflections by no means so pleasant would persist in intruding themselves. I had retained this position but a few minutes when I heard a slight crackle of a dry branch in another tree distant two or three rods from the one I was in. I darted my eyes in that direction, and there, crouched on a limb a little higher than the one I rested on, I could plainly see the other panther in the very act of springing upon me. Quick as thought I threw up my rifle and fired. The sudden glare shot far into the bosom of dim night, and lit up the woods for a moment like a flash of lightning. I could fancy it reflected from a thousand wild eyes that were gleaming in anxious expectancy upon me.

But there was slight opportunity for reflection. As the panther, at the moment I fired, was on the point of springing, the impetus sent him forward and downward, so that he struck his claw upon the limb where my feet rested. For a moment he struggled to retain his grasp, and then fell dying to the ground. The other panther set up a dismal howl, and then started off in a similar manner with the first, and, I doubted not, with a similar intention. As soon therefore, as he was out of sight, I slipped hastily from the tree, threw away my rifle, and started with all the speed desperation could lend. I still ran down the brook, that being my only hope—though my heart told me that even that was but slight.

I could soon perceive by the howling that the wolves were again in fresh pursuit. I had ran on now for nearly half an hour, keeping in advance of the wolves, who had not the courage to attack me, when I again heard the measured bound of the panther.

My heart sank within me, and I was almost in despair, when I thought I caught a glimpse of the sky through the trees before me. I now strained every nerve, inwardly praying that this might be the case. If it was, I knew I was safe; otherwise, I could see no probable way of escape. The panther seemed to be aware of the necessity of putting forth a last effort, and gained upon me even faster than before. I could not turn to look, but I was well aware that every leap brought him nearer to me. At last I reached some thick firs, and one bound from them brought me into the open moonlight. There was a house not fifty rods from the place where I was. I knew the place at a glance. It was a mill upon the brook I had followed, situated about ten miles from my uncle's house whence I started. The panther followed me half way to the house, towards which I struck with all speed. As I burst open the door and found that I was so quickly transported from the most imminent danger to a place of security, the revulsion of my feelings was so powerful that I fell headlong upon the floor in a swoon. However, I was among friends and lacked no needful attention, and the next day was ready to hunt again—taking the precaution, however, to examine my powder flask before I started.

Middlebury, Vt. April 26, 1839.

S. G. J.

For the Pearl.

GASPERAUX VALLEY.

A classic scene,—bold hills on either hand,
Wood-crown'd and craggy, speck'd with hard-won farms;
Between,—meads, groves, and streams,—a past'ral land,—
Like blooming innocence in valour's arms.

About the hill tops float the vapoury drifts,—
As veils of gauze round beauty's morning sleep;
There the old wood its myriad spear points lifts,—
And rain-swell'd springs o'er precipices leap.

Along the vale,—beside the glistening stream—
Which winds in beauty, serpentine, away—
Arc, cots, and kine, and sheep,—and heaven's bland beam
Luxurious plays on that grass-waving brae.

A classic landscape;—may the hearts which strew
Traces of human care o'er all the scene,
Deserve their home;—as gentle and as true
As their own valley and their mountains green.

S.

TOPOGRAPHICAL, &c.

INNS.

[At this time of the year, people—happy enough to have the will and the power—fly from the dusty town occasionally, and luxuriate on country air, and fare, and scenes and sounds,—and thus recruit for another campaign in the arid ways of business.

There, are bashful men, who annoy themselves,—impudent men, who annoy others,—men easily pleased, who never see any thing worth quarrelling with,—and men not-to-be-pleased, who rarely see any thing worthy of their commendation. Some of the latter fume and fret, even while ruralising, and carefully pick faults out of every thing. As a help towards making them satisfied with cool clean bedrooms, fragrant with the exhalations of wild roses, honey suckle, and new mown grass,—and resounding with the murmur of the breeze among the elms, and the concert of bird-notes in the neighbouring grove;—as a mode of conciliating them towards cream, and fresh eggs, and sweet rolls, and fried ham, and baked salmon, and the et ceteras of dinner and tea and their intermediates, all served by waiters, male or female, irreprouchable for neatness of person,—we copy, from a late authority, the following description of a Turkish Inn. It may be useful as a foil to the comforts which even Nova Scotia road-sides afford. The sketch is from a "Journey from Constantinople to Teheran," &c., by J. B. Fraser.)—*Pearl*.

"The humours of a Turkish post-house, however original, are somewhat of the coarsest, and the company it introduces you to is not always the most choice; still, it is a chapter in the book of human character, and is worth the reading. I have already given you sketches of a Turkish coffee-house and post; but I fear I should fail sadly in any attempt to convey to you an idea of the thousand strange scenes, and their grotesque actors, that present themselves to view in such a journey as this. Language could not convey the various shades of difference, and you would be tired of seeming repetition without being amused. But were you to see the host of wild and indescribable figures that rush out on your arrival, and pull you from your horses; the multitude of the same species that, on entering the dirty stifling hole, you find stretched like beasts before the fire, or lounging in the corners on the squallid rugs that receive from day to day, and from year to year, the filth of these obscene animals, on which you also must stretch your weary limbs, or remain unrested: were you to see travellers, like ourselves, rushing in, snow-covered, mud-plastered, ce-clad, throwing themselves, 'boots and all,' upon these pre-

cious couches; were you to see the unclean, half-naked, greasy biped, that flits about the fireplace, and proceeds to exercise one of the functions of his calling, in the brewing of coffee; were you to watch this delicate process, and see the functionary himself licking his little spoon, after stirring the beverage in which you are to share, or wiping it on one of his own black rags before immersing it again in the pot;—you might form some faint notion of the manner in which matters are carried on for the comfort of travellers in these admirable establishments.

“As night comes on, and you may have made up your mind to remain a few hours to recruit your exhausted frame, you naturally hope to spend them in rest and quietness. Vain expectation! Having bolted your food with what appetite you may—and hunger is good sauce—you lay yourself down resignedly on one of the aforesaid tempting heaps, and soon experience the composing effect of weariness and repletion combined; but just as your eyes are closing, in rush the whole posse—postmaster and men, Soorajees, Cahwajees, aspirants, stable-boys and all, with any superannuated veterans or unemployed individuals of the cast about the town—who look to having their repast and comforts as you have had yours.

“Then the sights, and the smells, and oaths, and the brutal appearance and demeanour of the ugly gang—who, after all, probably mean nothing offensive, but who all carry on the war like cocks on their own dunghill—form a *tout-ensemble* somewhat too strong for nice stomachs—a picture too broadly in the Ostade style to please most amateurs. And yet, in fact, it is they who are really at home, and you are the intruder. They are turned out to make room for you; it is their places you occupy, their beds you try to sleep upon, their fleas and crawlers which you are treacherously enticing away with your own fresh blood: so what right have you to complain? Complaint indeed would have been in vain, but grumble a bit I must say I did, just to relieve my spleen—and this night in particular we had cause for it, for the whole place, floor and benches, were covered with the wretches holding forth or snoring away at such a rate, that all attempts at sleep were totally abortive.”

THE DEAD SEA.—We proceeded to visit the Dead Sea, next to Jordan the most interesting piece of water in the world; and, in a philosophical point of view, without a rival. The Turks call it Behr ool Lout, or Behr ool Mout; that is, the Sea of Lot, or the Sea of death. The route we had to traverse is regarded as one of great danger, because infested by Arabs who have only to cross the river to get back to their fastnesses in the mountains of Arabia, where they may laugh to scorn the power of the pasha. During a ride, however, of two hours along, at some little distance from the banks of Jordan, we saw not a single man or animal, and reached in safety its embouchure, where it discharges its muddy waters with considerable force into the sea of Sodom. The soil appeared to be a mixture of sand and clay, the former being superficial and apparently a deposition from the water during its annual overflowings. Very minute shells lie scattered in myriads over the plain; but in the immediate vicinity of the lake of death even these symptoms of a bygone life are no longer visible; their place is occupied by little masses of white frothy substance exuding from the earth, resembling in shape and size the turbinated cones thrown up by worms; they looked like a sulphureous efflorescence in combination with salt, but the taste indicated the presence of something more than these ingredients. No signs of vegetation are to be seen except sea-weed and another marine production.

The air, even at seven o'clock in the morning, was heavy and oppressive, though the sky was cloudless and the heat not unpleasant. We saw no symptoms of the smoke said to be the effect of bituminous explosions underneath the lake and to arise constantly from its surface; but a mist covered it, which might have been nothing more than the ordinary effect produced by the morning sun. Hemmed in, as the water is, by mountains absolutely barren, themselves of a gloomy hue, the sand and clay below reflecting no brighter rays, it is not surprising that every object should wear a dreary aspect, and the very eye be deceived into a belief—if deception it be—that the only colour it discerns partakes of a sombre livid tint. The air is regarded as pestilential; no human dwellings are to be seen; probably no spot in the world is so calculated as this to convey the idea of an entrance into the kingdom of death. Here death wields a leaden sceptre. The eye perceives only the absence of life. The ear is cheered by no sound; even the waveless sea sleeps in mysterious silence. The taste and smell detect only that mineral which is too intimately associated in the mind with unquenchable fire and eternal death; and the sense of feeling becomes sympathetically affected, as though every nerve were on the verge of dissolution. In this region of death the living exception is ready to exclaim, “How dreadful is this place!”

On the north, where we stood, the Asphaltites is bounded by “the Great Plain,” on the west by the mountains of Judah, on the east by those of Moab and the lofty Pisgah, and on the south by the deserts of Idumæa. The sea is here only eight miles in breadth, but it is wider towards the south. Its length is va-

riously stated at thirty, forty, and fifty miles; for every attempt to ascertain this accurately by sailing over it has proved abortive.

When taken up in a glass, the water appears perfectly clear; but, when viewed *en masse* under a cloudless sky, though in some parts it reflects imperfectly the azure hue, yet in others it is quite brown. The taste is inconceivably nauseous, saltier than the ocean and singularly bitter, like sea water mixed with Epsom salts and quinine. It acts on the eyes as pungently as smoke, and produces on the skin a sensation resembling that of “prickly heat,” leaving behind a white saline deposit. An analysis of this water some years ago established the fact, that it contains nearly one-fourth of its own weight of various salts; the principal of which are muriate of soda, muriate of magnesia, and muriate of lime; with a small proportion of sulphate of lime. This accounts for its remarkable specific gravity, noticed by every writer on the subject, whether ancient or modern, and now found by experiment to exceed that of rain water by more than sixteen per cent. We proved it practically; for our whole party, consisting of five persons, plunged in and remained some time in the lake. Though the assertion be not true that a flat dense mass of iron will be sustained on the surface, yet a man who cannot float elsewhere finds no difficulty here: having proceeded some way into the lake, till his shoulders are nearly immersed, his feet are actually borne off the ground, and he walks as it were on water; or else his legs are forcibly raised, and he is compelled either to float or swim. To sink or dive would require some effort. The specific gravity of the water accounts for its reputed immobility: it is less easily excited than that of any other known lake, and sooner resumes its wonted stillness.—*From Elliott's Travels.*

FLORIDA.—The general appearance of Florida is uninteresting. One half of the territory is an immense pine barren, where little is to be seen beside the palmetto, the myrtle and pine. Here and there, however, may be found ‘hammocks’ of live oak, post oak and hickory; and by the borders of the lakes and rivers are delightful groves of oranges and figs. Our first approach to Florida was by the conveyance of a yawl-boat. Though it was the depth of winter, yet the atmosphere was singularly balmy and soft.

The St. Johns is the most important river of this territory. Its source is among a chain of lakes in the Middle Eastern District. These lakes are accessible to sloops. They are often deep, but of a living clearness and brilliancy. In their depths dwell unnumbered fish of various kinds—the trout, the flounder, and others. Alligators dwell in these waters, and are sometimes found of the length of 15 feet! During the heat of noon in winter, and at all times in summer, they may be seen lying upon the sand-bars of the rivers and lakes, enjoying the repose of almost perpetual silence and warmth.

They are the enemies of bathers. A boy from one of the towns lying on one of the Southern rivers, while bathing was attacked by one of them. The advances of the monster were unforeseen. A shout from the companions of the endangered youth failed to warn him from the spot, and—he rushed into the very jaws of the water demon before him. What an awful moment to the young spectators was that! They saw their companion struggling in the waves, his head locked in the very jaws of the enemy. The combatants sank.—With admirable adroitness, the youth seized the alligator by the eye-holes, forcing the balls instantly from the sockets. With a fiend-like howl, the monster retreated to the bottom of the river, while the youth, staggered to the shore. This is no fancy sketch. It occurred near Darien, in Georgia.

The captain of a steamboat, while at his post perceived one of these inhabitants of the river pushing his way across directly before the boat. At its approach, the animal sank, and rose immediately before the wheel! He rushed at the shaft, which struck him with great violence, dragged him upwards in its revolution, and flung him through the shivered boards of the wheel-house, a mangled and quivering victim upon the deck.

The scenery of Florida is not all uninteresting. He who has seen from some quiet nook a graceful bend of the river bordered with orange bowers and groves of the holly and magnolia and oak, and the cabbage palmetto and cocoa-nut, will find in his memory, recollections wherewith to frame a dream of the loveliness of Mahomet's paradise. There are ‘sinks,’ too, in Florida—places where rivers suddenly sink or vanish in the sand, or where they rush with abandoned plunge into dark caverns, mingling there with subterranean torrents, and gliding away through thickest gloom with many murmurings and discordant sounds.

Some of these Stygian waters rise and sink with the tide, thereby indicating their connexion with the sea. Lakes, once wide and beautiful, have sunk in a single night, leaving their beds covered with the fish. During the present winter a lake sank thus, leaving millions of fish dancing upon the land. Cart loads of these were carried off and cured by the neighbouring squatters and herdsmen. The remainder, putrifying, tainted the whole atmosphere for miles around, reminding the traveller of the plagues of Egypt.

Speaking of trees, Unanimously we voted the magnolia to be the most beautiful. The exquisite fragrance of its blossoms, and the “imperial pride” and beauty of its foliage, have made it a great

favorite. The live oak attains, however, to great size. When growing in the low grounds, they are hung with dismal festoons of moss. A contractor, furnishing timber for naval purposes, informed me of an enormous tree growing on the banks of a river. He measured it, and found it thirty feet on the first bough and thirty-six in circumference at base! These trees are almost invariably hung with the festoonery of the grape.—The vines of the grape in Florida are sometimes of great size, bearing abundantly. From the fruit good wine has been made. The *acoonta* or Indian bread is a vine which clambers up the forest trees. Its thorns are very sharp and malignant. From the root the Indian prepares a species of flour in taste not unlike the flour made from potatoes. The palmetto is a shrub which gives character to the scenery. Its leaf is fan-shaped and beautifully green.

The pine of Florida is the long leaved kind. It grows sometimes to a great height, towering above all in lordly stateliness and strength. When the wind rages, the roar of the pine forest is indescribably grand. In Alchua country, the soil is generally rich; there the pine is oft enormous in stature, and its roots strike deep into the fertile earth, so that the ploughman may drive his plough close to the very trunk.

The cabbage palm resembles the palmetto in its leaf, but it is a tree, and grows sometimes to the height of fifty feet. The trunk is pointed with a thousand shafts of bark, shooting out like bayonets. It resembles the cocoa nut.

The orange is of three kinds—the sweet, the bitter sweet, and sour. The latter are not unlike the lemon as to flavor. The first mentioned is the delicious fruit brought to the north from the West Indies. Figs, white and purple, are found in the hammocks of Middle Florida, and are as agreeable as the cultivated fruit. Peaches are also found wild. The cocoa nut has been introduced from Cuba, as well as the plantain and banana, the myrtle or orange, the lemon and pine apple. Of the latter there are few to be found, though the soil and climate are highly favorable.

MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

Lieutenant Siborn has completed a model on an extensive scale, of the Battle of Waterloo; which, regarded merely as an effort of patience and ingenuity, is admirable, but viewed as a representation of the victory that decided the destiny of Napoleon, possesses a national interest that time has rendered less exciting but more permanent. The model represents a tract of country two miles and a half square; the undulations of the ground, every road and lane, field and tree, house and garden, being accurately shown from actual survey and measurement: even the varieties of the crops of grain or grass are indicated by the colours and texture of the surface. On this field are placed the hostile armies, arranged as they appeared at seven o'clock in the evening, when the battle, that had raged for eight hours, was on the point of being decided, though victory still trembled in the balance. This was the moment when Napoleon made his last great effort; and the deadly struggle is shown. The first column of the French reserve, broken and defeated, is in full retreat; and the second attacking column, composed of six battalions of the Imperial Guard, is advancing against the British line: it is immediately opposed to Maitland's Brigade of Guards in front, and Adams's Brigade of Light Infantry on its left flank; Sir Hussey Vivian's Hussars advancing to support the Infantry. This being the main point of attack, the attention is more immediately directed to it; especially as Wellington and his staff are seen behind the Artillery placed in the angle formed by the two brigades of Infantry. Napoleon is seen on a little eminence receiving the retreating column of his Guards; the attacking column have just before passed by him. The disposition of the rest of the forces, including the advance of the Prussians under Blücher, and those under Bülow attacking the village of Planchenoit, occupied by the French, is distinctly shown; so that the whole of the operations are comprehended.

The smoke is extremely well imitated by locks of fine wool: the thick masses from the great guns, the continuous volume from the musketry in line, and the thin and scattered smoke from the skirmishers, mark the nature of the warfare; while the dense clouds enveloping the burning houses of Hougoumont and La Belle Alliance show the effect of conflagration. The masses of troops are composed of individual figures, properly armed and accoutred, the colours of their uniforms being visible, though the men are a little more than a quarter of an inch high; and the two great commanders may be recognized by their costume. The whole of the figures, to the number of 190,000, including the slain, are made of silver and painted. The strictest attention has been paid to fidelity in the placing of the troops; and Lieutenant Siborn has served an apprenticeship in this particular, having been long engaged on a “History of the Campaign of 1815 in Belgium,” illustrated by plans of several battles at different periods of each action. The model has occupied eight years of labour, and it may be regarded as unique of its kind. It takes a little time to become familiar with the scene; but by and by, the plan of the battle, and the advantages possessed by either army, become apparent, with the aid of the printed Guide; and the study is novel and interesting.—*London Atlas*

CORN FIELDS.

In the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst ;
When blue bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first ;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer growth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

But then as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden beds,
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhock and sunflower tall
O'er top the mossy garden-wall :

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down ;
O, then what joy to walk at will,
Upon the golden harvest-hill !

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes,
The piled-up shecks of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

I feel the day ; I see the field ;
The quivering of the leaves ;
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves ;
At this very hour I seem
To walk with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on ;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight :
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunamite ;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills ;
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see,
And the dear Saviour take his way
Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem !—
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream ;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there !

Mary Howitt.

For the Pearl.

THE BOBLINK.

To the Publisher of the Pearl.

SIR—After being pent up for years in your good town of Halifax, I find myself strolling amid the bye-ways of Windsor, and have been impressed with a few corresponding notions, which you may think good enough to "put in print."

I am fond of looking at birds, whether in cages, cases, or fields, admiring their plumage and shape and similarity and variety, and wondering at the riches which the great Creator seems to have lavished (if I may use the term) on his creation. I have stood before some of Down's specimens with these feelings, and have in vain endeavoured to imagine any thing more beautiful in outline, more delicately graceful in colouring, and more gentle in character and expression, than a pair of his Nova Scotia wood pigeons ;—unequaled symmetry, lines of elegance, lovely hues blending one into the other, expressions of innocence and grace and vivacity, are the characteristics of this fine bird,—in my estimation,—and I will retain my opinion until I see a rival combining excellence in each of these particulars.

But the bird, with his call or his song, out among the growing

fields, amid the waving foliage,—and under the balmy, sunny, cloud-embellished heaven, is, *the bird in its pride of place.*

While strolling amid the fields, which make rich and rural the lonely little, mud-margined Windsor,—I was attracted by bird-notes which I was unused to ; and which appeared to me more like what is called a *song*, than any thing, to my recollection, that I had heard among the birds at this, younger, side the Atlantic. As I, unfortunately, have not much opportunity of roving in the country, or of holding communion with any part of animated nature, except some of my own species, who—like myself, are town-hardened, and begin to know little and care less about the fresh beauties of the fields—I did not know the name of the creature from whom the song proceeded. I saw him, about the size of a Robin, with dark breast and white speckled back,—he sat on the spring sprigs of a young willow, and warbled out his sweet song, with the careless confidence of one sure of admiration, or rather who does not care for admiration, and who sings from an innate sense and love of melody ; he sat silent for awhile, and springing from his tree, floated along the field, singing on the wing, sweeter than ever, and settling down, still singing, among the thick rich clover, which was beginning to wave its flower buds in the breeze. From what I had learned of the spring songsters—not amid the leaves of the grove, but the leaves of a book—I suspected who my new acquaintance was, and, to ascertain how far my suspicions were correct, enquired of a young fellow who walked near me, what that bird was called. "That," said he, "that is Boblink." I was right. The eloquent Geoffrey Crayon, in the pages of the last Knickerbocker, had interested me in the gay creature's character, and had half introduced me to his person. So that is Boblink, I thought, and I gazed and listened, and cogitated, and dared to differ somewhat from Geoffrey Crayon, although I owed him thanks for the pleasure which he had caused, by turning my attention to the pleasing subject.

Geoffrey—who you know Mr. Printer, is the elegant, and eloquent, and ready writer, Washington Irving—thus speaks of Boblink in the periodical already mentioned :

"This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season, his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the softest bosom of the freshest and sweetest meadows ; and is most in song, when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long haunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours out a succession of rich tinkling notes ; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the sky lark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with the ecstasy of his own music."

That is all very good, sweet and sonorous, almost, as Boblink's own song, and characteristic of the pen which has become popular in two hemispheres,—but I do not exactly agree, that the song of Irving's spring favourite, is like the outpouring melody of the sky lark, and that it possesses the same rapturous character. The words by which the writer introduces his subject, are more plain, in this respect, and run thus :

"The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boblink or Boblink, as he is commonly called."

While looking at Boblink, I was induced, from this injudicious comparison of his eulogist, to recall my recollections of the prince of songsters, the almost heavenly and heaven minded Sky-lark, and to enquire whether the one could be called a rival of the other.

Time and care have not so blunted my recollections, but I can imagine the graceful form of the favourite of the fields of western Europe,—his delicate proportions, russet plumage speckled with deep brown, and his vigorous eye, used—I suppose, from his habits—to sun-gazing, like the eagle's. I recollect him rising from the daisied and cowslip fields, climbing up, almost perpendicularly, slowly, gracefully, twinkling twinkling his wings, and occasionally making small circles, in the fragrant air. Thus he goes, into the small cloud which casts its shadow on the meadow, and from that into the azure space, and again into the higher cloud packs, and on through sun and shade, until the charmed vision of the gazer altogether loses the quivering speck, in the sunny heights. While these beautiful evolutions are in progress, the exquisite song never ceases. It rises and falls, becomes less and more animated, swells into loud lustrous strains, and sinks into plaintive twitterings, until it is nearly lost in the height which has swallowed up the figure of the melodist. But the ear can catch the distant notes, and, their rapidly increasing strength, tells that the Sky-lark is descending. He falls, gracefully and melodiously as he rose, singing until he sinks on the flowery turf ;—his song and his action, from the field to the clouds, and from the azure steep to the grass-shaded nest, the most exquisite poetry.

And for a man like Irving to compare such a bird as this, to the homely Boblink ! Each is beautiful, the lark and the link, in its own sphere ; but how injudicious are those comparisons which detract while they are intended to exalt. Poor Bob sits on his twig and sings his sweet little ditty ; or goes, heavily skimming over the fields, whistling for want of serious thought,—reminding of the peasant cheering his hour of recreation with ballad and roundelay ;

—while the Sky-lark, like a master of song, joins all the excellencies of art and nature, to give exquisite grace to his music, which is accompanied by an exquisite action.

I cannot help feeling somewhat less of respect for Irving's judgment after the opinion quoted,—and it tends to prove how liable men are, perhaps the best of men, to errors of various kinds ; yet it shows his goodness of heart, in not knowing where to stop while praising his deservedly popular favourite.

Since my attention was called to Boblink, by Geoffrey Crayon's praise, I met with a few newspaper articles which throw some additional light on the theme. One of these, copied from the Claremont Eagle, is a little dramatic scrap, which humourously hits off the character and song of our subject, thus :

"Our old friend, Robert Lincoln, the celebrated musician, better known by the abbreviation of Bob Lincoln or Boblink, is on his annual visit, and just now making the reeds, bushes, and trees vocal with his rare and comical melody. We saw one of these "feathered voluptuaries" on the topmost branch of an apple tree the other morning, shaking his variegated sides with laughter at the idea of a cat on the ground below making very improper advances up the trunk, as much as to say—"Your hand stranger ; I've seen you afore, but can't tell your name." "Boblink ! Boblink ! I see-you-wink-touch-your-foot-up here and I'm off squizzy zing-ye-er-lie-ye-er-rink-tink-ye-er-rink-lie-go to grass pusski." Puss bit her lips, and seeing a dog approaching, who seemed to desire her further acquaintance, gave three or four graceful twirls with her hind legs, and was off in a tangent. The songster then varied his note, "Boblink ! Boblink ! link, link-hi-hi-butler-me-if-next-week-aint-election-day, Boblink election-day he-be-eh-dear-I-m off sweet." As the little musical fellow floated merrily away, we could not but recollect that in old times it used to be said that Boblinks near Boston always announced the annual election day in June as regularly as the day came round."

A paper called the American has the following amusing letter on the same subject :—

"I was a little alarmed the other day, Mr. Editor, on reading a notice in your paper, regarding my old "Hay-day" friend, Robert Lincoln, Esq., commonly called in this democratic "good-as-you" country, "Boblink." This notice led me to believe, or rather fear, that among the innovations and changes of the times, he had also changed his song.

"Judge my gratification, however, when yesterday I made a special visit to the fields of Jersey, to ascertain what change, if any, he had undergone, either in song or costume. I knew his haunts. I was sure, if to be found any where, I should meet him where I sought him—and I was not disappointed. I saw him on the bough of an apple tree that stood on the skirt of a meadow, amusing himself in tuning his pipes, as it were, to catch the right pitch—at times striking "B and E flat," and again a semi-tone, approaching "C sharp"—wearing as usual the summer costume of his father and grand-father, and I don't know but that of his great-grand-father too—black satin vest and pantaloons, and white round-about jacket. Just then, his old favourite, Mary Lincoln, in a dark grey russet morning dress, started from a tuft of high grass on a shopping excursion, when "Robert," alive to the duties of gallantry, instantly offered his services, "wing-fully" and "song-fully," and the air at once was filled with his delicious melody—"in linked sweetness long drawn out ;"—the same "time-cherished" note, and line, and word, precisely, as I heard in childhood. For the information of some of your readers, who may not have a copy of Robert Lincoln's Song, I now transcribe it ; and, if they want to hear it sung, let them go to the hay-fields of New Jersey.

"THE SONG.

"Mary Lincoln—Mary Lincoln—
Sweetest—sweetest—
Won't you wait for Bobby Lincoln ?
Look, look—Mary Lincoln !
Don't you see—don't you see
Bobby Lincoln—satin pantaloons
And summer jacket ?
Tackle to—tackle to—Mary Lincoln—
Not so fast—not so fast !
I'll follow thee—round about clover top,
And dock weed, and apple tree—
Bobby Lincoln never lets Mary Lincoln
Gad about alone with Harry Hanse—muckle weaver ;
Nor shall she marry Michael Mangel-wurtzel."

These attempts to render the bird's song in words, is not without good precedent. The nightingale's elaborate melody has been thus transmitted, in some degree, to paper, and I recollect when a boy, frequently hearing bird-fanciers, as those fond of keeping and rearing birds are called, repeat the songs of linnets and goldfinches in the same manner. Those artists know all the characters of a good song, of the different singing birds, and can detect deficiency, or defective notes, as readily as the opera-goer can criticise his favourite vocalist. The birds do not actually say the words ascribed to them, but they utter something similar in sound, and the words, expressed by a connoisseur, with the proper time and intonation, give a good representation of the song ; while they assist the memory, and tend to fix that which is fleeting as it is sweet.

Another literary tribute to Bob—who seems a general favourite, and deservedly so, although not exactly a rival of the Sky lark—is a number of verses, by C. F. Hoffman, an American poet. After premising, that his subject is known from Mexico to Labrador, under the different names of Red Bird, Rice Bunting, Butter Bird, and Bob o' Linkon, the poet proceeds with his address to Bob, of which a couple of stanzas are subjoined :

"Joyous, yet tender—was that gush of song
Learned from the brooks, where, 'mid its wild flowers' smiling,
The silent prairie listens all day long,
The only captive to such sweet beguiling.

Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls
And column'd isles of western groves symphonious,
Learn from the tuneful woods rare madrigals,
To make our flowering pastures here harmonious?

"Caught'st thou thy carol from Ojibbway maid,
Where, through the liquid fields of wild rice plashing,
Brushing the ears from off the burden'd blade,
Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing?
Or did the reeds of some Savannah South
Detain thee while thy northern flight pursuing,
To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth
The spice-fed winds hath taught them in their wooing?"

It appears that this favourite songster changes his plumage and his habits, according to his place of abode and the season; and that he finally settles down into a glutton, and experiences the glutton's fate,—loss of vivacity, talents, and elegant habits, and becomes the victim of those who would not attempt to strike him down in his more refined days.

He is a sweet soft singer, however, in the spring time of the year, and to hear him would well repay a short absence from the town, and a visit to the rich glades which he loves. Having made such amends for any appearance of disparagement which my remarks may exhibit, I take farewell of my new acquaintance, and subscribe myself his admirer and your humble servant,

June,—1839.

FIELDFARE.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

A SICILIAN ANECDOTE.

The wedding-feast was at its height. Gaetano, according to the established Sicilian custom in such matters, prepared to open the ball with the interesting Teresa, whose beauty and grace of manner, had been the subject of general admiration throughout the day. At that moment a stranger presented himself on the esplanade, and stood in the midst of the company gazing upon the scene. The looks of the whole assembly were turned towards the newcomer, who was dressed in the Calabrian costume, wearing pistols and a dagger in his belt; his jacket slung over one shoulder, like a huzzar's pelisse, left open to view his other sleeve stained with blood. Teresa saw him—she gazed on him for a moment—uttered a faint cry, and remained pale and motionless, as if she had seen a spectre. It was Pascal Bruno. Every eye was fixed on the uninvited guest; a dead and awful silence reigned. Every one present felt assured of the approach of some terrible catastrophe.

Pascal, apparently unmoved by the sensation he had created, walked directly up to Teresa, and standing before her, folded his arms, and fixed his piercing eyes on her pale countenance.

"Pascal," said Teresa, in a faltering voice, "can it be you?"

"Yes, Teresa," said Bruno, in a deep hollow voice, "it is I. I heard at Bauso, where I patiently and confidently waited your return, that you were to be married at Carini; so I came hither, and I hope I am in time to dance the first tarantella with you."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gaetano, coming up to him with a mingled air of anger and of gaiety, "that is the bridegroom's right."

"It is the right of the affianced one," said Pascal. "Come, my beloved Teresa, this is the least you can do for me after all I have suffered for you."

"Teresa is my wife," said Gaetano, stretching forth his arm.

"Teresa is my betrothed," said Pascal, taking her hand.

"Help! oh, help!" said the wretched girl.

The appeal was irresistible—the effect instantaneous. Gaetano seized Bruno by the collar—they struggled for a moment—that was all—in another instant Gaetano uttered a piercing cry, and fell dead at his feet. Pascal's dagger was buried in his breast. Some of the men, who were nearest him on the instant, rushed towards the murderer to secure him. Bruno stood unmoved, and drawing one of his pistols from his belt, waved it over his head as a signal to the musicians to strike up the tarantella. They obeyed as it were mechanically. The rest of the company, paralyzed by what had happened, remained motionless.

"Come, Teresa, come, let us begin," said Pascal.

Teresa was no longer in possession of her faculties, she had become a creature demented by fear. She unconsciously yielded to his guidance, and this horrible dance, close to the corpse of the inoffensive murdered young man, was continued by the musicians to the last strain. No one stirred—no one spoke—it was something too terrific—something so unnaturally horrid that nature itself seemed palsied. The moment the music ceased, as if it had been all that excited and sustained her, the wretched Teresa fell fainting on the body of Gaetano.

"Thanks, Teresa," said Pascal, "that is all I wanted; and now, if any man wishes to know me here, that he may find me elsewhere, I am Pascal Bruno."

"The son of Antonio," ventured one voice, "whose head is exposed to public view at the castle of Bauso?"

"The same," said Pascal; "but if you wish to see that sight again, you had better make good speed. I promise you, whosoever you may be, it shall not be there long."

Saying which Pascal disappeared; and, amongst the many who were bidden to the wedding feast, not one of the guests exhibited

the least inclination to follow him; they turned their thoughts and attentions to Gaetano and Teresa. The one was dead, the other senseless.

THE BEST NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

The following amusing soliloquy of Mr. Leutner Salix, is from "Charcoal Sketches," by Joseph C. Neal.

The last time Salix was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair. His very coat had gone to retrieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and abjectly about, relieving the workings of his perturbed spirit by nicking whatever fell in his way.

"I'm done," soliloquized he, "partnership between me and good nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted, will please settle with the undersigned, who is authorized. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and its high time to dissolve, when your partner has all the goods, and spent all the money. Once I had a little shop; ah wasn't it nice? But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good natured; then comes another set of chaps who didn't let bashfulness stand in their way a minute; they sailed a good deal nearer the wind; and wanted to borrow money: I'm so good natured; and more asked me to go their security. These fellows were always particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a very particular friend of theirs and could not get it back. It was one of their good rules that won't work both ways, and I some how or other was at the wrong end of it—it wouldn't work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring subtraction and division, and alligation: our folks alligated against me, that I would not come to no good. All the cypherin' I ever could do, made more come little, and little come less; and yet as I said afore I had a good many assistants too.

Business kept pretty fair; but I wasn't cured. Because I was good natured, I had to go with 'em frolicing, tea-partying, excursioning, and for the same reason I was always appointed treasurer, to make the distribution, when there wasn't a cent of surplus revenue in the treasury, but my own; it was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me;' 'Salix, pony up at the bar and lend us a levy,' 'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.' Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself, first out of shop—old *fieri fash'us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a burst long before I burst. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding house; and now (with a lugubrious look at his shirt and pantaloons,) I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. Its a good thing they can't shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell fish—an oyster with the kivers off.

"But it was always so—when I was a little boy they coaxed all the pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the lickings, and to go into all sorts of scrapes, and precious scrapes they used to. I wonder if there isn't two kinds of people;—cat kind of people and mouse kind of people! I guess there is—I'm very much like a mouse myself.

"I should like to know what's to become of me—I've spent all I had in getting my eddication, Learnin' they say, is better than houses or lands. I wonder if any body would swap some houses and lands with me for mine? I'd go it even and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid. I'll have to get married or list in the marines. That's what most people do, when they have nothing else to do."

AUDUBON.—THE BIRDS OF AMERICA.

We hail with no ordinary gratification the approaching termination of the great work of the American ornithologist. The fourth and last volume of plates has made its appearance, and another of text will bring the publication to a close. Many years of laborious exertion, amid difficulties sufficient to weary the most long-suffering patience and overcome the stoutest courage, has the persevering author devoted to this great work; and the prospect of its proximate and successful termination cannot but awaken in his breast the most lively feelings of satisfaction and pride. Throughout his arduous labors he has been chiefly sustained by that self-rewarding devotion to science, and love for the beautiful objects of his studies, without which no foreign assistance or extrinsic advantages could have availed to consummate the elevated purpose which he had set before him. In the progress of his comprehensive undertaking he has had to perform many journeys and voyages; several times has he crossed the broad Atlantic; he has traversed the northern portion of the American continent from the seaboard to the far West; from the bleak coast of Labrador to the farthest cape of Florida. But to him this has been a labor of love. His delight has been to live among the "Birds of America."

But this admiration is not exclusive. It embraces all those natural objects and incidents which are kindred to his pursuits. The majestic forest, the waving prairie, the solitary strand of ocean, the winding river, the embosomed lake—all the produc-

tions of nature, beast, fish, reptile, insect—the roving adventure, the stealthy repast of the hunter, the mossy bed beneath the Chaldean canopy of stars, all these come in for a share of his love and admiration. Listen to the following eloquent passage, and say if you are not tempted to sally forth in quest of adventure:

"The life which I have led has been, in some respects, a singular one. Think of a person intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch, on the alder-fringed brook of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the west, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable, saluting the magnificent orb from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and reinvigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and recommences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout affords him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song, and he starts anew to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to their retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and enters in his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene, his repast is finished, and, kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the Divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good night to all the dear friends at home, the AMERICAN WOODSMAN wraps himself up in his blanket, and, closing his eyes, soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions."

With regard to the accuracy of his plates, the public have long since pronounced in their favor. The beauty of the specimens selected, the truth and spirit of the attitudes, the picturesque accessories which make each plate, at the same time, a characteristic landscape, doubtless, give a relief and brilliancy to his drawings not to be found in any similar productions.

We cannot close this notice without citing one more brief passage so illustrative of the enthusiasm and resolution of Audubon, who, in his own language, is now "somewhat old and considerably denuded in the frontal region."

"When I last left Edinburgh, I proceeded to London, full of the desire to revisit my native land before concluding my work. It was my wish to cross the continent of America, gaze on the majestic wilds of the Rocky Mountains, wander along the green valleys of the Oregon, and search the shores of the Pacific Ocean and a portion of North California; but circumstances denied me the pleasure anticipated."—*Globe*.

A COMBAT OF CUIRASSIERS.—The consequences might have been disastrous in the level and open plains which ensued when the retiring columns approached the Danube, had not the Archduke placed twelve squadrons of the Emperor's cuirassiers and a large body of hussars in front of Eglofsheim, which was garrisoned by six battalions of grenadiers, and supported by several powerful batteries. As the pursuing columns approached this imposing mass of cavalry, they paused till the French horse came up in sufficient strength to hazard an engagement; a variety of charges of hussars then took place on both sides, with various success; but at length the magnificent Austrian cuirassiers bore down with apparently irresistible force upon their pursuers. The French light horse could not withstand the shock, and were quickly dispersed; but their cuirassiers came up, and then two rival bodies, equally heavily armed, equally brave, equally disciplined, engaged in mortal combat. So vehement was the onset, so nearly matched the strength of the combatants, so tremendous the conflict, that both parties, as if by mutual consent, suspended their fire to await its issue: the roar of the musketry subsided, even the heavy booming of the artillery ceased, and from the melee was heard only, as from the battles of the knights of old, the loud clang of the swords ringing on the helmets and cuirasses of the dauntless antagonists. The sun set while the contest was still undecided; the moon rose on the deadly strife; and amidst her silvery rays fire was struck on all sides by the steel upon the armour, and dazzling sparks flew around the combatants, as if a thousand anvils were at once ringing under the blows of the forgers. Nothing could overcome the heroic courage of the Imperialists, but their equipment was not equal to that of their opponents; and in close fight, the Austrian horsemen, whose front only was covered, were not an adequate match for the cuirassiers of Napoleon, whose armour went entirely round their body. After a desperate struggle, their numbers were so reduced that they were unable any longer to make head against the enemy; and, leaving two-thirds of their number on the field, they were driven in disorder along the *chaussée* towards Ratisbon.—*Allison's History of Europe*.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 5, 1839.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The Subscriber, in appearing as the conductor of the "Colonial Pearl," feels called on to offer a few words, explanatory of his views.

The late proprietor of the "Pearl," being about to resign the publication, and to leave the Province, an opportunity was presented, which, the Subscriber thought, he might take advantage of with some benefit to himself and the public. The "Pearl," he has reason to believe, has been the means of causing the taste for literature to be more general in the provinces than it previously was,—and, as a literary vehicle, has become a favourite, in many places, where similar publications were but little known or cared for. This change must be considered beneficial,—for, to increase the reading propensities of a young country, particularly in the more quiet and humanizing paths of literature, is to bear an important part in public education. The existence of the "Pearl" has been instanced in neighbouring Provinces, as a proof that Halifax, and Nova Scotia generally, had rather outran other colonial communities in those particulars which denote a high degree of civilization; which indicate that periodical details of passing events, and expositions of political theories, only, no longer satisfy,—but that, with these, are required, the more general utilities and elegancies and luxuries of intellectual life. If such a publication should be allowed to cease, and to become one of the items on the long list of failures, some degree of disgrace would be the result. The Subscriber undertakes to attempt the continuance of the "Pearl,"—and hopes for that patronage which will enable him to make successful progress.

Political opinions will be rigidly excluded from the "Pearl." The vehicles for such matter are sufficiently numerous;—the "Pearl" seeks, by drawing on the stores of Fancy, and Criticism, and General Knowledge, to be a not-unwelcome visitor among circles of every political shade.

A summary of political intelligence, will be given, with such comments only as may seem requisite for explanation;—the progress of Science and Art and General Literature, will, also, be regularly attended to, as opportunity shall be afforded; so that a kind of mapping of interesting events will be presented, in a compass so brief, that none need plead bulk and intricacy of material as an excuse for inattention to such matters.

The Subscriber hopes that much of original composition will be found in succeeding pages of the "Pearl"; and that correspondents, whose kindness he reckons on, will convince their readers, that real value and respectability are not sacrificed to novelty; that original articles are chosen, partly, only, because they are original, but chiefly because they are not second to good materials for selection.

The innocently amusing department of the Pearl will receive due attention,—and the Subscriber trusts that it will be found to blend the entertainment of the leisure hour, with the nurture of sentiments which are of great value, in the civil and social and religious relations of mankind.

The critical department, it is hoped, will grow up to that degree of importance in which it becomes an excellent auxiliary in the training of the mind;—a science, improving the judgment and the taste, and enlarging the information, unalloyed by difficulties which retard other scientific studies, and of more general adaptation.

These departments of general literature, will be interspersed by such portions of matter relating to History, Statistics, Travels and other subjects, connected with real life, as will diffuse an air of fact, as well as of fancy, over the pages of the "Pearl,"—and, with the departments of News and Science, may make it palatable to those who do not wish that the mere, sweet,—should altogether supersede the, useful,—in any work or relaxation.

The Subscriber has thus developed his views and intentions; the assistance of friends, corresponding and subscribing, and the opportunities and practise which time only can furnish, will be requisite to enable him to carry out his anticipations; for the present he bears his object in sight, makes endeavours towards it, and solicits the lenity and encouragement of an intelligent public.

J. S. THOMPSON.

EXTENSION OF COPYRIGHT.—Our readers, no doubt, are aware, that an effort has been made to extend the copyright of authors; that instead of twenty-eight years exclusive right to their own works, some sixty or seventy is sought, so that those who come after the labourer of literature, may have as good a chance of reaping a reward, as the heirs of any other "working man,"—or that he himself, in his old age, may continue to glean some profit by the fortunate works of early years. Against these rational claims, the claims of the public, for cheap works, and the claims of the booksellers, for rights of piracy, have been urged. The question is still in agitation.

Petitions from Wordsworth, and other celebrated writers, have been presented to Parliament, in favour of the extension. A late English paper furnishes a petition on the same subject, from T. Carlyle, (not the infidel of the same name,) the author of an elo-

quent, and celebrated, though, it appears, not a selling, History of the French Revolution, and of some other works. Mr. Carlyle seems a writer imbued with the philanthropy and abstract piety, which often characterise minds of the highest order, and it is matter of regret that such sterling works as he puts forth—judging from his character, and from extracts, not from the entire works themselves—should not be more productive than they are, while books of the most ephemeral description realise fortunes for their authors. Mr. Carlyle's curious petition is subjoined; speaking of it, the London Examiner says: "It reduces the question to its simple elements, and elicits conviction in its most powerful forms."

"To the Honourable the Commons of England in parliament assembled, the Petition of Thomas Carlyle, a Writer of Books.

"Humbly sheweth,
"That your petitioner has written certain books, being incited thereto by various innocent or laudable considerations, chiefly by the thought that said books might in the end be found to be worth something.

"That you petitioner had not the happiness to receive from Mr. Thomas Tegg, or any Publisher, Republisher, Printer, Bookseller, Book-buyer, or other the like man or body of men, any encouragement or countenance in writing of said books, or to discern any chance of receiving such; but wrote them by effort of his own and the favor of Heaven.

"That all useful labour is worthy of recompense; that all honest labour is worthy of the chance of recompense; that the giving and assuring to each man what recompense his labour has actually merited may be said to be the business of all Legislation, Polity, Government, and Social Arrangement whatsoever among men;—a business indispensable to attempt, impossible to accomplish accurately, difficult to accomplish without inaccuracies that become enormous, insupportable, and the parent of social confusions which never altogether end.

"That your petitioner does not undertake to say what recompense in money this labour of his may deserve; whether it deserve any recompense in money, or whether money in any quantity could hire him to do the like.

"That this his labour has found hitherto, in money or monies worth, small recompense or none; that he is by no means sure of its ever finding recompense, but thinks that, if so, it will be at a distant time, when he, the labourer, will probably no longer be in need of money, and those dear to him will still be in need of it.

"That the law does at least protect all persons in selling the production of their labour at what they can get for it, in all market-places, to all lengths of time. Much more than this the law does to many, but so much it does to all, and less than this to none.

"That your petitioner cannot discover himself to have done unlawfully in this his said labour of writing books, or to have become criminal, or have forfeited the law's protection thereby. Contrariwise your petitioner believes firmly that he is innocent in said labour; that if he be found in the long run to have written a genuine enduring book, his merit therein, and desert towards England and English and other men, will be considerable, not easily estimable in money; that, on the other hand, if his book prove false and ephemeral, he and it will be abolished and forgotten, and no harm done.

"That in this manner, your petitioner plays no unfair game against the world; his stake being life itself, so to speak (for the penalty is death by starvation), and the world's stake nothing till once it see the dice thrown; so that in any case the world cannot lose.

"That in the happy and long-doubtful event of the game's going in his favour, your petitioner submits that the small winnings thereof do belong to him or his, and that no other mortal has justly either part or lot in them at all, now, henceforth, or for ever.

"May it therefore please your Honourable House to protect him in said happy and long-doubtful event; and (by passing your Copyright Bill) forbid all Thomas Teggs and other extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at the shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honourable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal.

"And your petitioner will ever pray.

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

The quaintness, with which the petitioner makes Thomas Tegg, the personification of the book-selling profession,—with which he speaks of his own works, their non-remunerating character, his rights over them, the game between the writer and the world, and the restrictions from stealing for sixty years at least, is highly amusing,—while the pathos, in parts, is deep, and the argument unanswerable.

LATE ITEMS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

SUMMARY.

Boston papers to the 29th, and New York to the 27th of June, bring intelligence to the latest from those places. European dates received are three days later than the news last recorded in the Pearl.

London dates, to May 20, represent the money market as unsettled, and give as reasons, the extreme political agitation of some parts of England, and late continental excitement and changes. It should be recollected, however, that the "money market" is not always a faithful index of the public mind,—it is frequently much effected by the intrigues of money dealers.

The Chartists, who demand extreme political concessions, and threaten force as a mode of obtaining their demands, continue

their movements, in holding meetings; they do not seem to make any progress of consequence,—but rather the reverse. Government, it appears, is vigilant in watching this danger, and has made all necessary preparations to meet it, should circumstances call for energetic measures.

Sir James Clark, who became lately notorious in the Lady Flora Hastings affair, has asked permission, and has obtained it, to travel. He has consequently retired from Court, and his absence will, no doubt, tend to allay the ferment which existed on the subject.

The young Czar of Russia was on a visit to England. The Duke of Wellington gave an entertainment of great splendor to his Highness.

The new steam ship, the British Queen, was expected to leave Portsmouth, for New York, on July 1. She is to depart on the 1st of each alternate month from London and New York. This additional link in the great chain of steam navigation, is rated at 2016 tons, and 500 horse power; she is to be commanded by Lieut. Roberts.

A steamer has been constructed in England, called the Archimedes, which is propelled by a screw placed at the stern. The invention is much lauded,—she travels rapidly, meets bad weather beautifully, and answers her helm with astonishing celerity.

Paris seems to have settled down, once more, into a tranquil state; the days of riot and bloodshed have again passed by. The more immediate results of late tumults appear to be as follow:—The chamber of Peers has been constituted into a court, to try offenders,—The King of France and his family have given about £1000 to the families of those who had been killed by the rioters, and Prince Napoleon L. Buonaparte published a letter denying all participation in the late insurrection. M. Sauzet had been chosen president, and M. M. Ganneren, and Jacqueminet, Vice Presidents of the chamber of Deputies, in place of the late officers who have been raised to the ministry.

The Troops of the Queen of Spain, it is said, have gained some advantage over the Carlists. The roads to Madrid were still intercepted by Cabrera. Don Carlos had published four decrees: giving permission to refugees to solicit leave to return to their country, their petitions to be examined by a special commission; repealing some measures of reprisal caused by decrees at the Queen's side;—allowing interdicted notaries and solicitors to resume their practise;—and granting full amnesty to all whose offences admit of pardon, provided that public and private pecuniary claims on such individuals be previously settled. No immediate settlement of the dreadful state of affairs in Spain, appears probable, although, happily, the warfare seems to be losing some of its more atrocious characteristics.

The Revenue Cutter, which visited Yarmouth lately, respecting seizure of American fishing vessels, and which subsequently put in to St. Johns, has returned to Boston. Her officers, it appears, express much satisfaction at the courtesy experienced in the Provincial ports.

The Indian difficulties in Florida seem to increase. General Macomb endeavoured to complete a treaty by which the Indians should be allowed to remain in a certain part of the territory. This is violently opposed by the white inhabitants. Meetings have been held, strong resolutions against the treaty were adopted,—the citizens, determined to take the war into their own hands,—volunteers were enrolling, and \$200 offered for every Indian taken prisoner or killed: we trust, under the circumstances of the case, that the last item is only an exaggeration. The Indians who attended Gen. Macomb's council are represented as objects of compassion, harrassed and wretched to an extreme.

A fire, at New Orleans, on June 11th, destroyed property estimated at 100,000 dollars.

Under a recently enacted law in Louisiana, a free negro woman has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment, for not leaving the State after getting notice to do so.

During a late trial in St. Louis, for passing a counterfeit note, the note itself was stolen from court, and the accused accordingly was released.

A man was recently fined, at Lowell, 15 dollars, only, for taking a letter written by a lady from the post office, opening it, and reading its contents. The person, a gentleman, to whom the letter was addressed, was the prosecutor.

The Decatur, a corvette of 16 guns, has been built at Brooklyn, and is nearly ready for sea. They were preparing for laying the keel of a steam frigate at the same yard. A 16 gun ship, called the York Town, recently completed.

McKenzie, it appears, was convicted in Munroe County, of levying war on the British possessions; he was fined \$10 and sentenced to 18 months imprisonment.

The "citizens" of Camden, Maine, have been resisting the law which provides for militia drill. They armed themselves, forced the writs from the officer sent to serve them, and pelted him with eggs, and other favours. They threaten to resist every attempt at enforcing the law. The boundary war having blown over, this

is an interior scene in the belligerent line. It would be nearly as little trouble to the citizens to play at soldiers for a few days in the service of the republic, as "on their own hook," and certainly as respectable.

The Texians, recently, despatched a minister to Mexico, hoping, it would seem, that they might thus become recognised by the state whose territory they have wrested to their own advantage. The commandant general at Vera Cruz informed the Envoy, that if he landed he would be lodged in prison, and that the "republic" of Texas was only known as a horde of rebellious adventurers. Matters subsequently cooled down, and the Texan official expressed his satisfaction at this *breaking of the ice*, as he called the affair: *Letting off the steam* might be a more appropriate phrase.

The federalists surrendered the city of Tampico, to the government troops, on June 4th.

The Texians, it is asserted, will take measures to establish a line of blockade along the whole Mexican coast. Mexico has not a single ship of war. The Texian squadron will consist of three sloops of war, and an armed steamer.

Some of the Canada papers assert that further border troubles are to be expected, and that preparations for a renewal of brigandism are now making. We hope that these are only the expressions of apprehension or prejudice, and that no renewal of the scenes of crime and suffering will be attempted.

A Toronto paper says that many persons are emigrating from Upper Canada.

Reports of cruel treatment, shown by the Canadians to the passengers of the John Bull steamer, on the occasion of her loss, recently, have been contradicted.

The Upper Canada papers state that the crops are in a flourishing state.

The foundation of a Roman Catholic college was laid at Kingston, U. C., with much ceremony, on June 25, by Bishop McDouald.

At the U. C. Wesleyan Conference, just held, the Rev. E. Ryerson was chosen secretary, by a large majority over the Rev. E. Evans.

The Maine boundary squabble appears to subside rapidly,—the people of Houlton, U. S. invited the good folk of Woodstock, N. B., to attend at the opening of a meeting house on the 19th and 20th of June. There is something primitive and very pleasing in this indication of returning good sense and good temper.

A report on the Geology of Newfoundland was presented to the House of Assembly early in June. It was signed J. B. Jukes; he desires to have a small vessel placed at his disposal for the purpose of prosecuting his scientific enquiries. The number of seals landed at the ports of Newfoundland, the present spring, are stated at 412,625,—which, it is estimated, will produce 5,158 tons of oil.

The Pictou Mechanic and Farmer states a melancholy circumstance. Captain Parson, of brig Union, Wales, being irritated at interferences with his crew, aimed a blow with the butt end of a gun, at a stranger whom he found on deck, and who evaded direct answers to enquiries respecting his business. The gun struck the windlass, when the concussion caused it to discharge its contents, which lodged in the Captain's body. He expired next morning.

Examinations of Queen's College, and Horton Academy, took place on June 19th and 20th. They are said to have been in the highest degree satisfactory.

The Sergeants of the 8th Regt. entertained the Sergeants of the 37th, on the evening of Thursday week, at McIntyre's Hall.

On Thursday week E. Starr, Esq. entertained a number of his friends, on the occasion of the erection of the first frame at Richmond, North suburbs. It appears that the creation of a town, in that pleasant part of the vicinity, is contemplated, and that the favorite name of Richmond was given to the "location" on the festive occasion above mentioned. The new road which has caused this improvement, is called the Campbell road, in honour of Sir Colin Campbell, whose zeal in its formation should not be forgotten.

SUPREME COURT, PICTOU, — June 28.—The Queen against David Sutherland, for the murder of Alex. McKenzie. The Chief Justice presided, J. F. Gray, Esq. appeared for the Crown, Alex. M. J. Wilkins and H. Blackadar Esqrs. for the prisoner. The particulars of the case were as follow:

On the 23rd of April last, prisoner was at work at the stables at the Albion Mines. He was accosted by deceased, who said that he knew he was an Antiburgher by his looks. Some words followed. Deceased caught hold of prisoner and threw him. On rising from the ground prisoner laid hold of a thick stick and struck deceased with it. Deceased fell, but recovered so as to be able to go away. He became much affected that night, and died next day. The Doctors who were examined testified that his skull was fractured, and that the blow caused his death. It appeared that prisoner had no idea that the blow was so serious, and that he evinced much sorrow when he heard of the danger of deceased.

The Chief Justice recommended a verdict of manslaughter, which was returned, and the prisoner was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, he had been confined two months previously. He received a good character.

NEW POTATOES.—The Novascotian mentions the appearance of New Potatoes raised by Mr. James Irons, on the farm of Hon. E. Collins. One of these specimens was about 2 inches diameter, and six of them weighed 7 ounces. Mr. Irons presents a good example, of industry, skill, and information, to the agriculturists of the Province.

SMALL STEAMER.—The arrival, from Europe, at New York, of a small iron steamboat, 30 tons burthen, has caused many remarks. The complimentary notice of the enterprise of the voyagers, has called forth some comparisons.

The escape of an American sailor, T. King, of Charleston, S. C. is said to cast all nautical adventurers, in small craft, into the shade. He put off from Bermuda, in the sail boat of the prison ship, on July 25, 1818, and landed on the coast of Virginia, on the 3d of August; having been nine days at sea, alone. The sailor, who attracted the attention of Napoleon, by his project of escaping out of a French port in a washing tub, is also noticed as a rival to the navigators of the small steamer. Comparisons work unfairly, often: honour should be given where honour is due, no matter how others may excel in other paths.

MUSIC.—The utility of making music a part of education has been much dwelt on. A paragraph in a late Boston Morning Herald, thus notices a juvenile concert which took place in that city:

"We availed ourselves of a polite invitation, a few evenings since" to attend a private Concert given by the pupils of the seminary under the charge of the Rev. E. M. Wells, at South Boston. The Concert was well attended by the friends of the pupils, who appeared to be highly pleased with the entertainment. The performance of the flute class, composed of little fellows, scarce as large as their instruments, reflected great credit on the taste and skill of the teacher. While the young gentlemen who had charge of the accordians, were by no means behind hand in their share of the business. Some fine marches were played on the piano forte, in a manner which would have done no discredit to veteran performers. Mr. Cunnabell, the teacher of music, has good reason to be proud of his scholars, and his scholars have good reason to congratulate themselves in possessing a teacher who combines a thorough knowledge of music, with an easy and expeditious manner of imparting it to others."

Strawberries, ripe and mellow, says the Pictou Observer, have made their appearance in Pictou: a pleasing theme.

The Mail from Pictou to Halifax, will be made up three times a week during the summer months.

MARRIED.

On 30th April last, at Brighton, England, Lieutenant Colonel Chesney, Royal Artillery, to Everinda, second daughter of Lieutenant General, Sir John Fraser, G. C. H.

On Sunday the 23d ult, by the Rev J. Marshall, Mr. John F. Smith, to Miss Emeline Smith, both of this place.

DIED.

Drowned at Vera Cruz, on the 19th of January, by the upsetting of a boat, John James, eldest son of the late Michael Dalton, of this town, in the 25th year of his age, leaving a wife and one child to lament his loss.

At York Point, P. E. I., 24th inst, after an illness of two days, William Duckendorff, Esq. J. P. in the 67th year of his age.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Edgar Allan, aged 31 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Wednesday, July 3d—Am. schr. Annawan, Aikens, Boston, 3 days—flour and wheat to G. P. Lawson; Packet Industry, Simpson, do. do.—do. to H. Fay and others; barque Clio, Daly, Trinidad, 19 days—ballast to J. Fairbanks; schrs. Victoria, Doane, Newfoundland, 10 days—fish, to W. Lawson, Junr. Mary Ann, Vincent, do. do.—do. to the master.—

Thursday, no arrivals.

Friday, 1 o'clock,—2 brigs and a brig East; H. M. brig Serpent, reported.

CLEARED.

Saturday, 29th—Mary & Margaret, St. John N.B. oil, by S. Cunard & Co.; Kate, Leslie, B. W. Indies, assorted cargo by S. Binney; Star, Roy, P. E. Island—assorted cargo, by C. H. Reynolds; Louisa, Lorway, Nassau—assorted cargo by H. Scott. July 2nd—Schr. Feronia, Ryan, Newfoundland—rum and molasses, by J. G. Morry; Friendship, Doane, do—flour and molasses by Hugh Lyle. 3rd—Schr. Transcendant, Kemble, B. W. Indies—fish, lumber, etc. by Fairbanks and Allison; Eagle, Wilson, Bay Chaleur—flour, etc. by do. 4th, Am. schr. Eurotus, Snow, Boston, sugar, by G. P. Lawson; brig Aberon, Shields, Hull,—deals, etc. by P. Furloug.

EXTENSIVE EVENING BOOK SALE.

BY W. M. ALLAN,

At his Auction Room, corner of Bedford Row, THIS EVENING, 5th July; and on Saturday and Monday evenings 7th and 8th inst: FOR THE REV. THOMAS TAYLOR.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY of 1200 Volumes, comprising—a large variety of the best Literary, Historical, Medical, Scientific, Biblical, and Theological Works. Catalogues are now ready. The sale to commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock. July 5.

Auctioneers and General Agents.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

BEG to make known to the Public, that they have entered into Co Partnership and intend conducting a General Auction and Commission Business, under the Firm of

PAW & TIDMARSH.

They have taken the store at the head of Clark's wharf, formerly occupied by Messrs. D. & E. Starr & Co. where any description of Business entrusted to their management, shall be strictly attended to.

GEORGE A. V. PAW.
THOMAS U. TIDMARSH.

June 14, 1839.

J. R. CLEVERDON, WATCH MAKER,

HAVING commenced Business in the shop lately occupied by the late Mr. La Baune, begs leave to inform his friends, and the public in general, that he hopes by unremitting attention and long experience in the above business, (both in England and Halifax) to obtain a share of their patronage.

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, etc. for sale.

May 31.

SPICES, DRUGS, &c.

RECEIVED by recent arrivals and for sale low by the Subscriber—Bags of E. I. Ginger, Cloves, Pimento, Caraway Seed, black and white Pepper, cases Cinnamon, Liquorice and Indigo, barrels Raze Ginger, Nutmegs, Currants, Saleratus, Soda, blue Vitriol, Alum and Copperas, boxes Arrow Root, Lozenges, Sugar Candy, Raisins, Windsor Soap, Black Lead, Starch, and Crown Blue, Olive Oil, in small packages; kegs of Salt Petre and Mustard, with a general supply of Drugs, Chemical and Patent Medicines, Apothecaries' Glass, Trussers, Lancets, etc. (6m) GEO. E. MORTON.
Halifax, May, 1839.

DRUGS, SEEDS, TEAS.

THE SUBSCRIBER having by the late arrivals completed his extensive SPRING SUPPLY of the above, together with Spices, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, (Among the latter Farina's Eau de Cologne) Combs, Brushes, etc. PAINTS and OILS, etc.

The whole are offered for sale on the most reasonable terms, at his Drug Store, near the Market. JAMES F. AVERY.
May 10 6w

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough, Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogshead, ditto ditto.

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The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation.

The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers. N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogsheads, do. do.

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henryy Blacklee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B. Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT.

THIS TRI-WEEKLY PAPER has been enlarged by one third of its original size, and continues to be issued at the old price of ONE PENNY per number—Country Subscribers being charged one dollar extra, to cover the year's postage.

The TRANSCRIPT was the first Penny Paper ever attempted in Canada, and has become the best paper of that class on the Continent of America. Having by much the LARGEST CIRCULATION of any paper in Canada, it has attracted a considerable advertising patronage; its Politics are independent, fearless alike of the frowns of Office, and of popular prejudice; and it contains a considerable portion of Literary and Miscellaneous matter, selected with judgment.

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As the subscription is to be paid in advance, Country Subscribers are requested to remit even money; say 10s. for half a year, or 20s. for a full year, the surplus will be found at their credit at the expiration of the period.

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THE PEPTIC PILLS IN HALIFAX.

SOLD only at the Book Store of Mr. John Munro, fronting the south-east gate of the Province Building. Frederick W. Morris, sole inventor and proprietor.

All letters for advice left at Mr. Munro's Store, and enclosing a fee of not less than 20s. will be immediately attended to. May 31.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having entered into Co-Partnership under the firm of VIETS and LONGLEY. They beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public, that they will in futuro conduct business under the above Firm; and respectfully invite their attention to their selection of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc. etc. which they will dispose of Cheap for prompt Payment.

B. VIETS,
N. F. LONGLEY.

Digby, April 1, 1839.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DAY WAS DARK.

The day was dark, save when the beam
Of noon through darkness broke,
In gloomy state, as in a dream,
Beneath my orchard oak,
Lo, splendour, like a spirit came,
A shadow, like a tree ;
While there I sat, and named her name,
Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear ;
I look'd around in awe ;
But saw no beautiful spirit near,
Though all that was I saw ;
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears
She mourned her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joy cut off in early years
Like gather'd flowers half blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
But Mary did not come ;
And e'en the rose, which she had set,
Was faded ne'er to bloom !
The thrush proclaimed in accents sweet,
That winter's reign was o'er ;
The bluebells throng'd around my feet,
But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
Awake to thought again ;
No voice of comfort answers me ;
But God does nought in vain :
He wastes no flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave ;
And will he waste the hope which grief
Hath placed in the grave !

* From the Augusta Mirror.

JUDGE LYNCH OUTWITTED.

Now, of all other men, perhaps John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to "sittin on a rail." He would rather have died than suffer such an indignity ; and immediately on receiving this intelligence, he resolved that he would not be caught "sleeping bery sound." He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, complained in a whining tone of voice.

"Well you'd better put out, then," said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle and popped the "pie," in the drawer. "Judge Lynch has said it."

"Well, now I'm not a gowin to be served no such trick," said John. "Judge Lynch be hanged."

"John sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself, 'I'll blow 'em up, if they come a projectin' about this child.'"

He then stepped into a store and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pocket handkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars, lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him, and as he saw them gather round the door, he began to puff away at his cigar and mutter against "the whole infernal pack of 'em."

"Yes," said he, "you come tryin' that are, and you'll get walked up worse than ever you was afore—You jest fool with this child—that's all ; and if I don't blow you to kingdom come—you see if I don't."

The crowd which had assembled round the door, now gradually entered the room, and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar, and cry,

"Just you tetch now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirlin, if this here powder's good for anythin. I don't care for myself—I'd rather be blowed through the roof of this here store than be rid on a rail—a confounded sight."

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

"Ha, what dat you shall say ?—blow off de roof from my house !"

"Lay hold of him," said the Judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentence in person, "lay hold of him, fellows !"

"Stand off !" exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held the powder in one hand and the cigar in the other. "Do you see this 'ere cigar, and this 'ere powder ? jest lay hands on me and I'll fetch 'em together. If I don't now dad burn me."

"Help !" help !" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "Go out of my house, sair—begone with your powder and cigar—what de diable !—will you blow up my property ?"

"Well, let 'em let me alone then. I'll blow all hands up, and myself, too, before I'll be rid on a rail."

"Gather him up, gentleman," said the judge ; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd which had now increased in number, gradually drew round the besieged Rodgers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

"Here goes, then !" exclaimed Rodgers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief. There was a sudden rush to the door, and a confusion of voices crying,

out, "stop ! stop ! Dont dont !" above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman, crying out, "Murdaire ! murdaire !"

"Well," said Rodgers, as the crowd dispersed, "I'd just as live be killed, as rid on a rail !"

"I tell you one, two, several times, to begone vid your powder magazine, and your cigar. Will you leave my house, sare ?"

But Rodgers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his possession against the wall, until the old man had prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from the door. He then left the house much to the relief of the old Frenchman, but ever as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination, and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Bring the rail !"

"You try it," said John, "and if you don't go into a hornet's nest, it'll be because fire won't burn powder, now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close round him, and as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerably, by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat dashed it to the ground, and exclaiming, "*Non comatible in statue combustibus !*" abandoned the attempt. The rest of the posse soon imitated his example, leaving Rodgers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch for the first time, witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers a better man, and from that time forth he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch of T—, Florida.

THE MISERY OF WISDOM.—The ruins of Castleonnell, formerly belonging to the De Burgos, are situated on a steep rock above the town. There is a tradition which is firmly believed by the surrounding peasantry, that this ruin will fall upon the wisest person in the world, if he should pass under its walls. The late Mr. —, a gentleman of much consideration in the neighbourhood, fancied himself entitled to the honor of being crushed to death by the ruins. He never could be prevailed on to approach them ; and when obliged to ride along the high road to Limerick, which runs near, he always passed the dangerous spot at full gallop.—*Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland.*

MORNING SONG AMONG THE COSSACKS.—A kind of population soon began to make themselves heard that we had not reckoned on—not the bees, nor the singing maidens, but the poultry—cocks, hens, and chickens, geese, turkeys, every winged creature that man ever tamed, long before dawn, filled the air with a crowing, droning murmur, which at first we could in nowise understand. It seemed as if the whole region had been one large hen-roost. The houses and trees rang with their din.

A CUNNING MIND.—There is nothing in the world so curious to look at as the mind of a cunning man—not a conjurer, but a man who thinks he is carrying on his schemes, and manœuvring and keeping everybody else in the dark as to his designs and intentions. Addison says that "cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom."

In days of yore, when drinking flip was a fashionable mode of dissipation, a worthy old gentleman came near losing his life by its excessive use. While danger thus stared him in the face, he made a solemn vow that, if he recovered, he would never taste of another drop of flip. Health returned, and with it his former appetite. Self-denial did not long maintain the supremacy. 'Cuff,' said he one day to a favored and favorite slave, 'bring me a mug of beer.' 'Yes massa.' 'Now drop in some sugar.' 'Yes, massa.' 'Cuff, set it down on the hearth, and stick the hot end of the andiron in it.' Cuff paused a little. 'Massa, me thought you swear you drink no more flip.' 'This is not flip, Cuff ; you may call it warm sweetened beer, with a little rum in it.' 'Yes, massa, me berry tickled to—but—but—' 'But what, you black rascal ?' 'Me berry much afraid debble set it down flip.'—*Barre Gaz.*

GETTING READY TO MARRY.—A 'loveyer' in the lower country writes to his sweetheart down south, that his prospects are good, and that he clears on an average five dollars a day, by pitching dollars.

SPRING AND POETRY.—The editor of the Cincinnati News has had his imagination exalted by the poetic influences of springs, and thus pours out the tide of song :

"And now the merry ploughboy
Whistles his morning song :
Along the dale, and through the vale
'Tis echoed loud and long.
The farmer's flocks are roving free,
And on the budding shrubbery
His spouse's
Cowses
Browzes,

And the martins have returned, and found
A welcome to our houses ;
And the little niggers run around
Divested of their trouaes."

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me sir," said she, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning."

CANINE ATTACHMENT.—The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* relates the melancholy particulars of the death of a Mr. H. Roberts, butcher, of Tredewen, Montgomeryshire, who, on returning homewards a few days ago from Llanfyllin-market, had to cross the Godderford, near his residence, and the river being vastly swollen, he fell from his horse (when the animal plunged), and was drowned. His dog had accompanied him all the day ; and, it appears, had seen the accident, for he followed the body as it sank, and seizing the collar of the coat in his teeth, with great labour brought the body to the side of the stream, and, raising the head above water, held it firmly there during the whole of the inclement night ; and when discovered in the morning the faithful animal was half immersed in the water, and shivering with cold, yet still engaged in its affectionate office, holding the head of its old master above the stream, and all unconscious that its exertions were useless, for the life had long departed from him to whom the poor animal was so much attached. So severe had been the dog's exertions to bring the body ashore, that the greater part of the collar of the coat, and much of the unfortunate man's shirt, were torn to pieces in the attempt.

INNOCENCE MADE MANIFEST.—Among the persons who emigrated to Texas, in the early part of the contest of that country with Mexico, was a young gentleman of the name Laurens, formerly assistant editor to the *New-York Star*. He became acquainted with several gentlemen of his own age, also emigrants, in company with a number of whom he one night visited the house of a Dr. Goodrich, where the party remained till morning, Laurens sleeping with his host. In the morning, Goodrich missed his wallet, with a large sum of money, and he accused Laurens of the theft. It was in vain that the latter denied the charge—he was compelled to challenge his accuser, by whom he was shot dead. It is now ascertained that the money was stolen by another of the party, and who was actually Mr. Laurens's second in the duel. Goodrich suffered much from remorse, and came to a violent death at San Antonio. The whole affair forms an admirable commentary on the folly of duelling.

At a country hotel a short time since, a servant girl enquired of a gentleman at the breakfast table if his cup was out. "No," said he, "but my coffee is." The poor thing was considerably confused, but determined to pay him in his own coin. While at dinner, the stage drove up, and several coming in, the gentleman asked, "Does the stage dine here ?" "No, sir," said the girl, "but the passengers do."

A MAGNIFICENT CAPE.—According to the *New York Evangelist*, a most curious specimen of native ingenuity, and of the extravagance of despotism, is to be seen at the Missionary Rooms. It is a cape worn by a Sandwich Island Chief, which, according to an estimate of the Rev. Mr. Richards, must have cost \$100,000. It is made of small feathers, of very bright and beautiful colors, only two of which grow under the wing of a particular bird. These are skillfully wrought upon a coarse net-work, so as to form stripes of several different colors. The manner of obtaining them is as follows : An adhesive substance is placed upon the end of a long pole, and some bait a little distance below. This pole is held near the bird, upon the rocks and branches—it alights on the end of the pole, and by the adhesive substance is caught and drawn down and the feathers pulled out. Mr. Richards estimated that he could have obtained \$100,000 worth of provisions, with the labor that was expended on this cape. There are also two small tippets for the neck, made of the same materials.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All letters and communications post paid, addressed to John S. Thompson, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

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