

NAPOLEON'S TELEGRAPH ON MONTMARTRE.

"In my ramblings round Paris during the days of Napoleon, my steps always turned, at the beginning or end of my ramble, towards *Montmartre*, and my eyes always to the Telegraph upon its summit. I constantly found a number of people lingering there; watching, like myself, the movements of the machine which had sent out so many awful messages in its time. It was, of course, especially busy during the foreign campaigns of the great King-warrior. Its perfect stillness, until it began its communications; and then its sudden, various, and eccentric movements, of which no cause could be discovered, and whose purpose was a secret of state; made it to me, and to thousands of others, the most singular, and perhaps the most anxious of all contemplations, at a period when every act of the Government shook Europe."—*MSS. Journal.*

I see thee standing on thy height,
A form of mystery and might,
Thou strange, uncouth, and shapeless thing,
Tossing thy arms with sullen swing,
Like the bare pinions of some monstrous bird,
Or skeleton, by its old spirit stirred.

I saw thee once. The eve was wild,
The snow was on the vineyard piled,
The forest bent before the gale;
And thou, amid the twilight pale,
Towering above thy mountain's misty spine,
Didst stand, like some old lightning-blasted pine.

But evil instinct seem'd to fill
Thy ghastly form. With sudden thrill
I saw thee fling thine arms on high,
As if in challenge to the sky;
Ay, all its tempests, all its fires were tame
To thy fierce flight—thy words of more than flame!

The thunderbolt was launched that hour,
Berlin, that smote thy royal tower!
That sign the living deluge roll'd,
By Poland's dying groan foretold.
One rising sun, one bloody setting shone,
And dust and ashes were on Frederick's throne!

Talk of the necromancer's spell!
In forest depths, in magic cell,
Was never raised so fierce a storm,
As when thy solitary form
Into the troubled air its wild spells hurl'd,
Thou sullen shaker of a weary world.

I saw thee once again. 'Twas morn.
Sweet airs from summer fields were borne,
The sun was in the laughing sky;
I saw thy startling limbs outfly,
And felt, that in that hour I saw the birth
Of some new curse, that might have clouded earth.

The soundless curse went forth—it passed.
'Twas answer'd by the trumpet blast,
'Twas answered by the cannon roar,
Pale Danube, on thy distant shore.
That sign of woe let loose the iron horde
That crush'd in gore the Hapsburg helm and sword!

Again I look'd—'twas day's decline;
Thy mount was purple with the vine;
The clouds in rosy beauty slept,
The birds their softest vesper kept;
The plain, all flowers, was one rich painted floor,
And thou, wild fiend, even thou wast still once more.

I saw thee from thy slumber start;
That blow was, Russia, to thy heart!
That hour the shaft was shot, that rent
The curtains of the Tartar tent.
That voiceless sign to wolf and vulture cried,
Come to your fiercest feast of Homicide.

Then swept the sword, and blazed the sheil,
Then armies gave the dying yell;
Then burning cities lit the gloom,
The groans of Empire in its doom!
Till all was death—then came the final ban,
And Heaven broke down the strength too strong for man.

Then earth was calm. I saw thee sleep—
Once more I saw thy thin arms sweep.
Napoleon's blazing star was wan!
The master of the Talisman
Was dungeoned far upon the ocean-wave—
Thine were the silent tidings of his grave.

Blackwood's Magazine.

LONDON BRIDGE.

Here we are, then, over the very spot where the old bridge stood for nearly a thousand years. The waters roll over its site, coal barges and wherries are moored over its foundations, and its juvenile successor, a thing of yesterday, rears its head proudly, close alongside. In the interval of time that separates the erection of the two structures, what changes the world has seen! The physical world has seen none; the tides still roll, and the seasons still succeed each other in the same order; but the mind of man, the world which rules the world—how immense the progress it has made! Even while that old bridge lasted, man stepped from barbarism to civilization. Hardly one of the countless thousands that now pour in living streams from morning to night over the pathway of its successor, has time to waste a thought on the old one, or the lesson it might teach him. Its duration was of twenty generations of mankind; it seemed built to defy time and the elements, and yet it has crumbled at last. Becoming old and frail, it stood in people's way; and was pulled to pieces without regret, twenty or thirty years, perhaps, before the time when it would have fallen to destruction of its own accord. All this time the river has run below unchanged and unchangeable, the same as it flowed thousands of years ago, when the now busy thoroughfares on either side were only swamps, inhabited only by the frog and the bittern, and when painted savages prowled about the places that are now the marts of commerce and the emporium of the world.

A complete *resumé* of the manners and character of the people of England may be gleaned from the various epochs in the age of the old bridge. First, it was a crazy wooden structure, lined on each side with rows of dirty wooden huts, such as befitted a rude age, and a people just emerging from barbarism. Itinerant dealers in all kinds of goods spread out their wares on the pathway, making a market of the thoroughfare, and blocking it up with cattle to sell, or waggon-loads of provender. The bridge, while in this primitive state, was destroyed many times by fire, and as many times built up again. Once, in the reign of William Rufus, it was carried away by a flood, and its fragments swept into the sea. The continual expense of these renovations induced the citizens, under the superintendence of Peter of Colchurh, to build it up of stone. This was some improvement; but the houses on either side remained as poor and miserable as before, dirty outside, and pestilential within. Such was its state, during the long unhappy centuries of feudalism. What a strange spectacle it must have afforded at that time!—what an emblem of all the motley characteristics of the ruled and rulers! Wooden huts and mud floors for the people,—handsome stone chapels and oratories, adorned with statues and stained glass, for the clergy; and drawbridges, and portcullises, and all the paraphernalia of attack and defence at either end, to show a government founded on might rather than right, and to mark the general insecurity of the times; while, to crown all, the awful gate toward Southwark, but overlooking the stream, upon which, for a period of nearly three hundred years, it was rare for the passenger to go by without seeing a human head stuck upon a pike, blackening and rotting in the sun. In 1471, after the defeat of the famous Falconbridge, who made an attack upon London, his head and nine others were stuck upon the bridge together, upon ten spears where they remained visible to all comers, till the elements had left nothing of them but the bones. The legs of Sir Thomas Wyatt were exhibited from the same spot, during the reign of Mary. Even the Mayors of London had almost as much power to kill and destroy as the Kings and Queens, so reckless was the age of the life of man. In 1335, the Mayor, one Andrew Aubrey, ordered seven skinnners and fishmongers, whose only offence was rioting in the street, aggravated by personal insult to himself, to be beheaded without form of trial. Their heads were also exposed on the bridge, and the Mayor was not called to an account for his conduct. Jack Cade, in the hot fervour of his first successes, imitated this fine example, and set up Lord Saye's head at the same place, little thinking how soon his own would bear it company.

How different are the glories of the new bridge! Of the millions of heads that crowd it every year, busy in making money or taking pleasure, not one dreads the executioner's knife. Every man's head is his own; and if either King or Lord Mayor dare to meddle with it, it is at his peril. We have luckily passed the age when law makers could be law breakers, and every man walks in security. While no human heads adorn, no wooden hovels disfigure the new bridge, or block up the view of the water. Such a view as the one from that place was never meant to be hidden. The 'unbounded Thames that flows for all mankind,' and into whose port 'whole nations enter with every tide,' bearing with them the wealth of either hemisphere, is a sight that only needs to be seen to be wondered at. And if there is a sight from John o' Groat's house to the Land's End, of which an Englishman may be proud, it is that. Other sights which we can show to the stranger may reflect more credit upon the *land*, but that does honour to the *men*, and is unequalled among any other nation on the globe.—*Bentley's Mag.*

THE WIFE.—That woman deserves not a husband's generous love who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labours of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand that is so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence, and break away from such a home.

RECEPIES, &c.

HYDROPHOBIA.—We are indebted to Mr. Coster, a French physician, for the following valuable discovery, as a preventative to hydrophobia: Take two table-spoonfulls of fresh chloride of lime in powder, mix it with half a pint of water, and with this wash keep the wound constantly bathed, and frequently renewed. The chlorine gas possesses the power of decomposing this tremendous poison, and renders mild and harmless that venom against whose resistless attack the artillery of medical science has been so long directed in vain. It is necessary to add, that this wash should be applied as soon as possible after the infliction of the bite. Another plan, which has been extensively tried at Breslau, Zurich, and many other parts of the continent, consists not merely in cutting out the bitten part, (mere incision has been found too often unavailing,) but in combining with the incision the effectual means for keeping open the wound, and maintaining it in a state of suppuration during a period of at least six weeks. Other curative means, as the exhibition of mercury, bala-dona, or lytloe, were also employed in these cases; but upon these, it is thought, little reliance can be placed. The following are the results of this treatment:—From 1810 to 1824, the number of persons admitted into the Breslau hospital was 184, of whom two only died of hydrophobia. From 1783 to 1824, inclusive, there were admitted into the hospital at Zurich 233 persons, bitten by animals, (182 by dogs,) of whom only four died—two on the second day of admission, and in whom the disease had probably become developed before they were submitted to the treatment, and the other two were bitten in parts (inside of the cheek and eyelid) where the prescribed means could not be employed with the requisite exactness.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—Take Rue, six ounces; Garlic, four ounces; Venice Treacle, eight ounces; Filings of Pewter, four ounces. Boil it half an hour in two quarts of old ale. Strain off and bottle for use. A wine-glassful is a dose, morning and evening; to be repeated for ten days. The wounds may be bathed with salt and water, and treated as other wounds. The patient should live in a warm room, be frequently bled, and should smell of a fresh peeled onion after taking each dose. We know this medicine is to be relied upon, and is not inferior to any other. We also give it to cattle in discretionary proportion. This is the medicine that was so popular a century ago at Caythorpe in Lincolnshire; all the infected that took it recovered, and those that did not died. Tie up the mouths of cattle, or to the rack, for the same space of time, for until the medicine passes the stomach.

A Philadelphia physician, in the United States Gazette, gives the following remedy for scalds and burns, which he states from 12 years experience to be a certain remedy. The relief is almost instantaneous: from a minute to half an hour, will usually find full relief from pain. No matter what the extent of the burn, even if the skin is removed from the body:

Take soot from a chimney where wood is burned, rub it fine, and mix one part soot, to three parts, or nearly so, of hog's lard, fresh butter, or any kind of fresh grease, that is not salted, spread this on linen or muslin, or any cotton cloth, for easier or more perfect adaption. If in very extensive burns or scalds, the cloth should be torn into strips before putting over the scald, let the remedy be freely and fully applied, so as to perfectly cover all the burned part. No other application is required until the patient is well, except to apply fresh applications of the soot and lard, &c.

In steamboat explosions, this remedy can in nearly all cases be at once applied, and if done, many valuable lives will be saved, and a vast amount of suffering alleviated.

The experience of almost six thousand years has testified the incompetency of every worldly thing to make men truly happy. But the practice and course of the world are such, as if this were some late and sure experiment, which, for curiosity, every one must be trying over again. Every age renews the inquiry after an earthly felicity.

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