

that showed how futile was the jealousy of the Graf, how needless his revenge. The young man was the lady's only brother!

"Vorsfede was never heard of more. His donjon has never again been tenanted: indeed, such is the horror of its blood-stained walls, that few persons have ever been hardy enough, even in the broadest daylight, to explore the recesses of THE RAVEN'S TOWER."

### TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!  
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,  
And eyes of beauty o'er the roll,  
And song and dance thy power confess,  
I will not touch thee; for there clings  
A scorpion to thy side that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's trees,  
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,  
And, as from that, there comes from thee  
The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die."  
I dare not lift thy liquid gem—  
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

What, though of gold the goblet be,  
Embossed with branches of the vine;  
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see  
Such clusters as poured out the wine,  
Among those leaves an adder hangs!  
I fear him; for I've felt his fangs.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep cold wells!  
Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!  
Springs from the earth's mysterious cells,  
Gush o'er your granitic basin's lip!  
To you I look—your largess give,  
And I will drink of you and live.

### THE MIRAGE.

The mirage, that magical phenomena of light, which, according to natural philosophers, has never hitherto been witnessed but under the burning sky of Egypt, is re-produced on the banks of the Soane in its full magnificence. The valley of that river in the environs of the Auxone spreads into a vast level plain. The town is built on the border of the stream, on a slight eminence, which when the overflow of the Soane covers the meadows, presents the appearance of a tongue of land stretching out into the midst of the waters. On a warm summer's day, when there is no breath of wind, and the layers of the air which rest upon the ground, unmoved by currents, are motionless, the spectator, standing in the midst of the prairie to the northward of Auxone, and looking towards the town, is witness to a magnificent spectacle. In the distance the arid soil has disappeared; a vast extent of water spreads out before him, and the town rises as it were in the midst of a lake, which reflects the houses and trees upon its banks, as distinctly as if they were indeed repeated on the surface of a tranquil sheet of water. When the ground is intensely heated by the sun, and the weather calm, experience proves that the lower strata of the air are dilated by the earth, and that, commencing from a certain height, they are less dense in proportion as they approach the soil. In that case, it happens that the rays of light passing from objects, placed above the horizon towards the earth, having to traverse layers of air of different densities, are refracted; and that, finally presenting themselves very obliquely to enter a new stratum, they fail to penetrate it, and are reflected. Then, if a spectator be so placed as to receive at once the rays of light which proceed from objects directly to himself, and those which, passing from the same objects towards the ground, are reflected, that spectator will see both the objects themselves, and their images reversed beneath them. Now, if a spectator be placed in the midst of a plain so level and extensive that those rays, projected from that portion of the sky which touches the horizon in the direction of the ground, present themselves to the expanded strata of air in a direction so oblique that those rays are reflected, then the spectator in question will see on the earth the image of the sky; and this image it is which has to his eyes the perfect aspect of a sheet of limpid water.

VENICE.—Is it Venus in her shell upon the ocean, or the illusion of fancy, that has given some rock the appearance of a city—a sculptured reef, furrowing the seas, like coral glowing upon the waters, fashioned into fairy forms—artifice palmed upon the ocean, which she mistakes for her own creation, and embraces without injury? Or is it some mirage which presents itself to the eye when the elements mimic the works of man, and deceive the senses? Wonderful that yon mass of stone and towering edifices can burden the light foundation of the ocean; though the generality of the buildings assimilate themselves to their situation, and bear upon the bosom of the ocean, gently as a zephyr breeze. The doge's palace and St. Mark's, are of an airy character; the Giorgio Maggiore, the Sestiere, the Redentore, Marco Sebeto, are more ponderous and majestic; now all grey, then red, then white, with the quick successive alternations of the evening. The transparent palace of the doge receives the full reflection of the setting sun, and looks a rival beam-

ing upon the sea; the white Bridge of Sighs hanging without the impenetrable and gloomy prisons. Traversing this ocean labyrinth through its canals, or on foot through its alleys, not the winding mountain torrent piercing its dark way through the disjointed rocks, and thickly wooded sides of the ravine, nor the river flowing through ever so fair a valley, surpasses, in picturesque variety and beauty, these serpentine canals between their lines of palaces.

THE TIBER.—In its course this Roman river does not water any other great towns, or pass by many frequented ways; as if, contented with the honour of the imperial city, it avoided and disdained all others; and after Rome, it wends its way, desolate and unknown, to the sea; whilst the Arno, which rises on the other side of the same hill in the Apennines, for the short length of its course goes through a populous territory, and two as glorious towns as any in Italy—Florence and Pisa; and the Nile, and all other great rivers, wash innumerable cities.

There is a sweet and simple custom prevalent in Iceland, which marks the habitual devotion of its inhabitants. Whenever they leave home, though for a short journey, they uncover their heads, and for the space of five minutes, silently implore the protection of the Almighty. Dr. Henderson, from whom it is derived, and who observed it in the Icelanders who often attended him on his excursions, also remarked it in the humblest fishermen, when going forth to procure food for their families. After having put out upon the sea, they row the boat into quiet water, at a short distance from the shore, and bowing their uncovered heads, solicit the blessings of their Father in Heaven. Even in passing a stream, which in their country of precipices is often an operation fraught with danger, they observe the same sacred custom. This affecting habit of devotion has been imputed to the fact, that from their isolated situation, and mode of life, the mother is almost the only teacher, and her instruction seems to have become incorporated with their very elements of being.

SPEECH OF AN AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.—If we had never moved in this matter the whole country would have been now a great country of drunkards. We would have had a drunken president, a drunken congress, drunken judges, drunken soldiers, drunken sailors, drunken parsons, drunken everybody; even the dogs in the street would have been drunk. Now in ten years there won't be a drunkard in the land. But the devil is busy; we must all sign the tee-total pledge—work and shut up the grog shops.

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

NATURAL BEAUTY.—I maintain that there is no such thing as really bad weather. In the very worst, there are at all events fine picturesque clouds to be seen now and then, and perhaps a strip of blue. So, too, there is no such thing as a really ugly country. Put me in a dark, damp valley, and there must be hills round it, and I can climb up them and get a fine prospect. Or if it is a flat plain, why there are always grass and bushes or flowers to be found; and where these are, there are birds—and is not this capital enough for a man to be happy on?

CONQUESTS.—Heroes and conquerors often perform miracles of courage and skill, and earn immortal glory, just by writing a line or two to some of their subordinates; because a good army is like a stocking frame, which being a master-piece of mechanism, and capable of a hundred different movements, only wants one or two touches of the owner's hand to set it a-going, and in a few minutes, the stocking, or the victory, as the case may be, is finished.

PETTY TROUBLES.—How I pity a man of genius who is afflicted with the petty troubles that beset our life, who must earn his bread when he wants to write, and get out of debt before he can make himself immortal! It is like seeing a tree full of the choicest fruit, with lots of clothes hanging to dry on the branches.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.—It is true, Spring does not descend to men like Autumn, and say to them, "See what treasures I bear on my arms and boughs—all these are yours." It rather needs gifts itself, for it is bare and barren; but it comes like a naked child, who smiles upon you, and you take him into your bosom.

BIRDS.—I find great pleasure in thinking to myself, that the songs of the birds I hear around me have not changed for thousands of years, but are the same now as they were in Paradise; and when I see birds of passage, I reflect that the same notes which please my ear now, perhaps charmed a listener in Asia or Africa a few weeks before.

AUTHORS.—Authors should be opossums, and carry their brood about in their pouches, until they are fully grown, and fit to go out into the world.

CHAPTERS.—Chapters are like stone seats scattered on the long road through a book, to give the reader a chance to rest himself and look behind him.

AFFLICTIONS.—As the snow-drop comes amid snow and sleet, appearing as the herald to the rose, so religion comes amidst the blight of affliction, to remind us of a perpetual summer, where the bright sun never retires behind a wintry cloud.

Some enter the gates of art with golden keys, and take their seats with dignity among the demigods of fame; some burst the doors, and leap into a niche with savage power; thousands consume their time in chinking useless keys, and aiming feeble pushes against the inexorable doors.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company, can do for them.

THE BEST CAPITAL.—We hear much said in these days about capital—money capital—but the best of all capital for the young to start with in the world is a good moral character.

A DENTIST'S SIGN—from the French:

"A dentist here makes teeth of bone  
For those whom Fate has left without,  
And finds provision for his own  
By pulling other people's out!"

It is stated in the *Echo de L'Orient*, a Smyrna paper, that the Turkish government have just sent firmans to the Governors of all the provinces in which opium is cultivated, ordering them to use their influence with the inhabitants, to induce them to sow corn on the land which has hitherto been reserved for opium.

The boring instrument now at work for the Artesian Well, in the abattoir at Grenelle, has reached the depth of 508 metres, or 1,666½ feet. The earth brought up is still a greenish clay. It requires four horses and twelve men to keep the apparatus in action, and it is daily hoped to see the water burst up. The temperature increases a degree in warmth for every thirty yards penetrated downwards.—*Galignani*.

An act abolishing imprisonment for debt has just passed both houses of the Mississippi legislature, and wanted only the signature of the Governor to become a law.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 9.

SUPREME COURT.—LIBEL CASE.—Mr. E. Ward against Messrs. English & Blackadar, was tried on Monday last. This was a case of some interest,—its merits are as follows: Some time in 1838, a person of the name of Duncan arrived in Halifax. Shortly after an article appeared in the *Fredericton Sentinel*, of which Mr. Ward is editor, describing Mr. Duncan as a swindler, and cautioning the public to be on their guard against him. Mr. Duncan saw the article, and wrote an answer to it, which was inserted in the *Acadian Recorder*, published by the defendants. The answer denied the charge made in the *Sentinel*, and, in strong terms, declared Mr. Ward to be a swindler, cheat, and prone to quarrelling. On this the action was brought,—damages laid at £1000.

The Solicitor General for Mr. Ward, opened the case briefly to the Jury. The alleged libel was read.

Mr. Doyle, for defendants, argued that the chief term in the libel, Swindler, was not of itself actionable, unless used in connection with the trade or profession of the party to whom it was applied.

The Chief Justice overruled the objection. There was a difference, his lordship explained, between words spoken hastily, and words deliberately written. Not only was the charge of swindling libellous, but any moral charge, anything turning a party into contempt and ridicule.

Mr. Uniacke, for the defence, addressed the Court and Jury. The liberty of the press was of much consequence, and tended to prevent the growth of many evils. It was a peculiar feature in the present case, that the Press sought to controul the Press. The jury were judges of law and of fact, in the case. The alleged libel was a reply, to a previous communication, from the person assailed. The action had been delayed from 1838 to 1840,—Mr. Duncan had left the Province, and therefore could not be brought forward to justify the contents of his letter. The intention was of much consequence in such charges, and where the intention was good, malice was not inferred. When Mr. Ward noticed and answered the charge, defendants copied his answer, thus showing that they were not parties in the matter. Plaintiff should not complain if words which he had used against another, were thrown back on himself. (Cases were referred to, to prove the position of the learned counsel,—and instances to show plaintiff's experience in such quarrels.) Newspaper editors should not be blamed for all that appeared in communications; they had many opposing claims to attend to, and generally acted as a check to repress the warmth of correspondents. What would be said if defendants refused a reply to a party who felt himself grossly ill-used. No injury had been shown as the result of the publication. It was the duty of the jury to support free discussion.