

arm, so that there should be between it and the side an interval of three inches. When we fixed bayonets it was by a motion similar to that which the swordsman makes when he draws; and then our shoulder—it took, if I recollect right, three hitches to get the implement into its place. And, finally, our manœuvres; they were complicated, unwieldy, performed, always at slow time, and seemed to throw us into every imaginable shape, which could avail nothing in the hour of peril. One really cannot look back upon the military arrangements that prevailed at that time without a smile."—*Gleig—Bentley's Miscellany.*

SIR—The annexed lines are so very applicable to the late melancholy death of a Nova Scotian, that I have transcribed them; and you will oblige a subscriber by inserting them. W\*\*

Selected for the Pearl.

He left his home with a bounding heart,  
For the world was all before him;  
And he scarcely felt a pain to part,  
For sun-bright beams were o'er him.  
He turn'd him to visions of future years,  
The rainbow hues were round him,  
And a Father's boding—a Mother's tears,  
Might not weigh with the hopes that crown'd them.

That Mother's cheek is far paler now,  
Than when she last caress'd him;  
There's an added gloom on that father's brow,  
Since the hour when last he bless'd him.  
Oh! that all human hopes should prove  
Like the flowers that will fade to-morrow,  
And the cankering fears of anxious love  
Ever end in truth and sorrow.

He left his home, with a swelling sail,  
Of fame and fortune dreaming,  
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,  
Or the pennon above him streaming.  
He had reached his goal by a distant wave,  
'Neath a sultry sun they have laid him,  
And a stranger's form bent o'er his grave,  
When the last sad rites were paid him.

He should have died in his own loved land,  
With friend and kindred near him,  
Not have wither'd thus on a foreign strand,  
With no thought, save heaven, to cheer him.  
But what reck's it now? Is his sleep less sound,  
In the port where the wild winds swept him,  
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound  
Or the hearts he loved had wept him.

Then why repine? can he feel the rays  
That pestilent sun sheds o'er him,  
Or share the grief that may cloud the days  
Of the friends who now deplore him?  
No—his barque 's at anchor, its sails are fur'd,  
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding,  
And safe from the buffeting waves of the world  
In a haven of peace is riding.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

From a "Newspaper Editor's Reminiscences," we quote an amusing sketch of old Jerry Bentham, the Constitution-monger:—

Having mentioned the name of Bentham, in connexion with that of Talleyrand, I must be permitted to refer more particularly to my acquaintance with that singular man. I had long felt a wish to know him intimately, but had despaired of success, for his habits had become very retired, when in the year 1824, one of my friends, who had been an *élève* of the philosopher, brought me an invitation from him to dinner. At that time, Bentham saw very little company. Lord Brougham, Lord Nugent, Mr. Buckingham, Dr. Bowring, Colonel Thompson, Mr. Walter Coulson, and two or three more, formed the whole circle of his acquaintance. It was very unusual for him to receive more than one person to dinner on the same day; and he would have found it difficult to receive more than two, for his library was his dining room, and the table was not calculated to accommodate more than four or five persons, of whom himself and his two Secretaries made three. This table was placed on a platform, considerably elevated above the flooring; so that one saw little more of the female who attended at dinner, than her head and shoulders. When Bentham had one guest, he placed him opposite himself, his secretaries facing each other. Port and sherry, in decanters, were on the table; and by the side of the guest was placed a bottle of good French wine, the growth of vineyards belonging to his family. Before sitting down to dinner, one of his secretaries, now a barrister of considerable talent, played an air upon an organ which was placed in the library. As soon as the dinner was over, and the secretaries had each taken a glass or two of sherry or port, they withdrew, and left the philosopher and his guest *tête-à-tête*. Bentham himself drank very little wine; and having, or affecting to have, nearly lost his taste, he seldom ate of any other dish than a sweet pudding, which was served with the first course. I had been told of his eccentricity, and was therefore fully prepared for what I should meet with. Amongst other things

I was told, that if his guest did not retire at about eleven o'clock, (the dinner was rarely served before nine,) Bentham would not hesitate to give him warning, by drawing on his night-cap without ceremony. This, however, was never done to me, for I was in the habit of going to bed early; and, instead of being signaled out of Bentham's house, the old gentleman always urged me to stay longer than I did. On my first visit, I found him walking in his garden, with all the activity of a young man: indeed his pace was so rapid, that poor Lord Nugent used to complain of the ante-dinner walk. Bentham, who seldom rose from his bed until nearly twelve o'clock in the day—his coffee and gingerbread, of which he was immoderately fond, being served to him there—found the exercise of his garden of great value to his health. When he performed the circle of the garden, he called it *circumgyrating*: when he kept to a straight line he called it *elongating*; and in this way of elongating and circumgyrating, he would frequently walk a distance equal to four or five miles. A portion of this garden had been cleared for the erection of an apparatus for gymnastic exercises, which he was very fond of witnessing in his young friends, for whom he had erected it, although his age did not permit him to take part in them himself. His dress was sufficiently antiquated to have been antediluvian. He wore his worsted stockings over his knees; and under an enormous straw hat, his white locks flowed, uncontrolled by riband or comb. His dinners were modest as to quantity, but excellent as to the selection; and so admirably dressed that even the immortal Ude could not have found a fault. In his conversation after dinner, when his secretaries had retired, he was full of anecdote and good humour. But having been spoiled by flattery into a belief that every thing which he had written was of general interest, he had an unfortunate habit of requesting his guest to read aloud some of his pamphlets, or some sheets of a volume then going through the press: and he appeared mortified if, every now and then, the reading was not interrupted by the expression of the admiration of the reader.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SCENERY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—There is grandeur, beauty and wildness scarcely conceived of, in the region where the Father of Rivers takes its rise. A correspondent, writing from Prairie du Chien, gives some views of scenery observed in a tour to the Falls of St. Anthony and Lake St. Croix,—he says:

Landing from Lake Pepin and clambering up the rocky and thick tangled sides of the mountain I was finally seated upon the brow of the precipice. The scene there presenting itself was grand and comprehensive—huge prairies in the distance, waving with tall grass, as immense inland seas, rolled on till dimly blended with the western horizon, they vanished in the dimness of the distance. The Lake far down below was as a crystal basin, sparkling with silvery ripples; huge masses of golden clouds, burnished with gorgeous tints, and rich as the Golconda fleece, hung lazily in the west; and the bright pathway of the setting sun was streaked with fiery tracks, till slow descending the declining orb sunk calmly down, leaving the wilderness a wilderness indeed! Still and deathlike! no sound echoed through the forest—vainly would one listen for some noise or sign betokening the approach of civilized man—but the axe of the pioneer was here unknown; 'as the tree fell so it lay.' The hammer of the artizan was a stranger to this solitude—the bird had sought his nest—all was repose but the gaunt wolf, who now stealthily and silently was watching for his prey. It was night in a western forest! \* \* \*

Lake Pepin is but an expansion of the Mississippi, such as the Tappan Sea on the Hudson.

Leaving the Lake, there is not much to attract attention, other than the few Indian villages and the same succession of lofty bluffs and extensive prairies until you reach the mouth of the St. Peters.

About nine miles above Fort Snelling are the Falls of St. Anthony. It was a most dismal day when I first took a view of the Falls of St. Anthony. But perhaps the stormy darkness of the time rather added to the interest of the scene. The Falls of St. Anthony are not, strictly speaking, 'Falls.' They are successions of boisterous rapids—there is no cataract—the Mississippi is here forced through a narrow, steep and descending channel, blocked up with huge rocks piled sometimes the one upon another to an enormous height, and assuming many and singularly unnatural appearances—and it is through and around these jagged rocks that the river urges its fretted course, tumbling—roaring—deafening! On the rocks here and there huge billows break and scatter off in whiteness. The rapid checks for a moment ere it meets the Falls—then breaking through every obstacle, plunges on, and throwing a shower of spray over each little rocky island in the channel, boisterously rolls away, white as

The pale courser's tail  
The giant steed to be hestrod by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse.

PRINCE ALBERT.—The young Prince Albert is a tolerably comely youth about the middle height, with mustachios in a very promising state of cultivation. In complexion he is neither very fair nor very dark, so that in personalities he may be said to exemplify the happy fortunate medium. Perhaps there never was a family like the Coburgs so successful in making splendid matrimonial alliances; the present Duke, the head of the house, obtained the Dukedom of Gotha in 1825, through his wife; his brother, Duke Ferdinand, married the heiress of the Princes of Koharry, by which he obtained

an immense property; Leopold, the youngest brother, married the heiress of the Crown of England; the sister, Princess Victoria, of Gotha, (the Duchess of Kent,) has become the mother of the reigning Prince of Leiningen and of the Queen of England. The new generation of Coburgs seem determined to follow up the policy and example of their predecessors, for one has married Donna Maria, and the Crown of Portugal, and another promises to do as much for the Empire of Great Britain. Spain in a few years will perhaps, be worthy the attention of a third. The principality of Coburg Gotha is in extent equal to a morning's walk not unfrequently taken by the present Vice-Chancellor when he visits Cambridge; its population is nearly equal to the County of Dorset, about one-eighth that of Yorkshire. The number of the army, when up to the full war complement, amounts to nearly fourteen hundred men; and its revenue for the support of the Sovereign and all the members of his family, for all the dignitaries of his household, for the civil and military departments of the state, its police, and the administration of justice, &c. &c. reach almost to one half the amount of the Duke of Buccleuch's income per annum. Prince Albert is rather guarded in his attentions to the Queen, the only thing very decided being that Prince Ernest, his elder brother, always takes an airing in a pony phaeton separately, leaving him to ride on horseback *tête à tête* with Her Majesty—the suite, of course, keeping a respectful distance.

ESCAPE.—The Breton, of Nantes, gives an account of the extraordinary escape from destruction of a gentleman of Poullingen. It appears that this gentleman, who is both a sportsman and naturalist, wishing to pass the day on a little island, or rather rock, which is at a distance of two leagues from the main shore, was landed there by some boatmen, who were to return for him before the evening. The wind however, having got up suddenly with much violence, the boatmen were unable to return, and he was compelled to pass the night upon the rock. For some time his situation, although highly disagreeable, as it was very cold, and he was without a cloak, was not one of real danger, but as the night advanced the sea became more and more agitated, and the waves dashed over the rock with such force, that to prevent his being washed off he was obliged to lie down, and grasp any little projecting parts with his hands. He had remained in this situation for some time, when he let go his hold, and fell a depth of 20 feet into a sort of basin, at the base of the rock, full of water, and the waves dashing into it. Here he must inevitably have been drowned, if a wave had not thrown him on the edge of the basin, where he was fortunately retained, by his coat becoming entangled with an angle of the rock. On his recovery from the effects of his fall, he was enabled, by great energy, to regain the summit, where he passed the remainder of the night. In the morning the weather was still so bad, that he could entertain no hope of succour, and his little store of provisions, consisting of a bottle of wine and a piece of bread, which he had placed in a crevice, having been carried away by the sea, he would have been destined to experience the pangs of hunger in aggravation of the other horrors of his situation, if he had not shot a cormorant on the preceding day, which was still in his pouch. He succeeded, notwithstanding the unsavouriness of the meal, in eating a portion of this bird, and his hunger was appeased. Towards the middle of the day he was perceived by the crew of a fishing vessel which was running to port; but the sea was too violent, and the wind too high, for them to render assistance, and he was compelled to pass another dreadful night, in which the cold was so intense, that he has since said he felt relief in the kind of warmth imparted by the waves as they broke over him. At the break of the third day, the weather having moderated, a pilot vessel appeared. As soon as the pilots had cast anchor, they sent their little boat to the rock; but the sea still ran so high, that two attempts to take him on board failed. On the third the gentleman, in the energy of despair, leaped into the boat, which, but for a rapid manœuvre of the rowers, he would have upset, and in a short time was landed at Poullingen in a dreadful state of exhaustion, but truly grateful to Providence for his escape.—*French paper.*

LAW.—The following eulogy on the law, is extracted from an article in the Southern Literary Messenger.

'The spirit of the law is equity and justice. In a government based on true principle, the law is the sole sovereign of a nation. It watches over its subjects in their business, in their recreation and in their sleep. It guards their lives and their honors. In the broad noon and in the dark midnight, it ministers to their security. It accompanies them to the altar and the festal board. It watches over the ship of the merchant, though a thousand leagues intervene; over the seed of the husbandman, abandoned for a season to the earth; over the studies of the student, the labors of the mechanic, and the opinions of every man. None are high enough to offend with impunity, none so low that it scorns to protect them.

It is throned with the king, and it sits in the seat of the republican magistrate; but it also hovers over the couch of the lowly, and stands sentinel at the prison, scrupulously preserving to the felon whatever rights he has not forfeited. The light of the law illumines the palace and the hovel, and surrounds the cradle and the bier.—The strength of the law laughs wickedness to scorn, and spurns the intrenchments of iniquity. The power of the law crushes the power of man, and strips wealth of unrighteous immunity. It is the thread of Dandalous to guide us through the labyrinth of cunning. It is the spear of Ithuriel, to detect falsehood