

'Say,' he exclaimed—'say, Mr. Speaker, be any of these men here present?' For a moment Lenthall paused, as doubting whether to hurl his own defiance and that of the assembled commons into his very teeth; but, ere the echoes of the monarch's voice had ceased, he had resolved upon the wiser and more prudent part, and bending, with most deferential courtesy, his knee—'I have, sir,' he replied, 'nor eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in this place, save as this house, whose servant I am sworn, shall order me. And therefore must I pray your majesty to pardon me that I return no farther answer.'

'Ha! sir,' returned Charles, sharply, and with incipient fury—but a moment's thought convinced him that the humble answer of the speaker defied at once and rendered hopeless any charge of violence against him. 'Ha! sir,' again he said, but in a milder tone—'I do believe my eyes are to the full as good as yours, and I do see my birds are flown; but this I tell you, and so look ye to it—I hold this house to send them to me! Failing of which, I shall myself go seek them! For, sirs, their treason is most foul, and such as you shall thank me, all of you, now to discover. And I assure you—on a king's word I assure you—I never did mean any violence, and they shall have fair trial—I meant not any other!' He waited not for farther words; perchance he doubted what reply he might receive to this last false asseveration—palpably, unquestionably false—for wherefore brought he his disbanded soldiery, his rude and ruffian bravoos, with rapier, partisan, and pistol, into the very precincts of the house? Wherefore, unless he had designed to hale the accused members violently forth by the strong arm of tyrannous authority?

Stepping down from the chair, he walked uncovered still, but at a quicker pace than that at which he entered, toward the lobby; but now, as he departed, his looks were not turned haughtily from side to side, but sadly bent upon the floor; nor was his passage silent as before—for member after member started up as Charles went past him, with bent brow and clenched hand; and groans both loud and deep saluted him. As he came nigh the seat of Cromwell, the king raised his visage, haggard now and pale, as with an anxious curiosity to look upon the man before whose eye he felt himself to have recoiled—and, as he met it, Oliver sprang upon his feet, his long tuck rattling in the scabbard as he rose, and, stamping on the floor with fury, shouted aloud, in tones neither mild nor measured, the word 'Privilege!' A dozen voices took it up, though not so loudly nor with so marked defiance as the first daring speaker, and the whole house was in the wildest and most uncontrolled confusion. Delightedly would the despotic prince, had he but dared it, at that moment have cried on!—have given the word, expected by his myrmidons, for massacre and havoc—have bid the sword, which were already thirsting in their scabbards, leap forth and drink their fill of that most noble blood of England. But, thanks to Heaven, he dared not! There would have been no object worthy of the risk—no gain to justify the detestation he would have so heaped upon his head! He did not dare; and therefore, smothering for the time his virulent and vengeful fury, he departed—the door rang heavily behind him; and with no muttered curses on the head of him who lacked the spirit to perform what he and they yearned equally to execute, frustrate of their desired vengeance, unsatisfied and balked, his hireling desperadoes filed out from the venerable walls their presence had so shamefully polluted.

For the Pearl.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

PETRA.—No. 2.

The wonderful city of Petra is situated within a natural amphitheatre between two and three miles high, and precipitous ranges of rocks from 500 to 1000 feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some vast convulsion, and barely so wide as to admit two horsemen to pass abreast; a swelling stream rushes between them—the summits are vast and craggy, wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile,—then receding and forming an opening above, through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and thus illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig trees, oleanders and ivy grow out of the rocky sides of the cliffs; the eagle screams aloft; all along were a complete waste of ruins—dwellings, temples, and tombs—excavated with an immense profusion of labor out of the solid rock; and while their summits present Nature in her wildest and most terrific forms, their bases are adorned with all the beauties of architecture—with Corinthian and other columns—with porticoes, pediments, and a vast range of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they were excavated, and fresh as if the work of the present generation. The immense rocky rampart encompassing the venerable city is superlatively fine; firm as Nature herself, it seems to deride the walls of modern cities, and even the labored fortifications of our best engineers. The only means of access is by clambering over the vast wall of rock, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance probably the most singular that Nature in her wildest freaks has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever reared by man—the proudest monuments on earth sink into insignificance by the comparison; it is perhaps the most

wonderful object on earth except the remains of the venerable city to which it forms the entrance. Former travellers were opposed by hundreds of Arabs, who swore "that they should never either enter their territory or drink of their waters, and if they attempted to force an entrance, they would shoot them like dogs." Stevens met, with a solitary Arab only, none to dispute his passage—the one poor traveller, perfectly quiet, a mere wanderer amidst the ruins—the only living creature in the now desolate city of Petra; after gazing at them from a distance, he soon joined the party in front of the great excavated temple, the pride and glory of Petra. A full stream of water gushes out of a narrow opening in the rock and fills the passage. Stevens had to advance, elevated on the shoulders of one of his attendant Arabs; the real entrance to Petra was through this ravine, and the shiek of the Arabs conducted Stevens over the mountains, to avoid a collision with the Bedouins. The shiek would prefer cheating to fighting; in fact his demands on poor Stevens were most exorbitant,—the Arab refused any longer to support him, and the wearied traveller, in that burning clime, could proceed no further by the toilsome process of wading through the ravine, at the outer end of which was an encampment of the Arabs. Without any disposition to explore further, Stevens turned towards the city, and now began to feel the powerful impression that must be produced on entering, through this mountain passage, the wonderful city of Petra. In the centre are the tombs, forming the vast Necropolis of the city, and in the extreme end is a large open space, and exhibiting in one full view the facade of a magnificent temple, hewn out of the living rock, with rows of Corinthian columns, standing out in as high a state of preservation as if fresh from the hands of the sculptor. Mr. Stevens, though coming from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the edifices generally excites the admiration of all travellers, was quite elevated at the view of the superlative grandeur and chaste simplicity of the grand temple at Petra. Entering by this narrow defile, with the feelings excited by the sublime and romantic wildness and beauty of the solemn scene, Stevens observes, "Even now that I have returned to the pursuits of a mercantile life in the busiest city in the world—often in situations as different as light from darkness—I perceive before me the superb facade of this temple." Neither the Coliseum at Rome, (the amphitheatre of Vespasian) grand and imposing as it is—nor the remains of the Acropolis or of the Parthenon, at Athens—nor the stupendous Pyramids—nor the mighty Thebes—Edsa or Tentyra, were so frequently present to his memory, as the splendid temple of Petra. The vast rock, at the foot of which this temple stands, towers aloft, its base cut smooth to the summit, and the top wild as formed by Nature; the entire area before the temple may be an acre in extent, enclosed on all sides except at the narrow entrance. The temple contains only four Corinthian columns, 35 feet high, with a chamber 30 feet square and 25 feet high—the outside richly ornamented—the interior very plain; no ornaments either on the walls or ceiling—thus essentially differing from the Egyptian temples. On each of the three sides is a small chamber for the reception of the dead, and the names of a dozen travellers were recorded within the temple, to which Stevens was happy to add the name of an American citizen, as none of that nation had previously visited Petra. Leaving this temple and the area on which it fronts, still following the stream, he entered another defile much broader than the first, on each side of which were ranges of tombs with sculptured doors and columns;—and on the left, in the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, the pillars in front fallen, 33 rows of seats—will contain 3000 persons or more. Above the corridor was a range of doors, opening to chambers in the rocks, and resembling a row of private boxes in a modern theatre. This fine edifice is in such a state of preservation that if the tenants of the tombs which surround the theatre, were again to rise from the sleep of death, they would resume their former seats. Where are now the rich tenants of this desolate city? Ye, who once occupied the seats of this theatre; who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and forgot the grave that swallows all, even the tombs; whose open doors are extending in lengthened ranges before the eyes of the traveller—cannot reveal the mystery of your doom! Your dry bones are gone; even your dust has for ages been scattered by the winds of heaven! Robbers have invaded your sad tenements, and thus made a home for the wandering Arab of the Desert! But we need not advert to the days when a gay and sportive population were crowding to this splendid theatre: in the first periods of recorded time—long before the tragic or comic muse was known—long before Eschylus, Euripides, or Sophocles were born—a great city stood here. When Israel prayed a passage through her territory, Edom in her pride replied, "Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword!" Amid all the terrible denunciations against the devoted land of Edom, this proud city, surely, for its crying sins, was doomed to be a terrible example of the divine wrath. Jeremiah, xlix. : 13, 16. Isaiah, xxxiv. "I would," says Stevens, "that the infidel would stand as I did amid the ruins of this City of the Rocks, and then and there open his Bible, written when this now desolate city was high in state and power. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, his heart quaking, as the

entombed city cries out to him as it were from the dead,—though he may refuse to believe either Moses or the prophets, he must believe the handwriting of Jehovah himself, visible even to the sceptic, and to all men, in the desolation and eternal ruin spread before his eyes." All around the theatre, as around the great temple, were ranges of tombs excavated in the sides of the mountains. The traveller will find much difficulty in distinguishing the abodes of the living from the mansions of the dead. The decorations in front were beautiful in all these edifices, and thus differed from the tombs in Egypt, where the entrance was an opening in the rock, and the grandeur was all in the interior; while in Petra the entrance was imposing, and the interior generally a simple chamber, unpainted, and even unsculptured; but the rocks, out of which the chambers were hewn, were of a fine dark ground, with veins of white, blue, red, purple, scarlet, and light orange, running in rainbow streaks; and within the chambers, the freshness and beauty of the columns in which these waving lines were drawn, gave an effect hardly inferior to that of the splendid paintings in the tombs of the Kings at Thebes. Further on in the same range (but very difficult to ascend to) was a second temple, also excavated from the living rock, and ornamented at top with a large urn, shattered by musket balls—for the ignorant Arab still imagines that the urn is filled with gold, and that the man who breaks the urn will assuredly enjoy the treasure. An urn also decorates the summit of the first described temple.

H. H.

LUNACY IN FRANCE.

The observation of the Superior that "love seldom drives the French mad," alluded to the men only, incorrect as to the fair sex.

This is almost the only passion that, when blasted, leaves the heart soft, and the imagination lively: the Parisian girl who believed that the spirit of her lover, when she played his favourite air, touched the chords of another piano in the apartment, was to be envied; for she could every day renew the mournful and unearthly music, which became her exquisite consolation. In this she was more fortunate than another and less beautiful woman, whose sole attractions were her fine intellect and lively conversation; she was hump-backed, of small stature, and plain yet eloquent face; addressed by a young man of good exterior and fortune, she rejected him as a husband, though she loved him. The reasons she gave for this bitter sacrifice were singular, and a little heroic:—"I know that you love me now, but, if I become your wife, the defects of my person will soon chill your affection, and perhaps estrange it from me; I could not bear coldness from you, or to see your own happiness decay; the dread of this would make me wretched." In vain he protested that this could never be; that her delightful companionship through life was what he sought:—she replied that she could not allow him to run the risk. Even when he declared that he would leave his native country, and go to India, never to see her or his home again if she persisted in refusing him, she was still inexorable. He went, and so romantic was his attachment to his deformed mistress, that he fell into a melancholy, which, with the influence of the climate, carried him off in a year. During his absence she strove to console herself by the consciousness of her disinterested conduct; the sentiment was a flattering one: as the poor Duchesse d'Angouleme said of the Duchesse de Berri, in the death-chamber of the Duke, "*elle est sublime*." It was a sublimity that cost the crooked and brilliant Frenchwoman dear; on receiving the tidings of her lover's death, she shed no tears, nor gave way to any emotions of sorrow, but fell into a melancholy similar to his own. A few nights after, as she was reading in bed, which was her custom for some hours before she fell asleep, she raised her eyes from the book, and saw him standing by the bed-side, his features handsome and gentle as when he used to visit her, but they were very pale, and less kind in their expression: after looking at her earnestly, at last he spoke, and said that she had caused him to die thus early in a foreign land, by her refusal to marry him. She implored his forgiveness in bitter anguish, but he passed away without that forgiveness. Again and again he came, till at last few nights passed without an interview. This monomania was a fearful and consuming one; yet she looked forward to the night when he was to come, with a craving desire, and still hoping that the words of pardon would fall from his lips. They never fell, though she implored him by every plea of mercy, by every memory of the past. The spectre, unseen by any eye save her own, listened coldly to her pleadings, even while he loved to look on her, with the woe of an early doom on his face.

Her repentance was sometimes dreadful: the truth and fascination of his love seemed now to be as a barbed arrow in her soul: she would look fixedly on her person, pass her eyes wildly over her limbs, then break into reproaches:—"Oh, how could she refuse him? how could she banish him to India? he was faithful unto death, and had burst the grave to look on her again: on me!"—and then she sometimes ran to her glass, and as she gazed, laughed with a wild and mocking laugh. When these self-accusings were over, and the spirit was calm for awhile, the woman was herself again: her quick intellect flashed light on all she talk-