

smile, but the effort was too great; and, after an ineffectual and almost convulsive struggle, she burst into tears. I was deeply affected, but I did not venture to ask the cause of her grief; there was an appearance of distress, almost of resentment against herself for having betrayed her unhappiness, which I feared to increase. I therefore pretended to attribute it to the absence of the baron, but have since bitterly regretted that I did not ask an explanation; I confess that all this puzzled and distressed me exceedingly. I should have thought the mutual uneasiness of my mysterious friends was caused by some embarrassment in their affairs, if the number and splendor of the jewels, which I knew the baroness to possess, had not made me suppose they must be far removed from poverty.

About the same time there arrived at Geneva a Russian count whom I shall call Hilkoff. At first, there appeared nothing to distinguish this count from "many another;" he waltzed, galloped, and wore ferocious moustaches just like any (Russian) body else; but we very soon discovered that he had much more money, and an infinite deal more effrontery than is usual. He saw the baroness, fell violently in love, and prosecuted her with continual attention and flattery. I had too moral an opinion of this amiable and genteel being to suppose her capable of listening to the daring vows of a lover; but there was a determination about his pursuit of her, that somewhat alarmed me, and a savage expression in his small gray eyes and Tartar features, which inspired both dread and delight. He was, however, very much on his guard in M. de Clairville's presence, which was by no means the least formidable symptom in the affair. Things were at this point, when the Baron thought himself obliged to leave Geneva, and take a journey which was not to last longer than the preceding ones. I was witness of the effort which Madame de B. made to prevent his departure; and without being able to penetrate the secret of affairs, it was evident that a favor, begged with so much earnestness, must have very important reasons that required it to be granted. She could not induce him to change his purpose, but he promised her he would return the following day. He went, and her tears flowed long and unrestrainedly; I tried every topic of conversation that could be suggested, and hoped at length I had succeeded, for she became calm and composed, and I left her languid and exhausted, but still the violence of grief seemed over. I dined at the house of a friend a few miles off, and did not return till late. When I arrived at the hotel, I was told that Madame de C. was in the agonies of death, and that they suspected her of having poisoned herself.

It appeared that soon after I left her, she went out to walk, and returned later than usual. She then sent some one to buy a dose of sublimate, without explaining the use she meant to make of it. She shut herself up in her room, but the violence of the pain forced groans from her, which were heard by the servant of the house. When they came, she complained of spasms, to which she said she was subject, that it was nothing, and would soon go off. For some time they treated her under this supposition, but the rapid progress of her illness, and other symptoms, made them suppose it must proceed from another cause. They sent immediately for a physician, who was with her at the moment I arrived. I turned from the room in sickness of heart, and sought my own, to weep unobserved. She died without confessing that her own hand had shortened her existence; and the only care—the only request she made in dying was, to entreat those who tried to assist her, to tell the sad news gently to her husband, and to be kind to her child, and this was all—and she was dead! So young—so beautiful—it seemed impossible—her lovely face was still before my eyes, pale with emotions as I had seen it last—her sobs yet rung in my ears—her very grief seemed to connect her more closely with life; but the sorrows of this world had done their worst, they were ended for her now.—
P. Haynes Bayley.

It is fact, not known to all, that the Atlantic Ocean between New York and England, is scattered a great part of the way over with rocks. I had observed this on the chart, but scarcely credited it, till, on remarking it one day to the captain, while leaning lazily over the quarter-rail, he related to me the following anecdote:

"I was," said he, "about half-way across between New York and Portsmouth, being directly on my course, with fair and first rate breeze. The sky was clear and without a cloud; the sea calm and smooth, and we had all sail on, making nine knots. I stood on the round house, looking over at the sea, when, as we swept on, I saw, as I first supposed, some marine monster in the water, of a dark red color, the waves very smooth directly over it, and breaking into ridges for some distance around. I looked—we neared it within a dozen yards; and, for a moment, I was deprived of the power both of speech and motion. It was a rock! Had we crossed fifteen yards out of the track in which we were, all creation could not have saved us. I went to the chart, and sure enough, there I found—a rock somewhere about here."

That rock is probably one of some hundred lofty mountain peaks, over which the New York packets make their way to and from Europe; and our fashionable travellers are sipping their soup over the summits of sub-marine Alps and Andes.

At the annual meeting of the N. Y. City Tract Society, collections and subscriptions were taken up to the amount of twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars. Pretty well for hard times.

For The Pearl.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A MEDICAL PRACTITIONER.

One stormy night, some months since, a dreary, dark, and wandering-eyed man, a perfect stranger, called upon me, and requested me to accompany him into the country, to attend upon his dying wife—and, if possible, retard the approach of the gaunt enemy. Without delay, I threw my cloak around me, and seated myself in the stranger's conveyance—a light crazy looking vehicle, drawn by an animal that would baffle the skill of the most scientific naturalist, to describe or classify, though it seemed most to resemble a horse; its eyes had the most wild and fiery look that one could imagine; it appeared quite worthy of its owner—for, no sooner had he reached his seat and touched the reins, than it dashed off with the crazy machine, at a most furious pace, which, after proceeding a few hundreds of yards, increased to such a degree, that wretchedly flew along the street. I sat quivering,—for, although no coward, not being constitutionally timid, and, therefore, not easily terrified—yet the tremendous speed, and the extreme lightness of the vehicle, made me expect every instant to be dashed upon the earth. We were approaching a corner of the street; my very hair stood erect; I closed my eyes; but we rounded it in safety—the outer wheel in the air. This escape gave me a little confidence in the skill of my strange companion,—who sat as quiet as the grave, his wild eyes fixed on our courser. We had now left the town, and were upon the open road, but had not proceeded far ere he checked the steed so suddenly, that I was nearly jolted out upon the road; in the twinkling of an eye, an ugly little imp of a fellow harnessed another quadruped (the very *fac simile* of the first) to our vehicle—leaped upon his back, and, ere I had time to recover my breath after the first heat, we were again tearing up the very ground in our flight. My companion and employer seemed now to relax in his vigilance, and trusted more to the postilion, for which I was very sorry, as he now bent his looks on me; and every time the lightning, which now flashed frequent and vividly, showed me his countenance, his eyes appeared to return part of the electric fire. You may imagine, gentle reader, that I felt any thing but comfortable; the time midnight, the place miles away from any assistance—dashing along at a speed which threatened every moment to shatter the nondescript machine which held us; the rain descending in torrents; the lightning streaming from cloud to cloud, with fearful intensity; the thunder bursting over our heads with tremendous violence; added to which, the stranger now stood leaning over the dash board venting the most horrible imprecations and lashing indiscriminately both animals and outrider. I wondered how it was to end. I was now in a perfect phrenzy, cold with terror, my clothes wet to saturation. Was my employer a madman? The horrid suggestion would present itself in spite of all my endeavours. Or, was it, that his anxiety for the fate of the patient had rendered him desperate? I dared not ask. In fact, reader, I had lost all courage—I had abandoned all hope; had he turned on me with his whip, I verily believe, I should have submitted to the indignity without a word. All this time I had fixed my attention solely upon my companion, and, therefore, had not observed that we had left the road, and were now actually proceeding at the same furious speed across the country, and were approaching a fiercely rushing stream. When I turned my head, we were directly opposite the ruins of a bridge which had been partly carried away by the impetuosity of the current—nor was aught left but the side walls. Before I had time to interpose a word, and in a hundredth part of the time it requires to relate it, my wild conductor resumed the entire guidance of the animals; they sprang forward at a touch of his whip, and a wheel was on the ruined walls on either side; the postilion turned his head, as if to remonstrate—when, O horror! his features were one confused mass of gore from the inhuman lashes of the monster at my side. I involuntarily raised my hands to my eyes to exclude the ghastly spectacle—and, in so doing, touched the border of my night cap, which had by some means worked itself over those organs; when it occurred to me that peradventure it was only a dream. How sayest thou, gentle reader?
C. C.

Antigonish, Jan. 14, 1840.

MILTON AND GALILEO.

(An imaginary conversation between Milton and Galileo, while the latter was imprisoned for his philosophical opinions, has appeared, by Walter S. Landor. Mr. Landor is a celebrated writer.) How dramatic the opening.

"MILTON. O friend! let me pass.

DOMINICAN. Whither? To whom?

MILTON. Into the prison; to Galileo Galilei.

DOMINICAN. Prison! We have no prison.

MILTON. No prison here! What sayest thou?

DOMINICAN. Son! For heretical pravity indeed, and some other less atrocious crimes, we have a seclusion, a confinement, a penitentiary, a locality, for softening the obdurate, and furnishing them copiously with reflection and recollection; but prison we have none.

MILTON. Open!

DOMINICAN (To himself.) What sweetness! what authority! what a form! what an attitude! what a voice!

MILTON. Open! delay me no longer.

DOMINICAN. In whose name?

MILTON. In the name of humanity and of God.

DOMINICAN. My sight staggers: the walls shake: he must be Do angels ever come hither?

MILTON. Be reverent, and stand apart."

(A "starry converse" then begins, and the horrors of the prison of Galileo are subdued by the picture of his sublime patience in enduring them. The hope of Milton that some term may soon be placed to such an imprisonment is quietly answered.)

"GALILEO. It may be, or not, as God wills; it is for life.

MILTON. For life!

GALILEO. Even so. I regret that I cannot go forth; and my depression is far below regret when I think that, if ever I should be able to make a discovery, the world is never to derive the benefit. I love the fields, and the country air, and the sunny sky, and the starry; and I could keep my temper when, in the midst of my calculations, the girls brought me flowers from lonely places, and asked me their names, and puzzled me. But now I fear lest a compulsory solitude should have rendered me a little morose; and yet methinks I could bear again a stalk to be thrown in my face, as a deceiver, for calling the blossom that had been on it *Angromeda*, and could pardon as easily as ever a slap on the shoulder for my *Ursa Major*. Pleasant Arcetri!

MILTON. I often walked along its quiet lanes, somewhat full of the white eglantine in the narrower parts of them. They are so long and pliant, a little wind is enough to blow them in the face, and they scratch as much as their betters.

GALILEO. Pleasant Arcetri!

MILTON. The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

GALILEO. I sighed not at any thought of friendship, How do I know that any friend is left me? I was thinking that, in those unfrequented lanes, the birds that were frightened could fly away. Pleasant Arcetri! Well: we (I mean those who are not blind) can see the stars from all places; we may know that there are other worlds, and we may hope that there are happier. So then you often walked in that village?

MILTON. Oftener to Fiesole.

GALILEO. You liked Fiesole better?

MILTON. Must I confess it? For a walk, I did.

GALILEO. So did I, so did I. What friends we are already! I made some observations from Fiesole.

MILTON. I shall remember it on my return, and shall revisit the scenery with fresh delight. Alas! is this a promise I can keep, when I think of you here?

GALILEO. My good, compassionate young man, I am concerned that my apartment allows you so little space so walk about.

MILTON. Could ever I have been guilty of such disrespect! O, sir, far remote, far beyond all others, is that sentiment from my heart! It swelled, and put every sinew of every limb into motion, at your indignity. No, no! Suffer me still to bend in reverence and humanity on this hand, now stricken with years and with captivity;—on this hand, which Science has followed, which God himself has guided, and before which all the worlds above us, in all their magnitudes and distances, have been thrown open.

GALILEO. Ah my too friendly enthusiast! may yours do more, and with impunity.

MILTON. At least, be it instrumental in removing from the earth a few of her heaviest curses; a few of her oldest and worst impediments to liberty and wisdom. I know but two genera of men, the annual and the perennial. Those who lie down, and leave behind them no indication of the places whereon they grow, are cognate with the gross matter about them: those, on the contrary, who, ages after their departure, are able to sustain the lowliest, and to exalt the highest, those are surely the spirits of God, both when on earth, and when with Him. What do I see, in letting fall the scree? The scars and lacerations on your arms, show me that you have fought for your country.

GALILEO. I cannot claim that honour. Do not look at them. My guardian may understand that.

MILTON. Great Heaven! they are the marks of the torture!

GALILEO. My guardian may understand that likewise. Let us converse about something else.

MILTON. Italy! Italy! Italy! drive thy poets into exile, into prison, into madness! spare, spare thy one philosopher!
(Afterward they speak of great men in their respective countries.)

"GALILEO. You will allow me to express my admiration of what (if I understand anything) I understand. No nation has produced any man, except Aristotle, comparable to either of the *Bacons*. The elder was the more wonderful, the later in season was the riper and the greater. Neither of them told all he knew, or half he thought; and each was alike prodigal in giving, and prudent in withholding. The learning and genius of Francis led him onward to many things which his nobility and stateliness disallowed. Hence was he like the leisurely and rich agriculturist, who goeth out afield after dinner, well knowing where lie the nests and covies; and in such idle hour throweth his hat partly over them, and they clutter and run and rise and escape from him with his heed, to make a louder whir, thereafter, and a longer flight elsewhere.

MILTON. I believe I have discovered no few inaccuracies in his reasoning, voluntary or involuntary. But I apprehend he committed them designedly, and that he wanted in wisdom but the highest—the wisdom of honesty. It is comfortable to escape from