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### THE AVALANCHE.

NAPOLEON'S TROOPS CROSSING THE ALPS.

A few days after Murat passed through, on the seventh December, 1813, a deluge of snow covered our mountains; there was more than ten feet on a level; we had to cut passages from house to house; and to add to our difficulties, a detachment of two hundred men, the wreck of one of those fine Italian regiments that were cut up at the battle of Hanau, had been detained on the Simplon for two days. Every one was full of the dread of avalanches, whether from the presentiment of the future, or the result of the experience of the old shepherds, who had long been regretting the stripping of the trees from our mountains, I cannot say. But I remember perfectly well the urgent entreaties of the gendarmes that I would not abandon them in case they should be buried under the avalanche; and more especially, the prophetic words of the brigadier, who at nine in the evening said sorrowfully, pointing to the snow, "There is our grave, we shall never see the light of day again!" And in fact, two hours afterwards, he was no more.

At eleven o'clock the officers, with whom the hotel was crowded, had retired to their rooms; when I entered a lower chamber in which the family of the postmaster was collected, preparing for their evening prayer.

"What do you think of the avalanche?" said the mistress of the house, anxiously.

"Don't be afraid," answered I, laughing. "I am here, and my time is not come yet; I will pray along with you that the ava—"

A tremendous noise cut the word short; it seemed as though the mountains were coming down on us; the outer walls of the room we were in began to crack and split, and I saw with deadly terror the trunk of an enormous larch, with some of its branches on, enter the room on the top of a mass of snow, which had carried every thing before it, walls, doors and partitions. My terror did not last long; the fainting of the women, the cries of the children, the alarm of the officers, who came to seek a shelter by us, half-naked with haggard eyes, and more than all, the danger that threatened the girl of my heart, left me no time to think of my fears: I rushed to the window, and burst it open, and then saw that the stables, opposite the house, had been crushed, and that the Roman tower was the only thing left standing on that side. My first care was to carry off to the tower the mother of my beloved. In a few minutes, I made a second trip with a second load, a lighter and a sweeter one, my Fanny. She had fainted; I left her with her mother, and hastened to where duty called me.

Meantime, all the inhabitants who had escaped from the wreck of their houses, had assembled, the curate in the midst, in his surplice, holding up the image of our Divine Redeemer; all kneeling in the snow, bare-headed, repeating in concert the terrible melody of the *Dies irae, dies illa*, which was accompanied by the far-off echoes of avalanches that were yet rolling through the valleys. The pale rays of the moon lighted up this scene, the most impressive I have ever witnessed, and one calculated to touch every heart.

"To the tocsin!" cried the hoarse voices of some hardy mountaineers.

"No, no, we are not safe," I answered; "do you want to bring down new avalanches by the sound of your bells?"

All understood me, and in spite of my extreme youth came, with tools in hand, to obey my orders. My first object was to disengage the brigade of *douaniers*, who had passed the night at the *corps-de-gardes*, as I had ordered. The doors and windows were covered under more than ten feet of snow. It was less from *esprit-de-corps* that I begun with them, than from the efficient aid I should obtain from these hardy fellows. As soon as the first duty was over, I looked round for the barack of the *gendarmerie*: it had disappeared, all except the corner farthest from the road; at that angle there was a window in which a light was still shining. It was the brigadier's quarters, and I began to feel a hope of saving him. Accompanied by one of my men, I crept on my hands and knees to the spot where we saw the light, and climbed with great labour up the remains of a staircase, which gave us access to the apartment. On entering by the half-opened door, to our great surprise we saw nothing of the brigadier or his wife; we called them repeatedly, but in vain. No one answered, except that our shouts aroused two lovely little girls, who were sleeping in the same bed, and who, it seemed, had not been awakened either by the roar of the avalanche, nor the destruction of a part of the building. The innocent darlings, used to being caressed by me, stretched out their arms, calling for *papa*. We wrapped them up carefully, and with great labour succeeded in depositing them in the tower.

What was the fate of their parents? We did not ascertain until the next day, when we found their bodies, horribly mutilated, under the ruins of the barrack.

During our absence, a road had been opened to the stables of the post-office, where were heard the groans of postilions, and the violent efforts of their horses, struggling against their fate. After some hours labour, we succeeded in disinterring a young postilion, named Seiler. It was high time, for his eyes were filled with blood and he was on the very point of suffocation. One of his fellows who slept in the same bed, was less fortunate. He had his time to cry out "Oh God, what is this?" before he was a corpse. Three or four others perished in the stable.

Day overtook us in the midst of our arduous task; we were fairly worn out with fatigue, and the barracks seemed so completely destroyed, that we had almost given up the idea of further search in that quarter, when a loud shout informed us that some fellow creature required our aid. The signal came from one of my brave fellows, Rambaud, who had laid his ear to the snow, and thus been able to hear a faint moaning. As soon as his discovery was made known, the workmen laboured with new zeal, but at every stroke they ran a risk of crushing the sufferers under the ruins that fell around us. This forced us to proceed with great caution; but Rambaud had the presence of mind to open with the spade a kind of narrow shaft, and was let down by a rope at the risk of being crushed to death among the ruins.

We did not succeed in communicating with the victims till eleven in the morning; my name uttered by one of them was the first sound that reached us. Two of the gendarmes, Curtz and Laroo, who had been squeezed in between the wreck of the walls, were the only ones left alive, and even they were not yet in safety. We had already dragged from under the ruins the mangled corpses of the brigadier and his wife, and one of his men; after tremendous exertions we succeeded in disengaging Curtz and Laroo. Both were severely wounded, Curtz in particular had his head compressed by a heavy brick stove, and survived his deliverance only twenty-four hours. It seemed that the brigadier and his wife, in their terror, had repaired to the quarters of their men, and there met a fate that did not visit the apartments they left.

The unhappy sufferers had been buried under the snow twenty-six hours, yet when we questioned them they said they did not think it was three. "We trusted so much to you!" said poor Curtz, grasping my hand.

The avalanche came down from the Pahaolz mountains, and forced through the forest that bears the same name; huge larches such as four men could not span, were crushed down by it, like straws. It destroyed the gendarmes' barracks, the forge, the public building, then seemed to diverge, and after shaking and partly overthrowing the post station had broken at the base of the Roman tower, after shoving the stables clean off the ground.

I will not speak of the unexampled fatigue and cold we had to endure, these were the least part; we were lucky in being so many, for if one of us, worn out with toil and watching, threw himself on the snow, whence he would have waked only in eternity, the rest would rub his limbs, even beat him, and force him to keep on. How many poor straggling soldiers we saw who had perished in that way! they were generally seated holding their firelocks; on their ruddy countenances we could still trace the smile that accompanies death by cold. When we reached the convent a still more melancholy spectacle waited us; Colonel Pesta, of the first Italian regiment, and part of his staff, had perished in an avalanche, and their bodies had just been brought in. Poor Colonel! his aged mother was waiting for him at the foot of the Simplon; she fancied that she soon was to clasp in her arms the darling son, whom the snows of Russia had spared; he knew it, and in spite of the advice of the mountaineers, determined to push on. His filial piety was the cause of his death at twenty-five.

The next day we arrived at Brigg, and I went on to Sion, to make my report to the prefect. I did not imagine, however, that I would appear in the character of a visiter from the other world; but so it proved. I was introduced at midnight, and my haggard features, which the sufferings I had undergone had rendered livid, and on which my guide's lantern shed a dim light, made the good people take me for a spectre. They seemed fairly panic struck, and it was some time before I could explain that the report of my death which had reached them was decidedly premature. The prefect was pleased to award us very high praise; but it can be easily imagined that the great events which happened soon after, caused our humble services to be forgotten. Not that I would complain of this, the only adequate reward of such labours is in the consciousness of having done our duty.—Translated for the *New York Mirror*.

### THE UNKNOWN.

"He passed—nor of his land or race  
Hath left a token or a trace—  
This broken tale was all we knew!"

Byron.

It was late in the autumn, and Geneva, which had been crowded with strangers of various nations, amongst whom, as usual, the number of English by far predominated, was now nearly deserted by its flying visitants, who passed on their way to Florence, Rome, or Vienna; the mountains were no longer people, with many coloured bonnets, and well-made coats; nor every point of view infested with lionizers and sketchers, a few, however, still lingered, and some of them intended to pass the winter there—I was of the latter number, for I was an invalid, and had been recommended.

"To breathe abroad the mountain air,  
Fresh from the vigorous north."

And I was amazed by watching the endless diversity of that thing called "society," which, like the forms in a kaleidoscope, is continually changing its new tints and combinations. As our circle became smaller, the love of talking of our neighbors' affairs seemed to increase, curiosity grew more keen as the means of gratifying it diminished, and arrivals, departures, and flirtations, rose to double value in public estimation. Accordingly I found myself watching with considerable interest, the approach of a handsome travelling carriage, which drove up to the door of the hotel, at the window of which I was sitting, with a book in my hand which I was supposed to be reading. It was a large *berline*, of foreign build, without arms, crest, or cypher—a whiskered courier, a smart ladies maid, and the usual complement of handboxes, crowned the outside; while from within, there descended, first, a young man so muffled up in a fur cloak and travelling cap, that nothing but his nose was visible; and then a lady, whose close bonnet and veil completely prevented me from catching even a glimpse of her features. This form the fur cloak and travelling cap assisted to alight with great care, almost carrying it from the carriage into the hotel. After them, a fat nurse, holding an infant in her arms, followed with great precaution and deliberation, and disappeared into the house. I put on my hat and wandered out to take my usual *promenade de nuit*. As I was returning home, I met the new arrivals just issuing forth to enjoy the calm, pure evening air. The young man was of the middle size, slender, dark, and pale; but the lady soon engrossed my whole attention; she was, I think, one of the loveliest creatures I ever beheld; her beauty was of that sort which it is impossible to class as belonging to any particular country. This much only I was certain of, that in whatever land she had been born, she was of the first rank of society in it. These handsome strangers were the objects of much inquiry; but very little could be discovered. The whiskered courier, and the smart ladies-maid set off for Paris the very next day; and when they were asked who their master and mistress were, they replied, they knew nothing about them; they had been hired in Paris to attend them to Geneva; that the gentleman was called in the passport, Monseigneur le Baron de Clairville, and the lady Madame la Baron; and this was all they knew. It was no use applying to the fat nurse, for she was a Swiss, and engaged by them after their arrival in the country; they continued to reside in the most fashionable, and consequently the dearest hotel in Geneva, without any apparent wish of avoiding expense in their way of life. They received no communications from without—and; except to take their evening walk, never left their apartments.

The Baron took several journeys, the longest of which did not last more than four days, when he returned, the delight he apparently felt at seeing his wife, seemed to restore all his cheerfulness, but on the morrow he relapsed into melancholy, nor was the baroness more free from it, though she succeeded better in concealing it; more than once I surprised her in so profound a reverie, that she did not hear me open the door; and one day in particular, during the absence of the baron, I perceived her, as I entered the apartment, seated at a table, one hand supporting her head, and the other holding something which was gazed on with mournful intensity, that seemed to call up the visible forms of those, whoever they were, which that record presented to her mind. Her cheek was pale as marble and her brow contracted like one in pain, but who was determined to endure with firmness.

She started when she saw me, and affecting to stoop over her child, who was seated on the sofa near her, arranged the cushions round him; and when she looked up to welcome me, she had nothing in her hand but the embroidery.

That she might not suppose I had observed her agitation, I gaily assured her that I was so much absorbed in admiration of her son as to have neither eyes nor ears for any one else. She tried to

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

him, and to return again to Sorrento and Tasso. He should have been hailed as the worthy successor, not scrutinised as the presumptuous rival of the happy Ferrarase. He was ingenious, he was gentle, he was brave; and what was the reward? Did cities contend for his residence within them? Did princes throw open their palaces at his approach? Did academies send deputations to invite and solicit his attendance? Did senators cast branches of laurel under his horse's hoofs? Did prelates and princes hang tapestries from their windows, meet him at the gates, and conduct him in triumph to the Capitol? Instead of it, his genius was derided, his friendship scorned, his love rejected; he lived despairingly, he died broken-hearted.

GALILEO. My friend! my friend! you yourself in your language are almost a poet.

MILTON. I may be in time to come.

GALILEO. What! with such an example before your eyes? Rather be a philosopher: you may be derided in this too, but you will not be broken-hearted."

#### LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF M. G. LEWIS,

Author of "The Monk," "Castle Spectre," &c.

The chief material of the book consists of Lewis's own letters, dating from a period of early youth. At the age of seventeen we find him at Weimar, whence he thus writes to his mother:

"I am now knocking my brains against German as hard as ever I can. I take a lesson every morning, and as I apply very seriously, I am flattered with the promises that I shall soon speak very fluently in my throat, and that I already distort my mouth with tolerable facility."

"As to my own nonsense, I write and write, and yet do not find I have got a bit further in my original plan than I was when I saw you last. I have got hold of an infernal dying man, who plagues my very heart out. He has talked for half a volume already, and seems likely to talk for half a volume more; and I cannot manage to kill him out of the way for the life of me."

In another letter to his mother, he adverts to a previous letter he had addressed to her on a very serious and important subject:—

"You wish my letter had been a pathetic address. You might as well have desired it to have been a sentimental one. Either would shine in a novel, but would be perfectly ridiculous and out of its place when writing seriously, and upon actual circumstances. Besides which, it is not the nature of man to write pathetically, but to express his sentiments as strongly and forcibly as possible. I did not sit down to think what I should write, but to write what I thought; and since you acknowledge what I have said to be right and natural, I do not think it would have been much more to the purpose if my letter had been stuffed with Oh's and Ah's, from the beginning to the end."

It is very odd that a man who writes in this way could not have seen further, and discovered that what would be misplaced in a serious matter of real life, must be misplaced no less in a serious effort of fiction. He by this defines, however, with wonderful exactness, the rank of his own efforts in that way. *They are mock serious.*

From Germany he passes to the Hague, and there describes with graphic force, the stupidity of Dutch assemblies:—

"An unfortunate Irishman, known by the name of Lord Kerry, being the other night at one of the Dutch assemblies, and quite overcome with its stupidity, yawned so terribly that he fairly dislocated his jaw. It was immediately set again; but he has suffered much from the accident, and is still confined by it to his bed. He is a man upwards of fifty, and consequently must have been frequently ennuied before. But such peculiar ennuie was more than he had bargained for, or had power to resist. You may think this is a made anecdote; but I assure you that I have told you the plain matter of fact."

At the close of the letter from which this extract is taken, we find an interesting reference to his commencement of the celebrated romance of the Monk:—

"What do you think of my having written, in the space of ten weeks, a romance of between three and four hundred pages octavo? I have even written out half of it fair. It is called 'The Monk,' and I am myself so much pleased with it, that if the booksellers will not buy it, I shall publish it myself."

#### A NIGHT SCENE NEAR JERICHO.

"The night scene on the plain of Jericho was one never to be forgotten. Bands of musicians carrying flambeaux paraded the camp, blending their discordant symphonies with the gurgling noise of the camels, the braying of asses, the neighing of horses, and the screaming of children, frightened at sights and sounds consorting so ill with the peaceful slumber of infancy. Here a party of pilgrims were spending the night in revelry; there a group of Turks were making merry over the follies of the 'giaours;' while the hallooing of the guard intimated to the Bedouins that an attack would be repelled by an armed force. Around, thousands of every age lay buried in sleep, thousands whose hearts were beating high with exultation in the prospect of attaining on the morrow the object which for years they most had coveted. Among these were Moslems, Greeks, and Protestants; Europeans, Americans, Asiatics, and Africans; travellers, muleteers, musicians and soldiers. In every quarter of the camp caldrons of burning pitch (terrible

emblems of the fate of Sodom!) raised on poles ten feet in height marked the different stations, while their lurid glare contrasted with the calm and mellow light of the celestial orbs; for our encampment in the vicinity of Jordon was favoured by one of those brilliant nights which are seldom witnessed, except under an eastern sky, when not a single cloud intervenes between the eye and the deep azure of the firmament, decked with its myriads of glittering stars. On one side were the ruins of Jericho and Ai; on the other Sodom and Gomorrah engulfed in a sea of death: above, the eye rested on the glories of the God of nature; below, on the terrors of a God of judgment. Such were the discordant elements which combined to form this memorable scene.

"A little after midnight the pilgrims put themselves in motion, in order to reach by sunrise the banks of the sacred river: but it is no easy matter to start a caravan of five thousand persons; and it was three o'clock A. M., before the cavalcade was in progress. A number of torch-bearers preceded, carrying flambeaux which threw a wild blaze of light over the plains and the moving host. The Arab cavalry marched next; their spirited horses curvetting, while they plunged into the high grass and jungle, to drive out any lurking Bedouins: the governor with the Greek archbishop followed; and lastly, the whole host of pilgrims, hurrying along with anxious expectation to wash in a stream which they vainly suppose to be endowed with a cleansing moral efficacy. In such a multitude, moving without order, subject to no discipline, and wrought up to an unnatural excitement by superstitious zeal, it is not surprising that many accidents should occur. Some of the party are generally left dead; many are wounded; and all are kept in a state of feverish alarm for their personal safety. One thing struck us forcibly;—the entire absence of sympathy among those professors of piety. If an aged man, a feeble woman, or a helpless child fell from his seat, no friendly hand was stretched out to aid, and no pilgrim halted to inquire the amount of injury received, the groans and cries of the sufferer were responded to by a laugh, and the cavalcade moved on regardless of their brother, who, if he met with sympathy and aid, found it at the hand of some 'good Samaritan,' united to him by no ties of country or of faith."—*Elliott's Travels.*

#### A PICTURE OF WAR.

I shall select but one description of a battle scene amongst the myriads which present themselves on every hand. It is from *Napier's History of the Peninsular War*, and relates to the scene after the storming of Badajoz:—"Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled,—the wounded men were then looked to; the dead disposed of! Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege; and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault. Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space of less than an hundred yards square. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last, let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power." I may fairly ask, did Christianity ever contemplate such a scene as this? The wounded were three days and three nights bleeding to death—and so were they at Waterloo.

Cold was the bed where many a graceful form  
That day was stretched by death's relentless storm;  
In heaps they lay, and agonized with pain,  
Piled with the corpses of their comrades slain.  
No heart, affectionate and kind, was there,  
To soothe their spirits with a parting prayer;  
No watchful eye beheld their final hour,  
Save that All-seeing and Almighty Power  
Before whose judgment-seat they took their stand,  
War in their heart, and vengeance in their hand.

Speech at the Peace Society's Meeting.

#### THE ALPS.

"In seeking a passage over the Alps, the most obvious course was to find out the valleys which penetrate in the great chain, following the course of the rivers to their sources, and then to take the lowest traversable part in order to descend by the opposite side. The variety and sudden transitions presented by such a route are highly interesting. In the course of one day's journey, the traveller passes from the climate of summer to winter, through spring. The alteration in the productions keep pace with the temperature. Leaving behind him stubble-fields, whence the corn has been removed and housed, he comes to fields yet yellow and waving in the ear; a few miles further, and the crop is still green; yet higher, and corn refuses to grow. Before quitting the region of corn, he enters one of dark, apparently interminable forests of pine and

larch, clothing the mountain-sides in a sober vestment. Above this, the haymakers are collecting the short grass; the only produce which the ground will yield. Yet the stranger must not suppose that all is barrenness even at this elevation. It seems as though Nature were determined to make one last effort at the confines of the region of vegetation. From beneath the snow-bed, and on the very verge of the glacier, the profusion of flowers, their great variety, and surpassing beauty are exceedingly surprising. Some of the greatest ornaments of our gardens, here born to blush unseen,—gentians and lilies, hyacinths and blue-bells, intermixed with bushes of the red rhododendron, the loveliest production of the Alps, scattered over the velvet turf, give it the appearance of a carpet of richest pattern. The insect world is not less abundant and varied; thousands of winged creatures are seen hovering over the flowers, enjoying their short existence, for the summer at these elevations lasts but three or four weeks: the rapid progress of vegetation to maturity is equalled by the rapidity of its decay; and in eight or ten days flowers and butterflies have passed away. Above this region of spring, with its gush of springs, its young herbage and vivid greensward, its hum of insects just burst forth, and its natural flower-beds, glittering with rain-drops, that of winter in Lapland or Siberia succeeds. All around the summit of a pass over the high Alps, is either snow, glacier, or bare rock. The only plants that grow are dry lichens; which seem intended but to keep up the semblance of vegetation, and to perpetuate nature's cheerful hues of green. The rarefied air is icy cold, and exercise and quick motions are necessary to keep up the circulation of the blood. The agreeable murmur of falling water, which has accompanied the traveller hitherto incessantly, here ceases; all is solitude and silence, interrupted only by the shrill whistle of the marmot, or the hoarse cawing of an ill-omened raven. The ptarmigan starts up from among heaps of unmelted snow at the traveller's approach; and the lammergeyer, (the condor of the Alps,) disturbed in his repast on the carcass of a sheep or cow, is seen soaring upwards in a succession of corkscrew sweeps till he gains the ridge of the Alps, and then disappears.

Such are the remarkable gradations which the stranger encounters in the course of a few hours on a single pass of the Alps; but the most striking change of all, is that from the region of snow and ice on the top of the mountain to the sunny clime and rich vegetation of Italy, which awaits the traveller at the South foot of the Alps.

ENTRANCE TO BERLIN FROM CHARLOTTENBURG.—It would be difficult to conceive a more imposing spectacle of the kind, than is brought in a moment before the gaze of the stranger, who for the first time enters the Prussian capital, from the side of Charlottenburg. Situated in a dead level, and overshadowed by plantations and groves, Berlin is completely hidden from you till you have passed the barrier; when you are introduced all at once to a scene of the gorgeous magnificence of which, no one, till he shall have thus made acquaintance with it, may hope to form a conception. Your carriage having passed beneath the span of the gateway, which not being arched, producing a twofold striking effect, halts at the barrier guard-house, and so enables you to look forth upon the extent of the Unterden Linden,—the street within which all that is fine in the architectural adornment of the city, has, whether purposely or not, been concentrated. Here, on either side of a broad space, which double rows of lime trees divide into five separate avenues, are houses, each of which might be mistaken for a palace,—not lofty,—for there is no house in Berlin the height of which exceeds three stories,—but wide, spacious, and open-fronted;—built with just enough of uniformity to show that the architect of each was not left to indulge his own unfettered humours, yet completely exempt from that sameness which, if too closely observed, never fails to displease and to fatigue. Moreover, at the far extremity of the vista are seen the massive Schloss, the light and beautiful colonnade of the Museum, the main guard-house—an admirable specimen of architectural elegance, the Italian Opera, and the University. Nor is the eye soon tired of examining the Brandenburg Gate itself, with its noble pillars, its chaste masonry, and the pure and classical group which crowns it,—Victory, in her ear, drawn by four finely executed horses, and bearing aloft in her hand the Prussian Eagle, surmounted by the iron cross. I need scarcely add, that this exquisite group having been removed by Napoleon to Paris, was, on the turn in the tide of his fortunes, reclaimed by its rightful owners; who, to commemorate their triumph, added to the principal figure the emblems which she now carries, and from which the Prussians do not imagine that she can ever again be separated."

Chloride of Soda is said, in the London Lancet, a medical work to be an effectual cure for a burn. It is stated in that journal, as an example, that an attorney, in attempting to put out the flames that had attacked the curtains of his bed, got his hands burned and blistered, but not broken. He sent for a couple of quarts of the lotion, 4 ounces of the solution to a pint of water, had it poured in soup plates, wrapped his hands of lint, as no skin was broken, and so kept them, for some time. Next morning he was so perfectly well that only one small patch of burn remained, yet an hour had elapsed before the application. It is added that the same remedy is sufficient to heal scalds and a black eye....*Newark Daily Ad.*

## EVENING.

As sinks yon glorious sun  
Beneath the ocean's breast,  
E'en so the Christian when his race is run,  
Calmly and sweetly seeks his place of rest.

No wave is on the sea,  
No cloud obscures the scene—  
Nought mars the beauty and the majesty  
Of the departing day—soft, still, serene!

There is in this blest hour  
A something not of earth—  
A spiritual, a supernatural power  
Telling the soul of its immortal birth.

The sun has set—the star  
Of evening in the West  
Shines forth, e'en as a beacon from afar  
Gladdening with hope the ocean-wanderer's breast.

Shadows below—above  
The myriad stars appear,  
Filling the soul with gentleness and love—  
Making it meet for some far holier sphere.

Gaze on the glorious sky,  
Gaze on the earth, and then,  
Oh, tell me not if thou wert there on high,  
One thought of thine would visit earth again.

I would that I could soar,  
'Mid yon celestial spheres,  
Rejoicing in the power all to explore,  
Forgetful of the gloom of this dark vale of tears.

J. McP.

For the Pearl.

## BRADGATE PARK.

BY A PILGRIM.

I have wandered (in the early days of my pilgrimage through the land of my fathers) successively to the various places of note with which merry England is so highly favoured. Yes, I have passed through the halls of the Abbey of Newstead, and rested on the couch occupied by Byron himself. I have had the famed skull cup pressed to my lips, and have carved my initials on the oak-tree planted by the poet Lord. I witnessed the lying in state of the hero of Missaloughi—and have leaned over his tomb—I have wandered by the residence of the minstrel of the north—have sat on the seat of the crowned prisoner of St. Helena—have traced the fated field of Bosworth, and quenched my thirst from the well where Richard himself drank on that fatal day. I have slept in the Abbey where Wolsey passed the last threshold in his life—aye, in the chamber where the corpse of Richard stiffened after the fray. I have threaded the forests of Sherwood, and traced the steps of Robin Hood and his men in the iron skull cap and leathern bottle left in the hermitage of St. Ann's—have lingered in the ruins of the castle of Ashby when the sounds of the tourney, and the joust, and the banquet, and the clash of mail, and the shouts of revel, have again sounded in my ear, as I have read the trials of the lady Rebecca and Rowena the beautiful—have wandered by night in the grove of Clifton, sacred to the memory of White—and last not least, I have stood in the Park at Bradgate—the scenes of the early youth of one famed in the annals of her country, and revered in the hearts of her countrymen—here I stand now—and the days of my youth are again present to my mind. There is the joyous party as of yore, the youth and the maiden—aye, youths and maidens many—all under the old oak tree on a bed of primroses, with the hum of bees—the music of the distant waterfall—and the song of the cuckoo—and the fragrant shade from the summer sun, all combining to add to the beauty of the scene—there, too, are distant stables: fit for princely trains. Here is the chapel, the only ruin left of former times—cold, sepulchral dim—there is the tiny fosse which marked the verdant lawn—here are the moss grown foundations of my lady's hall. Hark, what shout is that, aye, the picnic feast is o'er, and away, away to the brow of the hill, to the observatory; there, to that eminence with them I ascend. Ah, how many a time have I ascended there—no longer the watchman the livelong day peeps through the loopholes of the tower—no longer the monks of the neighbouring abbey in their accustomed walk, turn in and hold dispute or high discourse with this janitor of the keep. And yet, still there is the same well known scene—the wood-crowned hill of Bardon, lifts itself on the right—on the left, the towers of Leicester are distinctly seen—before me the forest of Charwood spreads its shade, and the spires of the monastery of Grace Dieu are visible in the distance—on the other side are spread the parks of the Bradgate, deep vista's opening through the distant woods, verdant meadows intersected with crystal streams; the mirrored lake, the herds of deer, the distant halls, the call of the servants, the horn of the huntsman, the hounds, the nobles, the— Ah, where is my mind; exchanging present scenes for those of former days, and peopling with my imagination these deserted lawns. The winter of life is coming over me. With me "Time is," and "Time was," and soon, with me, "Time will be past." Ere that,

let me recall the scenes of former times, as I have heard by tradition from those in whose paths I have trodden, but who now are mingled with the dust.

## THE OLD MAN'S MESSAGE.

"The merry bells were all ringing; the royal standard of England flung forth its brodered folds from the tower's grim battlements: the old bridge with its tall overhanging houses, was crowded with holiday-drest spectators; and the fair river sparkling in the sunbeam, and reflecting a cloudless sky, glided proudly on, bearing, on his placid bosom, barges gay with pennon and streamer, and each filled with a gallant freight of high birth and beauty. King Henry had set out that day to hold "jousting" at Greenwich: and there, close beside the tower stairs, surrounded by rich-liveried serving men and silken coated pages, vainly striving to keep back the rude crowd from pressing round to gaze on her youth and beauty—stood Frances, eldest daughter of the chivalrous Charles Brandon, and wife of the wealthy Marquess of Dorset; her amber tresses were gently confined by a jewelled coil; she wore a collar of pearls, the diamond clasp whereof alone out-valued six manors; and a murray-velvet gown designated her rank as marchioness, by its double train—one reverently borne by two attendant maidens, and the other drawn in graceful folds through her broad girdle; with the mantle of rich ermine—a yet prouder symbol, attested her claim to royal blood.

There was a haughty smile on that high-born lady's brow as she passed along, receiving as her unquestioned right, the spontaneous homage always paid to nobility and beauty. She caressed the gallant merlin which sat on her jewelled glove, and looked up with eye undimmed by sorrow to that blue expanse, whose cloudless transparency seemed a meet emblem of her own lofty fortunes. Her gilded barge with its liveried band of rowers drew near; and leaning on the arm of her steward, conspicuous with his white wand and gold chain, she was preparing to descend the steps, when an old man, hitherto unnoticed amongst the crowd, came forward, close to her side, and said; "I have a message for thee." It was a look of mingled anger and wonder that this haughty lady cast on the meanly-dressed stranger: but the proud glance of the high-born marchioness quailed before his steady gaze; her cheek grew pale, and her eyelid drooped; "he held her with his glittering eye," and said:

"Wouldst thou safely sail life's sea?  
Trust not to proud Argosie:  
Broad sail ill can blast withstand,  
Tall masts court the levin brand;  
And wrecked that gallant ship shall lie  
While safe the light bark boundeth by.  
'Cloth of gold,' beware; beware;  
High and wealthy, young and fair:  
All these joys from thee must part,  
Curb thy proud mind—school thine heart.  
'Ware ambition: that shall be  
The fatal rock to thine and thee."

"Who dares insult me with unsought counsel?" cried the lady, anger having conquered the transient feeling of awe, "Who dares to name chance or change? sooner shall this wild haggard, whom jesses and creance will scarce keep on my wrist, return to me again, than sorrow or change shall visit Frances Brandon!" With angry hand she snapped the tread which secured her merlin, unloosed the jesses—and up soared the gallant bird, while her haughty mistress gazed with triumph on her proud flight.

"Alas!" cried the old steward, "Alas! for the beautiful bird with her gorgeous hood and collar; may she not be reclaimed?"—"Speak not again of her!" proudly replied the marchioness, "onward! time and tide wait for no man!" She threw herself on the tapestried couch in her barge, the rowers seized their oars, the flutes and recorders made soft music; when, as if close beside her, she heard a clear whisper, "Pass on! What shall be, shall be; time and tide wait for no man!" She looked up: no one was near her; but the dark shadow of the tower frowned sternly in the sunshine, like an omen of ill. Onward glided the gilded barge to the soft strains of music and light dash of the oars, and like a summer cloud fled that solemn warning from the proud lady's mind.

There is high feasting at Bradgate; for princely Northumberland is there. Each day two hundred hounds were unkennelled, and two hundred knights and nobles range through the broad green alleys and fern-clad glades of Charwood Forest, and return ere eventide to lead the dance in the lofty halls. And now the bright autumn sun is sinking behind the purple heather-clad hills, and the gallant train are returning from the merry green-wood. On the broad sloping terrace that fronts the setting sun, the Lady of Bradgate, (with brow as haughty, and almost as fair, as when, fifteen years before, she stepped into her gilded barge,) and now Duchess of Suffolk, stands listening with glad ears to the lofty projects of that bold, bad man, she Duke of Northumberland. King Edward is dying: his sisters are at variance: the royal blood flows in the veins of the haughty duchess. "Why should not her eldest daughter, and his son, reach at once the very summit of their long cherished hopes?" The stake is high; and for it they may well venture a desperate game: the prize is no less than the crown of England.

Close behind them, unnoticed by the ambitious mother, save as the fittest instrument for her daring schemes, stands one, whose

touching and romantic history has thrown a spell around every relic of now ruined Bradgate. She, the nursling of literature, the young philosopher, to whose mind the lofty visions of classical antiquity were familiar as household faces; she, who in such early youth fled from all that youth mostly loves, to hold high communion with the spirits of long-buried sages; there stands Lady Jane, with a book in her hand, her nut-brown hair parted on her high intellectual forehead. Her bright hazle eye shrinks from the cold glance of her haughty and unloving mother, but dwells with girlish pleasure on the venerable features of that plainly drest man, in scholar's gown, standing close beside her. He is Roger Ascham, the tutor of three queens, who may well be termed the most illustrious of schoolmasters.

The sun had barely descended, when the steward appeared, bringing tidings that three messengers had just arrived, each demanding instant admission to the duchess. The daughter of that fortunate knight, whose "cloth of frize" had matched so highly and happily with "cloth of gold,"—the wife of that powerful noble, over whose broad lands 'twas fabled that the falcon could stretch his rapid wing right onward for a long summer day—the mother of a goodly family; each wedded or betrothed to to the scions of the flower of the land's nobility—yet prouder in the plans and hopes she had framed than in all her enjoyed gifts of fortune, the duchess retired to receive the messengers with the feelings of a queen about to grant an audience. The first entered, and, kneeling before her tapestried footstool, presented a packet of letters. The silken string was soon loosed; the perfumed seal quickly broken; and she read, with uncontrollable delight, that the weak and amiable young king had determined to set aside his sisters' succession in favour of the powerful house of Suffolk.

This messenger being dismissed with rich gifts and kind speeches a second drew near. And more welcome than the former were his tidings; the king was dying: the active agents of Suffolk and Northumberland had ripened their plans for the instant proclamation of her daughter, ere the heiress of the throne could know of his decease. Wrapt in deep visions of regal splendour, half dazzled by the near prospect of the coming glories of her princely family, the duchess sat unconscious of the entrance of the third messenger. At length her eyes fell upon the well-remembered features of the mysterious stranger, seen long years back on a former occasion of triumph. "Yet one more warning—and the last!" said the old man, drawing from beneath his cloak the merlin she had loosed as an emblem of her soaring destiny. He placed it on her hand: her proud boast rushed over-poweringly on her mind. The very merlin, whose return she had linked with chance and change, as things alike impossible—that bird was before her, bright as when she had freed her wing, with her collar of gold filagree set round with turquoise, and hood of crimson silk netted by her own fingers—Whence come? What boding? As soon as she had recovered from the shock, she looked around: but the messenger was gone; and with heavy footsteps, her joy changed to anxious fear, she regained the terrace.

The dreams of ambition can wrap, in the calm apathy of fearless repose, even those who feel themselves doomed by a thousand omens, and ere three days were over, princely Bradgate rang with mirth and revelry. Northumberland and Suffolk had concluded a double alliance of their children: all the terrors of the duchess were forgotten; and her eye rested with proud complacency on the simple beauty of the Lady Jane, for she already saw the crown of England sparkling upon her gifted but sentenced daughter's sweet disapproving brow.

An iron lamp dimly shows a low vaulted room; the damp floor scantily strewn with withered rushes. The flickering light falls upon a rude couch, where lies in disturbed slumber, a woman, whose features, though wasted by long sickness and sorrow, yet show some faint traces of former beauty. A single attendant watches over her. Only by the ermined robe that wraps the sleeper, or by the gold-clasped bible, opened where the vellum leaf bears in beautiful characters the name of JANE GREY, would a stranger learn that the mother of that queen of a day—the proud Duchess of Suffolk lay before him—a prisoner in the tower. The bolts of the iron-barred door grate harshly; and the governor of the tower enters with an order, "For Frances Brandon to be sette at libertye, throve Queen's great clemencie." This once-powerful and dreaded woman is considered too weak and insignificant to excite the fears even of the jealous Elizabeth. Supported by the arm of her sole attendant, the half-awakened sleeper threaded her way through many an intricate long winding passage; until the cool damp night breeze, and the plash of oars, indicate their approach to the water-gate.

Here the liberated prisoner stood for a moment and looked wildly around her: the place brought vague and painful sensations to her memory, and dim remembrances of all that she had been and suffered, were crowded into a few hurried thoughts of agony.

"The boat waits, and the tide is on the turn," cried the rough waterman. "Come away, madam!"—"Ay," replied a distinct voice, close at her side, "onward! time and tide waits for no man." The voice was well-known; it had been heard when she stepped into her gilded barge, with a pride that repelled all thought of sorrow; it sounded when a royal crown was ready to clasp with delusive splendour the sweet brow of Lady Jane;—now, son, daughter, and husband, had fallen beneath the axe of the headsmen, and she

was thrust from prison, a houseless wanderer, herself dependant, perchance, on the precarious bounty of her ere-while dependants. She drew the mantle over her throbbing brow, and her reason quivered and well-nigh failed beneath the weight of her remorse and bitter anguish.

The sorrowful life of Frances of Suffolk ended about two years after her discharge from the tower. In bitter mockery of her fallen fortunes, Elizabeth, who so often "helped to bury those she helped to starve," decreed a magnificent funeral for her whose last days had passed in neglected poverty: honours, the denial of which had galled that haughty spirit more than want itself, were heaped with unsparing profusion upon the unconscious dust. Surrounded by blazing torches, bright escutcheons, and the broad banners of the noble house of Suffolk and the royal line of Tudor, surely we hope her heart of pride was well laid to rest beneath the ducal coronet, and in the magnificent chapel of Henry, from all the sorrows and changes of her eventful life.

Princely Bradgate sunk with the fallen fortunes of its mistress. The house passed into the possession of a collateral branch of the family; and being, ere the lapse of many years, in great part destroyed by fire, fell into ruins. Grass of the brightest verdure still clothes its slopes; the wide-spreading chestnuts and the old decaying oaks still wear their most gorgeous livery; but Bradgate's proud towers are levelled with the ground. From that velvet terrace, where the crown of England was given in project, and worn in fancy, and from which sweet Lady Jane would look up the west at the sun's bright setting, and commune with the spirit of Plato—naught but crumbling walls and mouldering heaps of red earth, mark the site of its ancient magnificence."

#### LOUIS PHILIPPE'S COURT.

The following description of the means taken to preserve the King of France from personal outrage and his palace from attack, is from the Paris Commerce. It possesses an interest superior to the common Parisian gossip. Louis Philippe is in more senses than one a King of the Barricades.

"The service of the Palace was never more rigorous than at present at any former period, or in any other reign. The soldiers themselves are terrified by it. Our readers remember the fate of the poor man who was killed for having too closely approached the gate of the Rue de Rivoli. Ever since, additional precautions have been taken, the military garrison of the Tuileries, is obliged to take the same measures, and is as much on the *qui vive* as if it were in presence of the enemy,

"There are round the Palace three principal lines of defence, included between the Seine, the Square of Louis XV., the Rue de Rivoli, and the Place du Carrousel. The river closes on one side that extensive polygon, too deep to be forded; its bridges adjoining the Tuileries, form defiles difficult of access.

"The parallel line comprises the different *débouches* of the streets of L'Echelle, St. Roch, and Rivoli, and is much better supported than that of the Carrousel.

"Two military governors are installed at the Louvre and in the Tuileries respectively. They combine their operations, create, modify, and interpret their *consignes*, and are able, by their military knowledge, to organize at a moment's notice a system of defence.

"The arms of the soldiers on duty are every where loaded.

"The guard is formed of companies of picked men, who are reviewed daily, of National Guards and of Cavalry.

"During the day several distinct secret sets of police keep watch on each other, and are in continual movement along the lines. This service is even organized amidst the crowd of the public, follows its undulations, and marches and stops with it. Each mouchard, or spy, carries under his coat a belt, in which are slung a brace of pistols and a dagger. The comrade who relieves him merely makes a sign to him. Agents seated in hackney coaches are continually reconnoitering the approaches to the chateau, and a watch or living telegraph, posted on the top of the roof, gives notice of the approach of any thing calculated to disturb the dynastic order.

"These precautions are doubled towards nightfall. Three hundred and fifty picked men, supplied by all the regiments of the garrison, arrive at that hour, and take their station under the Pavilion of the Clock.

"Rounds and patrols follow each other in rapid succession, and during the night they issue from the Palace, and are constantly met moving round it, along the quays, the Square of Louis XV., the Rue de Rivoli, and the Rue St. Honoré.

"Independently of these military dispositions, which are supported by numerous posts, are other reserves stationed at the Place des Pyramides and at the Ministry of Finance; the battalion of infantry quartered in one of the wings of the Palace, and the cavalry barracks on the Quai d'Orsay; those reserves, placed within short distances of each other, constitute an effective force of between 3,000 and 4,000 men, which may be turned out and concentrated at the Palace in the course of four or five minutes.

"The parapets, bridges, railings, and gates are well guarded. The internal defensive measures are still more formidable. A ditch limits the garden: the area of the gate of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* has been raised in order to render its approach more difficult; the chimnies have been secured by iron bars across them; double doors of solid oak, and turning easily on enormous copper hinges, are *petard* (or bomb) proof; the cellars and subterraneous

passages are guarded in such a manner, that any attempt to undermine the palace would prove abortive; and certain cabinets, which are as strong as casements, are traversed by a small winding staircase, extending from the cellar to the roof; 150 servants, officers, and sergeants of experienced courage, dressed during the day-time in a handsome uniform, throw it off at night. Each buckles round his waist a belt filled with cartridges, is armed to the teeth, and keeps watch in the long galleries of that sombre abode.

"Thus the palace is secure, on the one hand against all attempts from abroad, in the interior against a military movement of the troops on duty. Police agents watch the patrols, and the latter the sentinels. Troops of the line, with loaded arms, are mixed up with the National Guards, who do not possess a grain of gunpowder, and within the precinct of the palace the household of Louis Philippe performs a secret and distinct service quite apart from the rest.

"One of our friends passed on Saturday last at the *débouché* of the Pont Royal, about half past six o'clock in the evening, and remarked with astonishment that all the avenues leading to that point were occupied by several brigades of town sergeants, whilst others of that force were posted behind the palisades erected round the works for repair of the bridge. These men communicated with knots of police agents standing near the gates, or silently seated on the parapets of the quay. Several patrols were seen in the meantime moving along the terrace, and two officers of the chateau, who appeared to superintend the whole, were walking up and down on the flags. Other individuals, remarkable for their sinister countenances, were dispersed through the crowd, who stopped with surprise in that sort of ambuscade. The wheels of a heavily loaded cart having sunk in a hole, the agents immediately congregated around it, and helped to extricate it. All of a sudden the distant noise of carriages, and of the galloping of cavalry was heard, and shortly afterwards Louis Philippe passed by like lightning, on his way back from Versailles.

#### LEAVES FROM A REEFER'S LOG.

BAY OF SALAMIS, DEC. 31.

Visited Athens for the third time to-day, and reviewed all my former sight seeing. The town has much improved during the few months that have elapsed since we were here in August. Many new houses have been erected, better horses are to be procured, and an omnibus and mail coach driven at regular intervals between the Piræus and Athens—the fare is only sixteen cents, or one drachm, so that beggars even may ride. The work of clearing away the rubbish about the Acropolis is still going on, and most of the Venetian walls of masonry have been thrown down, leaving the ruins standing clear from their pediments in bold relief. The walls between the columns of the Propylæa have also been cleared away, so that you can now see the full beauty of what remains of that edifice. The pillars, which are of the Ionic and Doric orders, are considered faultless in their proportions.

January 1st, 183--.

Got underweigh about one o'clock with a fair and fresh breeze, and passed at a rapid rate a variety of beautiful scenery, bound for Smyrna, via Syra, one of the Greek Islands. On weighing anchor to-day we found the flukes gone—and left them with the buoy—probably they got fastened in one of old Xerxes' sunken galleys. About 4, p. m. we were abreast, of Cape Columna, or Sunium, the scene of Falconer's shipwreck, and had a fine view of the columns of the Temple of Minerva, that crowns the promontory. I cannot imagine a more beautiful scene—the white columns in bold relief against a clear Grecian sky—the gay green carpet around it, with the dark brown perpendicular rocks, fretted with foam, at the base—the deep blue sea spreading far away—covered with foam caps and dotted with gems of Islands—our gallant frigate under reefed topsails dashing fearlessly through it, and a distant sail on the verge of the horizon, with several little lattine craft, the regular corsair rig, creeping along under the shore—with a host of sea gulls screaming musically—all combined, forming a *Poet's* landscape such as the eye delights to dwell on.

Gulf of Athens, May, 183--.

The King has at last returned, and I had the pleasure of seeing him to-day, together with his young Queen—they were riding with their suite. They are a handsome couple, both young, well formed, and as far as I could judge from a hasty glance, intelligent looking—you know it will not do even for a Yankee to look royalty too hard in the face. The King was dressed in the light blue coat and uniform of a Greek General—the embroidery and epaulettes of which are silver; he wore in place of helmet, however, the red Fez cap worn by all classes of his subjects.—Her Majesty had one of the same, with a long blue silk tassel and gold embroidery, and her dress was partly a riding habit, partly the Greek female costume, which is very picturesque, the whole showing her figure to great advantage. They were riding black horses, which I was told, were two of the six presented to the King by the Emperor of the Russians.—*Portland Transcript.*

#### A PLAYER'S DISTRESSES.

I bore away my beloved. A father's curse followed us, and when her parents sank into the grave, we were overtaken by misery.

The reputation I had acquired for an elegant vivacity, seemed a mockery of our wretched condition. Catherine had not the least talents for comedy. On her appearance, she was laughed at. The manager was dissatisfied. I answered him pettishly, and we were dismissed from the company. I was attacked by a pulmonary complaint, and all that remained to us was exhausted. I dragged my steps over the dusty roads, led by Catherine, who bore our first child on her back, and begged my way from one convent or hospital to another, with bands of wretches like ourselves. At last we fell in with a good-natured manager, who offered us a weekly salary. My wife was to wash for the troop, and I was to perform. But my day was gone by for the lovers. I had neither voice nor spirit for the parts. The director cast me for the drolls. Ah! münzner, what were my feelings when for the first time I trod the boards as "the fool!" My youngest child lay at home in the coffin; my Catherine, awaiting her confinement, was stretched on a pallet of straw—alone, in want and hunger; and I was exhibiting the grimaces of a baboon, while the bedaubed mask I wore was moistened by the bitter tears of despair.

Litzah dashed a tear from his cheek, and sighed deeply.

I played the burlesque parts unsuccessfully. The audience thought me dull and whining. They pelted me with rotten apples; and the manager stripped my jacket, and paid me off. When I reached home, my hapless wife presented me with a baby she had brought into the world in my absence; and I had placed in the hands of the mother of my child sixteen groschens—and our dismissal."

"Gracious heavens!" sighed Leopold.

Yes, my dear old friend, he who sits as a spectator before the gaudy curtain of a theatre, little knows how many broken hearts are throbbing beneath the suit of frippery. It is not grief alone that rends the player's bosom; it is poisoned envy and brooding discontent—the disappointment of a heart that imagined a world of merriment behind the varied scene, and found only the rags of poverty and a prospect without hope. Innate frivolity alone can have peace in this raging strife of low passions; this unsteady soil—the alternate reign of boasting and of misery. We are robbed of the fruits of ability by our uncertain condition, and by the public scorn that degrades us. I view the long vista of unhappy years, and cannot recall that I ever arrived at this mood of careless indifference. I became dull and insensible. I could enact comical grimaces and cut capers of drollery when the pangs of death were at my heart. I acquired the reputation of a funny fellow, a laughable farceur. My wages were increased.—*From Spindler's Jesuit.*

#### PARIS GAMING HOUSE.

Frascati possessed also its crowds; but they were somewhat of an inferior order; yet scarcely a gaming-house in Paris exists within whose walls so many eventful tales of gain and loss have been told. Here it was, in the latter part of the year 1837, the well-known Mr. B—— fell dead at the table, the dice-box in his hand. He had never missed a night since the year 1814, except, during the revolution of July, when, for three evenings, Frascati was closed. During this, to him, melancholy interval, he never ceased to bewail the state of affairs, in which alone he could see the interruption to play; in fact, he recognised but one barrier in Paris—that one which blockaded the end of the Rue Richelieu. His story is a singular one. He had profited by the peace of 1814 to visit the continent, when the waters of Vichy had been recommended to him by his physician. Possessing about a million sterling, and a liver complaint, he felt himself considerable ennuye on his arrival at Paris, where he knew no one. It so chanced, that, on this very evening he had ordered his horses to proceed upon his journey, he strolled into Frascati to while away half an hour. To one who had never seen any thing of gambling-houses, except the vile abomination of Leicester-square or Piccadilly, the splendor and magnificence of Frascati were calculated to excite astonishment. He ventured upon a trifling bet—then another. His courier came to announce, that the carriage was ready—he dismissed him, and took his seat leisurely at the table—the hours flew by, and with them his money. As the clock struck two, he had lost 100,000 francs; and, as he entered his hotel, he scarcely noticed the post-horses that stood shivering at the door, and perfectly forgot that such a place as Vichy existed. From that hour he became a daily frequenter of Frascati, and dedicated his entire existence to play. He rose at twelve, breakfasted, adjourned to the saloon, and played till seven; thence he repaired to the Cafe Anglais and dined, after which he again returned to the saloon, and left the last at night. In this manner he continued to live until his last guinea was spent, and even a small annuity, settled upon him by his friends, he subsequently contrived to mortgage and lose also; and yet, with all this, he seemed happy. He had neither debt nor dependence; for the proprietors, struck with his immense losses, conferred upon him the singular and unique privilege to bet upon parole; and this (to his credit be it recorded) he never abused; for the moment he had gained a single louis d'or he always ceased to play, such being quite sufficient for his moderate and unexpensive habits of life; and thus did he live for twenty three years. He was a man of considerable talent and quickness, possessing a perfect knowledge of French, and gifted with much original humour. He was never once known to allude to his losses.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

For the Pearl.

## LINES,

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

Flowers will fade though love may rear them,  
Leaves though born of Spring will fall;  
Wintry winds will blight and sear them,  
Tempests widely strew them all!

Day, though calmly, brightly shining—  
Day, the glorious, will not last;  
Sunlight from the sky declining,  
Night o'er all her gloom will cast.

But though flowers and leaves may wither  
From the dark earth's fading bowers,  
Time again will bring them hither;  
Spring-time leaves and summer flowers.

Day, in starless gloom expiring,  
Dews may weep in sadness o'er;  
Yet, the shades of night retiring,  
Morn will light and life restore.

But the loved whom Death has blighted,  
Whom we still with tears deplore,  
From our fond hearts disunited,  
Neither Spring nor Morn restore!

These, alas! from earth departed—  
Vanished from the haunts of men,  
Come not to the broken-hearted—  
Visit not their homes again!

Whither flee they? No man knoweth:  
None hath seen and none can tell.  
Bask they where the day-star gloweth?  
Do they in the rainbow dwell?

No!—the gorgeous rainbow fadeeth,—  
Clouds obscure yon azure dome;  
But the soul no darkness shadeeth:  
These are therefore not their home!

On our mortal ken there lieth  
Much of sin's eclipsing gloom;  
But the eye of Faith descrieth  
Brighter worlds beyond the tomb.

Yes, although we deeply mourn them,  
Yet we hope an angel band  
O'er the shadowy vale hath borne them  
To the glorious spirit-land.

Raised above to shine for ever,  
Stars in Jesu's diadem,  
They can leave those regions never:  
We ourselves must go to them.

Fade a few more leaves and flowers,  
Set a few more suns in gloom,  
And in pure unfading bowers  
One long Spring shall brightly bloom!

JOHN McPHERSON.

Mill's-Village, Sept. 1839.

For the Pearl.

Mr. Editor,

I was much amused by reading Maria's Communication in the Pearl of the 3rd inst. wherein she complains most bitterly of our sex, and our backwardness in proposing. While perusing the letter it occurred to me, that Maria might not, in all probability, be acquainted with the reasons why men generally were so backward in proposing the red hot question to the ladies; and, as a gallant who has had some experience in the matter, I deemed it necessary to inform Maria of the principal cause, if not in most men, it is in myself, why I for the future shall be backward in proposing. In the first of my ingressing into the company of young ladies, I became very susceptible of their external charms, collectively. In a short time I became enamoured with one whom I thought, in every way, calculated to make me perfectly happy; and—

After some deliberation, combined with a share of meditation, I expressed my inclination of becoming her nearest relation; and when, upon giving intimation, I received her decided approbation to our union and its celebration. But, Maria, think of my consternation, two days previous to said celebration, in answer to my last obligation, an epistle, composed of a complete refutation. And thus was I foiled in my expectation, by one of the same sex and station as Maria, 'wot' wrote the communication. And in answer to the same and all female creation, who wish to be informed of our insubordination—or our procrastination in popping to them the question,—'tis in consequence of their variation, combined with coquetry and dissimulation, that we are backward in making any proposition. For myself I am resolved, without ostentation, this being leap year by Calendar calculation, if the ladies wish me for their nearest relation, they must first make to me the application, and then pop the red hot question.

Permit me, Maria, by way of conclusion, to hope you may live to put to confusion those men who'll not propose without any reason. Believe me, I'm in anticipation of reading a second communication.

Yours truly,

ZETA

Digby, January 20, 1840.

## DR. FRANZ ON THE EYE AND THE LOOK.

This volume has a threefold division. The first is anatomical, and describes the structure of the organ. The second treats of the eye as an index of the mind, and broaches a theory by which the look may be used as a means of judging of character.

The theory by which the eye is to serve as an evidence of the character is curious; intelligible in its laws, even if they be only suppositions; and, though requiring much practice to determine by Dr. Franz's principles, (many of us judge instinctively,) yet apparently reducible to a system, but to a system incapable of proof. Amid several subordinate and not a few fanciful rules, the following may be taken as the fundamental principle. Assume an individual looking at himself in a glass; and two lines—suppose for the sake of illustration two wires—to pass out of the apples of his eyes: if they were prolonged in a perfectly straight direction, they would touch the pupils of his image in the mirror; and this expression, which the Doctor names the "*parallelism of the axes of vision*," is observable in "that look which is entirely void of mental expression," and characterizes idiots and young infants. But when the mind is excited, or, as the Doctor phrases it, "in an expressive look," the two lines "converge towards each other, and then meet together at a certain distance in front of the eyes; the point at which they cross being named the *point of convergence* of the axes of vision." This point of convergence may fall upon the object looked at, or short of it, or beyond it; and each of these three different points marks a difference in the character of the gazer.

"The sensual look has its point of convergence always before the object; and if this point lie very near to the eyes, the look is fixed, or rigid, and in many cases the eyes may even seem to squint. The contemplative look has its point of convergence at different distances behind the object. When this point lies at a fixed and determinate spot behind the object, the eyes appear to look through the object, as it were; and the look thus becomes what is termed open, and reflective. This kind of look seeks to comprehend the object in its entire appearance, and not merely some particular part of it; hence arises what may be termed contemplative seeing, (*contemplari*;) whereby abstract contemplation is manifested. In the intelligent look, the point of convergence coincides exactly with the object. When it rests upon the object, the look becomes keen, investigating. This kind of look regards the different parts of the object, and not so much its *ensemble*: hence arises what may be termed intelligent or attentive seeing, (*cernere*;) and as from the exact coincidence of this point with the object arises the most distinct vision, (the sight not being so good where there is not such coincidence,) this seeing at the same time corresponds with what we should term sharp-sightedness (*acies oculorum*.)

Having thus laid down the main principle of his theory, and shown how some persons can look through an object even if it be a millstone, Dr. Franz proceeds to details; pointing out the causes of a *steady* and *unsteady* look, and the results deducible from each. He then proceeds to expound the manner. The natural disposition shows itself in what he calls "habitual look," which is more or less marked in most people, unless where the pursuit of the individual is at variance with his inclinations. Into these points we cannot enter, on account of the space they would occupy; and some of them are handled in a way which approaches the English fantastic or German mystical. We will however quote the results Dr. Franz draws from the different looks; not because we agree with his conclusions, but because the characters drawn by him no doubt exist, whatever may be the influence of the "point of convergence;" and his remarks are acute, and well expressed.

## THE SHORT LOOK.

The habitual or every-day look named the *sensual*, having a point of convergence which, though falling always short of the object, may lie at various distances from it, does not regard all the different objects which present themselves in the field of view as an entire whole, but expresses rather an effort to single out some particular object, or even some portion only of an object with which it may occupy itself more exclusively. In this case there is in the mind some determined bias, some natural capacity, which, if correctly appreciated and followed, allows the individual to succeed in one particular line of life for which he is best fitted, but seldom in any other. He feels himself attracted by common and familiar objects, which he employs in the ordinary manner for their ordinary purposes, neither impairing nor improving them. In him the activity of the eyes and of the hands are always united upon the same object; and the point of convergence of the visual axes therefore does not extend beyond the reach of his hands. The mind of such a person is satisfied with the things which it ordinarily finds within a narrow circle of vision; it has no other want: the look therefore, never rests upon objects at a great distance. His ideas do not rise beyond sensible objects, and his mind is not even inclined to reflect upon impressions and ideas derived through the senses. The individual is perfectly satisfied with the enjoyments of sense; is more indifferent towards the moral feelings; is contented to hear lessons

of morality without taking further notice of them. Such men are not exactly to be feared, but it is necessary to be on our guard in our intercourse and dealings with them.

## THE MIDDLE LOOK.

The habitual look to which the term *intelligent* has been applied, where the point of convergence coincides with the object, indicates a prevailing effort to single out and fix upon a particular object, or part of it, yet to view it at the same time in the aggregate. Here also there is a natural bias in the mind to apply itself practically to ordinary things; but there is more freedom in the exercise of its powers, and the mind reflects upon the ideas acquired through sensation. The objects are used, it is true, with a regard to their ordinary purposes; yet they are also compared with other things, and employed in connexion with them, and in various and experimental ways, from whence improvements and inventions frequently arise. Such men unite acuteness of the senses with the power of acute observation; they are ready in devising expedients, and skilful in investigating the true causes of things; and, according to the adage, know how to "hit the nail on the head." Their mind is not insensible to enjoyments of sense, yet does not feel itself satisfied with them; it seeks its gratification much rather in methodical activity and in the exact sciences, in mathematics, mechanics, and in experimental inquiry. With regard to ethics, the individual inclines to rationalism; he believes only what the understanding comprehends; he loves that which is true and just both in word and deed. Such men are cautious and suspicious in every thing, but when once their minds are convinced they are decided in their actions, and are therefore to be relied on; in them our confidence will not be misplaced.

## THE THROUGH LOOK.

The habitual look termed the *contemplative*, having a distant point of convergence, which, though always behind the object, may lie at various distances from it, attends principally to the *ensemble* and less to individual parts, although it by no means overlooks the latter, or leaves them unobserved. There is here a natural inclination, not strictly speaking to extraordinary things, but rather to those which are not immediately obvious at the first glance, not quite common and familiar, and the true nature of which is only to be learned by meditation and reflection. Persons of this class do not make use of the things that come next to hand in a blind and empirical manner; and when they are occupied with ordinary things, they perceive more in these objects than actually appears in them, or they see rather their own ideas reflected in the objects than the objects as they simply appear. They are comparatively indifferent to the enjoyments of sense, although they do not despise them; they live rather in the more refined enjoyments of the mind, are inclined to meditation and contemplation, to philosophical pursuits, and delight in framing theories. In a moral point of view, they perceive and honour that which is just and true in word and deed: sometimes, however, this perception or knowledge is overpowered by an intensity of feeling, which borders on the domain of passion; but reason and the sense of right most frequently regain the ascendancy. Men of such character, though certainly never guilty of fraud or deceit, require to be treated with the greatest delicacy, attention, and respect; otherwise they are not to be relied upon with implicit confidence.

## METROPOLITAN STATUES.

There are few cities in Europe that have more modern statues in number and more inferior ones in point of art, than London. It is only within a very few years that our sculptors, with but rare exceptions, have risen above the grade of stone masons.

There is an equestrian statue of William the III. in St. James's square, it is by the younger Bacon, and is a very poor affair; the rider is mean, and the horse execrable. The statue of Achilles in Hyde-park, cast by Westmacott, and the bronze figure of Canning, by the same artist, in St. Margaret's Churchyard. George I. is perched on the summit of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury; and there is a fine statue of George III. in his youthful days, in the quadrangle of Somerset House. There is one of the same monarch at Windsor, and another by Wyatt in Cockspur-street. Lord Chatham, by the elder Bacon stands in Guildhall, and is a magnificent work. One of Henry VIII. in front of St. Bartholomew's. There are three statues of Charles I. one at Charing-cross, another formerly in front of the Royal Exchange, undestroyed by the late fire, and another in front of Temple-bar; five of Charles II. one formerly in front of the Royal Exchange, and another in the quadrangle, undestroyed; one in front of Temple-bar; one in Soho-square, and another in bronze at Chelsea Hospital. A statue of Alfred the Great in front of Trinity Church, Southwark. Two of Queen Anne, one in front of St. Paul's and another in Queen-square, Westminster. Sir John Barnard and Sir Thomas Gresham, formerly in the Royal Exchange, and undestroyed; Beckford, Nelson, and William Pitt, in Guildhall; Francis, Duke of Bedford, in Russell-square; Charles James Fox in Bloomsbury-square and in Westminster Abbey; William Pitt, in Hanover-square and Westminster Abbey; the Duke of Kent in Portland-place; Major Cartwright, in Burton-crescent; Sir Robert Clayton, in Bartholomew's Hospital; Guy, in Guy's Hospital; the Duke of Cumberland, formerly in Cavendish-square. Two of Edward VI. one of bronze, by Schumaker, in St. Thomas's Hospital, one over the south entrance of Guy's Hospital, and

one in front of Christ's Hospital; two of Elizabeth, one at Lord Hertford's villa in the Regent's park, and one in front of Temple-bar, as well as one of James I. at the same place. Three of George I. one in the Rolls' Court, Chancery-lane, another (equestrian) in Grosvenor-square, by Van Nort, and the third, also equestrian, in Leicester-square; George II. by Rysbrach, in the great quadrangle of Greenwich Hospital; Howard, Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir W. Jones, and a host of warriors in St. Paul's as well as in Westminster Abbey; Shakspeare, in Westminster Abbey; Sir William Walworth (ancient) in Fishmongers'-hall, William III. in the hall of the Bank of England; Caning, by Chantrey, in Westminster Abbey; and James II. by Gibbons, behind Whitehall. There is a wretched caricature of George IV. at King's-cross, Battle-bridge; a statue of the late Duke of York, in Carlton-gardens; of James Hubert, Fishmonger's Alms Houses, Newington; of Robert Aske, at his Alms Houses, Hoxton; and of Sir R. Clayton, at St. Thomas's Hospital.

An inspection of the majority of these works will be sufficient to convince the examiner of the poverty of our sculptors in comparison with that of other countries, where royal, patrician, and priestly patronage has smiled upon artists, giving a stimulus to their exertions, and ever holding out a reward to talents honourable to the age in which they flourished, and leaving monuments of admiration and emulation for posterity. A similar era, it is to be hoped, has begun to dawn upon Great Britain.—Atlas.

A dinner was lately given at the Baths of Lucca, by an English nobleman, at which good digestion must have been required to 'wait on appetite.' The meat vegetables, &c., were all of two years standing, preserved by recipe. The table was supplied with sea water made fit to drink by a chemical process, the claret was recovered by a diving bell from a vessel sunk in the Thames a hundred years ago, and the bread was made of wheat raised from some two or three centuries old, found in an Egyptian pyramid.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25, 1840.

A notice, and some extracts, from a new publication, which appears on our sixth page, prove how ingenious a theory a clever man may spin out of a seemingly narrow subject. Physiognomists have been superseded by Phrenologists, as if the "human face divine," which had been considered from time immemorial the index to the mind, was as an old ballad compared to the gospel of "the bumps;" and now, this new theorist, from the eye alone, reads the character, and apparently with some truth and much plausibility.

An extract from a dialogue by Walter S. Landor, affords a specimen of what has been called "the massive prose" of that learned writer.

An article on Louis Philippe's Court, gives a curious picture of the cares of Royalty. His Majesty seems to tread on a volcano at every step. He has the pomp and power of a Sovereign to counterbalance his fears and cares, yet, perhaps the "still small voice" of the mind may sometimes whisper, that he was as happy, individually, when he taught School on this Continent,—and that he might be much happier as a private gentleman, living on his vast family revenues, than as a King, elevated by accident, and maintained by a sleepless watch against insurrection and assassination. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown" we suppose might be said with truth of His Majesty of France,—and yet how few, in any of the gradations of life, are found willing to descend from even a painful elevation, to a more secure, and more happy, but more humble position. Glitter carries the day against true enjoyment.

We have to thank Correspondents for some favours that appear to-day. Others are on hand. We hope to be pardoned if we sometimes keep back articles which appear to us not as fit for the public eye as a little care might make them.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—Scarcely anything appears under this head. The arrival of the Packet did not bring dates so late as those previously on hand.

Affairs were tranquil in England, but many of the labouring classes were suffering from low wages and high prices.

A ministerial circular announced that the re-assembling of Parliament was fixed for January 16th, and that business of the greatest importance might be immediately expected to occupy the attention of the Legislature. The business may be Her Majesty's marriage.

British successes in India were expected to have much effect in tranquilizing that country.

Nothing definite in addition, appears from China. British men-of-war had been ordered to assemble at Canton and Bombay. The British property and shipping in the river of Canton was estimated at nearly £4,000,000.

The French Colony at Algiers had suffered much from sickness and harassing duty. The Arabs had been very troublesome. Large reinforcements had been sent from France.

Nothing new of interest appears from Canada.

LEGISLATURE. Very little beside routine business has yet been transacted. The conclusion of the Supreme Court term,—the printed Despatches,—and the submission of the public accounts, will soon give opportunity for interesting business.

On Thursday last the House of Assembly resolved, that it be the order of the day for Thursday next, to go into Committee on the General state of the Province, for the purpose of taking up the Despatches. Also, that it be the order of the day for Monday week, to go into Committee of supply, for the purpose of taking up the estimate for the present year.

TEMPERANCE. Accident has occasioned the postponement of a continuation of the interesting extracts from the Prize Essay. The little work contains much information, in a small compass, and we will complete its republication. On the subject of Temperance we take the following extract from a letter received by last British Packet:

"Have you heard of the great Temperance Reformer, the wonderful Priest Matthews, of Cork? The number mentioned a month ago, of having joined his ranks, was 80,000. His ranks are still increasing. I am told a steamer goes from Waterford for the purpose, alone, of bringing persons to him. I have seen one of his medals. A branch is opened in Waterford by the R. C. Bishop, to aid his object. As yet his adherents remain steady. Numbers of dram shops have ceased to retail spirituous liquors, some in place of such sell coffee. Fatality in every shape awaits those who draw back, (or at least is believed to await them.) Some style him second St. Patrick. Under any banner it is well to have drunkenness repulsed, sobriety encouraged, and man snatched from degradation."

The Rev. gentleman mentioned above has made great exertions with vast success in the cause of Temperance. He may well be called a second patron of Ireland, if he is so efficient in banishing that worse than snakes and serpents, the vice of Intemperance, from the Emerald Isle.

SUPREME COURT.—The Queen against Smith D. Clarke, for the murder of Sames Bossom, and John Elexon, as an accessory before the fact.

Much interest existed on this subject; the act was of a most melancholy and unusual character, and all the parties belonged to Halifax. Monday last was appointed for the trial of the prisoners, and the Court House and passages were thronged at an early hour.

The Chief Justice presided. The Attorney and Solicitor General appeared for the Prosecution; Hon. Mr. Uniacke and L. O'C. Doyle, Esq. for the prisoner, Clarke; J. R. Smith, Esq. for Elexon. Eight challenges were made before the Petit Jury were impanelled.

The Attorney General opened the case. He explained the law of the case, and detailed the circumstances.

The Solicitor General examined the witnesses for the Prosecution. They proved the following particulars. A violent quarrel existed between Clarke and Bossom. A challenge was sent to the latter, and an insulting answer returned. Bossom treated Clarke with great personal indignity, and assaulted him, several days before the act charged. Elexon took an active part in the quarrel in favour of Clarke. They practised with pistols at a target in the rear of their dwelling. Between 6 and 7 o'clock, on the morning of the 8th of August, Clarke was in his shop, when Bossom, in passing, tapped at the window; Clarke told him to be gone, but Bossom approached the door, daring the former to fight, and using insulting language. Clarke went to the door with a pair of pistols and snapped one. Bossom retired using taunting language. Clarke fired the second pistol; the bullet entered near the right eye of Bossom, he fell and died in a few hours.

Messrs. Uniacke and Smith addressed the Court and Jury. The former urged the provocation that Clarke received, as sufficient to form an excuse for his conduct, and to authorize the Jury in returning a verdict of Manslaughter.

Mr. Smith argued that there was no evidence of consequence against his client, and that the only witness which touched him would be strongly contradicted.

Witnesses were examined. They proved provocation given, the absence of Elexon from the scene of the 8th of August, and the probability that words attributed to him were not used on the night before.

The Attorney General replied, contending that nothing had appeared to mitigate the charge against Clarke, and admitting that very slender evidence appeared to support the charge against Elexon.

The Chief Justice charged the Jury, directing them to acquit Elexon, and stating his opinion that the greater offence had been brought home to Clarke.

The Jury retired at about 10 o'clock, (at night.) They returned in about half an hour, and gave a verdict of—Elexon, Not Guilty,—Clarke, Guilty—with a strong recommendation to mercy.

Elexon was immediately discharged with a suitable admonition from the Chief Justice, Clarke was remanded. He was brought down the last day of the Term, Thursday, and sentenced to Death.

During the Trial much noise occurred among the crowds who were assembled in the passages and vicinity of the Court House. The Court House held but a few of those who were anxious to hear the trial,—some who were outside thought the shutting of the Court doors improper, and evinced their feelings by knocking,—others, chiefly boys, very indecorously amused themselves by

turbulent noises. The civil force in attendance was thought inadequate to preserve order,—and a few of the military were brought to keep the doors. This gave some offence,—the civil force consisted of some six or eight constables.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. Mr. A. McKinlay continued on Heat last Wednesday evening, and is to conclude the highly interesting series on that subject next Wednesday evening.

HALIFAX LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—Question for Discussion next evening: Are we justified in asserting that eloquence formed upon the models of Demosthenes and Cicero would now exercise comparatively little influence?

The Mail for England by H. M. Packet Spey, will be closed on Tuesday evening, at 5 o'clock.

PASSENGERS.—In the John Thomas from Boston, Capt. Card, late of the brig Collyria, of Windsor, Capt. Malcomb, Mr. Curry and 3 seamen of the schr. Temperance, of do.—In H. M. Packet Spey from Falmouth, Scott Tremain, Esq.—In the Velocity for Bermuda, Mr. Saltus.—In the Packet ship Halifax for Liverpool, G. B.—Messrs. P. Black, J. Mundell, J. Bell, W. K. Milward, and Lt. Holmes, 8th Regt.—In the Cleo—Mrs. Daley and child.—In the Fanny—Mr. J. Hill.

### MARRIED.

At Sheerwood, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Charles Ingle Elliot, Thomas Seward, Esq. of H. M. 37th Regt. to Henrietta Sarah Crowdy, second daughter of the late T. Leaver, Esq.  
At Tutamagouche, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. H. Ross, Mr. Thomas Wilson, merchant, to Miss Mary, daughter of the late Donald McKay, of Mount Egerton, B. River, no. 1011.  
At Gasperaux, Horton, 9th ult. by the Rev. T. S. Harding, Mr. James Anderson, in Miss Eliza Caldwell, both of that place.  
At Parrishoro, on Tuesday, 16th Nov. by the Rev. G. Costor, Mr. Wilson McClellan, of Five Islands, to Miss Eunice Lewis of West Brook.

### DIED.

On Friday morning, Margaret, wife of J. I. Tidmarsh, Esq. aged 53 years. At Upper Stewiacke, on Friday, the 22nd inst. Mrs. Ann. relict of the late Abraham Newcomb, in the 81th year of her age, leaving a numerous circle of acquaintances to lament her loss.  
On Wednesday Evening, Mrs. Susan Blum, aged 42 years; leaving 6 children. Funeral to take place on Saturday at one o'clock.

### SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

#### ARRIVED.

THURSDAY—Schr. Rival Packet, and Jas. Richard, Liverpool, N. S. 9 hours—four; brig. William, Zull, Matanzas 20 days—molasses, &c. to Lyle & Wiswell—spoke, 9th inst. lat 37, lon 70, brig. Cecilia, from Nevis bound to St. Andrews.

FRIDAY—H. M. Packet barque Spey, Lieut. James, Falmouth, 41 days.  
TUESDAY—Returned, schr. Mary Ann, Blackburn, hence, bound to Boston, leaky.

#### CLEARED.

THURSDAY 16th.—Schr. Hiram, Doane, Bermuda—assorted cargo by Frith, Smith & Co. 17th. Eagle, Hearty, St. John's N.F.—inward cargo from New York, and sugar, &c. by J. & M. Tobin and others. 18th. brig. Nancy, Hughes, B. W. Indies—fish, &c. by J. Strachan; schr. John Thomas, Brookman, Sydney—four by the master; Dolphin, Pitt Barbadoes—general cargo by S. Binney. 21st. ship Halifax, McClear, Liverpool—oil, &c. by A. A. Black, and others. 22nd. brig. Chalcodony, Durkee, Montego Bay—fish, &c. by J. & T. Williamson; schrs. Canso Trader, Vincent, B. W. Indies—four, fish, &c. by Whitman & Young, and J. W. Bars; Lord Lovat, Cronan, do.—do. by D. Cronan.

#### MEMORANDA.

At St. John, N. B. 11th inst.—Schr. Armada, of Annapolis, Bermuda; 18 days. Cld. 10th. brig. Addington of Weymouth, Demorara.—Barque Clyde, Reid, which sailed yesterday morning, 13th. for London, in endeavouring to re-enter the port in a heavy S. W. snow storm of last night, got on shore below the breakwater, where she now lies.—Schr. Isabella, Barto, for this port, loaded with deals, was wrecked on Saturday, 4th inst. near Apple River, N. S.—crew saved.  
Three masted brig. Loyalist, ashore near Briar Island, will be got off.

### AUCTION.

SATURDAY EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

WINES, BOOKS, FRUIT, AND GREEN PEAS.

BY PAW & TIDMARSII,

At their Store, on Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock,

30 doz. very superior CHAMPAGNE,  
50 do. do. SHERRY,  
33 Qr. Casks, 40 Octaves Malaga Sherry Wines,  
10 Hhds. Sherry, 10 Octaves ditto,  
8 Hhds. 2 Pipes, 10 qr. Casks Port Wine,

1100 Volumes New Books, comprising a good assortment of Popular Novels and Tales. Also, one case London Blank Books and Stationary.

ALSO.

One excellent 8 day Office Clock,  
2 doz. Brass and Wire Penders, assorted,  
A few fancy Hearth Rugs, assorted,  
2 very superior Rifles,  
2 very superior Fowling Pieces, one single, one double barrel,  
6 very handsome Platina Fire Lights,  
A few bottles fresh Strawberries and Cherries, and a few tin canisters Green Peas and Beans, perfectly fresh and good as when plucked from the vines.  
January 25, 1840.

### JUST RECEIVED.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received, and has for sale at his Store, No. 88 and 89, Granville Street, a large and extensive assortment of

VALUABLE STATIONARY, BOOKS, &c. Which he offers for sale, at very low prices, for cash or approved credit.

January 10.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

### MORE ANNUALS.

ON SALE AT NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.  
THE GEM—the Pearl—the Violet—the Gift—the Token and Atlantic Souvenir—the Youth's Keepsake.

January 10, 1840.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

