

pable of saying "No" to the son of an Honorable. I will write to-night, and insist upon her immediate return home.

I agreed that it would be proper to do so, and was leaving the room, when Mary said with a kind of anxious bashfulness a bright blush the while mantling her sweet face with scarlet; "Mr. Calvert, Gertrude, will probably look in for a few minutes this evening. He, I have no doubt knows this reputedly gay and fashionable captain; and if you, when I am not present, were in an off-hand, indifferent manner to sound him relative to the said gentleman's character, I should, or I err greatly, be furnished with reasons for insisting upon Clara's instant return which even Mrs. Selwyn could not gainsay."

I undertook to do; and very blunderingly did I redeem my promise. Mr. Calvert, with his quick, eager, confounding interrogatories, drew from me, before I well knew what I was saying, the exact motives of my awkward questioning; and the effect which that knowledge produced upon him was extraordinary. The flush and animation of his countenance, which in my wisdom, I had attributed to his expectation of presently seeing Miss Selwyn enter the room became as I spoke, pallid and stern, with jealous anger, I concluded, what else could it be?—and his tone was high and warlike as he replied: "Inform Miss Selwyn that I do know Captain Toulmin, and so well, that I advise, that I entreat, beseech her, not to lose an hour in removing her sister from the contamination of his society. She must be firm, too, as well as peremptory, for Toulmin is not a man to be easily turned aside from any purpose, however infamous, he may have formed. He will follow Clara Selwyn here, of that be assured; and naught but evil can ensue if he be permitted, under any pretence, to thrust his presence upon this family."

Surprise at this fiercely uttered outburst held me dumb, and three or four minutes silence meditative on Mr. Calvert's part, followed; then starting suddenly from his chair and seizing his hat, he said: "Make my excuses to Miss Selwyn, if you please, for thus hurrying away; but it just occurs to me that an important business-matter, which had slipped my memory, must be attended to at once; good evening Miss Redburn."

He was gone; and before he could have reached the else unused stable, where his horse was usually halted during his visits, Mary came in; to whom I of course related what had just passed. She was greatly surprised—shocked is the most accurate word—and it was plain that a pang of wounded pride mingled with the painful solicitude excited by Mr. Calvert's words and manner as reported by me; for Mary Selwyn, good and amiable as she might be, was still a woman withal. She had turned and was looking out of the window; "He must indeed, be greatly agitated," she said, with a tremor in her tone almost successfully repressed. "Look Gertrude." I did look, and saw the usually sedate mild Mr. Calvert galloping fiercely off, as if life depended upon his speed. "He does love her, then, murmured poor Mary, as horse and horseman disappeared at an angle of the road. "Well he could hardly help doing so." A minute or two afterwards she kissed and left me, her fine eyes bright with excitement and wet with tears.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

ANECDOTES OF EARTHQUAKES.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

THERE are few sensations more startling and unpleasant than that which is occasioned by even the slightest of those movements of the earth's surface to which we equally give the name of earthquake, whatever may be the degree of their intensity, or the nature of their effects.—Our imperfect knowledge of the causes which produce them, and of the laws of nature by which they are regulated, increases our alarm; and as we have no sure warning of their approach, and are their helpless victims when they come, we may be thankful that they are not of more frequent occurrence. They are fearful in every way: for where they have once been destructively felt, they leave an impression as to the possibility of their return, which at times, comes disagreeably across the mind, even in our moments of enjoyment.

A writer, whose work was noticed last month, speaking of Lisbon, says: "some traces of the great earthquake still remain; here and there, a huge windowless, roofless, and roomless mass, picturesque by moonlight, but saddening by day; fearful moments of wrath, stands to tell the tale of that terrible convulsion. Slight shocks are continually felt, and when I was in Lisbon, about five years ago, were so unusually powerful that some fear was excited lest a recurrence of this calamity were eminent. The Portuguese have a theory, that nature takes a hundred years to produce an earthquake on a grand scale and as that period had nearly elapsed, they were frightened in proportion. At Naples one cannot but be conscious that the city is built over hidden fires; on one side is the ever active Vesuvius, and on the other the Solfatara, and an evident communication exists between them. Hot springs and steaming sulphur poison the air everywhere; but at Lisbon no such signs exist; here is nothing but a soil prolific beyond measure—no streams of lava—no hills of calcined stones, thrown upon 1500 feet in one

night (as the Monte Nuovo, near Naples)—no smoking craters—no boiling water struggling into day. Still the belief that Lisbon will again be destroyed by a similar throes of nature is prevalent, and perpetuated year after year by the occurrence of slight shocks."

In treating of earthquakes, we cannot seek our materials in the remoter periods of history.

It is remarkable that in the records of the Old Testament there are only, I believe, three passages in which they are mentioned. One of them is part of the well-known description of the appearances attending the revelation of the Almighty's will to Elijah. The others refer to the one event of an earthquake in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah—not quite 800 years B. C., and from the language in which it is alluded to, we may infer that such convulsions were then of unusual occurrence.

When they are mentioned by the classical writers of antiquity, it is generally without any detailed notices of their phenomena, and in connection with other incidents.

Thucydides speaks of their frequency in Greece during the Peloponnesian war, and—in one instance—describes their more remarkable effects; chiefly the destruction of life and buildings occasioned by inundations on the coast; and he modestly suggests, that in his own opinion the shock drives the sea back and this suddenly coming on again with a violent rush causes the inundation; "which, without an earthquake," he thinks, "would never have happened." But he mentions the most noticeable fact, "that at Peperethus there was a retreat of the sea, though no inundation followed."

Inscriptions have been found in temples both at Herculaneum and Pompeii commemorating the rebuilding of these edifices after they had been thrown down by an earthquake, which happened in the reign of Nero: sixteen years before the destruction of the cities themselves by the eruption of Vesuvius. Yet there is no other account of such an event extant; and the indifference of the ancients in recording them is shown in the fact that even the appalling fate of these cities was only incidentally alluded to till Dion Cassius wrote his fabulous and exaggerated description, about 150 years after their destruction had taken place.

We are constantly reminded, however, of the frequency of such phenomena. The route through Italy, for instance, from Sienna to Rome, is marked throughout by great volcanic changes; and it is not very difficult to believe the tradition that the whole of the Bay of Naples is formed by one extensive crater.

In many instances the ingenuity of man has converted even these fearful ruins into sources of wealth. Without speaking of the well-known commerce in sulphur and other articles, from Naples and Sicily, I may mention that, amongst the mountains of Tuscany, the Count de Lardere has applied a process to the preparation of boracic acid, which is described in the *Jurors, Reports of the Great Exhibition of 1851* as amongst "the highest achievements of the useful arts." The vapor issuing from a volcanic soil is condensed; and the minute proportion of boracic acid which it recovered by evaporation, in a district without fuel, by the application of volcanic vapor itself as a source of heat. The substance thus obtained greatly exceeds in quantity the old and limited supply of borax from British India, and has extended its use in improving the manufactures of porcelain and of crystal.

In every country where organic changes so violent and extensive occurred, must have been earthquakes equally violent; for though it is possible that some of these phenomena have been produced by electricity alone, yet we are so often able to connect them with volcanic action that we must consider this as the most frequent, if not the only cause with which we are at present acquainted. We are reminded also by an eminent writer, to whose "Principles of Geology" I shall elsewhere refer, that in volcanic regions, though the points of eruption are but thinly scattered—constituting mere spots on the surface of those districts—yet the subterranean movements extend simultaneously over immense areas. Those mere tremblings of the earth, so common in South America, are probably connected with eruption in mountain ranges, that have never yet been explored. It does not advance us very far in our knowledge of the subject to assume that both volcanoes and earthquakes have a common origin, which often produces movements of the earth even unattended by volcanic eruption. As far as we can trace their connection, this is most probably the fact; but there may be other causes which have still to be discovered.

From the London Sun.

KOSSUTH'S ELOQUENCE.

THAT the influence emanating from the genius of Kossuth should have become thus widely diffused in England is, under all circumstances, by no means surprising, when it is remembered that he has addressed himself to a people conspicuous for their possession of common sense—and that, moreover, with the powers of rhetoric seldom if ever equalled since the memorable days of Demosthenes. From the few speeches already delivered by His Excellency since the hour of his landing on the British shores at Southampton, might be culled passages such as it would be difficult to find anywhere surpassed by the grandeur of expression, for

irresistible pathos, or for oratorical beauty.—Could anything, we ask, for example, be more conspicuous in these respects than the sentences in which, on Wednesday, he recounted his famous appeal to the Diet, where four hundred representatives rose as one man, and lifting their right arms towards God, dedicated themselves by an oath to "Freedom or Death"? According to the interjectional remark of the reporter, the solemnity of gesture and voice with which this narration was given, produced, as might have been expected, a powerful effect upon the Assembly. Then, continuing his relation of events, said Kossuth:—

"Thus they spoke and there they swore in a calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself, it was my duty to speak, but the grandeur of the moment, and the rushing waves of sentiment, benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes, a sigh of adoration to the Almighty Lord fluttered on my lips; and bowing low before the majority of my people, as I bow now before you, gentlemen, I left the tribunal silently, speechless, mute."

Again the shorthand-writer interrupts his record to remark, that the orator here paused for a few moments, overpowered by his emotion, with which the company deeply sympathised.—Then, resuming:—

"Pardon my emotions," said he, with a sublime solemnity—"the shadow of our martyrs played before my eyes—I heard the million of my native land once more shouting 'liberty or death!'"

Than this we know nothing more touchingly beautiful in the whole range of oratory. It has been in language thus elevated and persuasive that Kossuth has opened his heart to his sympathisers in England—speaking to them in words of burning eloquence, though with the accent and pronunciation of a foreigner.

ARAB ODDITIES.

AN Arab, entering a house, removes his shoes but not his hat. He mounts his horse on the right side, while his wife milks the cows upon the left side. Writing a letter, he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside.—With him, the point of a pin is its head, whilst its head is made its heel. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in the summer while his feet may well enough go naked in winter—every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, but measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from left to right, but figures are read from right to left.—He eats scarcely anything for breakfast, as much for dinner. But after the work of the day is done sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of the house wait till his lordship is done. He rides his donkey when travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking the street with his wife, or ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones.—Bedsteads, bureaus, and fireplaces may be placed in the same category. If he be an artisan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his feet to hold what his hands are engaged upon. Drinks cold water like a sponge, but never bathes in it, unless his home be on the sea shore. Is rarely seen drunk—too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred—has little curiosity and no imitation—no wish to improve his mind—no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

LUXURIES OF THE EAST.

A few frogs, of various sizes, hopped about a damp corner of my room, near one of the windows that was marked off by a brickwork ledge, three inches high, to do duty as a bath-room.—The frogs were not alarmed at my presence; they were quite at home, although the apartment was on the second story. A bat, a larger breed than I had hitherto been accustomed to, gyrated about the room noiselessly, somewhat confused by the light upon the table. There was too much light for him, and too little for me. We were both puzzled in consequence, but he now and then tipped with his silent wing the glass shade upon the oil-burner, making the tiny bell sound singularly clear, which sent miniature echoes towards the rafters, among which they seemed to struggle and become confused. I noted these trifles more strictly than another might have done. They did not appear to be such trifles, and, if they were, they for the time, put on a little mask of importance. A clear sound of a "clucking" character came from the doorway. It passed steadily round the apartment, and close to the wall, where objects of small size could not easily be seen. The sound was more distinct as it passed the strecher on which I lay, for it was near the side-wall, and little feet became audible. I cried out "Hush!," as they passed; the little feet betrayed evidence of consternation, and an overpowering odour of musk, but of very coarse quality, pervaded the apartment. It was a musk rat. I took good care never to alarm a musk rat again, for that little fellow damaged my whole wine cellar.—*Autobiography of an Indian Army Surgeon.*

A Vermont Yankee has invented a pump by which cows and horses pump their own drinking water.

STEAMER ARCTIC. INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE LOSS OF THIS VESSEL.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN LUCE.

Quebec, October 14. Mr. E. K. Collins, New York:—Dear Sir—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the total loss of the noble Steamship Arctic, under my command, together with your wife, son, and daughter.—The Arctic sailed from Liverpool, on Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 11 A. M. with 223 passengers, and about 150 of crew, &c. Nothing of especial note occurred during the passage until Wednesday, Sept. 27, when, at noon, on the banks of Newfoundland, in lat. 45 35, lon. 52 W. steering West by compass, the weather being foggy during the day, but generally objects being at intervals perceptible at the distance of one-half to three quarters of a mile, a dense fog set in, occasionally lighting up so that we could see for three or four miles around.

At noon, I left the deck for the purpose of working out the position of the ship. In about fifteen minutes afterwards, I heard the cry of "Hard starboard," from the officers of the deck. I rushed on deck, and had just got out when I felt a crash forward, and at the same moment, saw a strange steamer under the starboard bow. In another moment she struck against the guards of the Arctic, and passed astern of us. The bows of the strange steamer appeared to be literally cut off for fully ten feet, and seeing in all probability, she must sink in a few minutes, after taking a hasty glance at our own ship, and believing that we were comparatively uninjured, my first impulse was to endeavor to save the lives of these on board the stranger.

The boats were cleared for launching, and the first officer and six men left in one of them. It was then found that our own ship was leaking fearfully. The engineers were now set to work, being instructed to put on the steam pumps, and the four deck pumps were worked by the passengers and crew. The ship was immediately headed for the land which I judged to be about fifty miles distant. I was compelled to leave the boat with the first officer and crew to take care of themselves. Several ineffectual attempts were made to stop the leak by getting sails over the bows, but finding that the leak gained upon us very fast, notwithstanding all our most powerful efforts to keep her free, I resolved to get the boats ready, and have as many ladies and children placed in them as they could carry; but no sooner had the attempt been made, than the firemen and others rushed into them in spite of all opposition. Seeing this state of things, I ordered the boat astern to be kept in readiness until order could be restored. To my dismay, I saw the rope in the bows had been cut, and they soon disappeared in the fog. Another boat was broken down by persons rushing at the davits, by which many were precipitated into the sea and drowned. This occurred while I had been engaged in getting the starboard guard boat ready to launch, of which I had placed the second officer in charge when the same fearful scene was enacted as with the first boat, by men leaping from the top of the rail, a height of twenty feet, bruising and maiming those in the boat alongside. I then gave orders to the 2d officer, Mr. Baalham, to let go and drop astern of the ship, keeping under or near the stern to be ready to take on board the women and children as soon as the fire on board the Arctic should be put out by the water, and the engine stopped. My attention was then drawn to the other quarter boat, which I found broken but still hanging by one tackle. A rush was also made for her, when some fifteen persons jumped in, cut the tackle, and were soon out of sight. I now found that not a seaman or carpenter was left on board, and we were without any tools by which we might construct a raft, which was our only hope. The only officer left me was Mr. Dorian, the 3d officer, who aided me, and with the assistance of many of many of the passengers, who deserved the greatest praises for their coolness and energy in doing all in their power up to the very last moment when the ship sunk.

The chief engineer, with several of his assistants, had taken the smallest of our deck boats, and had, with about fifteen persons, pulled away before the ship went down. We had succeeded in getting the fore and main yards and two top-gallant yards overboard, together with such other small spars and materials as we could collect, when I became fully convinced that the ship must go down in a very short time, and that not a moment was to be lost in getting the spars lashed together to form the raft, to which it became necessary to get at the life boat, the only boat left. This being accomplished, I placed Mr. Dorian in charge of the boat, taking care to keep back the oars so that this boat might not be taken away, as I still hoped to get many of the women and children in this boat at last. We had made considerable progress in the connecting of the spars, when an alarm was given that the ship was sinking, and the boat was shoved off without oars or any means to help themselves, and when the ship sunk the boat was probably one-eighth of a mile clear of Arctic. Instantly, at about 25 minutes to 5 P. M., the ship went down, carrying every soul on board with her. I soon found myself on the surface again, and after a brief struggling with my own helpless child in my arms, I again felt myself impel-