

spirit, passed crouched on the wretched mattress. Her jailer had offered her food, but she had shrunk from it with loathing; and though she felt not the slightest disposition to eat, still the want of sustenance, and the sufferings, mental and physical, of her situation, had worn her down to a degree of painful prostration. Far on into the night she sunk into a troubled doze. A slight stir in the room awoke her: but she affected still to sleep, and with half-opened eyes watched with cat-like vigilance.

She saw her captor moving quietly about, but rather as if in consideration of her slumber than as though fearing detection. What had he to fear from her? She saw him, after casting a glance towards where she lay, and listening to her respiration, take from the place where he kept it, the fated ring. He hesitated for a moment, as if doubtful where to deposit it, then, with a significant upward toss of the head, that said as plain as toss could say, 'While I have her safe, there is no danger for it,' he placed it in a little closet in the wall, and taking his hat, left the room, locking the door after him.

With every nerve on the stretch, the marquise listened for some minutes; then, reassured by the silence, she sprung with noiseless rapidity from the pallet, and in a moment was at the cupboard door; she tried it; it yielded to her hand almost without an effort. Again she listened, but the rapid beating of her heart was the only sound that came to her ears. Within the closet was a little box; this she took down and opened; and there, encircled in its own light, lay the jewelled serpent, coiled at the bottom, and glaring upward at her with its malignant emerald eyes. She clutched it; the first step was gained; the next—the next she was spared the necessity of deciding on, by the sudden opening of the door, with an oath. No love now marked the expression of the hated ruffian face. He rushed upon her. Shrieking, she crouched, still grasping the ring.

'Give it up, or I will crush you!'

'Never!'

One blow of his clenched fist on her temple, and she fell, white and nerveless, at his feet, while the ring dropped from her limp hand. The robber picked it up: in an instant his aspect underwent a change; he gazed upon the prostrate form with despairing horror; he seized her in his arms, carried her to the light, bent over her with passionate exclamations of tenderness and self-reproach. She did not shrink from him now—she did not turn her face from his—she lay unresisting in his arms—dead.

### THE MYSTERIES OF ANIMATED NATURE.

LITTLE indeed do we understand of the physical sense of the great living crowd of dumb ones around us. Has the vulture and all that class of birds who bolt everything any organ of taste? When an owl swallows a mouse whole does he taste it in his stomach? Is it the same with the pigeon and his peas? What kind of hearing has the shark if any? The organs of smell in the shark who discovers through the great volume of water and through dense timbers that somebody is dead yea or dying in the cabin must be wonderful. But we know nothing about this beyond the fact. The same creature, whether shark or cat, that has a wonderful sense or smell for some things, seems to have no nose at all for many others. No one ever saw a monkey smell a flower. If it did so, it would only be to inquire if it were eatable, or poisonous. Then, as to the sense of touch, what a fine work goes on in the language of the antennae of insects; and yet it is impossible that the majority of them can possess sensations like ours. A wasp flies in at the window, alights on the breakfast-table, runs swiftly up the side of the sugar-basin, and displays his grim face in a brazen mask with iron spectacles, just above the rim. The next moment he darts upon the sugar. But an alarmed hand advances a pair of scissors, and suddenly nips off his head. The body staggers, and perhaps flies off, while the jaws of the brazen mask with iron spectacles continue for some seconds to work away at the sugar, as though no such event had occurred.

With the general character, detrem, faculties, and habits of the inferior creatures, naturalists are of course far more intimately acquainted than the world at large; but the naturalists are only an exceptional class, comprising a few individuals; and even amongst the highest of these, how little can they fathom of the mind or what is invisibly going on within those many-shaped grotesque heads of beasts and birds, and fish, and insects. The grey-hounds runs by eye-sight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight;—namely, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only conjecture.—The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings—the only known creature that possesses this faculty.—His sight, then both forwards and backwards, must be proportionately rapid with his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of objects, or he would dash himself to pieces.—

But in what conformation of his eye does this consist. No one can answer. A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the gnats being so close together that you can scarce see the minutest interval between them yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly amidst your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiar high-shouldered vicious gnat, with long, pale pendant nose, darts out of the rising or falling cloud, and settling on your cheek inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows. A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely woodpecker when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way—listen and look round—before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black, or negro ant? No one knows.

### THE VELOCITY AND COLOURS OF LIGHTNING.

THE lightning of the first two classes does not last for more than one thousandth part of a second: but a less duration in passing than one millionth part of a second is attributed to the light of electricity of high-tension. In comparison with this velocity, the most rapid artificial motion that can be produced appears repose. This has been exemplified by Professor Wheatstone, in a very beautiful experiment. A wheel, made to revolve with such celerity, as to render its spokes invisible, is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if at rest, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, because the flash has come and gone before the wheel has had time to make a perceptible advance. The colour of lightning is variously orange, white and blue, verging to violet. Its hue appears to depend on the intensity of electricity, and height in the atmosphere. The more electricity there is passing through the air in a given time, the whiter and more dazzling is the light. Violet and blue-coloured lightnings are observed to be discharged from the storm clouds high in the atmosphere, where the air is rarefied and analogously. The electric spark made to pass through the receiver of an air-pump exhibits a blue or violet light in proportion as the vacuum is complete.—*Peterman's Physical Geography.*

### THE CAVERNS OF ADELSBURG.

ALL the imitations of grottos, all the stage effects in England combined, to produce haunted caverns or dens of demons, would utterly fail to realise the beauty and grandeur of this exquisite, yet stupendous, work of the great architect. It is not a grotto nor a cavern, it can be compared only in extent, to colossal cathedrals, a succession of domes, naves, transepts, galleries, and buttresses, of fretwork ornament, tracery work, and tastefully executed columns, formed thus wonderfully by constant dappings of water through the calcareous rocks above hardening into stone as it falls, far surpassing, in the exquisite character of its varied mouldings, the laboured efforts of the most talented artist; and yet on the other hand a directly opposite simile may be used namely that by a stretch of the imagination, one would be led to believe that he was wandering among the ruins of an entombed city where the work of the sculptor's art continually present themselves in various stages of preservation. In colour, the stalactites are of a light soft yellow, or white, and partly transparent, and they hang about in continuous clusters, and points, and draperywork, except when broken by low damp tunnels or disrupted blocks of rock intervening; the eye at length becomes stoned and the mind confused by the never-ending wonders.

WORK.—There is, says Carlyle, a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Nothing else can elevate manhood, say what you will. In idleness, politics, literature, religion we must work if we would be anything or do anything.

We should have been pleased, says the Sierra Citizen, to see Thomas Carlyle with a buck and saw, trying to elevate and enoble himself by that salutary exercise! What a number of fine things are said about the dignity of labor, yet how few like to work when they can help it!

A fool in high station is like a man on the top of a mountain—everybody appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody else.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied, to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

From Lloyd's London Weekly Newspaper for October 26.

### THE FATAL PANIC AT THE SURREY GARDENS.

On Sunday night, the 19th inst., a deplorable calamity—resulting in the death of several persons, and in personal injuries more or less serious to many others, happened at the Surrey-gardens, universally known as a place of popular recreation for the inhabitants of the metropolis.

During the last few years the Rev. Mr Spurgeon, a preacher belonging to one of the denominations of dissenters, and a young man not more than twenty-two, has by a style of oratory peculiar to himself become the object of great popularity, chiefly among the humbler, but also among a considerable number of the middle classes residing on the Surrey side of the river, which popularity has gone on increasing to such an extent that the chapel in which his religious services were conducted became wholly inadequate to accommodate the numbers who flocked to listen to him. In this emergency he removed to Exeter-hall on Sunday evenings, where he has lately been preaching to crowded audiences, while hundreds have gone away from time to time unable to obtain admission. For an hour or two, indeed, before the doors were opened large numbers of people were accustomed to assemble in the Strand in front of the building on a Sunday evening for the purpose of gaining access. The regular members of his congregation were previously admitted by a private door on the production of tickets, which gave them that right, and after they were comfortably seated the general public were allowed to enter until the hall was densely crowded. The gates were then closed and a board hung outside intimating to all who came afterwards that the building was full.—This arrangement continued for some time, and under it the popularity of Mr Spurgeon went on augmenting. In the course of the service a collection was invariably made among the audience, the proceeds of which, after liquidating the expenses connected with the occupation of the hall, were partly destined, as he was accustomed to announce, to the erection of a new chapel for the especial use of his congregation, and which was intended to accommodate some almost incredibly large number of people. At last, a week or two ago, his services were discontinued at Exeter-hall, and he sought for another locality into which to fold his flock.—The result was that he entered into an arrangement with the directors of the Surrey-gardens for the use of their Music-hall for four Sunday nights at 15s. a night, and Sunday evening was the first on which he preached there. Unhappily the occasion fraught as it was with so fearful a calamity, will not soon be forgotten. This fine building is oblong in shape, with two, if not three galleries, one above the other extending the whole length of the edifice, with various points of ingress and egress. It is lighted by windows of plate-glass, and fitted up in all respects with great taste. It is capable, we believe, of holding 10,000 persons; and on Sunday night, while the service was being held, and when the accident now being related occurred, it is estimated that there were about 9,000 present in the interior of the building.—During the week it got noised about that Mr Spurgeon intended to preach there, and the result was that an enormous number of people went to hear him. Beside the large crowd who obtained admission into the hall, there were at least 1,500 in the adjacent grounds for whom there was no room, and some 5,000 or 6,000 more in the several streets abutting upon the entrance to the gardens, who were also excluded. They have now much reason to be thankful for what, doubtless, they regarded as a misfortune at the moment. The regular members of the congregation were permitted to enter the edifice before the rest of the public in conformity with the practice at Exeter-hall, and it was near seven o'clock before all who were admitted were accommodated with seats or with standing-room, and before the service began. Several police-constables were stationed at the points of entrance, and others in plain clothes were scattered through the audience, among whom was Sergeant Coppin, who afterwards done some service in mitigating the disaster. Mr Superintendent Lund, of the metropolitan police, happened also to be there with his wife and daughter, and they occupied seats immediately in front of the pulpit on the basement floor.

The proceedings commenced by the immense congregation—probably the largest that ever attended any minister since the days of John Wesley—singing a hymn, after which the rev. gentleman read a selection from the 16th chapter of St. Luke's gospel, in which he showed that no man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. The preacher in introducing his subject, said that there were many present who had frequently neglected to serve God, although they knew it was their duty; but the fact was they had done so and they thought it was no sin, they imagining that they could run with the hare, and at the same time run with the hounds. If the present congregation professed to be Christians, let them act as such; but if they do not profess to

be such, let them say so, and there would be an end of the case, for you cannot serve God and Mammon. After dilating at considerable length upon the gospel, another hymn was sung when Mr Spurgeon offered up another prayer, in which he alluded to certain persons, whom he knew, he said, to be present, who had been backsliders from the house of God; he also said, he could see present many females who had departed from the paths of virtue and were bringing their fathers' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. The exciting manner in which the preacher delivered the prayer appeared to rivet the attention of all present, and many an eye could be seen shedding tears, when all of a sudden a cry was raised, "The place is on fire!" Such a scene as then ensued it would be out of the question accurately to describe. In an instant the screams of the women rent the building, thousands made a rush to the doors, and in their anxiety many women and children, not even excepting men were forced down and trampled upon. The persons on the platform in vain tried all they could to induce the congregation to understand that no danger was to be apprehended provided the parties kept their places: but such was the excitement consequent upon the sudden alarm thus raised that men, women, and children were forced down in terrible confusion, and being trampled upon a number of lives have been lost and a great number seriously, if not fatally injured.

In order, if possible, to calm the excited scene, Mr Spurgeon and some of his deacons commenced singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," but the sounds of discord which accompanied the singing completely drowned all the efforts of the singers. There were shouts and screams and violent cries; shouts of sit down, keep your seats, false alarm, and take care of your pockets, and other assuring exclamations of a similar character. At length the perseverance of those engaged in singing had the desired effect, and the fears of the crowds as to the safety of the building, or the existence of fire subsided.

The Rev. Mr Spurgeon at length made himself heard, and stated that the false alarm had been raised by thieves, and begged these present to remain quiet in their seats, and not aid in the disturbance which it was the object of those parties to create, and gave out the hymn, Salvation—oh the joyful sound. While this hymn was being sung another confusion arose, and glass was heard smashing in all directions, and one of the deacons ascended the rostrum and said, "This gathering to-night has aroused Satan, and he will not allow the service to go on without endeavouring to interrupt it." Again Mr Spurgeon stood forward and said, "Let us praise God in the midst of this confusion once more," and gave out the lines of the version of the 100th psalm, "Before Jehovah's awful throne." By the time the first verse was sung many hundreds had quitted the building, but thousands still lingered, some paralysed with fright, and others fearing to face the enormous pressure of the crowds outside the building. Mr Spurgeon again addressed the assembly and said, "Will our good friends retire as quietly as possible, and may God forgive those who have been the authors of this confusion. I cannot preach to you now, but we will sing you out, and go as gradually and quietly as possible. The announcement that he would not preach appeared to give great dissatisfaction, and cries arose from every part of the hall of "Go on preach." After a short delay.

The Rev. Mr Spurgeon then said; my friends what shall I preach about? You bid me preach to-night. I am ready to do all I can, but in the midst of all this confusion what shall be my subject? My God's holy spirit give me a subject on this solemn occasion.—My friends, there is a terrible day coming, when the terror and alarm of this evening shall be as nothing. That will be a time when the thunder and lightning and blackest darkness shall have their fullest power; when the earth shall reel to and fro beneath us; and when the arches of the solid heavens shall totter to their centre. The day is coming when the clouds shall reveal their wonders and portent, and Christ shall sit upon those clouds in glory, and shall call you to judgment. Many men have gone away to-night in the midst of this terrible confusion, and shall it be on that great day. I can however, believe, that the results of that day will show that there will be a great many—not a less proportion than those who now remain to those who have left—who will stand the ordeal of that great day. The alarm which has just arisen has been produced in some measure by that instinct which teaches us to seek self-preservation. But in the more numerous of the cases, it is not so much the dread of death who has influenced them, as the dread of something afterwards—that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.—'Tis conscience that makes cowards of them.—Many were afraid to stop here, because they thought it was to stop and be damned. They were aware—and many of you are aware—that if you were hurried before your Maker to-night you would be brought there unshriven, unpardoned, and condemned. But what are your terrors now to what they will be on that terrible day of reckoning of the Almighty, when the heaven shall shrink above you, and hell open her mouth beneath you? But know you