

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

By the Rev. Moore O'Connor.

"Where does the Spirit of Beauty dwell?
"O!" said one, "if you seek to know,
You must gaze around, above, below;
For earth, and heaven, and ocean tell;
Where the Spirit of Beauty loves to dwell.
But, see! she comes with the early Spring,
And winnows the air with her fragrant wing,
Clothing each meadow, hill and tree,
In the bloom of her rich embroidery.
Ask her now, ere she pass away,
Where on earth she delights to stay—
And the Spirit will pause, while earth and sky,
Ring with the tones of her glad reply."

THE SPIRIT.

"Seek for me in the blue harebell,
In the pearly depths of the ocean shell,
In the vesper flush of the dying day,
In the first faint glow of the morning ray.
I sleep on the breast of the crimson rose,
I hide on the stately lily's snows,
I am found where the crystal dew-drops shine,
No gem so bright in a diamond mine.
I bloom on the flower that decks the grave,
I ride on the crest of the dark green wave,
I am seen in the stars, in the leaf enshrined,
I'm heard in the sigh of the whispering wind.
On the rippling breast of the winding stream,
In the mellow glow of the moon's mild beam,
I fan the air with the bird's light wing,
I lurk in the grass of the fairy ring.
My tints in the rainbow arch are set,
I breathe on the fragrant violet,
Look where you may, you will find me there,
For the Spirit of beauty is everywhere."

CHRISTENING OF A POPE.—Perhaps one of the prettiest christenings on record, rendered so by the very apt and beautiful triplets that commemorated it, is that related by the quaint old Fuller, on the occasion of christening Sir Wm. Pope's little daughter, in the presence of King James, who was then on his progress. While the waterdrops were sprinkled upon it, the babe was presented to King James, who acted as sponsor, with a copy of the following verses in his hand:—

See, this little mistress here
Did never sit in a Peter's chair,
Or a triple crown did wear,
And yet she is a Pope.
No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold,
She hardly is a sevennight old,
And yet she is a Pope.
No King her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her horse look than this—
Nor did she ever hope
To saint one with a rope,
And yet she is a Pope.
A female Pope, you'll say—a second Joan!
No sure, she is a Pope Innocent, or Iona.

SEAT OF THE AFFGHAN WAR.

To give a just idea of the situation of the British troops in Afghanistan, it may be proper to say a few words on the geographical position of the country. It forms a sort of table land west of the Punjab, from which it is divided by a range of mountains, slightly marked in most of our maps, but certainly of great height, since even the Bolan Pass, one of its lowest parts, was covered with snow in April, though only in latitude 29. This chain of mountains runs parallel to the Indus, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles, and extends like a vast wall along the eastern frontier of Afghanistan, reaching from the Hindoo Coosh or Caucasus to the sea. There are several passes through it, but all of them dangerous and difficult; the two which, no doubt, for good reasons, have been selected by our military men in this war, are the Kyber Pass, in latitude 34. 20, and the Bolan Pass, about 350 miles south-west from it, in latitude 29. Peshawar is in the low country, near the eastern entry to the Kyber Pass, which is 28 miles in length; but the greater part of the line between Peshawar and Cabool, of nearly two hundred miles, consists of narrow defiles amidst high mountains. Jellalabad, where Sir R. Sale was stationed, lies about half-way between these towns. It was by this route that Alexander the Great, and at a recent period, Nadir Shah, entered India; and the latter is said to have purchased an unmolested passage through the defiles by the payment of £100,000 to the native tribes. The Bolan Pass, like the other, is rather a succession of passes, extending from the vicinity of Dadur to the Kojeh Amran mountains, and by the detours must measure nearly 200 miles.

Cabool, Ghuznee, Candahar, and Kelat, are situated nearly in a line; between the north end of which, at Cabool, and the south, at Kelat, there is a space of 500 miles. These Afghan towns, which were all lately in our possession, are situated from 200 to 300 miles of direct distance west of the Indus, and separated from it by the formidable barrier of mountains already mentioned. To speak in military phrase, the Indus, or the low country on its right bank, forms the base of our operations. At two points here—at Peshawar, on the north, and Shikarpoor, on the south, among the friendly nations (for they are not our subjects) of the Punjab and Scinde, we collect troops and form magazines; and from these points, four hundred miles asunder, we act on Cabool, 200 miles off, through a series of perilous defiles, often closed up in winter with snow, and on Candahar, which is four hundred miles off, through the Bolan, Quetta, and Gohz passes, equally difficult and perilous. If by any efforts the enemy can effectually stop the path at a single point in one of these long lines of passes, the situation of our troops in the corresponding part of this country becomes ticklish; if he can shut both, they are completely isolated, and from mere want of powder to fire with, and money to purchase corn, must ultimately yield. The Affghans, too, are a much braver people than we have been accustomed to contend with in India. Again, Peshawar and Shikarpoor, which form the base of our operations, are about 300 miles from our own proper frontier; and if the Sheikhs, who are now our friends, should, with the usual fickleness of barbarians, join our enemies, our dangers would be doubled. In short, the Affghan war is of a more hazardous description than any we have perhaps ever waged in India, and, in judging of the conduct of the officers who have conducted it, a large allowance should be made for the unexampled difficulties of their situation. The new Governor General has given orders to try those in chief commands who have failed, by Courts martial, and this is no doubt what the men themselves and their friends would desire. The death of Shah Soojah, if he has really been murdered, is as likely to operate in our favour as against us. It relieves us from the burden of supporting a prince who could not support himself, and may facilitate an arrangement with Dost Mohammed, who is now our prisoner.—Scotsman.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE AT MARTINIQUE.

The subjoined account, prepared for publication, was brought by Captain Wilbur, of the schr. H. Lawrence, just arrived at New York from Port au Plate:—

The sky was uncommonly serene, and the descending sun promised to be bright and glorious in its sitting. Just then, casting my eyes towards Mount Isabella, which overlooks the town, I perceived a dark vapor as-

ending and enveloping its base and sides; a rolling, rumbling sound immediately succeeded, and then came a shock which nearly dashed me to the ground. The level of the square appeared undulating, like the waves of the sea. A faint and sickly sensation came over me, and dizziness and difficulty of respiration. The houses rocked to and fro, like vessels in a storm. The ground was rent in various parts. Many persons were thrown down by the force of the concussion, others were reeling as in a state of drunkenness.

A second shock followed, yet stronger than the former, accompanied by the same appearances, effects and terrors. The church, a strong massive building, seemed tottering to its fall; the bricks flew from the solid masonry, as if from projectiles; wide fissures appeared in the walls and arches, and the whole would have been levelled but for the uncommon strength of the outside buttresses and the lowness of the building. It was affecting to hear the terrific cries and lamentations of the women and children, and instructive to contemplate, even then, their lowly prostration to the Divinity—imploping his mercy, aid and succor in their distresses. The second shock must have lasted about 60 seconds.

Fortunately for us, our town is almost entirely constructed of wood, which alone accounts for its preservation. The stone buildings suffered materially, and some of the finest were entirely destroyed. From the 7th up to the present date we have been in a continued state of alarm—upwards of forty shocks have taken place during the interval, some more or less severe. Processions and prayers are continually on foot, to avert, if possible, the Divine displeasure. The men wear serious and solemn looks; the women, when not in procession, are sitting at the doors of their houses, either in tears or with books of prayer. Business is not even thought of, such is our state of agitation.

The fine town of Santiago, about sixty miles distant in the interior, and the centre of our agricultural commerce in this part, has been entirely destroyed. The population consisted of about 6000 souls, of whom 500 are buried in the ruins. Further in the interior, the towns of Vega and St. Osero have met with similar fates. The city of Cape Haytien, the deposite of all the agricultural produce of this fine plain—the capital of the northern part of the Island—the first city in Hayti, for the beauty and solidity of its buildings, and the second in size and importance, has met with utter destruction, and is one mass of crumbling ruins.

A gentleman who left immediately after the disaster informed me that so sudden had been the catastrophe, that hardly three seconds were allowed to escape from the houses. Thousands were buried alive, and no relief at hand. Cries of agony and shrieks would now and then proceed from the buildings and break the solemn stillness of the night. Many dead and putrid bodies were lying in the streets, and nobody to remove them. The air was tainted with the infection, and a pest seemed quietly settling over the city.

Since writing the foregoing, further intelligence has reached us from the Cape, which has materially added to the horrors of its former situation. Hundreds of individuals, pouring in from the country, commenced upturning the crumbling ruins, and drawing from thence all the merchandise and valuables, of whatever kind they could lay hold of, despatched the same to their different hiding places. Opposition was for some time useless, and a summary execution was necessarily resorted to by the authorities to strike a salutary terror.

Many of the marauders were shot, and now, to crown the whole with the extremity of horror, a slow fire, which had arisen and had been gradually creeping onward from the time of the catastrophe, spread at once into a general conflagration, consuming what had escaped the former calamity and the sacrilegious hand of pillage.

Hundreds had taken refuge on board the ships in the harbour, with the trifling effects which, an agonizing haste suffered them to lay hold of, together with as many of the maimed and wounded as were thus favored by their good fortune. The other towns and villages besides our own and those enumerated above, which have most seriously suffered (some of which are entirely demolished) are Port Paix, Gonaives, St. Marc, Mole, St. Nicolas, St. Louis du Nord, Fort Dauphin, Limbeport, Margot, Borgne, La Grand Riviere, Laxavon, and Altamira, which, together, with Porta Plata, Cape Haytien, Santiago, St. Osero and La Vega, before mentioned, make in all 17 towns and villages, with loss of lives in all.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the severity of the blow which will be given to commercial interests in general, through all their channels and ramifications—many years will be required to restore matters to their former footing.

It will be equally difficult to conjecture at what period the signs of ravages will be removed, and the towns and cities again approach their former condition.

During the earthquake at Santiago, the inhabitants rushed into the Roman Catholic church, to implore mercy from the Most High, and filled it to overflowing, and when it fell, rivers of blood were seen to pour through the ruins, proceeding from the bodies of the poor unfortunate souls crushed within.

MEMOIR OF MAJOR GENERAL G. POLLOCK, C. B.—This gallant officer, whose excellent arrangements in conducting an immense mass of stores, provisions, and baggage through the Khyber Pass, without the loss of a single beast of burthen, have excited an admiration only equalled by the cool and determined valour with which that formidable barrier was forced, notwithstanding the desperate manner in which it was defended, is a colonel in the Bengal Artillery. He received his military education at the Royal Academy, Woolwich, and proceeded to India in 1803. Almost immediately after his arrival, he was sent, with five other young officers, to join the artillery under General Lake, who was then about to open the campaign against the most active and enterprising of the Maharratta chieftains, Jeswant Roa Holcar; and it may afford some idea of the arduous nature of Indian warfare, if we remark, en passant, that in the short period of four months, the subject of this article was the only individual of the male party just mentioned who remained fit for duty—three of them having been killed and two disabled. At the battle of Deig, which took place soon after Lieut. Pollock joined, he attracted the favourable notice of his superiors by the spirited and judicious manner in which he directed the fire of the brigade of guns entrusted to his charge. At the siege and capture of Deig, and the less fortunate attack on Bhurtpore, he was equally distinguished by the steady, gallant, and cheerful performance of his duty, which, from the poverty of Artillery officers, and the arduous nature of the service, was extremely severe. On the breaking up of the grand army, as it was called, Lieutenant Pollock accompanied the guns attached to Colonel Bowie's force, employed in reducing and settling the country around Gohud. The waste of life at-

tending all these operations was such, that Lieut. Pollock, by mere right of seniority, attained the rank of Captain (Capt. Lieut. in this regt.) before he had been three years in the service, and such had been his general good conduct, that Lord Lake appointed him to one of the first vacancies which occurred in the Artillery Regimental staff, and subsequent Commanders-in-Chief nominated him successively to the situation of Adjutant and Quartermaster, Brigade Major, and finally Assistant-Adjutant of Artillery, in which latter position he had a considerable share in remodelling the Bengal Ordnance department, and placing it on its present excellent footing, though his strenuous endeavours to procure a more effective complement of officers, (the want of which has ever, and particularly at the late unfortunate catastrophe in Afghanistan, been so severely felt,) proved unsuccessful. Soon after obtaining the rank of Lieut. Colonel, which was not until May, 1824, Colonel Pollock was nominated to the Command of the Bengal Artillery, serving in Ava with Sir Archibald Campbell's army, and was actively employed during the whole of the memorable campaign which enabled that General to dictate his own terms of peace almost at the gates of Aenapoorah. Throughout these operations the steady and efficient manner in which Colonel Pollock superintended the executive duties of his department, under circumstances of a very trying description, was the theme of universal approbation; and he not only received the repeated thanks of the Commander-in-Chief, as well as of the Government of India, but was honoured by his Sovereign with the decoration of a Companion of the Bath. In 1834 he obtained his regimental colonelcy, having previously been promoted to the army rank of colonel by the Indian brevet of 1829, which led to his being included in the general brevet of 1833, as major general. At this period he had the command of the fort and district of Agra, but it may serve to show the estimation in which he was held by the whole service, when it is stated that on every occasion when the formation of a field force was spoken of, General Pollock was invariably reported to be the individual likely to command it; so that his recent nomination as General of the British Forces on the West of the Indus—a post for which he has shown himself so admirably well qualified—may almost be said to have been made by public acclamation. General Pollock is a younger brother of Sir Frederick Pollock, her Majesty's Attorney-General.

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.—Some short time ago, in one of the villages on the Firth of Forth, lived a lady whose husband had long before gone to sea, and never having heard from him for some years, she believed him to have been dead. At the time her husband went to sea, Mrs. S. lived in a town in England; but, after giving up hopes of his return, she removed, with her only daughter, to her native country, Scotland. In the course of years a probationer of the Church of Scotland came to officiate as a missionary in the parish, and formed an attachment for Miss S. Seeing no immediate prospect of obtaining a church at home, he resolved on transferring himself to one of our American colonies, and received an appointment there from a Colonial Missionary Society. Having been united to Miss S. he took his departure, leaving his wife and mother-in-law to follow as soon as he should have prepared for their comfortable reception. They accordingly left this country some time afterwards for America. In the meantime, among the settlers over whom the young divine's charge extended, was a comfortable farmer, also named S., who made inquiries after the history of the minister's wife and mother, and expressed an anxious desire to see them on their arrival. They did arrive safe, and on reaching the minister's habitation, Mr. S. was sent for, to be introduced. Judge of the surprise of all when, on the entry of Mr. S., the newly-arrived females found in him the long-lost husband and father! Having been unable to trace his family in England, after a protracted absence, he had returned to America, where, by a singular coincidence, both he and they found those they had given up as lost. The parties, we are glad to say, are now living comfortably and happily in the New World.—Edinburgh Paper.

SORCERY IN FRANCE.—The Correctional Tribunal of Bayonne on the 24th ult., presented a curious spectacle. A man named Castella, and his wife, appeared at the bar on a charge of fraud and deception in exercising pretended magic and sorcery, and in administering medicaments without any legal authority. The table of the Court was covered with strange objects. Among them was a lamp of a shape never before seen in the ancient or modern world, surrounded by a palm branch, said to have received holy benediction, and crowned with a multitude of cards of unknown kinds, covered with figures in colours or in ink, representing saints and devils, signs of the zodiac, and cabalistic emblems, bearing the likeness of nothing in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth; by the side of which were pots of pomades, and phials of liquids of all sizes and hues, to which the virtues of immense power had been attributed, and, in fine, about 30 large volumes filled with characters which no one could decipher, and Castella himself, perhaps, less than any one else, though he had pretended that they were the works of Albert the Great and Cagliostro. The witnesses were almost uncountable, comprising the lame and the blind and the paralytic, who had been deluded of their money by promises of relief which were never realised; and at last a young and pretty girl, who, when she came to be examined, deposed that for a pomade which was to insure her perpetual beauty she had given the prisoner a louis d'or, her whole fortune, which, she added, with great naïveté, would not have been too much, if the promises had been realized. The evidence was of the complexion of fraud and dupe, which might naturally be expected in such a case. Castella was sentenced to be imprisoned for a year and a day, to pay 50f. fine, and all the costs, but his wife was acquitted. When the judgment was passed, Castella, who had conducted himself throughout with great effrontery, announced, with a loud voice, his intention to appeal.—Galignani's Messenger.

LORD ROSSE'S GIGANTIC TELESCOPE.—A number of scientific gentlemen, from many parts of the kingdom, assembled at the Castle, Parsonstown, last week, to witness the casting of the speculum for the magnificent telescope now constructing by the Earl of Rosse, (a nobleman better known in the annals of science as Lord Oxmantown,) the dimensions of which are superior to any thing of the kind on record. Among the gentlemen connected with science, and who came to inspect the casting, were Major-General Sir John Burgoyne, R. E., Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, Professors McCullagh and Lloyd. The weight of this wonderful Speculum is three tons, its diameter six feet, and its thickness five feet. The proportion in which the metals were mixed is 126 of copper to 53 parts of tin. There were three furnaces in requisition, each of which contained a crucible, holding a ton of metal. The entire mass being cast in a few seconds, was allowed a little time to cool,

and was then conveyed by machinery into a heated oven, rendered completely air-tight, where his Lordship intends it shall remain for two months. Every thing went on most successfully in the casting, and when this majestic telescope is finished, many lovers of science from the continent will visit the town of Birr, for the purpose of inspecting such a vast scientific work.

EDITORIAL LABOURS.—Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper, and the industry and talents of its editor, by the variety and quantity of editorial matter it contains. Nothing can be more fallacious. It is comparatively an easy task to pour out, daily, columns of words—words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one 'washy and everlasting flood,' and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions; and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern. But what is the labour, the toil of such a man, who displays his 'leader matter' ever so largely, to that imposed upon a judicious well-informed editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of its responsibilities and its duties, and devotes himself to the conduct of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suit, or a humane physician upon a patient—without regard to show or display? Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The industry even is not shown there. The care, the taste, the time employed in selecting—is far more important—the tact of a good editor is shown more by his selections than any thing else, and that we all know is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, and his labours understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone—its temper—its manner—its uniform consistent course—its principles—its aims—its manliness—its courtesy—its dignity—its propriety. To preserve all these, as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they can find time or 'head room' to do it all.—Spectator.

FATE OF WARRIORS.—In the historic page you of course find hundreds of men celebrated for their victories; and amongst others, Alexander, Philip, Cæsar, Hannibal, Pompey, Anthony, Pyrrhus, Sylla, Selucus, and in our own times, Napoleon. But it is equally true that in the same page you find it recorded, that in all these campaigns, the conduct of all and each of these individuals was governed by ambition, not patriotism—personal aggrandisement, not the good of their subjects or fellow countrymen. And what was their several rewards? Alexander and Hannibal, a cup of poison; Anthony, the death of a suicide; Pyrrhus was killed by a brick thrown by a Spartan woman; Sylla was killed by vermin; Philip, Cæsar, Pompey, and Selucus, were assassinated, and Napoleon died on the rock of St. Helena, an exile from his country.—Hope's British Monthly Magazine.

HORSE BALL.—T. Barton, Esq., of Threxton, near Watton, transmitted a horse-ball of a novel nature, by which liquids, such as turpentine, balsam of copaiba, &c. of an oily nature, may be given in a pure state. The 'ball' had the appearance of a common glass phial, filled with a liquid, corked and tied over with bladder; and it was only on tapping it with the nail of the finger, that a person inspecting it could be induced to believe that the charge he held in his hand was not a phial of glass, instead of being, as its dull, hollow, and hoarse sound indicated, a bottle of semi-transparent isinglass or glue, prepared in a mould and dried. This gelatinous bottle could not, of course, long contain any fluid of a watery nature, which would slowly dissolve it; but it would permanently retain turpentine, balsams, or other liquids which had no solvent action upon it; while, in both cases, the stomach would speedily dissolve the bottle, and set free its contents, as desired.

LOT'S WIFE.—Mr. Colman, in his agricultural address, last week, illustrated the folly of modern fashionable female education by an anecdote. A young man, who had for a long while remained in that useless state designated by "a half pair of scissors," at last seriously determined he would procure him a wife. He got the "refusal" of one who was beautiful and fashionably accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning that she knew nothing, either how to darn a stocking, or boil a potato, or roast a bit of beef, he returned her to her father's house as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady; but the husband alleged "that she was not up to the sample," and of course the objection to retain the commodity was not binding. The Jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than not to be liberated from such an irksome engagement. "As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen," said the orator, "as some of the modern fashionable women. Indeed," continued he, "it would be much better to have Lot's wife standing there, for she might answer one useful purpose—she might salt his bacon!"—American Paper.

CHARGE OF SLEEPING IN A CHURCH.—A Stock broker who has been for some time, in consequence of losses in time bargains, in the habit of indulging to excess in the use of strong cordials, was brought up charged with having slept in the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry.—Alderman Farebrother—Did he sleep quietly? The sexton replied that the gentleman had been very noisy indeed. Alderman Farebrother—Did he intentionally interrupt the service? The sexton—I can't say he did; he went into a pew, although I endeavoured to prevent him, and the moment he took his seat he began to snore most heavily—in fact he terrified a young lady who sat in the same pew. (A laugh.) An officer stated that the defendant was so helplessly asleep that it was quite impossible to rouse him up, so that it was considered better to let him snore away. The defendant, who appeared to be suffering from delirium tremens, said in trembling accents that he went to have a mouthful of prayers, and he was not aware that he made the least noise beyond a faint heavy breathing when he was tired. (A laugh.)—Alderman Farebrother—Did you know that you were charged to ecclesiastical penalties for disturbing public worship? Defendant—I will promise you never to go to church again, Sir. (Laughter.) Alderman Farebrother—I rather wish that you would be constant in your attendance, certainly you must not appear there in so deplorable a condition. You are discharged, but let me hear no more of such disgraceful proceedings. The Sexton—He has been at church and slept during the prayers before. Defendant—Not at all; I never fall asleep until the services commence. The defendant then bowing to the Alderman, said he would keep his word, and departed shouting.