

"No, I wish not to hear what you are unwilling to recount. If there be an insuperable difficulty in the way, it is enough for you to say the word, and I will importune no further. I will not however deny, that I think there is something insidious in the arrangement thus proposed. Had Gamaches wished it, other means of making the payment could have been devised."

"Mary I will go, I will be present when you may need aid, but if you desire to be safe yourself, or to save me from peril, you will not let it be known, especially to the villainous Abbe that Rossiter comes with you."

"And will you then accompany me? It is only to Calais, as I before mentioned, that I am to go."

Rossiter remarked, "A few hours may suffice to transact the business which calls you thither, and an agreement can be made with the master of the vessel, to sail the moment we are ready, provided the tide serves."

Mary was cheered at the thought that she should not have to visit France alone. Rossiter preserved his usual composure, though more than once when he heard her exult in the consent which she had gained, he significantly remarked that she little knew in what she rejoiced.

No time, as the season was already far advanced, could be lost. Escorted by Rossiter, Mary proceeded to London. They engaged with the master of a vessel for their passage and embarked. At the end of three days, the steeple of the church built by the English in the town of Calais, appeared in sight, with the light-house and the hotel-de-ville. The vessel entered the harbour without accident, and Mary and her friend stepped on the soil of France. Before leaving the port he was most careful to impress on the master of the vessel, that it was of great moment he should be ready to sail without delay when called upon. It was morning when they landed, and by eight o'clock in the evening he calculated that they might be on their way to England. As they passed through the streets of Calais, Rossiter looked round with an enquiring eye, as if he expected that the gaze of all who passed, was likely to be fixed on him. He had assumed the dress of a mariner as one that would be likely to attract least attention, and he had the satisfaction of finding that few, if any, bestowed on him more than a cursory glance.

(To be continued.)

#### CHEMISTRY FOR GIRLS.

BY E. THOMPSON, M. D.

*Something Every Woman should Read.*—This is properly styled a utilitarian age, for the inquiry, "what profit meets us every where." It has entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies because their immediate connection with hard money profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not generally intruded itself—the female Academy—the last refuge of the fine arts and fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent, merely to learn how to dress tastefully and walk gracefully, play, write French, and make waxen plumes and silken spiders—all pretty, but why not "inquire what profit?"

I take my pen not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will thereby be better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine, and in the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, should enter a cabinet shop, and find a saucer of aqua fortis (nitric acid) upon the work bench, and, in his sport, seize and drink a portion of it.—He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but ere he arrives, the child is a corpse. Now as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine chest, or drawer, there was some calcined magnesia, which if timely administered, would have saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy. Oh, what are all the bouquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge?

Take another case. A husband returning home, on a summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box, labelled "saft of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently, he feels a distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drunk a solution of oxalic acid, which she has procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for, but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival, is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk, which if given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is laid upon the floor in a tea-cup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs to play; the infant crawls to the tea-cup and drinks. Now what think you would be the mother's joy, if having studied chemistry, she instantly recollects the well ascertained fact, that there is in the hen's nest an antidote to this poison. She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites. Her child recovers and she weeps for joy. Talk to her of novels, one little book of natural science has been worth, to her, more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicine by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician in a hurry leaves an over dose of tartar-emetic, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever) and pursues his way to another patient, ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is despatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a cannister in the cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a sure means of saving the sick man from threatened death.

A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar-emetic into a harmless compound.

Vessels of copper, often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes covered with a green substance—carbonate or the protoxide of copper, a poisonous compound. It has sometimes happened, that a mother has, for want of knowledge, poisoned her family. Sourkrout, when permitted to stand for some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometime permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color which they do by absorbing poison.

Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and many have died, in some instances without suspecting the cause. That lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if under such circumstances, she knows that pickles rendered green by verdigris, are poisonous, and that the white of an egg is an antidote.

Illustrations might be multiplied, but our space forbids. Enough has been shown, we hope, to convince the utilitarian that a knowledge of chemistry is an important element in the education of the female sex; that without it they are imperfectly qualified for the duties devolving upon them in the domestic relation, and poorly prepared to meet its emergencies.

#### YOU CAN TAKE MY HAT.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

We were once coming over the railroad from Washington city to Baltimore, when we observed a peculiar sort of a man sitting hard by—a tall, slim, good natured fellow but one who somehow seemed to bear the impress of a person who lived by his wits, written upon his face. A friend who was with me, answered my enquiry as to who he was, and at the same time asked me to keep between the object of my notice and himself lest he should come over to our seat, as my companion said he knew him but did not wish to recognize him there.

"This is Beau Hill," said he, "a man that is universally known in Washington as one of the most accomplished fellows in the city, always ready to borrow of, or drink with you. He never has any money, however, and I am curious to know how he will get over the road without paying, for he will surely do it some way."

"Probably he has got a ticket—borrowed the money to buy it with, or something of that sort," said I.

"Not he. Beau always travels free, and boards in the same way. He never pays money when wit or trick will pass current in their place," said my friend.

"What a shocking bad hat he has got on, said I, observing the dilapidated condition of his beaver.

"It's some trick of his, doubtless, for the rest of his dress, you will observe is quite genteel." "Yes, I see."

My friend went on to tell me how Beau had done his tailor out of a receipt in full for his last year's bill, and the landlady at his last boarding place, and various other specimens of his ingenuity and wit.

"He owed me ten dollars," said my friend, "but in attempting to collect it of him one day, I'll be hanged if he didn't get ten more out of me: so I think I shall let the matter rest there, for fear of doubling the sum once more."

At this moment the conductor entered the opposite end of the cars to gather the tickets from the passengers, and give them checks in return. Many of them, as is often the case with travellers who are frequently called upon on populous routes, to show their tickets, had placed theirs in the bands of their hats, so that the conductor could see that they were all right, and not trouble them to take them from their pockets at each stopping place. I watched Beau to see what his expedient would be to get rid of paying for his passage. As the conductor drew nearer, Beau thrust his head out of the car window; and seemed absorbed in contemplating the scenery on that side of the road. The conductor spoke to him for his ticket—there was no answer.

"Ticket, sir," said the conductor, tapping him lightly on the shoulder.

Beau sprang back in the car, knocking his hat into the road, and leaving it in one minute nearly a mile behind. He looked first at the conductor, then out of the window after his hat, and in a seeming fit of rage exclaimed:—

"What the d—! do you strike a man in that way for? Is that your business? Is that what the company hires you for?"

I beg your pardon, sir, I only want your ticket, replied the conductor, meekly.

"Ticket! O, yes, it's all well for you to want my ticket, but I want my hat!" replied Beau, bristling up.

"Very sorry, sir, really. I merely wish to call your attention, and I took the only means in my power," said the conductor.

"You had better use a cane to attract a person's attention next, and hit him over the head with it if he happens to be looking the other way!" replied the indignant Beau.

"Well, sir, I will apologise to you again if you wish.—I have done so already once," said the now disconcerted conductor.

"Yes, no doubt, but that don't restore my property; that's gone."

"Well, sir, I cannot talk any longer. I'll take your ticket, if you please," said the conductor.

"Ticket? Haven't you just knocked it out of the window, hat and all? Do you want to add insult to injury?"

"Oh, your ticket was in the hat band?" suggested the conductor.

"Supposing you stop the train, and go back and see," said the hatless Beau, with indignant scorn depicted on his face.

"Well, sir, I shall pass you free over the road then," replied the conductor, attempting to go on with his duty.

"The price of a ticket," said Beau, "is one dollar; my beaver cost me a V. Your good sense will at once show

you that there is a balance of four dollars in my favor at any rate."

The conductor hesitated. Beau looked like a gentleman, to one not perfectly well posted up in the human face: he was well dressed, and his indignation appeared honest.

"I'll see you after I have collected the tickets," replied the conductor, passing on through the car.

Beau sat in silent indignation, frowning at everybody until the official returned, and then came and sat down by his side. Beau then, in an earnest undertone, that we could only overhear occasionally, talked to the conductor like "a dutch uncle," and we saw the crest fallen man of tickets pay the hatless passenger four dollars.

The trick was at once seen through by both my friend and myself, and the next day, over a bottle of wine at the Monument house, Beau told us that he was hard up, hadn't a dollar; picked up an old hat at Gadsby's hotel in Washington, put his cap in his pocket, and resolved that the hat should carry him to Baltimore; and it did, with four dollars into the bargain.—*Flag of our Union.*

**LEGAL SKETCHES.**—It is not strange that a Lawyer should be a man of ingenuity. Chancellor Thurlow is once said to have found himself utterly destitute of money and the usual resource of getting "ticked" was wholly unavoidable. How to defray the expenses of going to the Law Circuit, for a time baffled his ingenuity. At length—he hit upon a scheme.

He sent for a stable keeper and told him that he wanted a good horse and asked him if he had one to sell.—The stable keeper told him he had one which he could confidently recommend. Thurlow then consented to take his horse on trial, and, if he approved of it, to take it at a certain price. The horse was sent next morning according to appointment. Thurlow used him for the purpose desired, and then returned him to the owner with the threat of bringing an action against him for venturing to set a gentleman on such a beast, whose faults rendered him fit for nothing but bound's food. He had used the beast to go the rounds of his Circuit!

Neither is it strange that the legal limb should be noted for his abstractedness and absent-mindedness. Sergeant Hill was one of the greatest and most learned of English barristers, but wonderfully eccentric in these respects.—He once argued a point of Law at *Nisi Prius*, for some time, and putting his hand into his bag to take out a roll of papers, drew forth a spermaceti candle, and gravely presented it to the Court, for the roll aforesaid. Some one it appeared had substituted a traveller's bag for that of the Sargeant's, which of course he was the last man to detect.

He married Miss Medleycott, a young and beautiful heiress. On the morning of the day appointed for the Wedding, the sergeant went down to his chambers as usual and becoming immersed in business forgot entirely the engagement he had formed for that morning; the bride waited for him so long, that it was feared he never would arrive. A messenger was accordingly despatched to request his immediate attendance. He obeyed the summons, and having become a husband, returned again to business. About dinner time, his clerk suspecting that he had forgotten entirely the proceedings of the morning ventured to recall them to his recollection: fortunately the sergeant at that moment discovered the case for which he had been hunting, and returned to his house to spend the evening in a gayer circle.

He once dined with a friend—and was so delighted at gaining a victory in the dispute which arose at the table, that upon retiring, instead of taking the usual leave of his friend, he thrust a shilling into his hand as though he had been a waiter, and cordially shook hands at parting, with the servant!

The sergeant's meediness did not chime well with conjugal affection. Being once on the Norfolk Circuit, at one of the assize towns, a friend offered him a bed. The next morning the lady of the house asked him how he had slept? and hoped that he had found himself comfortable and warm. "Yes madam," replied the sergeant. "Yes pretty well on the whole. At first, to be sure, I felt a little queer for want of Mrs. Hill; but recollecting that my portmanteau lay in the room, I threw it behind my back, and it answered every bit as well!"

**HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.**—I remember that on my return to France, in a vessel which had been on a voyage to India, as soon as the sailors had perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they became in a great measure incapable of attending to the duties of the ship.—Some looked at it wistfully, without the power of minding anything else; others dressed themselves in their best clothes, as if they were going to disembark; some talked to themselves, and others wept.

As we approached the disorder of their minds increased. As they had been absent several years, there was no end to the admiration of the hills, any foliage of the trees, and even the rocks which skirted the shore, covered with weeds and mosses. The church spires of the villages where they were born, which they distinguished at a distance up the country, and which they named one after another filled them with transports of delight.

But when the vessel entered the port, and when they saw on the quays their fathers, their mothers, their children, and their friends, stretching out their arms with tears of joy, and calling them by their names, it was no longer possible to retain a man on board; they all sprang on shore, and it became necessary, according to the custom of the port, to employ another set of mariners to bring the vessel to her mooring.

What, then, would be the case were we indulged with a sensible display of that heavenly country, inhabited by those who are dearest to us, and who are worthy of our most sublime affections? The laborious and vain cares of this life would from that moment be at an end. Its duties would be forsaken, and all our powers and feelings be lost in perpetual rapture. It is wisdom, therefore, that a veil is spread over the glories of futurity. Let us enjoy the hope that the happy land awaits us, and in the mean time, let us fulfil with cheerfulness and patience what belongs to our present condition.—*St. Pierre.*