

"I shall often come to see you. Keep this money; you will lend it to me, should I ever want it."

At this moment he turned his looks towards the bed, thinking he had seen a slight movement behind the curtains. Berthe divined his thoughts and said—

"She is still asleep."

The two sisters accompanied the young man to the door; meanwhile, Emilie half opened the curtains and put her head forward; for more than an hour she had been kneeling on her bed, gazing at the handsome stranger. When the Ravens re-entered the room, she laid down again, and pretended to be slumbering. For a long time after their visitor's departure they conversed about young de Greoulx. Both were agreed in feeling a real interest in the young man.

"He treated us with affection," thought the one, "he did not despise us for being poor."

"And he has a grateful heart," observed the other.

And the last words of their conversation were—"Well, God grant he may say some day, 'The Ravens have been my most devoted friends.'"

(To be Continued.)

### THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Among the passengers from India by the Ripon, which arrived at Southampton on the 26th ult., was Mr. Robert Young, surgeon to his Highness the Newab Nazim of Bengal, with rich presents for the Queen, which are to be displayed at the Great Exhibition. They consist of a native throne, a "johpan" or howdah, with poles, the state trappings of an elephant-howdah, jhool, &c. Altogether the value of these articles is estimated at a lac of rupees. Mr. Young, who is, perhaps, the greatest buffalo and tiger hunter in Bengal, also brings with him a great variety of trophies. He is a tall, powerful, and athletic man, and wears a formidable beard, an essential part of the costume of a "hakeem" at a Mussulman Court. Mr. Young is a nephew of the late Dr. Thomas Young, who was celebrated for his hieroglyphical and other discoveries.

The Goldsmiths' Company have resolved to spend £5,000 in the purchase of some of the magnificent plate exhibited at the Crystal Palace; and the London Common Council has resolved to expend the same amount for some of the works of art adapted to decorate the city.

"Not five years' travel," says the *Times*, "nor a thousand pounds," could enable a man to see what one shilling has now brought before his eyes. The spectacle was intended to be little more than a magnified "exposition" on the original French pattern. It has turned out to be such a wonder as the world never saw. We read in Arabian fables that magicians could place before enchanted spectators visible treasures of the universe. These very treasures are now laid bodily at our feet by no other magic than that of national power. These contributions are literally the offerings of the world. From all quarters of the universe has the Exhibition attracted its treasures. The only king in India sent his crown, the coronet of his eldest son, and the turban of his prime minister. In the northwestern provinces of Hindostan resides a remote and unsophisticated community engaged in mining for iron. These primitive people have a worship and temple of their own. The temple contained a lamp fashioned with rude ingenuity, and regarded as partaking of the sanctity of the place. It was begged for the Exhibition, and willingly surrendered, to be transported ten thousand miles for the edification of Londoners at home."

**SINGULAR EFFECTS OF A STORM.**—The storm which prevailed with more or less violence over a large part of this country, on the evening of the 29th ult., left in the township of Huntington, a very amusing and withal malicious evidence of its power.

The family of a Mr. Gross had retired to rest as usual in the evening, and wrapped in the sweet sleep known to honest industry, were unconscious of the mischievous pranks of the storm king. On opening the door next morning, Mr. G. was bewildered by the altered appearance and position of things around him; and at first imagined that he was in his barn instead of his house. Yet there was the fire place, and standing in it the barrel of soap made the day previous, the chairs, the cat upon the hearthstone, and all the utensils of the kitchen. Assured from this survey that there was something wrong with either his head or his house, he presently discovered that the barn or shed had been entirely demolished—blown away by the storm; and that the house, a frame dwelling had been lifted from its foundation and carried across the road, a distance of eighty feet, and set down upon the spot where the barn had stood. Not one of the family had been awakened by the shock—the barrel of soap had not been disturbed—pails, dishes and tables seemed all unconscious of change; and upon examination at the point where the house stood, in its migration, it must have crossed the road, though there was not a mark or evidence that any reluctant plank or board had had dragged on the ground.—*Corbontale Transcript.*

**A CURE FOR A TERRIBLE DISORDER OF THE MOUTH** COMMONLY CALLED "SCANDAL."—Take of "good nature," one ounce; of an herb called by the Indians, "mind your own business," one ounce; mix this with a little "charity for others," and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth," simmer them together in a vessel called "circumspection," for a short time, and it will be fit for use. Application: the symptoms are, a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called "gossips," when you feel a fit of the disorder coming on, take a teaspoonful of the mixture; hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you, and on the slightest symptom repeat the dose.

**TOOK HER FREEDOM.**—The following facts are related in Frederick Douglass's paper:

A slaveholder, accompanied by his wife and children, and having with him a female "chattel," was spending a few days at Niagara Falls. Wishing to have a view of the magnificent cataract from the British side, he ventured upon the dangerous experiment of taking his chattel, in company with his family, on British soil. By some strange, if not inscrutable agency—whether the birds of the air, or the grass beneath her feet whispered it, we know not—the chattel became aware that she no longer breathed the "free" air of the model republic, a secret which she kept with singular wisdom until the time of action arrived. Her master, desirous to visit the battle-ground and to see the very spot "where the Yankees flogged the English," dismissed his family, accompanied by his chattel, to the American side: while he gazed on Brock's Monument and other famous sites in that vicinity. The slave safely deposited the family it seems, at the "Cataract," this done, she made her way to the ferry, took the small boat, and a few noble strokes of the ferryman's oars brought her in safety over the turbid waters to the Canada shores; she speedily made her way to the door of a respectable colored man, where she was immediately received, sheltered and protected.

The master soon obtained intimation of her flight; and ascertained her new abode.

He proceeded to the house and demanded an interview with her. The woman very wisely preferred that the interview should be held with a partition between, he upon the ground beneath, she at the window above.

**Slaveholder.**—Jane, what has prompted you to this behaviour?

**Chattel.**—I wanted my freedom sir.

**Slaveholder.**—Have I not always treated you well?—What should induce you now to leave me?

**Chattel.**—I want to be free sir.

**Slaveholder.**—Come Jane, none of this foolishness, you must go back with me, and you might as well go back first as last, for go back you shall.

**Chattel.**—Well, indeed, I aint going back, that's a fact.

**Slaveholder.**—What do you think will become of your children?

**Chattel.**—What will you do with my children? God only knows. I s'pect you will do with 'em just what you've done with my other children—sell 'em. My going back won't make no difference, and I aint going back.

Finding the woman wholly intractable, the slaveholder began now to curse and rave like a madman. He cursed the abolitionists, he cursed Canada, he cursed the British, and finally cursed the Queen. The crowd that stood around listened patiently to his cursing, until he cursed the British Queen, when a burly Englishman stepped up, and suiting the action to the word said to the slaveholder, "say that again, and I will knock your teeth down your throat." It was fitly spoken and worked like a charm. The slaveholder, thinking discretion the better part of valor, smothered his rage and shrank away from the crowd amid jeers of derision, leaving his "chattel" in the uncontested enjoyment of the rights and dignity of virtuous womanhood.—*American paper.*

**SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.**—At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city, wherever the earth is dug, and the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction, the water bursts up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made; the supply of water being affected neither by rains nor droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, houses, paved streets, and mosaic work. Below this, again, is a layer of earth, and at 26 feet walnut trees are found entire, and with leaves and walnuts still upon them. At 28 feet soft chalk is found, and below this, vegetables and trees as before.

### THE SPIRITUAL GLASS.

It is reported that Southey attributed the following lines to the gifted and lamented Kirke White:

Read distinctly.  
Pray devoutly.  
Sigh deeply.  
Suffer patiently.  
Make yourself lowly.  
Give not sentence hastily.  
Speak but seldom and that truly.  
Prevent your speech discreetly.  
Observe ten\* diligently.  
Flee from seven† mightily.  
Guide five‡ circumspectively.  
Resist temptation strongly.  
Break that off quickly.  
Weep bitterly.  
Have Compassion tenderly.  
Doe good deeds lustely.  
Love heartily.  
Love faithfully.  
Love God only.  
Love all others for him charitably.  
Love in adversity.  
Love in prosperity.  
Think always on love which is nothing but God himself.

This Love bringeth the Lover to Love, which is God himself.

\*Commandments. †Deadly Sins. ‡Senses.

At Buffalo, a gentleman mounted a barrel of lard, to hear and see, on the arrival of the Mayflower, with the President and suite. As he was listening to the speeches, the barrel-head gave way, and he slid easily and noiselessly up to his "third button" in the "great staple of Ohio," exclaiming, "Lard have mercy on us!"

**TAKING TOLL.**—The St. Louis Reveille is publishing a tale, purporting to give some adventures in the life of a young physician, from which we take the following extract:

A snow having fallen the young folks of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh and under the same buffalo robe with myself.

"Oh, oh—don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the gauze in the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked, "I'm not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," said Mrs. Lambkin.

"Toll?" I rejoined, "What's that?"

"Now, do tell!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing above the music of the bells. "Dr. Mellow pretends he don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed I don't then," said I, laughing in turn.

"Don't know that the gentlemen, when they go a sleighing, claim a kiss as a toll, when they cross a bridge! Well I never!"

But shall I tell all? The struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it, and somehow, when the veil was removed her face was turned directly toward my own, and the snow glistening in the moonlight, and the horse trotting on of himself, the toll was taken for the first time in the life of Dr. Mellow.

Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said it was "no use to resist," and she paid up as soon as she reached it.

"But you won't take toll for every span will you doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical negative to the question.

Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridges!

**A PATTERN QUEEN.**—The following extract from the memoir of Queen Mary, wife of William the third, written by the late Samuel Burder, of London, will be perused with pleasure.

"Her sense of religion and duty not only in this great step of life, of such moment to herself and benefit to the world, but the whole of her character and behaviour abundantly evinced what an extraordinary piety and virtue possessed her soul. Her punctual exactness not only to public offices, but to her secret retirement, was so regular that it was never put off in the greatest crowd of business or little journeys; for then, though the hour was anticipated, the duty was never neglected. She took care to be early on these occasions, that she might never either quite forget, or very much shorten that devotion upon which she reckoned that the blessing of the whole day turned.

"She observed the Lord's day so religiously, that besides her hours of retirement, she was constantly, thrice a day, in the public worship of God, and, for a great part of a year, four times a day while she lived beyond the sea.

"She spread a spirit of devotion among all who were about her, who could not see so much in her without being affected in something of the same manner as themselves, though few attained to such a steady application as they beheld in her.

As a specimen of grave literature we copy from an old tombstone in Scotland, an epitaph which reads thus:

"Here lies the body of ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, Who was a very extraordinary person:  
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,  
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat,  
He was slew  
At the battle of Waterloo;  
He was shot by a bullet  
Plump through his gullet;  
It went in at his throat,  
And came out at the back of his coat."

**A SLEEPY LEGISLATOR.**—A member of the Legislature who indulged himself in afternoon naps, requested his friend to awaken him when the lumber act came up. He omitted by forgetfulness, but accidentally gave him a jog as the House was discussing a bill to prevent fraud. Old sleepy head started, rubbed his eyes and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker! a word or two on that bill, for more than one-half of my constituents get their living in no other way!"

A poor emaciated Irishman having called in a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster, and clapped it on the poor fellow's breast. Pat, with a tearful eye and sad countenance, looked down upon it, and said, "Docther, docther dear! it strikes me there is a dale of mustard for so little mate!"

"Come here, my dear, I want to ask you all about your sister. Now tell me truly—has she got a beau?"

"No, it's the jaundice she's got, the doctor says so."

**THE WAY TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION.**—"Sammy, my boy, what are you crying for?"

"Bill hove the Bible at me, and hit me on the head."

"You are the only person in my family on whom the Bible ever made the least impression."

"Julius, can you tell me how Adam got out ob de garden ob Eden?" "Well, I s'pose he climbed ober de fence." "No, dat ain't it." "Well, den, he borrowed a wheelbarrow and walked out." "No." "I gubs it up, den." "He got snaked out. Yah, yah!"

**WHO'S CUPID?**—"Aminabab, who is Cupid?" "One of the boys. He is said to be as blind as a bat; but if he is blind he'll do to travel. He found his way into Aunt Nab's affections, and I wouldn't have thought any critter in creation could have worked himself into such narrow arrangements with his eyes shut."

An editor out in Iowa, says that they don't brag of the size of their babies, but that they are a most uncommon sure crop.