

claimed Ernest, warmly, tears of gratitude glistening in his eyes; "but they—Marie and her father—"

His voice was choked with emotion, and he was unable to proceed.

"Despair not," said his companion. "If you deem it your duty to reveal the secret to them, do it boldly, as it is your custom to do everything else, and I doubt not but that they will be ready to overlook the circumstances of your birth."

"Ah! if I could only hope that M. Duval would prove as noble-hearted as you!" exclaimed Ernest. "But you must consider that I scarcely know him; and how can I expect that he will regard me with favor?"

"Then we will leave it to time to teach him the generosity of your nature; and then, if he be a man of reason, he will put aside all prejudice. Only do not despair."

So saying, Maurice embraced his friend, and they parted.—(Conclusion in our next)

"STRANGER, HAS IT LIT?"

We have often thought that to a person who saw a train of cars in motion for the first time, the sight must be most miraculous and astounding. As Jack Downing once said, "twas so queer to see a hull lot of waggons chuck full of people and things agoin' off at that ere speed, and no hoss to drive 'em." A genius of the sort referred to, lately made his experimental trip. He was a green horn, a genuine backwoodsman, who feared nothing in the shape of man or beast, but anything that he could not understand puzzled him even more than it did perhaps, the ordinary run of his fellows. Well, he came to Cartersville, a short time since, for the purpose of taking his first railroad trip.

He'd hearn tell on 'em, but didn't believe, he said, half the nonsense folks said about 'em. When the cars arrived at the place, our hero was there patiently waiting, and much excited and elated in anticipating his intended ride. As the cars approached, he stood gazing with wonder and awe, at the engine, puffing and smoking. Following the example of the others, as soon as the cars stopped he hurried aboard, with his saddle-bags on his arms, and seated himself near a window. Then looking around at the passengers, manifestly much surprised, he put his head out of the window to see the "critter start," while in this position, watching with much anxiety, the whistle sounded. Our hero, much surprised and evidently a little alarmed, drew back his head with a motion that might be called a jerk, and turning to a gentleman sitting near him, said:

"Well, stranger, did you ever hear such a snort as that?"

"The engine?" suggested the other.

"Well, I don't know what it is, but—hollo how she goes!"

"Guess you are not acquainted with railroad travelling?"

"Hang it, no! haint they runaway? Creation, how it jerks!"

"It's all safe enough, you may rely, the cars are starting"

"That's all; well, stranger, I aint afeard, you know, but kinder surprised like, that's all," said the mountain boy, half ashamed. "I, golly! stranger, did you hear that ere snort, it beats dad's jackass, and he's a roarer no mistake. Whew, how it does puff, somethin' bustin', I'm sure."

"Oh, fudge, it's all right," said the other, setting himself for a nap.

"I swow! I don't see how you can sleep, darned ef I do!"

"Nothing like getting used to it," said the other. "You've heard of the eels that had been skinned so many times they rather liked it, and used to come ashore every few days to get their hide taken off, haven't you?"

"You're gassin', stranger."

The bell rang, the engine moved off, away went the cars at rapid speed, and before our hero had recovered from the shock which the "snort" produced, the cars were moving slowly over Etowah Bridge. Discovering a change in its gait, he popped his head out of the window again, to see how it moved—saw that he was some distance from the earth, and supposing the 'critter' was flying, swooned, and fell

from his seat speechless. Several gentlemen, sitting near, caught hold of him, raised him up, shook him and rubbed him until he revived a little.

"This man's crazy," suggested some of the bystanders, sagely.

"No, he's not," answered he, who had before spoken, "he's frightened."

"Frightened?"

"Yes, scared half to death."

"About what?"

"The cars; he never was in a train before; he told me so."

A hearty laugh ran through those about the half fainting man, which had the effect to arouse him to consciousness, or at least to partially do so, for his breath began to come and go, more regularly, and at last he opened his eyes, as large as saucers, and seeing several of the gentlemen who had just come to his assistance about him, he looked up most beseechingly in the face of one of them, and said:

"Stranger, has it lit?"—Flag of Our Union.

THE FIGURE NINE.

However many nines may be added together or by whatever number or numbers it may be multiplied, the line of figures for the sum or product may be added together and it will consist of one or more nines; for instance, twice 9 are 18, the 1 and 8 are nine; 4 times 9 are 36, and 3 and 6 are nine. A learner finds some amusement in increasing the amount, as if he expected that some variation might be found, but when he gets to 11 times 9, he finds the product is 99; two nines. And at the next step higher, viz: 12 times 9, he obtains only 108, or one 9.

Then he may be shown the fact, that nine digits, 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9, amount to a large number of nines, viz: 5 nines are 45; and he may be taught, that if, instead of adding a line up, he will multiply the middle figure, viz: 5 times 9, he will find the value of the whole most readily; and this upon a principle of taking averages, to which he will have occasion to resort in higher departments of the science.

He may then be directed to notice the effect of adding together two lines formed of the nine digits, but in reversed order. For instance:

123456789
987654321
111111110

There is something striking to the eye in such a product, for the wonderful number recurs in nine ones; and it may serve to induce thinking. Or let the one line be subtracted from the other in this way:

987654321
123456789
864197532

In this result the odd and even numbers become curiously arranged; the whole of the nine digits are there, as in the upper line; there is no surplus or repetition; there is only one figure of a kind; of course they amount to five nines.

MORE POETRY.

Here is the second instalment of Democratic campaign poetry. It is the genuine Swift vein as all "fast" lyrics should be, and is highly concentrated, pithy, and animating. Where are the Whig minstrels—the immortal log-cabin bards of '40? They must "hurry up their cakes" soon, or the enemy will have swept the country before the Scott forces form in line of battle:

The Coon crawled out of his hole quite fierce,
"Who in thunder" said he, "is Franklin Pierce?"
A Democrat passing by did sing—
"Go into your hole, you thieving thing,
And this much learn that our gallant Frank
Is down on your rotten United States Bank;
A regular sprout of the Jackson breed,
From Bunker Hill and Concord seed;
The very man to make too hot
The 'hasty soup' of General Scott;
To dish up Webster in a stew,
And season him with Fillmore, too;
So now, old Coon, I hope you see
Some point about our nominee."
A tear came in the old Coon's eye,
And he didn't stop to make reply,
But put right off to a hollow tree
To save his hide from our nominee.

What was the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc? Ans.—One was made of wood, and the other was Maid of Orleans.

POLITICAL WIT.

Our political contemporaries are not very interesting just now. Too many of them are engaged in the low business of slangwhanging and personal abuse. There is a remarkable absence of discussion in this campaign. No principles appear to be at stake—on the contrary, the stakes seem to be the principal object in dispute!

We are pleased to see, however, that the dull tirade of abuse is relieved occasionally by a gleam of wit. We gladly record all such instances. When politicians pelt each other with puns, crack jokes instead of sconces, and invent pleasant sayings instead of lies, we have great hopes of them.

The New York Tribune having said—"We spit upon the (whig) platform"—the Rochester American replies that the editor of the Tribune cannot expect to rate as a Whig. This is very good, and so is the following—
"Scott is a dead letter in this county.—Coshocton (Ohio) Democrat."

Like all other "dead letters" he will be sent straight to Washington.—Raleigh Register.

The Tribune having said, "Gen. Scott carries British lead about him to this very day;" the Lantern asks, "Is it in the head?"

The Buffalo "Rough Notes" says, "Pierce, after the Presidential election, will be very much in the predicament of the stick of candy he gave to the boy who was a total stranger to him—licked, clear out of sight." Our dev. (who is committed to no candidate, but likes a joke,) says in that case his political friends will also be like the stick of candy afore said—"down in the mouth!"—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a warehouse, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing dropped, and Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman as a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne Queens of England.

The editor of a paper in one of the western capitals, thus introduces himself to the public:

"Having been unexpectedly called by our fellow-citizens of the giant of the west, to assume the editorial chair, we naturally fell into a profound reverie concerning the causes which produced so enviable a result. In cogitation we reasoned in this wise: Brass is better than brains—for a time. But in general a reaction takes place, and then brains are better than brass. But on the whole, no man ever succeeded in the world without brass and brains. Our conclusion was that we possessed a happy mixture of the mental and metallic, and were indebted to it for our elevation. We immediately combed up our top-knot to an imposing character, whipped the children all round, fed the pigs, and sat down to write an introductory editorial."

A FIREMAN'S YARN.—The Nashville Gazette tells the following story:—

We heard a fireman boasting, yesterday, of his exploits at fires, and, among others, he related that, a few years ago, when he worked the old Pennsylvania machine, he climbed to the roof of a building on fire, and before he was aware of it, his only means of escape, the steps were burned. Here was a dangerous position. But his presence of mind did not forsake him. He recollected that the engine threw a Herulean stream; and getting astride of the stream of water the engine was playing upon the fire, he slid down it to the engine. His queer descent made a hero of him. He was received in triumph. The fireman who rode the stream now belongs to the Lively threes, and is still an enthusiastic fireman.

AN IRISH GRACE.—Some years ago, when the Duke of Devonshire paid a visit to his estates in Ireland, the steward of the mansion at which his Grace intended to sojourn, called all the domestics together to tell them how to demean themselves, saying among other things, that their master was much higher than a Lord—he was a Duke; "and," said he quaintly, "whenever he speaks to you, you must say 'your grace.'" This made a deep impression upon a housemaid whose province it was to conduct the Duke to his sleeping apartments. When on the stairs the Duke said, good humoredly, "Well, my girl, what is your name?" The girl, thinking of the steward's injunction, put up her hands and began, "For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful."

An Indian chief once went to the office of the American Commissioner at Chicago, to whom he introduced himself as a very good Indian, a great friend to the Americans, and concluded by asking for a glass of whiskey. The Commissioner gravely told him that they never gave whiskey to good Indians, who never wished for any such things—that it was only used by bad Indians. "Then," replied the Indian, quickly, "me one d—n rascal!"

The difference between English and American ships is just the difference between English and American women. One is all go-ahead and rakishness—trim, slim, fine figure-head, and clear run; the other, stout, robust and solid—broad chest, full bows, does things well but not speedily, and seems to set a higher value on what is safe than what is speedy.

You can't raise a man in any one department, without lifting him up in all. Improve his mind, you refine his character; teach him even mathematics, he will learn politeness; give him good society, he will cease to be coarse; introduce him to Shakspeare, Johnson, Beaumont, Massinger, and Webster, he will be a gentleman.

Marryat, in one of his novels, makes a Yankee girl exclaim to another, "Oh, Maria, see what a daub of paint you have got on the western side of your gown!" This was equalled by the remark of a little girl, the other day, that her bonnet "was all jammed on the right hand side, going down!"

There are hundreds of people who become very religious when they think danger is nigh. We know of a man who fell off a bridge across a certain river, and just as he found that he must go, and no help for it, he bawled out, at the top of his voice—"Lord have mercy on me—and quick, too!"

A Frenchman, soliciting relief, said, very gravely, to his fair hearer, "Ma'amselle, I never beg but dat I have von wife wid several small family dat is growing very large, and needing to make deir bread out of but *de perspiration of my own eyebrows.*"

Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren's blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on a wall, "Try Warren's B—," but had been frightened from his propriety, and fled.—"The rest is *black-ing*," said the wit.

At a recent examination of girls in Cheshire for the rite of confirmation, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" the reply was—"the baby, sir."

Of all impostors and calumniators, we most despise those who entrench themselves behind church-pews, and fire regular broadsides of rebuke at better people than they are or ever will be in the essentials of religion.

A Maine editor says that a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand round it. This is like the man who saw a flock of blackbirds so low that he could shake a stick at them.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—As a young woman sat near the fire, reading one of the last novels, she fell asleep, and melancholy to relate—dropped her book into the fire!

The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.