

fold after fold of the silver tissue, in which it was enclosed—but he turned cold as marble, when a small and exquisitely formed hand, with his well known ring on one of the stiffened fingers, touched his own.

Traditional records are unable to present any definite picture of the tumult which ensued. Lights were extinguished, and tables overturned in the general confusion, with its cause very few were acquainted, but among these was Don Luis de Mendoza.

A hundred eyes sought the Marchioness but she was gone. She had disappeared in the confusion, without leaving a trace behind. They sought her throughout the castle, the surrounding grounds, the villa of Las Castres—and there they met with an object which quickened their anxiety. But she was never found. Whether kindred evil spirits guarded her from human vengeance, or whether she found refuge in some of the many subterranean passages with which the castle abounded, cannot be told. They say she has never since been known to hold communication with any mortal agent.

The festivities of the castle were never renewed. Don Luis and the Marquis waited only long enough to cover the bier of the loving and beloved Elena with choicest and fairest flowers—then, choosing for their badges boughs of the yew and eypress, they wended their way to Mount Sinai, to guard the tomb of the saint, to whose order they belonged. Thence they never returned, and the castle was thereafter entirely deserted, for the Marquis was the last of his family, and had there been scores of heirs, none probably would have ventured to take possession of the mansion, which has been considered ever since, as the solitary abode of the dark and terrible lady. There say the peasants, she drags on an existence prolonged beyond that of mortals, to suffer more than mortal torture—there, her shrieks for mercy, which in the days of her power she never showed, are unheeded, and her repentance is unavailing.

From the Leeds Mercury.

INFLUENCE OF RAILWAYS.

IN DEVELOPING THE MINERAL RESOURCES OF A COUNTRY.

ON our recent trip to Darlington, at the opening of the Great North of England Railway, the probable influence of that undertaking on the commercial interests of the districts through which it passes was naturally a subject of inquiry. While obtaining information as to this point, in reference to the line just completed, we learned a number of facts in relation to several of the previously existing northern railways, which appear worthy of being recorded to illustrate the power of this great means of communication to develop the resources of a country. Before the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the export trade in coals might be said to be confined to the rivers Tyne and Wear. That railway was originated chiefly in order to supply the wants of the districts it traverses in reference to fuel; and the estimate then made of the probable quantity of coals which would pass along the line, was that there would be 80,000 tons for the neighborhood, and 10,000 for export annually. The number of tons now carried by the company is, for the neighboring districts, 190,000 tons; for exportation, 560,000 tons yearly. In the mean time, the Clarence Railway, terminating on the Tees, has been brought in operation, and contributes to the coals exported probably not less than 150,000 tons per annum. At a later period the Marquis of Londonderry constructed his harbor of Seaham, a port about four miles south of Sunderland; it is difficult to state the quantity thence exported yearly, but it probably exceeds 305,000 tons. At a still more recent period, the ancient fishing town of Hartlepool has become the scene of the export of a still larger quantity.

From Bentley's Miscellany for March.

THE OLD FAMILIAR STRAIN.

SING me that old familiar strain  
Which touched my heart in boyhood's years,  
Before its chords were jarred by pain,  
Before its hopes were dimmed by tears.  
Time has fled fast since first I heard  
Its music from those lips of thine;  
But well remembered is each word:  
So sing once more, oh Mary mine,  
The old familiar strain.

Thine eyes have their soft radiance kept,  
That won my heart in life's young spring,  
And o'er thy beauty Time hath swept  
Gently, with light and charmed wing.

Unaltered is thy graceful form,  
The trusting heart is still the same,  
Keeping those true affections warm  
As when, before I dreamt of fame,  
You sang me that old familiar strain.

Yes, sing!—as in these golden hours  
When life, and love, and hope were young,—  
When fancy strewed our path with flowers,—  
Oh! sing the strain that then you sang.  
Your voice may have a sadder tone  
Than made sweet music in that time,  
Ere griefs or trials we had known,  
When first you sang in youthful prime  
That old familiar strain.

Methinks that on thy placid brow—  
So lightly touched by farrowing years,  
Since first we pledged love's fond vow—  
Thought's graver shadow now appears;  
But yet in our very mirth  
Remembrance of our dead will come,  
Strong ties yet bind us to the earth—  
So breathe once more those strains of home  
The old familiar strain.

R. S. MACKENZIE:

THE TOSS UP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JEST AND EARNEST.'  
IN the tap room of the Black Bull, seated at a table, on which foamed a pot of newly drawn porter, were Tom Doyle and Frank Evans.

They were youths approaching manhood; of nearly the same age and the same worldly station, but in aspect more different. Friends were they of three weeks' friendship; and they sat down at the tap room talking of their affairs in a confidential, friendly manner.

Tom Doyle was known by that unceremonious appellation to a large but doubtfully respectable circle of acquaintance. He had passed his whole life in London, and the greatest part in the streets of London. He had received such an education as the streets of London supply, but very little other. The shifts of poverty had given him cunning; cold, heat, hunger, thirst, contempt, ill usage, and disease, had given him fortitude to bear whatever should happen. He had a young look, an unnatural combination of the boy and the man; the careless follies of immaturity conjoined with the calculating vivacity of maturity.

Frank Evans had been brought up away from towns. Fresh air, green fields, spreading trees, clear streams, were things familiar to him. He had not been accustomed to walk continually in crowds, and tread his passage through lines of eager, unprincipled faces. Money making was less obtrusively carried on, and the great struggle of one human being with another for existence was not so palpable. He was healthful, not very industrious, and of undecided character. Totally ignorant of what is called the 'world,' he was about equally liable to be turned to good or evil. Hitherto he had been chiefly subjected to beneficial influences; but a three weeks' intimacy with Tom Doyle has not been without its beneficial effect.

The intimacy was brought about thus: Doyle was one morning standing on London bridge with his hands inserted in his pockets, whistling as he contemplated the departure of the Margate from the wharf below. While thus engaged, another spectator placed himself by his side and gazed on the proceeding with an earnest curiosity that contrasted remarkably with his unenjoying languid glance. The spectator was Frank Evans. A conversation ensued, by which Doyle learned from the communicative stranger that he had come to London a few days before—that he had run away from his native village in consequence of a quarrel with his parents, and that he was now staying with an uncle at Bermondsey, who was exerting himself to make up matters.

From this day Doyle and Evans often met.—The London youth undertook with great kindness to instruct his country friend in some of the ways of the metropolis: the latter undertook to furnish the money so far as his own resources and his uncle's bounty would allow. But now an epoch had arrived in their intercourse. Doyle wished Evans to join the coterie of Ned Roper, an enterprising individual who did much business of an illegal but productive character. This he the more strongly urged, as he had himself resolved, after some scruples, to enter on the business himself. To this proposition Evans objected, in the first place that he did not like it abstractedly; and in the second place that his uncle had offered to procure him the situation of light porter at a merchant's counting house, which might lead to the counting house itself, and that to opulence and consideration. They agreed to discuss the matter quietly over a pot of porter, in the tap room of the Black Bull.

'Why Frank,' said Doyle, 'I'm ashamed of you—roast me to a cinder if I ain't. What the odds if there is a little danger or so with Ned—it's a blessed sight better than being a muf of a porter in an infernal old cheating counting house.'

'Come, Tom, no bad language,' said Evans; 'you may be right, but I don't feel so sure of it. If I refuse to take the situation, my uncle will turn me out of doors—that I know.'

'And what of that?' said Doyle, 'other people has doors, I s'pose. I'd pretty soon turn myself out of doors if it was me.'

'Well, Tom,' said Evans, 'I'll tell you what I'll do to settle it in the one way or the other. We might talk here all night and I shouldn't make up my mind. I'll toss you for it—heads I go to the merchant's; tails, I go to Ned! Lend me a half-penny.'

'I lend you!' exclaimed Doyle, a likely thing I can lend you. I lost my last half-penny at skittles, two hours ago.'

'And I spent my last half penny for this pot of porter,' said Evans; 'and my uncle has sworn to give me no more unless I'm obedient. Dash it, I shall be obliged to go to Ned for want of a toss up to give the counting house a chance!'

He fumbled in successive pockets with the view of placing his destination beyond doubt. He found each empty until the last of all—the left waistcoat pocket, in the extreme left corner his finger encountered something like the feel of a coin. He drew it forth, and displayed an old, battered verdigris covered farthing. It had remained there unnoticed for a lifetime.

'Ah, ha,' exclaimed Evans, joyfully, 'here is what shall tell us. Now see fair play! Remember, head is for the merchant, and tail is for Ned; and here goes.'

The coin spun in the air and descended on the table; it was head.

'The merchant for ever,' exclaimed Evans.

'Toss again and hold your noise,' said Doyle, sullenly.

The coin spun in the air and descended on the table; it was tail.

'Ned for ever,' exclaimed Doyle.

'Now for the last toss!' said Evans.

His heart beat fast—the rooms seemed to swim around with him—and his knees trembled. His previous reckless calmness had disappeared, and he was wound up in an intense pitch of anxiety. He did not allow himself to wish either way, or if so, amounted to but half a wish. He tossed up the farthing for the last time.

The coin spun in the air and descended on the table; it was a head.

'D—n!' muttered Doyle, through his teeth.

Evans spoke not a word. He was very pale, and his eyes were fixed on the ground.

'But hang it, man,' said Doyle, 'you don't mean to call the thing settled because the cursed old farthing came heads instead of tails? Come, we'll talk it over.'

'No, Doyle, said Evans, 'I am fixed. I swear solemnly that if the result had been contrary, I would have acted on it rigidly. Our fates would then have been one and the same; as it is, we must see each other no more. A dirty brass farthing has decided my course of life.'

And at the door of the Black Bull that evening, Tom Doyle and Francis Evans shook hands, parted, and went in different directions. They never met again.

Tom Doyle took to petit larceny. He proceeded from that to burglary; and one night, having imbibed too much, he quarrelled with a comrade, and struck him so heavily on the head that his comrade never moved afterwards. Tom Doyle was hanged in the Old Baily at eight o'clock on a misty morning, to the great amusement of a select company of both sexes. Frank Evans became a light porter, afterwards a clerk, and afterwards a partner. His industry was exemplary; his honor was unimpeachable; and paper bearing the signature of Stirling & Evans was taken with as much confidence as that issued by the bank of England.

Great is the reward of virtue, and striking is the punishment of vice. Tom Doyle lies dead and unprayed for, and Mr Francis Evans is alive and respected. Yet, if on that memorable evening at the Black Bull, Francis Evans had been a little more perseverable, or the farthing had turned up tail he might have been hanged like Tom Doyle, and might now be dead and unprayed for, instead of being alive, respected, and beloved.

From the Edinburgh Encyclopædia.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The mite makes 500 steps in a second, or 30,000 in a minute. Allowing the horse to move at an equal ratio, he would perform 1,022 miles an hour. The journey from London to Birmingham would then occupy but six minutes and a fraction. There is another insect which may, in some measure rival the above in the celerity of its motion, and is itself unrivalled in strength in proportion to its size. Although it is generally disliked, and has not a very fair reputation; yet, to the eye of the naturalist, it is rather a pleasing and interesting object. Its form, as examined by the microscope, is extremely elegant, and has an appearance as if clad in

a coat of mail. It has a small head, with large eyes, a clean and bright body, beset at each segment with numerous sharp and shining bristles: All its motions indicate agility and uprightness, and its muscular power is so extraordinary, as justly to excite our astonishment, indeed, we know no other animal whose strength can be put in competition with (its name must come out at last) that of the common flea for, on a moderate computation, it can leap to a distance of 200 times the length of its own body. A flea will drag after it a chain 100 times heavier than itself, and will eat ten times its own weight of provisions in a day. Mr Beverich, an ingenious watchmaker, who some years lived in the Strand, London, exhibited to the public a little ivory chaise with four wheels, and all its proper apparatus and a man sitting on the box; all of which were drawn by a single flea. He made a small landau, which opened and shut by springs, with six horses harnessed to it, a coachman sitting on the box, and a dog sitting between his legs, four persons in the carriage, two footmen behind it, and a postillion riding on one of the horses, which was also drawn very nimbly along by a flea. Something of the same kind is now exhibiting in London

Vermont Chronicle.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S RULE.

DEAR children—if you have friends, you must show yourself friendly. I know an old soldier of the Revolution, who told me the following story:—

'I had a neighbor, who though a clever man, came to me one bright hay day, and said—'Esq. White, I want you to come and get your geese away.' 'Why,' said I, 'what are my geese doing?' 'They pick my pigs ear when they are eating, and drive them away, and I shall not have it,' 'What can I do?' said I. 'You must yoke them.' 'That I have not time to do now,' said I; 'I do not see but they must run.' 'If you do not take care of them I shall!' said the clever shoemaker, in anger, 'what do you say, Esq. White?' 'I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages.' 'Well,' said he, 'you'll find that a hard thing, I guess.'

'So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese was that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes.

'Now, said I, all keep still, and let me punish him. In a few days the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain for some time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them.

'Have you seen any thing of my hogs?' said he. 'Yes sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field.' 'In your field?' 'Yes sir,' said I, 'hogs love corn you know—they were made to eat.' 'How much mischief have they done?' 'O, not much,' said I.

'Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to me to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

'O no,' said I, 'it can't be.' 'Yes,' said the shoemaker, 'and I will pay every cent of damage.' 'No,' I replied, 'you shall pay me nothing. My geese have been a great deal of trouble to you.'

The shoemaker blushed and went home. The next winter when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. 'No,' said I, 'I shall take nothing.'

'After some talk, we parted; but in a day or two I met him on the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on he seemed loth to move, and I passed. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said—'I have something laboring on my mind.' 'Well, what is it?' 'Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and I shall never rest till you know how I feel. I am sorry,' and the tears came into his eyes. 'O well,' said I, 'never mind, I suppose my geese were provoking.'

'I never took anything of him for it, but whenever my cattle broke into his field after this, he seemed glad—because he could show how patient he could be.

'Now, said the old soldier, conquer yourself, and you can conquer anything. You can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way.'

THE RED ANT.

While superintending the digging of a well this week, we discovered, at a considerable distance below the surface of the ground, numbers of the common red ant, that appeared to be much disturbed at their intrusion. Our attention was attracted by the circumstance of being found so deep in the bowels of the earth. Curiosity induced us to examine more closely, and the next spadeful opened their habitation in full view. There were neatly arranged and arched chambers, filled with hundred of young ants. These chambers were about the fourth of an inch in height, and covered an extent of several inches. It brought to our mind all that we had read of mines; for it seemed to us that it was a mine in miniature, which its shaft and vaulted passages leading from it in all directions. The shaft was about the sixteenth