

"Spare his life!" was answered by the piteous cry of "Ochon, ochon, my prince!" which he incessantly repeated, and by another and another of those deadly blows, that were fast strewn his enemies around him; till, exhausted by loss of blood, rather than vanquished by force, Duncan McIntosh sank upon one knee, and, receiving the thrust of a bayonet, expired, with the name of his prince half-breathed upon his lips.

### THE FLOWER GIRL OF THE PONT NEUF.

I WAS crossing the Pont Neuf at the moment when a porter belonging to the Bank of France pretty well tired of the weight he carried (it was a bag containing nine thousand francs in silver), stopped to rest himself by leaning against the parapet wall of the bridge; but at the moment he did so, his valuable load, either from awkwardness or carelessness, slipped out of his hands and fell into the Seine, which is very deep just at that spot.

Never shall I forget his look of despair. He made a movement as if to jump over; and I believe would have effected his purpose, but for the presence of mind of a girl, a little delicate looking thing of about sixteen, a violet seller, who, clasping her arms around him, cried aloud for help, which in an instant was afforded. Myself and some others seized him; he struggled with us desperately.

"Let me go! let me go!" cried he, "I am ruined for ever. My wife, my children, what will become of you?"

A multitude of voices was raised at once, some to console, others to enquire; but above the rest were heard the clear and silver tones of the violet girl:—"My friend, have patience, you have lost nothing."

"Nothing, said you?"

"No, no; I tell you no. Let some one run for the divers; there is no doubt they will bring it up."

"She is right," resounded from a number of voices, and from mine among the rest; and in instant half-a-dozen people ran to fetch the divers. As those who remained, exerted themselves as well as they could to solace the poor porter. One brought him a small glass of liquor; another a little brandy; a third, some eau de Cologne; and four or five presented the grand specific, sugar and water. The little violet-girl had been before all the rest in administering a cordial; and perhaps hers was the most efficacious—a glass of pure water, which she held to his trembling lips and made him swallow. "Drink," she said, "drink it up, it will do you good." Whether it was the water, or the kind and sympathetic manner with which it was offered, that relieved him, I know not; but certainly one of the two had the desired effect, for his look grew less wild—he burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and, by degrees, became composed enough to make his acknowledgments to the spectators who had shown such interest in his misfortune.

The divers soon came, and one of them descended without loss of time. Never did I witness such anxiety as the search excited; if the fate of every one present had hung upon the success, they could not have testified greater interest in it. He soon re-appeared, bringing up—not the bag of silver, but a small iron box. It was instantly broken open, and found to be full of twenty franc pieces in gold; they were quickly counted, and found to amount to nearly twelve thousand francs, about four hundred and fifty pounds sterling. There were three divers who, overjoyed at their good fortune, speedily divided the prize among themselves; and directly afterwards another descended in search of the porters bag. This time he returned with it in triumph. The poor fellow could scarcely speak when it was put into his hands. On coming to himself, he cried with vehemence, "God reward you! You know not what good you have done. I am the father of five children. I was formerly in good circumstances, but a series of misfortunes reduced me to the greatest distress. All that I had left was an irreproachable character, and that procured me my present situation. I have had it but a week; To-day I should, without your help, have lost it. My wife, my children, would have been exposed to all the horrors of want; they would have been deprived of a husband and a father; for never, no never, could I have survived the ruin I had brought upon them! It is you who have saved us all; God will reward you—he alone can." While thus he spoke, he rummaged his pockets, and drew out some francs. "This is all I have, 'tis very little; but tell me where you live, and to-morrow—"

"Not a farthing," interrupted they, with one voice; and one added, "Stop a bit, let me talk to my comrades." They stepped aside for a minute; I followed them with my eyes, and saw that they listened to their companion with emotion: "We are all of a mind," said he, returning with them. "Yes, my friend, if we have been serviceable to you, you also have been the cause of our good fortune: it seems to me that we ought to share with you what God has sent us through your means. My companions think so too, and we are going to divide it into four equal shares."

The porter would have remonstrated, but his voice was drowned by the acclamations of the spectators. "Generous fellows!"—"Much good may it do you!"—"The same luck to you," resounded from every mouth. There was not one present but seemed as happy as if he or she were about to participate in the contents of the box. The money was divided, and, in spite of his excuses, the porter was forced to take his share.

The generous divers went their way; the crowd began to disperse; but the porter still

lingered, and I had the curiosity to remain, in order to watch his motions. He approached the little violet girl. "Ah! my dear," cried he, "what do I not owe you? But for you I had been all over with me. My wife, my little ones, must thank you."

"Ma foi! it is not worth mentioning. Would you have had me stand by and see you drown yourself?"

"But your courage, your strength! Could any one have expected it from so very young a girl?"

"There is no want of strength where there is good will."

"And nobody ever had more of that. Give me six of your bouquets, my dear, my children are so fond of violets, and never have they prized any as they will do these."

She twisted a bit of thread round six of her fairy nosegays, and presented them to him. He deposited them carefully in his bosom, and slipped something into her hand; then, without waiting to hear the acknowledgments which she began to pour forth, took to his heels as if his bag had been made of feathers. The girl looked after him with pleasure sparkling in her eyes.

"What will you take for the rest of your nosegays?" said I, going up to her.

"Whatever you please to give me," cried she, with vivacity; "for that good man's money will burn my pocket till I get home to give it to my mother. Oh, how glad will she be to have all that, and still more so when she knows why it has been given me."

The reader will easily believe that my purchase was speedily made; the good girl's purse was something heavier for it; and I had the pleasure of thinking that I had contributed, in a small degree, to reward the goodness of heart which had so unequivocally been displayed by the little nosegay girl of the Pont Neuf.

### Lecture.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF LABOUR.

[We copy the following extracts from a very able Lecture delivered in Manchester, England, by ELIHU BURRITT, of Massachusetts, New England, "the Learned Blacksmith," who is now making a tour of England. We would recommend it to the attention of all, to that of Mechanics particularly, in order to prove to them to what an enviable position in society they, in many instances, have an opportunity of exalting themselves by turning their attention to the cultivation of their minds.]

Mr. Burritt commenced his lecture as follows:—"There is no condition more inevitable and essential to man than physical labour. Yet the long dark annals of despotism and slavery have associated it with so many forms of degradation and misery, that the world has come to regard it as the punishment of sin; as a condition introduced into the destiny of man after his first transgression, to abridge and embitter his life, to poison his enjoyments, and to bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I propose on this occasion to show, if I can, that this popular impression is not founded in reason or revelation; and that physical labour has no necessary connection with sin, or slavery, or degradation. When God said 'Let there be light, and there was light: and the evening and the morning were the first day,' that event was the incontrovertible evidence that the solar system was perfectly completed; that the planets were all assigned to their respective orbits, and had started upon their ceaseless revolutions; that the laws that now govern their motions were all in force; that gravitation was operating upon them all with the same power as at this moment. However man may have changed, these great physical principles and laws can have suffered no mutation. The first day and year of time were produced by the same revolutions of the earth that have measured off to us this day and this year. The eccentricity of the earth's orbit, and the inclination of its axis, have remained the same. They then contained the same provisions for times and seasons, seed time and harvest, as at this moment. The rain and dew were dispensed by the same process of exaltation and distillation; they fell upon the sinning and upon the sinless Adam with the same beneficent profusion as they now fall upon the just and unjust. When he first opened his eyes upon the world, he found these physical laws prepared for his condition. To him, as to us, they were perpetual evidence that there would be seedtime and harvest to the end of time; but that there would be neither without manual labour. What grew spontaneously during the first year of time, grows spontaneously now, and what was to be sown then, is to be sown and reaped now. We have the testimony of direct revelation that God did not inflict labour upon man, but conferred it upon him as one of the highest prerogatives of his first estate. The first blessing he received from his creator was embodied in an injunction to be active, industrious, and laborious. He was informed by his Maker that the whole earth had been fitted up for his residence and empire; he was bidden to arise and take possession of his kingdom; to multiply and people it with his species; to subdue it; to cultivate and beautify it; to enforce his dominion over every living thing that moved on earth, in sea and sky.

To what human being was there ever committed a task more laborious, an empire more difficult of conquest, the necessity of activity more imperious, effort and industry more indispensable! If Adam was human being, of flesh and blood like ourselves, then his very physical organization would be proof conclusive that manual labour was never designed to have any relation to sin, slavery, or sorrow. To develop this truth, the lecturer proceeded to advert to the physical and moral organization of man, and to the economy of the whole solar system, which he said was constructed with express reference to man's destiny as an active working being. The physical causes, then, that make man a working being, extend beyond the orbit of Herschell, and run parallel with the influences of gravitation. The motions of the planetary bodies are the great physical basis of all animal and vegetable life, and of all physical action and motion. The physical cause of the first division of time—the evening and the morning were the first day—animated the whole surface of the globe with a perpetual principle of life and action. Again, had the earth's distance from the sun being increased or diminished by a million of miles, it would have altered the length of our seasons, and of day and night, and have affected the productions upon which we subsist. The vicissitudes of our seasons, and the productions of our soil, are determined by the revolutions of the earth; and these revolutions are determined by the earth's relation to the other members of the solar system. The elements are resolved by these revolutions into elements of life and action. The forest, the field of grain, the prairie and luxuriant meadow and all the animals they sustain, are merely a portion of the earth's surface, propelled in perpetual circulation, by this organic system of action, everlasting action. The matter that lies in dormant induration in the aged and mighty oak, may, in another form, have been propelled through a hundred human hearts, or warned into life, may have done service in the strong muscles of the ox, the sinews of the bear, the talons of the vulture, the feathers of the eagle. The re-organized substance of every species of plant, and grain, and grass,—elements spread the rose leaf and mantled in the cheek of beauty, that bleached the snow-white lily and polished the forehead of lofty genius,—that over-arched the dome of thought and bent the rainbow,—all these may lie mingled within that rough bark. That oak stands immovable in the breeze; but the great system of organic action is upon it, hastening the dissolution of its constituent elements, and propelling them through other combinations. Fifty years hence, and some of them will mingle in stalks of yellow wheat, in blades of grass, and flowers of every hue; in the veins of man, beast, and bird; and some will stretch the insect's wing, and lade the busy bee with wax and honey for its cell. And ages hence, in the ceaseless progress of their circulation, some of the substance of that oak may fall in noiseless dew upon the place where it now towers up towards heaven. Yet, through all the ages of its continuous circulation, not a grain of that matter will be wasted, annihilated, or lost. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt return," was a declaration of a great physical, as well as moral truth. That declaration embraces the whole system of organic life, the entire principle production and reproduction. This is a law that perpetuates and animates every atom of the universe, whether it exists in a vegetable, mineral, or animal form. For every one of these forms is a combination of material elements around a principle of self-dissolution.

Therefore, wherever there is a being or a thing in the universe, composed of vegetable or animal combination of matter, that being or thing must be resolved back to its original elements. The constitutional necessity of labour and organic action is demonstrated by the very process which combines dust into the human form. We are told that about once in seven years, the entire matter, of our physical system is changed for new. During that period we insensibly lay off one body, and assume another of entirely new matter, which is substituted for the old by such a delicate process, that this fact and progress of the change are imperceptible, because all the characteristics of the former are perpetuated in the latter. For instance, I have upon my fingers the marks of a knife, which I thrust into them more than twenty years ago; yet it was not the flesh of my present hand that I cut, nor was it the hand I used seven years ago, but it was the hand of my childhood, every particle of whose matter was displaced fifteen years ago, and is now circulating, it may be, in a hundred forms of vegetable and animal life. But so delicate has been this process of renovation, that those cars have been perfectly reproduced in the new flesh of each successive hand. The perfection of the process is not duly illustrated in perpetuating the minute indentures of the skin, but also in the reproduction of colour; so that the pupil of the eye and marks in India ink retain their hue through the successive renovations of the human system for seventy years. In man, therefore, the elements that compose the earth's surface that attain, as it were, their perihelion. When, in the refining process of their circulation, they enter into the composition of the delicate nervous system of the human body, they make their nearest approach to a spiritual essence. But this is not the highest destiny of the matter. In its everlasting circulation, it not only deposits a part of its essence in every bone, nerve, and drop of blood, but I am inclined to believe it transmits a more refined part or influence of that essence to the immortal mind, which will retain it after its dissolution from this grosser vesture of decay. In adventuring this suggestion, let me adduce the fact that the action of

a physical agent must be physical, and its result physical. Therefore, as every thought, emotion, and conception of the mind is splendid with the action of a physical agent, it receives a physical attribute, or character. Every one of our thoughts or conceptions, then is a handful of ore, containing an imperceptible diamond, or, more literally, a little incarnation of a spiritual idea, both retaining the same inter-relative character and connection as that which subsists between the body and soul. The mind, consequently, assumes a corporeal nature, which it retains after its dissolution from the body.—Thus the organization of the solar system and the human system provides a condition of the perpetual action as the basis of animal and vegetable life.

Yet this system cannot sustain life, nor can it sustain itself without another kind of action, which I shall call a voluntary action, or that exercise of our physical faculties which constitutes physical labour. Physical labour, then, is an inevitable condition of animal life, in whatever forms, in whatever regions of the material universe, it may exist. It not only puts us into communication with all the pleasures of sense, but with the very elements of life and the essence of our bodies. If there were no other physical necessity of manual labour, the very amount of sustenance requisite for animal life, would impose upon man and beast this common condition. For suppose you select the most fertile field in the west, and striking a circle of two feet in diameter, plant it with corn or wheat; in the following autumn extract all the nutriment in that hill of corn, and it would not serve a labouring man for a single meal; but that very nutriment would feed an oak of two feet in diameter for a whole year. So all animal life derives its sustenance directly or indirectly from the vegetable, and as the earth's surface will not average more than one crop of vegetation a year, nothing but labour could spread over the seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, the fruits of a single harvest. Therefore, wherever there is a planet revolving a sun, in the immensity of space, the inhabitants of that planet are compelled, like us, to do something for a living. For that revolution induces a season when things necessary to sustain animal life will not grow, another when they cannot be sown, another when they cannot be reaped. But the mere sustenance of animal life, and the gratification of sense, are the humblest, meanest objects of physical labour. Its necessity was introduced into organization of man for a higher destiny. Its chiefest work and dignity was to educate the immortal mind, into a character and capacity of activity which it should retain after its dissolution from flesh and blood. If man sustained a mere vegetable communication with the earth, and if his system might derive all its necessary nutrition by a process of capillary induction through the pores in the soles of his feet, even in that case his mind would require for its development all the physical labour of which he is so disposed to complain. Every living thing, endowed with an instinct, instead of a reasoning mind, came into the world with its tools already made, and it never added a new one to its stock. Every being endowed with a living, thinking soul, had to make his own tools; and Adam found that he could not even dress and prune the garden of Eden, without first exercising all his mental faculties in the invention and manufacture of some instrument to help him on in the work. Every beast, and bird, and creeping thing, wherever it found its food, found it already prepared to satisfy his hunger. Not so with man. The provision for the constant occupation of his mind, was so vitally incorporated with the necessities of his physical nature, that there was nothing that could sustain his animal life which he had not to change, combine, or prepare into food by some invention or artificial process. He found therefore, that his hands and feet, and all his members and organs of sense, were merely a set of primary faculties with which to make others of more powerful capacity to ameliorate his physical condition.

The first rude plough he made to turn the soil, the first rude axe of stone with which he felled the stalwart pine, the first rude canoe he scooped from its trunk to cross the river which kept him from greener fields, were each a human faculty that brought within his reach a physical comfort he never enjoyed before. Nay, they were more; they were a part of himself. He transferred to each of them a piece of his own body, and a part of his mind which were never dissolved. The invention of every implement that increases the capacity of labor and the comfort of human life is the immortal body of a living thought that will breathe and speak through all coming time. Adam died long before the flood, but his wooden plough survived the deluge; it never died; it never will die but on the grave of time. It has ploughed through the rubbish of fallen empires; it will plough on, as long as there is any thing left to plough of this planet. And when it stops, in the last furrow to be made on earth, it will retain that living thought that Adam breathed into it, though a thousand generations may have forgotten the connection. Look at that axe, hammer, hoe and spade. In their iron lips there is a living speech which has been audible to all ages and generations of men. They are things inspired with more divinity than all the marble statuary of the world;—yes, and with humanity, too; for they have worked for man as well as talked. Before Scripture had hollowed out a mortar to grind his corn, when the earth was one vast uncultivated wilderness, they went out and laboured with man in the field and forest, in the ditch and in the mountain.