When Vandrest was preparing for the voyage he accidently found the long forgotten note of the stranger musician. It directed him to Paris, and to Paris he determined to proceed, as all Europe was alike to one who knew not a single soul on the wide expanse of the old world. He arrived there and found in his old friend the kind hearted Swede, who on the death of Piganinni, became the first violinists in the world—Ole Bull.

Reuben traversed Europe, going from capital to capital, everywhere making friends, and what was still more important to him, money. He allowed himself no pleasures, only the necessaries of life; and laid up all his gains for the one grand object of his care—the acquiring of a fortune for Cora.

He rarely heard of her; he knew not but that her love might change; and sometimes a sense of the utter wildness of his project came upon him freezing reality. But intense love like his, in an otherwise calm and unimpassioned nature, acquires a strength unknown to those who are alive to every passing impulse; and Reuben's love,

'By its own energy fulfilled itself.'

Ere the three years had expired he returned to America, having realised a competence. With a beating heart the young musician stood before his mistress, told her all his love and knew that she loved him too. It was very sweet to hear Cora reveal, in the frankness of her true heart, which felt no shame for having loved one so worthy, how her thoughts had continually followed her wandering lover, and how every success of his had been doubly sweet to her. But human happiness is never unmixed with pain; and when Cora looked at the altered form of her betrothed, his sunken and colourless cheeks, and his large bright eyes, a dreadful fear took possession of her, and she felt that joy itself might be purchased with too dear a price. It was so indeed. Reuben's energy had sustained him, until came the reaction of hope fulfilled, and then his health failed. A long illness followed. But he had one blessing; his affianced wife was near him; and amidst all her anguish, Cora felt thankful that he had come home first, and that it was her hand and her voice which now brought comfort to her beloved, and that she could pray he might live for her.

And Reuben did live. Love struggled with death and won the victory. In the next year, in the lovely season of an American Spring, the musician wedded his betrothed, and took her to a sweet country home, such as he had often dreampt of when he used to sit on summer evenings on the house top in New York looking at the blue sky, and bringing music from his rude violin. And in Reuben's pleasant home there was no relic more treasured than this same violin which had first taught him how much can be done with a brave heart and a good courage to try.

Reader the whole of Reuben Vandrest's life was influenced by acting up to that little word, 'try!' Two old proverbs—and there is much in old proverbs—say 'every thing must have a beginning,' and no man knows what he can do until he tries.' Now kind reader keep this in mind, and never while you live damp the energies of yourself or any other person by this heartless and dangerous sentence, 'Tis useless trying.'

From Hogg's Instructor.

DEW.

The beautiful and constantly recurring phenomenon of dew is one in which we may most clearly trace the wisdom and goodness of a God, who, while 'he measures the waters in the hollow of his hand,' does not consider the simplest flower he has formed as too insignificent to be the object of his watchful care. In its formation it is analogous to the moisture which bedews a cold metal, or stone when we breathe on it, to that which appears on a glass of water fresh from the well in warm weather, and to that which covers the inside of a window when external air has been suddenly chilled by rain or heat. Its varied phenomena are produced by the action of two general laws—that of the radiation of heat and that of the condensation of vapour by cold. A large portion of the heat absorbed by the earth in the course of the day is given off during the night into the cooled air, and the radiation continues until the ground becomes cooler than the surrounding air, and reaches what is called the *dew-point*, which it soon arrives at if the night be clear and bright; if the sky be covered with clouds, the greater part of the radiated heat is re-transmitted to the earth, the cloud radiating towards the earth as the earth does towards the cloud, so that during cloudy nights there is little difference between the temperature of the ground and the atmosphere. When the earth or bodies on its surface become cooler than the surrounding air, the moisture contained in the atmosphere, which is very abundant in the hot days of summer, is condensed, and forms what we call dew, so that the vulgar idea that dew falls is incorrect. It is exactly in the situations when we most require dew that most is found. The cloudless nights which succeed our sultry summer days are peculiarly favourable to its formation, and it is then, precisely, that we most need it, to revive and refresh the grass which have been parched by the heat of the previous day. If the sky becomes clouded, the deposition of the dew ceases; this is so much the case that the dew formed during clear intervals will evaporate if the sky becomes heavily overcast. In the dark recesses of the forest where in consequence of the dee shadows, there has been no evaporation during the day no dew will be found at night, and where, from the same cause, none is required.

It has been ascertained by experiment that dark bodies radiate heat, and therefore become cold much more rapidly than those of a light colour. Thus, a dark or green substance exposed during the night will be found covered with dew, whilst one of a lighter hue, similarly exposed, will remain quite dry; a circumstance beautifully adapted to the general colour of the vegetable world—green not only being the colour least hurtful to the eye, but green substances being also among the best radiators of heat, and therefore best condensers of the moisture contained in the surrounding air.

So the leaves of plants which require so constant a supply of moisture are exquisitely fitted for its formation. The surface of a body, also, has a great effect to the quantity of dew produced, little or none being formed on hard or polished surfaces. Early in the morning we may find the rock quite dry, while the tiny grass or wildflower which grows on its crevice is fed and refreshed by an abundant supply of moisture. While considering the different powers of radiation possessed by different colours, we cannot fail to be struck by the design and contrivance exhibited in the selection of colours in which the flowers are arrayed at the several seasons of the year. Let us walk through the country in the spring—during which season bright warm days are often succeeded by cold, clear, frosty nights—and we see the woods, the orchards, and every bush covered with flowers, and all their blossoms are white as snow; nature has entrusted to their protection the fruits of the following autumn. The cherry, the strawberry, the pear, the plum, the apple, are produced by flowers pure as alabaster; even the berries which are to form food for the little birds are guarded by the snowy wreaths of the hawthorn. The frosts of spring often destroy the blossoms of the peach and almond but their petals are coloured and consequently lose their heat by radiation, an exception the more striking, as both those trees are natives of the sunny climes of the East. As the weather becomes warm, the colours of the flowers deepen, and during the heat of summer they are brilliantly decked in scarlet, purple, and orange. Thus, we find an adaptation of colours has power to refresh the inhabitants of the torrid zone, and to warm and protect those of the coldest climates. A beautiful exception confirms this rule. At the foot of those shrubs and fruit trees radiant with their alabaster garlands, we perceive the violet clad in the deep tints of summer. Is not this a contrast which violates this law of nature, and seems to accuse her of want of providence? But let us look a little closer before we condemn: observe that the violet hides her fragrant blossom under her leaves. We have made her the emblem of modesty, but it is fear of cold which keeps her thus vieled. We have seen that all bodies radiate their heat towards the sky, and if the sky be clear it receives their heat without returning it, and so they become cool rapidly; but if the sky be overcast with clouds, the clouds retransmit the heat they receive from the earth, and so keep up the temperature. What takes place on a large scale in the atmosphere is copied in minature by the violet: she radiates towards her leaves, and her leaves return her heat to her, and so her warmth is kept up. It is, as it were, a second covering with which nature has clothed her; but this robe warms without touching her; it leaves a free passage to the air, which, sweeping gently over her, wafts her delicious perfume to us on the wings of every zephyr. Thus is the violet protected from cold, and her summer tints are an additional charm with which our nature has adorned spring.

'How beautiful is the dew on a fine summer morning! It freshens every thirsty plant, washes every delicate flower, and gives new lustre to its finest tints. It cools and refreshes the whole surface of the ground; and as soon as the sun's earliest beams shoot forth from the eastern horizon, its innumerable drops sparkle in the golden light like a fallen shower of diamonds. As the sun ascends they disappear before his rays, partly absorbed by the plants on which they lay, and partly evaporated by the increasing heat. At night the moisture that composed them may form other globules, and freshen other fields. Thus in every department of nature there is an endless series of movements and transmutations. On the earth's surface all is activity and unceasing play; all is subservient to the supporting in life and beauty the animal and vegetable worlds the watery particles in particular display the most useful volatility. They ascend into the air by evaporation; they thence fall in the shape of dew, mist, rain, or snow. They reascend or incorporate with the waters of the river—visit the ocean. But there they feel the solar influence, and again mount on high to visit the fields and mountains they watered before or haply to bedew the plants of another hemisphere. Thus in the appearance and effects of dew we find beauty conjoined to the useful. In its formation we discover the most exquisite contrivance; in the times and places of its appearance the most striking adaptation to the economy of vegetables. Yet by no intricate or peculiar arrangements is it produced; it forms no exception to the simplicity of nature. Let us therefore admire and adore that Divine wisdom which, by means of the most simple produces the most wonderful effects, and which is everywhere rendered subservient to the designs of an unbounded benevolence.'

From the Manchester Guardian.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old winter is coming, old winter so drear,
His heralds unwelcome proclaim he is near;
There's a wail on the blast, there are voices that say,
'The spirit of summer is passing away.'

Sweet evening, the balm of thy breezes is o'er
And bleak is the blast on the mountain and moor;
There's shadow and gloom in the depth of the dell,
And the trees of forest are moaning farewell.

Old winter is coming, again to rejoice
In his robings of snow, and his trappings of ice;
The dreariest of despots, who bends to his sway,
Sweet sister of summer, the beautiful day.

Dear evening, with thee, no more on the green,
In joyance of sport, are the villagers seen;
And the music of childhood, in gambols no more
Is borne on the breeze from the cottager's door

All silent and chill, not a bird on the bough
Is heard forth to pour his vesper hymn now;
Not a caw from the rook, as he wingeth his flight
O'er meads where are creeping the shadows of night.

Old winter is coming, old winter so drear,
His heralds unwelcome proclaim he is near;
There's a wail on the blast, there are voices that say,
'The spirit of summer is passing away.'

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

JUDICIAL COMBATS,

AND THE WARS OF NATIONS.

One of the dark spots on the disk of the middle ages was the trial by judicial combat. When the fierce tribes of Huns and Alans, Goths and Lombards, at once inundated and destroyed the Roman empire in the west, they also displaced its enlightened civil jurisdiction, and at the same time established a rude appeal to justice, in accordance with the system of Feudality which they organized throughout Europe. This rude appeal to justice, was the trial by judicial combat. The savage of a tribe considers it his right and duty individually to revenge wrongs or to repel attacks; the administration of justice is with him a personality; he individualises awards and punishments; he takes judicature into his own hands—he has no notion of giving up his individuality in this respect to society. As Feudality was but a more definite organisation of Tribism, so also was the trial by judicial combat but a more organized system of personally settling a quarrel, a dispute, or a difference between individual and individual. The difference, and the progress, so to speak, in favour of the latter development was, that it was public and recognised, not private or secret.

As the quarrel between two persons is in close analogy, on a small scale, with the war between two nations, having similar origins and developments, it may be well to trace something of the history of the trial by judicial combat, since it may lead us to inferences upon the military system, of which it is a portion, generally.

The trial by judicial combat was the offspring of feudality. In that state central power was weak. The monarch and his court had little influence during the greater part of its history. The state was composed of tribes, newly fixed in their position, and holding their lands from their chief under the tenure of fiefs. These barons, therefore, had a court and centre of their own, and in this they claimed to administer justice with little reference, if any, to their lord paramount—the monarch. They had conquered the lands upon which they had settled with the sword; and drawing his blade every injured baron sought justice with its point. His adversary met him also with the sword, and the vassals of each supported their respective leaders in the contest. There was no appeal to a written law, to a regular magistracy, or to the decision of a sovereign national court. The same system spread from the barons to their vassals, until it became a recognized public institution, and the form of trial by judicial combat established itself throughout Europe. In civilisation, written documents, witnessed deeds, or attested agreements, regulate the stipulations between individuals, and are evidence to the facts. In feudality, on the contrary, reading and writing were too rare attainments to be useful in the general affairs of life. National treaties and royal charters were indeed committed to the pen of a clerk, but transactions between private parties, and the details of personal business were carried on by word of mouth or delegated promise. The proof of claims, and the evidence of facts, was therefore difficult, and encouraged deception and evasion, whether in criminal or in civil cases. The definition of evidence, the decision as to whether a court should accept positive or circumstantial proof, the determination as to the respective credit to be attached to discordant witnesses, and generally all intricate questions, were, under these circumstances, matters of extreme difficulty. Recourse was consequently had to the appeal to trial by combat between the adversaries. They publicly fought hand to hand, and thus decided their differences before their judges. Undoubtedly the innocent often fell thus under the more mighty arms of their guilty antagonists; and by this absurd system, justice was left to the decision of chance or force. Yet so military was the nature of feudality, in which every soldier was a freeman, and every rood of ground held by tenure of martial service, that the judicial combat was, for a considerable period, considered as one of the wisest institutions both of civil and criminal jurisprudence. It gradually superseded the ordeal by fire, water, or dead body, as well as the plan of acquittal by oath or compurgation, until it became the distinguished and cherished privilege of a gentleman over all Europe, to claim the trial by combat. Not only contested questions, but abstract points undetermined by law, were thus decided by the sword, until justice dropped the scales, and waved only a bloody blade. Evidence was in the point of the sword, and the successful argument in the keenest edge, wielded by the strongest arm. Witnesses and even judges, were not exempt from a challenge to the combat, nor could it be refused by them without infamy. Moreover, women, children, ecclesiastics, and aged and infirm persons, who could not, from circumstances of sex, or age, or position, be expected to use the judicial sword in their own right, had nevertheless the liberty! or rather obligation, of producing champions, who would fight upon their behalf from individual attachment, or from consanguineous or mercenary motives. In fine, religious ceremonies were added to the judicial combat; and what was really a recourse to the decision of fortuity, or to the preponderance of animal prowess, became superstitiously accounted a direct appeal to God. Its arrangements were settled by edicts, commented on by legists, and became almost the sole study of the feudal nobility.

Such was the origin and development of the trial by judicial combat. Although its institution was popular, and accordant with the spirit of the times, its evil effects soon manifested themselves. The clergy, whose canon law was excellent, and who perhaps regretted the disuse of those ordeals, which appeared to appeal more to the interposition of Providence than did a personal conflict, were among the first to protest against the trial by judicial combat, as contrary to Christianity, and inimical to good order. So consonant was it, however, with the fierce spirit of the time, that even superstition fell powerless before its influence, and the censures and admonitions of the ecclesiastics were disregarded. At length the evil became so obvious, that the civil power could no longer disregard it. Henry I. of England, prohibited the trial by combat in questions of property of small value, and Louis VII. of France followed his example. The central power of the feudal monarchs was, however, yet feeble, and any restrictions which were to be made upon an institution so popular among the barons, required to be effected with prudence and policy. It was nevertheless the interest of the kings to abate these ferocious contests, and centre the administration of the laws in their own courts. Louis of France, not inaptly named Saint Lewis, earnestly attempted to introduce a better system of jurisprudence. He wished to displace judicial combat, and to substitute trial by evidence. The great vassals of the crown, however, possessed such independent power, that his beneficent regulations were principally confined to his own private seigniory. Some barons, nevertheless, of their own accord, gradually adopted his plans; and the spirit of such courts of justice as existed, grew daily more and more averse to the trial by combat. On the other hand, the successors of Saint Louis, awed by the general attachment to judicial combat, still tolerated and authorised its practice; and so the struggle continued for several centuries. In the course of these, however, the royal prerogatives gradually increased; and what was of more importance, the ideas of the people received a more pacific and intelligent development, as the first germs of the municipal system were manifested among them. Still, instances of judicial combat occur as late as the sixteeth century both in the annals of England and of France. As these decreased, with the ferocious habits they engendered, a great impulse was given to European civilization by a more regular administration of justice. The authorisation of the right of appeal and of review from the courts of the barons to those of the king, was the grand desideratum; and this was gradually obtained. Royal Courts, hitherto held at irregular intervals, were fixed as to time and place, and to these judges of more distinguished talent were appointed than those who administered in the judicature of the barons. They regulated the forms of law, and endeavoured to give consistency to its decisions, and the people were thus led to have more confidence in their decrees than in those of the barons, and were eager to exercise the new right of appeal. The order and precepts of the canon law in use among the ecclesiastics, being good in themselves, also contributed to this reform in jurisprudence. About the middle of the 12th century, likewise, a copy of 'Justinian's Pendects' was found in Italy; and this led to a revival of the study of the Roman imperial code of laws, and so added greatly to the growth of more enlightened ideas on the administration of justice. Thus gradually was the trial by judicial combat abolished, and a more liberal system of jurisprudence established in its stead throughout Europe.

Let us now see what analogy exists between the history of judicial combat and that of national war. A person is a separate individuality. A nation is an aggregate individuality. As the judicial combat was a contest between the individuality of two persons, so also is war