

'You can walk up stairs,' answered the porter, pointing to a wide handsome staircase, which our young hero ascended as if every step was made of fire, so much did he dread cutting with his hob-nailed and dusty shoes the soft rich carpets which covered it.

In the anteroom he found a great many people, and stood modestly in a corner, while the big tears were trembling in his eyes as he thought of his native town, of the paternal roof, of the companions of his childhood, and of the last adieu of his mother—her anguish, her fears, her admonitions.

'You have here a humble home, but still a home,' said she weepingly; 'what do you expect to do at Paris?'

'I want to make my fortune,' replied the young man, 'and then to share it with you, and my father, and my brothers.'

'Fortune does not always come to him who seeks,' said the anxious mother.

'But it never comes to those who do not seek,' replied the young enthusiast.

'Well,' said the fond mother, 'go, if it must be so; but should you not succeed, do not be ashamed to return to us. The house of your father, and the arms of your mother, will be ever open to you, and, like the prodigal, you shall have the fatted calf killed for you.'

He had laughed in his youthful ardor at the puerile fears of his mother. 'Not succeed!' said he to himself; 'impossible!' Nor was his faith shaken in the morning on which he left his home; for that morning was a lovely one in April, and how could he distrust the gracious providence of God, whilst the very air he breathed seemed redolent with his goodness? But as he drew near the end of his journey, the goal of his hopes, he began to feel some misgivings; and by degrees they took such possession of his mind, and of every faculty, that at the moment it came to his turn to have an audience of the banker, he would gladly have been anywhere else.

Monsieur Perregaux was standing in the window; he was reading a letter, and hardly raised his eyes as the youth entered, as if awaiting his speaking; but hearing nothing but a hurried breathing, he at length looked up, and perceived a very pleasing countenance, and lips parted as if to address him, but no sound was audible.

'You wished to see me, sir?' said the banker so courteously, that the youth recovered his voice and courage sufficiently to reply.

'Sir,' said he, 'I have neither name, nor fortune, nor station, but I have the will and the power to labour. Can you give me a place in your office? The lowest would satisfy me.'

'What is your name, young man,' asked M. Perregaux, unable to take his eyes off his interesting countenance, and reading talent in the bright eye that, in renewed hope, now fearlessly met his.

'Jacques Lafitte,' was the answer.

'Your age?'

'I am twenty; I was born in 1767,' answered he.

'Are you a Parisian?' was the banker's next question.

'No sir; I am from Bayonne,' answered Jacques.

'What is your father?' rejoined the banker.

'He is a carpenter,' replied the youth, 'but he has ten children,' he added hastily, 'and I am come to Paris to try to help my father to support them.'

'It is a laudable design, young man,' answered the banker, 'but I have no place vacant.' Then added, as he saw the utter disappointment that marked that expressive countenance, 'at present at least. I am sorry that it is so, but another time, perhaps.'

Then dismissing the youth with a courteous but imperative gesture, he was obliged to retire. Everything seemed to swim before his eyes. He knocked up against the door, which he forgot to open; his foot slipped in the anteroom; and he nearly fell down the staircase. All the courage he had exerted—and more is necessary than may be at first imagined in addressing a great man and asking a favor of him—all this courage had failed as he heard the words of the rejection. He felt a kind of shame, nay, almost of remorse, at having exposed himself to a refusal; and the last words of the banker, and the last words of his mother seemed ringing in his ears.

Slowly and with downcast eyes he was crossing the banker's court yard, when a pin on the ground caught his attention. He stooped, picked it up, and stuck it carefully in the lining of the cuff of his coat. This action, trifling as it was, decided the fortunes of the carpenter's son.

M. Perregaux was still standing in the window, unable to shake off the painful impression left by the look of almost agonized disappointment which his refusal had called up to the interesting countenance of the young petitioner. Involuntarily he gazed after him till he left the room, and still followed him with his eyes as he crossed the court with slow and languid step, his youthful figure stooped with disappointment, and deep dejection marking every feature. Suddenly he saw him stoop to some object too minute for him to distinguish from the window, and pick it up. By the use he made of it, the banker guessed what it must be; and the strong impression made by this little incident upon his mind, is perhaps inconceivable by those who know not how accurately character may be estimated by trifles.

It was sufficient to enable M. Perregaux to discern in the youthful suitor he had rejected a mind trained to order and economy. 'The man,' he said, 'who would not let even a pin be lost, must have habits of calculation, order, and steadiness; and opening the window he gave a slight cough. Jacques looked up, and saw the banker beckoning to him to come

back. Quickly was he again on the handsome staircase; but we will not say that this time he was quite as cautious of spoiling the carpets; and once more he stood, with head erect, in the presence of the banker.

'You will grant my request?' said he to him, in a tone of happy confidence.

'What makes you so sure?' asked the banker with a smile.

'Why otherwise would you have called me back?' said Lafitte.

'Quick intellect, order, and economy!—you ought to make a good clerk,' was the cordial response of M. Perregaux. 'Go to the bank; I shall be there immediately, and set you to work.'

Such a mind as that of Jacques Lafitte could not long remain in a subordinate capacity. The Revolution broke out. At the time of the Assembly of Notables he was book keeper; then cash keeper; and in 1804, partner to M. Perregaux; and soon after, his successor and executor. In 1809 he was appointed director, and in 1814 president of the Bank of France, having been previously made president of the Chamber of Commerce, and judge of the Tribunal of Commerce for the Seine department, which in 1816 he was chosen to represent in the Chamber of Deputies. After the Revolution of July 1830, he filled some of the highest offices of the state. His whole career was honorable to himself and beneficial to others. Honorable to himself, for he was indebted, under Providential blessing, to his own talent and irreproachable conduct for his brilliant success; and useful to others, for he never lost an opportunity of doing good. His benefits are still fresh in the memory—the heart-memory—of many. A child of the people himself, he never forgot the first day he stood a suppliant in the anteroom of M. Perregaux; and never did a heavy heart, that he could relieve of its burden, return unsolaced.

He died on the 26th of March, 1844. Some short time before, he had sent for his grandchildren, the children of his only daughter, the Princess de la Moskawa; and having embraced them, and taken a tender leave of his wife and daughter, and son in law, he gently expired without a struggle or any apparent suffering.

From the Missionary Annual.
THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE

He rests not where the solemn yew
Bends o'er the marble tomb,
And death seems deadlier in the hue
Of still and sacred gloom.

He rests not where the holy pile
Repeats, through chancel dim,
And hollow vaults, and pillar'd aisle,
The slow resounding hymn.

He sleeps not where his fathers sleep
Amid the hazlet's graves;
Where chimes the dull brook, softly deep,
And long dark heather waves.

But where the sparkling southern isles
Midst pearl and coral lie,
He bore this earth's most earthless toils,
And laid him down to die.

The mildest tropic airs fan round
The palm that shades his rest,
And the richest verdure lines the ground
That presses on his breast.

And there the sun, through scented glooms
Slants his departing beam,
And the heron laves its azure plumes
In the bright adjacent stream.

And there the deep's low, rolling tone
Is heard when the stars are bright,
When the breeze is low, and men are gone
To the cradling dreams of night.

No dirge was breathed along the vale,
As his palless bier passed on;
No flowers were strewn, and the spicy gale
Had nought of sigh or moan.

No words were said, as dust to dust
They lower'd him from the day;
They rear'd above no sculptured bust,
And they coffin'd not his clay.

But conchs, and frantic howls, and yells
Ring through the twilight air;
And they cast their plumes and dazzling shells
Upon the matted bier.

Far had he come, with storm and care
His anxious soul had striven;
But can the spirit feel despair
Whose hopes know God and heaven?

O'er his fatherland another sky
Hung in the hours of sleep;
The strong winds of that shore rush'd high,
With a louder, stormier sweep.

But he loved his tranquil southern home—
He loved its musky breeze;
He loved its hills of feathery bloom,
And its thick, luxuriant trees.

He loved the fierce and swarthy men,
Though oft their dark, proud eyes
Flash'd, fire-like, in the murky glen,
At bloody revelries.

Lone had he come: no sword or target
Hung glittering at his side;
He spoke not of the rampant charge,
Of warfare loud and wide.

He had come to calm the lustful heart,
To stem the passions strong,
To teach a loftier, nobler part,
Than the fight, the feast, the song.

His tone was mild, his eye was calm,
As day by day he taught,
Beneath the dusky, shading palm,
The hope of holy thought.

Stern were those warriors—stern and proud—
But their pride relax'd to hear
The truths that from his warm heart glow'd
Fervent, but unsevere.

At length, on one mild, tranquil eve,
In the glittering moon of flowers,
His spirit took its last, long leave
Of these beloved bowers.

But, oh! he left the hope behind
That feels not blood or clay,
That asks no murmur from the wind,
No life-beam from the day.

And many an olive brow shall come,
And, bending o'er him, hear
His spirit ut'ring in the gloom
The voice of song and prayer.

From Hogg's Instructor.
REV. SAMUEL AYSCOUGH.

DR. AYSCOUGH one day, according to the rules of his office, as assistant librarian in the British Museum, London; attended through that grand magazine of curiosities a party of ladies and a gentleman, all of whom, except one lady, were disposed to be highly pleased with what they saw, and really would have been so, if this capricious fair one had not continually damped their gratification with such exclamations as these:—'Oh, trumpery! Come along! I see nothing worth looking at.'

This lady being the handsomest of the group, Mr A: (who, though an old bachelor, was a great admirer of beauty) at first fixed upon her as his temporary favourite, but soon had reason to transfer his particular attention to another, less handsome, but more amiable. On her continuing a similar strain of exclamations, uttered with correspondent looks and demeanour, he turned towards her and said, 'My sweet young lady, what pains you kindly take to prevent that fine face of yours from killing half the beaux in London?' and then directed his conversation, explanatory of the different objects before them, to the rest of the party.

So much influence, however, as she had over her companions, that, beaten as the round was to the doctor, she caused him to finish it considerably sooner than was either pleasant to his mind or convenient to the state and pouderosity of his body. While in the last room, just before he made his parting bow, addressing himself to her, with that savority of manner which was so peculiar to him, he smilingly said, 'Why, what a cross little puss you are! Nothing pleases you. Here are ten thousand curious and valuable things, brought at a vast expense from all parts of the world, and you turn up your nose at the whole of them. Do you think with these airs, that that pretty face will ever get you a husband? Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending ladies through these rooms, I regret being an old bachelor; for I see so many charming good tempered women, when I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with her company. But I can't fall in love with you, and I'll honestly tell you I shall pity the man that does; for I'm sure that you'll plague him out of his life.' During this singular valedictory speech (delivered with such pleasantry that even the reproved could not take offence at it), the gentleman who was of the party looked now at the speaker and then at the lady with considerable emotion, but said nothing; while she called up no small portion of lightening into a fine pair of dark eyes, and some transient flashes of it into her cheeks; and then, with her friends (who assiduously wished their candid *ciceroni* a good morning) withdrew.

Somewhat more than a year afterwards, on going the same round again, the doctor was particularly pleased with one lady of the party; and that one being the prettiest, he contrived according to his wonted custom (as a sailor would say) soon to near her. Respectfully inquisitive concerning every object which time allowed her to notice, she asked a number of questions; and, most willingly, he taught his lovely fair one all he knew; while, in the most engaging manner, she drew the attention of her friends to many curiosities which they would otherwise have passed by unobserved.

In short, as good Bishop Ranel says, she 'being disposed to be pleased with every thing, every thing conspired to please her.' Nor was less pleased her worthy & benevolent guide; who, while she was contemplating the rare beauties of nature, was contemplating not only the charms of her person but also those of her mind. At length, 'the wonders ended,' he was about to make his best bow, when the fascinating fair one, with an arch smile (looking him rather askew in the face asked him whether he remembered her?

'No, ma'am,' said he, 'but I shall not easily forget you.' Then, linking her arm in that of a gentleman who was of the party, she asked in the same engaging manner whether he remembered him? To which he replied, that he thought he did; but the gentleman looked better than when he saw him before.

'Now, sir,' said she, 'don't you recollect once, in this very room, giving a lady who was pleased with nothing and displeas'd with everything, a smart lecture for her caprice and ill-temper?'—'Yes ma'am, I do.'—'Well, sir, I am that lady; or, I should rather say, I was; for you have been the means, in the hands of Divine Providence, of making me a totally different being to what I then was; and I am now come to thank you for it. Your half-in-jest and half-in-earnest mode of reproof caused me to know myself and was of far more use than all that had been done before in correcting a spoiled temper.'

'After we had left you,' continued she, 'I said to myself, if I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends, especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me? You asked me, sir, if I expected ever to get a husband: I then had one—this gentleman—who was present at your just reproof: and I dare say he will join with me in thanking you for giving it so frankly and successfully.' The husband then cordially repeated his acknowledgments to him, for having been instrumental in contributing so largely to their mutual felicity: 'a felicity,' said he 'which (should anything lead you, sir, into the neighbourhood of—) you will gratify extremely both myself and my wife if you will call and witness.' Then leaving his address, and he and his lady shaking Dr A. by the hand, they departed. Here surely was a heroic triumph over temper; and as the wise king observes, 'greater does this sensible and candid woman seem, in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city.'

LITERARY CULTURE NEEDFUL TO THE WORKING MAN.

Let the working man have what aids him in his vocation by all means, but let him also have what diverts his mind from his toils, and raises it above them. Let his understanding be cultivated, but also his taste, his sentiments, and his language. But is there not culture for the understanding too, in following with interest a critical delineation of an author's characteristics, a sharp definition of that in which two great pleaders are unlike; in judging on the specimens offered how far the lecturer is justified in his conclusions? It will by and by be more generally known that man's utterances may be so profitable as his machinery. Again, not a few of the evils of our social condition arise from classes not understanding one another. Between the race that is educated by ease, by abundance, by books, and pictures, by mental labour, by anxieties about having 'leave to work,' by practical familiarity with the utilitarian properties of things—a great gulf is fixed. Each is a barbarian unto the other. Their thoughts and feelings, their very words are unlike. We must understand one another, we must confer on the common ground of common interest, we must learn to see through one medium, or we perish as a nation. One of the great mediators between us is literature. Let Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Wordsworth, intercede between the hosts; give us truly one mind and one speech, and what remains will be settled at least with a mutual intelligence; and this worst alien act, the want of a universal participation in the grandest of all national literatures, will be done away.—*Rev. J. A. Scott at the annual meeting of the Woolwich Mechanics' Institution.*

THE FIRST STRIKING CLOCK.

In the time of Alfred the great, the Persians imported into Europe a machine which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdallah, king of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem in the year 800. Among other presents, says Eginhart, was a horloge of brass wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the twelve hours an *clepsydram vertebatur*, with as many little brzen balls, which at the close of each hour, dropped down on a sort of bell underneath, and sounded the end of the hour. There were also twelve figures of horsemen, who, when the twelve hours were completed, issued out at twelve windows, which till then stood open, and returned again, shut the windows after them. It is to be remembered that Eginhart was an eye witness of what is here described; at that he was an architect, a skilful architect, and very learned in the sciences.—*Warton's dissertation on the introduction of learning in England.*

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

I never yet found pride in a noble nature nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guttleless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane, but in a bush—a humble, slender, abject bush. As if He would by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procreth love like humility; nothing hate like pride.—*Falton's Resolves.*