

and baton taken from him. The prince muttered a few words in the ear of a gentleman in waiting, when the agents of police were instantly dismissed, and the prisoners led into a room. 'Fear nothing,' said the prince to Philippe, as he left him alone, and entered a saloon. At last a footman in the royal livery opened the door of the room where Philippe sat, and said, 'Come, the king wishes to see you.' Philippe's limbs shook beneath him, as he was introduced into a magnificent saloon, where the old monarch was seated beside a little table, and the prince Julien, without his mask, stood before him. There was no other person in the room. The king appeared to contemplate the youth for some time with secret pleasure. At last he said, with a smile, 'Recount to me particularly, all that thou hast done to-night.' Philippe took courage from the affability of the king's manner, and confessed, without retaining a circumstance, all that passed. His Majesty burst into loud fits of laughter at some parts of the recital, and, asking the young night watchman several questions respecting his family, he took several pieces of gold from the table, and, presenting them to him, said, 'Go my son, and keep yourself tranquil. No evil shall befall you; but see that you say not a word of this to anyone. Go.' Philippe respectfully thanked the king, and when he rose from his knees to go, Julien detained him. 'I crave grace, from your majesty,' said he, 'to acquit myself towards the young man for the service he has rendered me. You merit punishment, my son, for your pretended amendment to me,' said the king, in a severe tone. 'The youth has taught your highness the dignity of virtue, and the power—the more than royal power—of justice. He glorified your mask—you debased his.' The Prince bent his head, and a blush overspread his cheeks at this rebuke. 'Listen, Philippe,' said he at last, raising his head, and looking calmly at the young gardener; 'I thank you, and I acknowledge to you the justice of my father's rebuke. What you have said in my name to the chamberlain, countess, marshal, minister of finance, duke and colonel, I shall confirm most willingly. You have merited to lose your place of watchman, however, for having quitted your post. To-morrow you shall be destitute, but I name you my chief gardener, and I make a present of the five hundred florins which you received from the marshal as a portion to your bride. Adieu, serve me as faithfully, and conduct yourself always as wisely as you have done to-night.'

Where was the man so happy as Philippe, when, on New Year's morning he bounded into the house of widow Rutner, and threw a purse full of gold upon the table? 'Behold thy wedding dowry, Rose,' cried he, 'and I have still five hundred florins more. To-morrow we shall go to live at the castle of Prince Julien, whose chief gardener I now am. My father and mother shall go with us, and I shall take care of you all. May God give to every one as happy a new year as I have.'

Widow Rutner could neither believe her eyes nor her ears; and Philippe was constrained to repeat his adventure twenty times to the wondering dame. Rose could only weep and laugh, and look at the purse and then at Philippe, and then weep and laugh again; and then she set off to weep and laugh afresh with old Gottlieb and Margaret. They spent a happy new year's day together; and a fortnight after Rose became the wife of Philippe.

It is said that the prince was henceforth cured of his follies, and that the minister of finance alone had to deplore the 'Night of Saint Sylvestre.' Virtue is the crown of true glory. Folly demeans a king.

A WISE FOOL.

When the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Loughborough, to be examined upon an application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him: 'How many legs has a sheep?'—'Dress your Lordship mean,' answered Bradford, 'a live sheep or a dead one?' 'Is it not the same thing?' said the Chancellor. 'No, my Lord,' said Lord Bradford, 'there is much difference; a live sheep has four, a dead one but two—there are but two legs of mutton, the others are shoulders.'

From the Hull Packet.

AN ORIGINAL COOK.

A few days ago, an instance of rural simplicity occurred at this town, which was no little amusing. A servant girl was ordered by her master to boil some asparagus for dinner. The asparagus, it appears, was lying on the table, close to a mariner's compass, which, of course was in a glass case; and instead of putting the vegetables into the pan, the silly lass put in the compass, intending to let it boil till it was ready for dinner. Fortunately the pan was not large enough to admit of the compass being put down so as to be thoroughly immersed in the water, and the circumstance was immediately discovered before it had become completely destroyed.

THE DRIPPING CAVE.

On the shore of Fearn Bay, on the estate of Applecross, is one of the most magnificent caves in the Highlands. It extends far into the rock, is rather lofty, and as smooth as if hewn with the finest chisel. The rock appears composed of the finest sandstone, and although there is not even the appearance of damp in its vicinity, yet in the interior there is a continual and heavy shower of chalybeate mineral water, which has fallen so long that the rock is deeply indented with its marks.

THE PAST.

VERSES TO A FRIEND.

No, no, I cannot bear it,—speak not thus!
In thoughts like these my spirit has no part.
Let not the shadow of the world o'er us
A deadly influence shed! Strengthen my heart
With holy aspirations, words of power,
Such as have soothed me many a painful hour.
Wildly my brain is throbbing with a sense
Of the disquietude of life; my soul
Tremblingly feels its naive impotence,
And round me here the world's loud tumult
Trouble and joy, in strange misunion blend:
Soothe thou my thoughts, revive my strength
O'er-spent!

My ear is thirsting for an earnest tone,
A voice from some deep heart. Oh, speak
to me

Of deathless things; let me not see alone
Life's frothy surface; let me soar with thee
To something stronger, calmer, holier far
Than this pale joy and trivial gladness are!

Yea, like the summer rain upon the sea;
Like the deep rest that follows weary toil;
Like the cool shadow of an ancient tree
Flung far, at eve, across the parched soil;
Like the low whisper of a reedy stream
Heard through the visions of a fever dream;

So on my soul shall fall thy words. Call back,
Spite of the stir and turmoil of the crowd,
Some of the calm that blest our early track:

Let us not be as those whose hearts have bowed
From the high purpose of their youth; but still
Tread we our path with firm, unshaken will.

Oh, but for one, one hour of that old time!
Oh, for the gnarled oaks in their leafy pride!
Oh, for the whispers of the blossomed lime,
The roses shining o'er the fair hill side!
Oh, for the singing of the evening breeze
In the dark beauty of our old pine trees!

Oh, for the grassy paths among the fern,
Winding away to silent forest glades,
Where the wild cry of solitary heron
Ringeth at times adown the startled shades!
Oh! but beneath the stars, to stand once more,
Where the sweet night-birds sang so loud of yore!

Oh, once again beside the forest-pool,
Where pearly blossoms on the water sleep,
And, 'neath the beechen boughs, when day
grows cool,
The herds of antlered deer in gladness leap,
To build up visions in the sunny air,
Less bright than all that really blest us there!

Thank God! these longings are not all in vain;
We can return in spirit there, and feel,
Across the weary heart and heated brain,
Beauty, and peace, and joy, and comfort steal.
Back to those haunts let our hushed spirits glide:

The Past is still our own, whate'er betide.

Then to these altered scenes we turn at last,
Refreshed and cheered; nor shall the stir of life

Have power to drown that music of the Past
To which our hearts keep time: the wildest strife

Of the world's troublous ocean shall not quell
The faith and hope that in our bosoms dwell.

And, looking upward to the far-off sky

"That bendeth over all," our souls shall cling
To the bright promise of futurity;

And, mounting ever with unflagging wing,
Pause not, till sweetly o'er the strife below,
Sounds the eternal river's changeless flow.

From the Albany Argus.

A MAN FROM CALIFORNIA.

Dan Marble was in Boston the other day, and strolling along the wharves, when he met with a tall, gaunt looking figure, whose sun burnt countenance and tattered parti-colored garments, originally of the most outlandish fashion, had that picturesqueness about them, derived only from long continued exposure to the atmosphere which fancy sketchers delight to present on canvass.

Dan, who never permits the lack of an introduction to interfere when he desires to form an acquaintance, hailed the stranger—

'Hallo, my friend, where are you from?'

'Jes' from Calerforny, stranger.'

'Ah, indeed! and you can tell us then whether it's all true about that gold?' somewhat anxiously interrogated Dan in reply.

'Tyes as you live, and a darned sight more—for no man out of Calerforny really does live.'

'Then why did you come back?'

'Back? why, to get my family. Fact is, stranger, a man gets so powerful rich that he becomes covetous of himself, and if he aint very kearnful, will cut his own throat to rob himself. The root all evil, you know--

there's a leetle too much of it, and I left for a while, partly on that account.'

'Oh! you did, eh?'

'Yes; and between you and me, that's the only way a man can die in that blessed land.'

'Healthy climate, I suppose?'

'Healthy! it aint anything else. Why, stranger, you choose there any climate you like, hot or cold, and that without travelling more than fifteen minutes. Jes' think o' that the next cold mornin' when you get out o' bed. There's a mountain there—the Sawyer Navaday they call it—with a valley on each side of it, the one hot, and the t'other cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double-barrelled gun, and you can, without mevin', kill either summer or winter game, just as you will.'

'What! have you ever tried it?'

'Tried it? often; and should have done pretty well but for one thing.'

'Well, what was that?'

'I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze off his tail while pintin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see. Trew as you live!'

Marble sloped.

From Hogg's Instructor.

PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.

THE MINISTERIAL BENCH.

Continued.

The only member of the cabinet in the lower house remaining to be noticed is the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Francis Thornhill Baring. This gentleman is descended from one of the merchant princes of England, and is, in fact, the head of the family of Baring, of which Lord Ashburton is only a younger branch. The rise of the family may be adverted to here, not only as interesting in itself, but as illustrating the admirable constitution of this country, where the highest position is not inaccessible to the humblest citizen. The grandfather of the present representatives of the house was the first to establish the business, embarking largely in the American trade. His fortune accumulated so rapidly that his eldest son was enabled to retire from the firm altogether to his estate in Hampshire, and to assume the position of a country gentleman. The business was then conducted by the second son, the late Alexander Baring, who, by his skill, industry, and enterprise, carried the fortunes of the mercantile house to an extent which his father, fortunate as he had been, never dreamed of; and he, in his turn, retired with a fortune larger than his elder brother and a superior position in society, having gained for himself a peerage (that of Lord Ashburton), as well as a landed estate. These two brothers are now dead. The peer was succeeded in his title by his son. The subject of the present sketch is descended from the eldest son; and now a second son of the elder branch, Mr Thomas Baring, M. P. for Huntingdon, has succeeded to the business of the old mercantile firm, and is likely to preserve it as extensive and as enterprising as any of his predecessors—Mr Baring taking rank as one of the first, if not the very first merchant in London.

Sir Francis Baring is probably upwards of 50 years of age, about the middle size, inclined to corpulency, with a broad and sagacious head, somewhat inclined to heaviness. He takes comparatively little interest in the business of the house; and it is probable that his want of personal ambition has disqualified him from taking that position which his talents fit him for. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Melbourne's ministry for the last two years of its existence; and it was of him Sir Robert Peel used the witticism, rare for the honorable baronet, of a Chancellor of the Exchequer sitting on the bank of a stream fishing for a budget; but though his budget of 1840, when he was new to office, was a failure, yet in 1841 he proposed the celebrated fixed duty on corn, which was lost through the opposition of the Protectionists. Since then Sir Francis has taken little part in politics. He refused to resume his old office of Chancellor in 1846, as his father was then in the last stage of mortal decay, and died a few months afterwards; and it was not till the death of the Earl of Auckland, at the beginning of this year, that he again returned to the Whig Cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty.

There is much in Sir Francis Baring's physiognomy that reminds one of the pictures of Charles James Fox; and in some respects the qualities of their minds are alike. We have already adverted to his ample and massive head, broad almost to heaviness, which is the peculiar Fox characteristic. In his speaking, too, he resembles the traditionary reminiscences of Fox, in so far that he begins his addresses with great awkwardness and much painful effort. Sir Francis commences with an idea, which he tugs and tugs at repeatedly, till he finds that all attempts to develop it in that mode are hopeless. He then gives it up, tries it another way, and sometimes with no better success; but all the time the attentive auditor is convinced that the hesitation arises from the abundance and the largeness of the thought rather than its poverty, and accordingly, when it does come, the listeners are richly rewarded. This, however, is only at the beginning; as he warms on his subject he proceeds with more fluency, and flings out on every hand thoughts of great weight and breadth, so that, with the single exception, perhaps, of Sir James Graham, there is not a more impressive speaker in the house, using that epithet as distinct from mere eloquence. But the fiery vehemence which formed so predominant a feature in the mind of Fox is here altogether wanting. Sir Francis is never fervid, though he is always earnest—he never ascends into the lofty regions

of vehement denunciation—his style is quite and level, and owes all its weight to the gravity of the thoughts of which it is the vehicle, reminding one in this respect of some of our old and grave divines. How he will comport himself in his new office remains yet to be proved; but when out of official trammels, though no one doubted the steadiness of his attachment to his Whig friends, yet the honesty and the candor of his nature often led him to warn them of the consequences, when he thought them pursuing a dangerous course. Thus, when, in 1848, the government proposed to increase the income tax, there was no speech which had more effect in giving consistency to the opposition, and in deterring the government from pursuing their intentions, than that which was delivered by their friend and ally, Sir Francis Baring. The gain to Lord John Russell's cabinet from his accession to office must be considerable; abounding, as we believe it does, with honest and well-meaning men, there is no man among them at once more honest and more sagacious than Sir Francis Thornhill Baring.

LAWYER AND WITNESS.

There is a noted criminal lawyer—and by this term we mean a lawyer in a criminal court—who, in almost every case which comes under his charge, puts the following questions to witnesses at the closing of his cross examination:—

'Hem—Witness, were you ever in the State Prison?'

Of course the almost invariable reply, amidst the astonishment of the embarrassed witness, is 'No, sir.'

'You can step down,' continues the lawyer, without a syllable in explanation, and the jury-men stare at the witness as he moves away, while the counsel pauses, and utters an expressive 'ahem!' as much as to say, 'gentlemen of the jury, you can judge of this fellow's character for veracity; I say nothing—I don't—I couldn't prove it readily; you may believe as much as you like!'

Occasionally, however, the learned counsel alluded to meets with his match. Not long ago, he ran foul of a 'knotty customer,' whom he sifted thoroughly to the end of his final stereotyped question—'Ahem! were you ever in the State Prison?' when, to the Attorney's evident surprise, the witness replied in a subdued tone—

'Yes, sir?'

'Ah! I thought so,' continued the counsel, 'I thought so. Gentlemen, will you please give your attention to the witness. You have been in the State Prison, then?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the other, meekly.

'And how long since?'

'About two years ago, sir.'

'Two years ago. Gentlemen, you will please bear in mind, this witness, by his own voluntary confession, admits that he was in the State Prison.'

'Yes, sir.'

'His memory, as I have already taken pains to impress upon your minds, gentlemen, is most extraordinary; as you think proper in a man's testimony who has been an inmate of the State Prison.'

'How long were you there, witness?'

'About an hour, sir.'

'Eh!—Ahem!—How long?'

'I was there, sir, about an hour, on a visit of curiosity, to examine the prison, and I very well remember seeing you there, at the time, and took you to be a convict!'

'Ahem!—you can step down, sir!' said the discomfited Attorney, and though the above uncourteous reply might almost have been construed into a contempt of court, yet, in this case, a smile pervaded the faces of Judge and Jury, and the witness 'respectfully retired.'

From Payton's Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic.

PERILOUS ROAD.

*** We now began the ascent of the celebrated ladder to Cattaro, to which the ladder of Tyre is but a joke, being the most remarkable road I ever ascended. The Velle-bitch is a curious road for carriages; but to ascend a face of rock four thousand feet high, and very little out of the perpendicular, was certainly a trial to the nerves. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we pass one tower of the fortress after another, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balcony; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstate description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures on the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specks that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a ridicule to whomsoever ascends this road. When standing on the quay of Cattaro, how high and gloom-engendering seem those mountains on the other side of the gulf, as seen from below. I now look down upon their crests, and dilate sight and sense by casting my eye beyond them upon the wide blue sheet of the Adriatic, the height of the line where sky meets sea showing how loftily I am placed. My hired nag was none of the best, and I complained of not being able to keep up with the officer; but the dirty savage with the long locks, who walked by my side, told me in a brutal, sarcastic sort of way, that 'as I had paid the zwanzigers, I had only to hew them out of the horse again;' and, suiting the action to the word, with an inharmonious wheezing laugh, he gave the nag such a jog with his rifle that I cast a nervous glance over the parapet to the roofs of Cattaro. Happily there