

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

LIFE'S OUTLINE.

BY OWEN HOWELL.

At the dawning of the morning,
All the day seems flushed with light;
But the morning brings the evening,
And the evening brings the night.

Spring and Summer lead to Winter,
And the present brings the past:
So doth childhood merge in manhood—
So life leads to death at last!

In the Spring time of our life-time,
Dreams of pleasure banished care;
We were welcome in the circles
Where the young and foolish were.

All our days were passed in laughing
At the wisdom of the wise;
Or with woman clothed in beauty,
With the love-light in her eyes,

Soon we sat of laughter—
Soon we surfeited of love;
Solemn hints and dark conclusions
In our hearts began to move.

Threat'ning voices seemed to mutter
Warnings that the boldest quell;
Doubt—despair—and desperation
Flashed like fire-sparks from a hell!

There were other—kinder voices,
Breathing words that angels would
To the broken-hearted whisper,
If they might, or if they could.

We encountered many sorrows—
Death took those we loved away:
We lived on—bereaved, and weeping
Night by night and day by day.

"All our hopes," we said, "have perished,
For the past is full of tears:
We are weary of the present,
And we dread the future years!"

Growing wiser, we reflected—
Death and sorrow were our doom:
All the coming generations
Press upon us for our room!

Though the midnight follows twilight,
Yet the morning follows too:
Evils are no longer evils
When they have been struggled through.

Short, at longest, is life's journey—
If we have to run a mile,
Though fatiguing, it is over
In a very little while.

And while dwelling with the living
There are great things to be done—
Blessings breathed on us by others!
Knowledge! heaven! to be won.

Love and Beauty are around us,
Friendship, Hope, enduring Faith:
The creation glows with beauty—
Beautiful are Life and Death!

Death! thou solver of Life's marvel!
He who looks upon thee sees
Boundless hopes, and fears as boundless—
Awful possibilities!

From the London People's Journal.

THE YANKEE PEDLER.

BY COLONEL JOHNSON.

I said a long time ago that Ralph Brown had been a member of that association while a merchant's clerk. Let me here add that, being highly musical from childhood, he excelled in that charming art, and was distinguished on the pianoforte even at the Handel and Haydn; and seven years' subsequent travel in all parts of the Union, and his being much in ladies' drawing rooms with his tempting goods, and his often touching the instrument when there, had qualified him to be a most accomplished performer at the time he listened to Laura.

Her song was chaste, and all very well; and at its close, as matter of course, both Major and Madam Carroll looked at the Yankee pedler should be delighted, if not astonished at what he had heard. It was rather cold comfort to these partial judges to hear the silence succeeding the air, thus broken by the pedler—

"Thank ye, Miss—though your pianny is deucedly out of tune."

The major frowned, Madam Carroll kindled with indignation; but Laura, more just to the criticism, while blushing deeply, replied—

"You are right, sir. My tuner has not been here for two years; and I would give anything to have the instrument put in tune."

Ralph was at once upon his feet; and, going towards the door, said, "I rather guess I can do it for ye, Miss," and left the room for the large box in the hall. He returned in a trice, with his hands full of tuning instruments, reeds, wires, and catguts, as if he had done nothing but tune pianofortes through life.

Without the least ceremony, or asking leave of any one, he threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves to the elbow, and in five minutes had Laura's instrument scattered in fragments about the floor.

"In heaven's name," exclaimed the major,

"are you mad, Mr Brown? No tuner we have ever had here has taken the instrument all to pieces in this fashion. I fear you will ruin it."

"Now do be quiet, major, and take it easy like," coolly replied the pedler; "the subject is very sick, and I must go to the bowels of the complaint. These tinkers you have down here south, major, only know the outside of things, you see. I'm a real penetrator, you'll find, when you come to know me better, major."

So saying, the pedler plied his fingers and thumbs, winding and screwing his key as he whistled Yankee-doodle in unison with his artistic notions. When he had thus regulated the bowels of the thing, the disrupted parts all came together like clock-work at his lightest touch; and as he drew his fingers from end to end across the keys, a *connoisseur* might perceive that a master had touched the instrument that just before was all in pieces.

"Now, miss," said the pedler, "you'll make the thing talk, I reckon, since I've put a little human nature into it."

Laura apologised; she begged to be excused; asked the favor of an overture or other piece from the tuner. The major and lady joined in the request.

"Well, Miss," said Ralph, "tis tarnation strange—somehow rather, but so it is—I can't deny you anything, you ask me; so, if you've some notes I'll touch a bar or two."

Laura brought her notes: the quick eye of Ralph scanned them as readily as he would detect damaged goods or counterfeit bank notes, throwing them down one after another till they were through, and then adding, "How these tramping rogues put the leak into you dons when they come down here south with their paltry dash! These here notes, major, are not worth a wooden nutmeg."

This was felt to the quick by parents and child; for Laura had been practising with these notes for years.

Ralph again went to his big box in the hall; and, placing back his tools, and returning with his hands full of the choicest music from the great masters of Germany and Italy, he spread out one of the sheets before him as he took his seat at the instrument. It was a piece of great power and almost magic conception. Even the fingers of the performer seemed to catch inspiration from the mighty genius of the composer. The whole nervous system of Ralph Brown was in unison with the melody; and his thrilling voice thrown in and mingling with the fine tones of the instrument while essaying the most impassioned sentences of the piece, made such music in Major Carroll's drawing room as had never been heard in Virginia until that hour.

Laura was overwhelmed in tears; while the fixed and astonished gaze of the major and his lady testified their delight.

The quick eye of the performer perceived at once that the desired effect had been produced on the auditors. Rising to his feet, he shut up the piano, carelessly saying—

"I guess she can be made to talk now, by help of an interpreter."

Falling again into chit-chat, he told over some of the amusing incidents of his travels, to the delight of the family, till approaching bed-time, when the major drew out his watch to note the hour. The watch had stopped.

"I wonder what ails my watch?" cried the major; "it has stopped every evening for these three weeks!"

"Shall I look at its insides?" quoth the pedler, reaching out his hand to take the watch. On opening it he touched a wheel, setting it in motion, as he held it to his ear. "Major!" he exclaimed, "you are forein! this here critter to work with a heavy load on its back! Here, Miss, will you accept the gift of this here miss? There are fifty pieces in all, and the poorest of 'em will make yourn bluish beside 'em." Thus saying, he left the room, with a candle in one hand and the watch in the other. He soon returned, with a handful of watchmaker's tools; and without ceremony he scattered the major's watch in fragments as he had done the piano.

"What are you at, man?" cried the major; "you'll ruin my watch. The best repairs in Richmond say the mechanism of this watch is so intricate and delicate they dare not tamper with it!"

"Footer, major, I calculate I can navigate the entrails of a watch, as well as I can shoe a horse, put a new spring to my watch, or doctor sick piannies. We travellers have to turn our hands to all the ailments of creation, else we should get into many an awkward scrape and stick fast in the mud. This here feather spring is confoundedly out of gear, I reckon; and this verge don't navigate the best, anyhow."

Thus dividing his time between talking to himself and whistling Yankee-doodle, as before, he put the watch into perfect repair, touched it with a little new oil, and brought the parts together with the dexterity of a first rate machinist.

"There, major, keep her shet, and reg'lar wound, and I'll warrant her travels for five years to come, without overhauling. It's my bed time, major, and if the black will show me up, I'll bid you all good night."

It was now 1834. Two years previously the Asiatic cholera had raged over the country, filling many new graves, and making many homes desolate. Major Carroll's family and slaves had then escaped the scourge. But now, in August 1834, the fatal malady had re-appeared; and just as the pedler was going to his bed, a loud rap came to the outer door. It was caused by a negro in great terror, with teeth chattering, and his eyes and ears distended, he notified massa-major that Sambo, the old fiddling overseer, was rolling, and writhing, and crying in great agony.

"It is the cholera," said Madam Carroll; "I heard it had appeared on the neighboring estate, where Sambo went yester-eve to fiddle for a dance."

The pedler was arrested in his course to bed, and he and the major were soon at the hut of the sufferer. Madam and Laura soon after followed.

"Oh, golly, golly, I die! neber feel 'im so, Oh, sabe, massa, dear me, oh, sabe 'im!" cried Sambo, as the visitants entered the shop.

Brown saw the case was cholera. He had been in the midst of it in 1832, and knew as much about the needed remedy as did the London Board of Health—perhaps more. He left the shed, and repaired once more to his well-filled box in the major's hall. On his return, he carefully measured out a table-spoonful of pulverised rock-salt, a tea-spoonful of Cayenne paper, and twenty drops of laudanum. These he placed in a large tumbler, pouring half a pint of warm water over the compound. Giving it a good stir with his pencil-case, he said to the patient:—

"Here, nigger, shut your eyes, open your swallow wide, and keep a stiff upper lip, while ye pour this here down ye."

The negro obeyed, draining the harsh liquid to the dregs.

"Now, don't a drop of it up, blackee," cried the leech, as the sufferer was retching; "it will soon make ye'r inwards as hot as a tinker's ladle; then, I defy ye to get rid of it till it does the job for ye."

The pedler was right. The perspiration soon began to pour in showers from the sable brow of Sambo, forced out by the raging fire kindled within. The patient soon fell into a quiet doze; and by the next day, though severely shaken by the draught, he was free from pain and out of danger. The pedler gave him some soothing febrifuges, and proposed to be off to another estate. This the major resolutely opposed, entreating Brown, for the sake of humanity, to stay a day or two longer, to watch the disease among the stock of the farm. Little did the major reflect that the fatal shaft might be aimed at an object lying nearer his heart than the slaves of his homely sheds.

The next day the rich southern planter and the Yankee pedler were seen riding out together, side by side, over the forest domains, equipped for game; and as Ralph was a first-rate shot, and the major not slow, they returned with lots of game. But what was the revulsion that came over the spirits of the buoyant sportsmen on learning that Madam Carroll had been seized with the cholera during their absence!

"The blacks might be turned over to the pedler when seized with the malady; but it would not do to try his nostrums on the family." So reasoned the major, and forthwith despatched two faithful domestics on horseback to the nearest physicians. The doctors came, but the disease mocked their skill; and despite calomel, opium, camphor, &c., Madam Carroll was in the collapsed state ere the light of another morning.

After the doctors had given over in despair, and retired from the bed of the dying, the pedler was called in as a forlorn hope. He looked at the sufferer, and the agonised daughter sobbing at her feet, and hastily withdrew from the room. The major followed.

"No use, major," said the pedler, in solemn accents, "to disturb the ashes of the dead. Death has fixed its seal on the partner of your joys and sorrows. Eight hours ago I might have warded off his stroke; but eight hours in Asiatic cholera, major, is a fearful gap."

The major was called back into the room. His lady felt that the last tide of life was fast ebbing out. She desired prayers and spiritual consolation in the trying hour. No clergyman was within seven miles, and ere one could be brought, death would have entered the mansion. Ralph Brown was taken into council. He said when at home in Boston he was leader of a Sunday school, and an elder in the Congregational church, and could not refuse his prayers to the request of the dying.

He put up a devout and solemn petition at the bed side. No Methodist class-leader could have done it better; and soon thereafter the expiring saint raised her trembling hand toward heaven, in token of victory over death, and "fell asleep in Jesus."

After the solemnities of the funeral were past, Laura Carroll, who had incessantly watched over her beloved parent, was the next shining mark aimed at by the king of terrors. She was lain prostrate on her couch, under the premonitory symptoms of the fatal pestilence. The major's heart was wrung with anguish for the past, and with fearful apprehensions for the future. He was about to despatch messengers as before for the medical men. Ralph Brown was evidently uneasy, and he thus unbosomed himself to the afflicted father:—

"I say, major, I've seen more of cholera than your M. D.'s down here south. I noted their practice in the late mortal case. If you commit Laura to their hands, you will be childless, major, as well as a widower."

The major paused—was in great agitation—reflected anxiously. At length he said, "I resign the treasure of my heart to you, Mr Brown; and I pray the Almighty to bless the means you may employ for her recovery."

The pedler solemnly responded, "Amen!"

The severe medicines used in Sambo's case was administered to the suffering young lady. Ralph watched the effects with trembling anxiety. The attack was a fearful one, and for a time the symptoms were alarming; but at the end of four hours after the dose the pedler, with hope and joy beaming on his countenance, announced to the anxious father that his daughter was out of danger. But the

fragile constitution of Laura had been so shaken by the violence of the attack, or the drug, or both, that it required skilful nursing to bring her up to health. This was pleasing employment to the young man; and his kind and considerate attentions had their due effect upon the sensitive and sincere heart of Miss Carroll. It was the first time in her life the thought had ever crossed her mind that she might possibly unite her fortunes with a 'Yankee Pedler.'

Laura was scarcely out of danger, when the fearful scourge was sweeping over the plantation in its fury; and for pity's sake the traveller delayed his departure, that the power of salt and pepper might be arrayed against the cholera. He went from shantee to shantee, by night and by day, as sole physician of the estate, since the major would not entrust the shabbiest of his stock to the regular faculty. And it must be said in favor of salt and pepper, that not a single death occurred where the compound was administered in due time. Not a slave holder in Virginia escaped with so little loss among his dark cattle as did Major Carroll. But the time at length arrived when Ralph Brown would stay no longer. Laura was evidently distressed at his departure. Her cheeks were suffused and her long dark eye-lashes wet with tears, when she reached out her pale slim hand, all tremulous from a heart in commotion, to bid him farewell. Ralph felt the gentle tremor like electricity through his frame; but both were silent.

The major followed the pedler into the hall, and said, "I know not how to express my gratitude, Mr Brown."

"Never mind, major," interrupted Ralph—"no soft sawder. Here, I want to leave a draught of two thousand dollars with you on Richmond Bank. If the baker turns out bad, and you want to use the trifle, go it, major."

Thus saying, he was in his waggon-seat, and his horse in full motion up the avenue in a trice, while the major's heart was well nigh bursting with suppressed gratitude.

Time rolled on. Tobacco was a failure and Major Carroll having eight hundred human beings on his hands to support, required the bank-check; and was after all a melancholy man, at loss of his companion, and the untoward circumstances attending him. Laura, on the contrary, gathered health and freshness from hope, which blooms immortal in the human breast; besides, Ralph Brown's new music awoke in her joyous soul new aspirations, new gratifications, and an inspiring emulation to show him on his return that she had breathed over every sweet note he had left behind. It need scarcely be said that such employment, spurred on by such a motive, made the hours pass lightly, while it greatly improved Laura Carroll in the art of music.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

It is proposed in the following article to give the reader some idea of one of the greatest and most extensive scientific works going on at the present time in this country—namely, the examination of the phenomenon of the earth's magnetism; but before doing so, it will be necessary to make a few prefatory observations respecting magnetism generally.

The attractive power of the natural magnet or loadstone over fragments of iron seems to have been known from the remotest antiquity. It is distinctly referred to by ancient writers, and Pliny mentions a chain of iron rings suspended from one another, the first being upheld by a loadstone. It is singular that although the common properties of the loadstone were known, and even studied during the dark ages, its directive power, or that of a needle touched or rubbed by it, seems to be the discovery of modern times, notwithstanding the claims of the Chinese and Arabians to an early acquaintance with this peculiarity.

There is no doubt that the Mariner's Compass was known in the twelfth century, for several authors of that period make special allusion to it; but centuries elapsed before its variation from pointing precisely to the poles became noticed. If a magnet be suspended by a thread, in such a manner as to enable it to move freely, it will, when all other magnetic bodies are entirely removed from it, settle in a fixed position, which, in this country is about 25° to the west of north; this deviation of the needle from the north is called its variation. Again, if, in place of suspending a magnetised needle, making it move horizontally on a pivot, we balance it upon a horizontal axis, as the beam of a pair of scales, we shall find that it no longer remains horizontal, but that one end will incline downwards, or, as it is called, *dip*, and this dip or inclination from a horizontal line is about 70° in this country.

Thus we are presented with two distinct magnetical phenomena:—1. the variation or declination of the needle; 2. its dip or inclination; and to these we may add the intensity or force which draws the needle from pointing to the north, and which varies in different latitudes. These phenomena constitute what has been called Terrestrial Magnetism.

Recent writers, and among them the great philosopher Humboldt, have shewn that in all probability the declination or variation of the magnet was known as early as the twelfth century; but this important discovery has been generally ascribed to Christopher Columbus.

His son Ferdinand states that on the 14th September, 1492, his father, when about 200