

the morning, he bounced out of bed; when to his horror and amazement, the key had fallen out, the door stood on the jar, and his bales of goods, money and all had disappeared. He rung his bell with tremor and haste. The negro ran to his call, learned the disaster, and hastened to communicate it to massa and young mistress. They soon joined Ralph Brown in the parlor. He was walking the floor in unusual agitation. Laura was in great distress at the loss—felt it as if it had been her own. The major appeared thoughtful, but at length said—

'Make yourself perfectly easy, Mr Brown: I am responsible for all losses sustained by my guests while at my house; and if the robber cannot be traced out, and the goods restored, my purse shall make the loss good to the last farthing.'

'That will not satisfy me, major,' said Ralph. 'We must leave no stone unturned to ferret out this devilment.'

The parties made a hasty breakfast, and were soon on horseback to scour over the estate, thinking some tokens of the goods might turn up among the negroes. Nothing of the kind, however, appeared; and not a blush was seen on the sable cheeks of the stock. The major at length rode on to Charlottesville, to consult his lawyer on so grave an emergency, while Ralph was left to watch the movements on the estate. On the major's return, it was dark—no clue to the robbery had been obtained, and Ralph's uneasiness was not allayed. While at tea the Major thus addressed Ralph—

'Well, Mr Brown, you must not be held in suspense: just tell me the value of the goods you have lost.'

'Major,' replied Ralph, 'it was not the goods alone, but all my money was in one of the bales.'

'Unfortunate!' responded both father and daughter.

'Well,' resumed the major, 'what is the total amount of the loss, including goods and cash?'

'About fifteen thousand dollars,' replied Ralph.

Laura almost fell into fainting fits at the fearful amount of loss. The Major, more calm, replied—

'Well, I supposed it would have been about that figure, and so I have provided for it. Here is a mortgage for twenty thousand dollars, I have got executed to day, and secured on five thousand acres, the east half of my farm, worth as you know one hundred thousand dollars at least, and unencumbered; and I have to beg that you will relinquish peddling, take possession of my estate, and manage it as your own; for I can do nothing with the negroes and land.'

The pedler made no reply—drank his tea in thoughtful mood; but before bed time he was side by side with Laura, performing a duet, at the piano.

Within six weeks from this event, Laura Carroll was Laura Carroll no more. She was Mistress Ralph Brown! and the Major released his equity of redemption on the mortgage, making his son in law proprietor in fee of half of his estate, as a wedding present. The new married pair took a week's outing to Richmond in the Major's best coach. On their return home their sleeping room was the very one where the pedler's great disaster had so recently occurred. Despite this, the happy pair slept soundly till the morning; when rousing up, strange to tell, the key lay on the floor, the door stood ajar as previously, and lo! there stood the bales of goods apparently untouched. Ralph ran to the one where he had placed the money, and every silver of it was in its place, just as he had left it six weeks before.

'Ah! the major drew the wool over my eyes for once,' exclaimed Ralph, 'and has now let the illumination into me, and no mistake; but thank God, Laura, you and I have won the stakes after all.'

Laura blushed and smiled as a sweet bride should ever do.

Three years after the marriage I visited Major Carroll for the last time. A surprising change had come over the place. The mansion had been fitted up, the court yard enlarged, ornamented and beautified with gravel walks, trees, flowering shrubs and flowers. The roses bloomed more freshly, and the birds sang more sweetly around the spot than formerly. Thirty New England farmers had been imported, and had put the land under high cultivation—the negroes having been emancipated, and by their own choice placed themselves as hired servants on the estate. Green grass and waving grain clothed the surface where late sterility prevailed; and lowing herds and bleating sheep sported over the extensive pastures. Chapels for religious service, and a dozen school houses for the instruction of the young Africans, had sprung up as by enchantment. A large temperance society had been formed among the negroes; and almost to a man of them had become members. The songs of the sable maids and swains were cheerful and merry, as they carolled o'er the lea at early dawn, and evening close. Even the fiddle of old Sambo seemed to have got a new string, as he played to the light hearted dancers on the green, under a Virginia sky and by moonlight.

While standing beside the major, admiring this transformation, I said to him—'None but a rare genius and a practical operator combined could have produced what I see.'

'Aye, right,' replied the major, 'the genius and the operator are no other than Ralph Brown, the YANKEE PEDLER.'

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.  
**TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.**

No further steps were taken to ascertain

the magnetism of the earth until the close of the last century, when the French government undertook the first comprehensive experimental inquiry on the subject. When the exploring expedition of La Perouse was organized, the French Academy of Sciences prepared instructions for the expedition, containing a recommendation that observations with the dipping needle should be made at stations widely remote, as a test of the equality or difference of the magnetic intensity; suggesting also, with a sagacity anticipating the result that such observations should particularly be made at those parts of the earth where the dip was greatest, and where it was least. The experiments, whatever their results may have been, which in compliance with this recommendation, were made in the expedition of La Perouse, perished in its general catastrophe, neither ships nor navigators having ever been heard of: but the instructions survived.

Our knowledge of the laws of magnetism was not increased until 1811, when on the occasion of a prize proposed by the Royal Danish Academy, M. Hansteen, whose attention had been for many years turned to magnetic phenomena, undertook its re-examination. With indefatigable labor M. Hansteen traced back the history of the subject, and filled up the interval from Halley's time, and even from an earlier epoch (1600). The results appeared in his very remarkable and celebrated work, published in 1819, entitled; 'Upon the Magnetism of the Earth,' in which he clearly demonstrates, by a great number of facts, the fluctuation which the magnetic element has undergone during the last two centuries, confirming in great detail the position of Halley—that the whole magnetical system is in motion; that the moving force is very great, extending its effects from pole to pole; and that its motion is not sudden, but gradual and regular.

In the magnetic atlas which accompanies M. Hansteen's work there is a variation chart for 1757, showing the magnetic force at that period. In this chart the western line of no variation, or that which passes through all places on the globe when the needle points to the true north, begins in latitude 60 deg. to the west of Hudson's Bay; proceeds in a south-east direction through the North American Lakes, passes the Antilles and Cape St. Roque, till it reaches the South Atlantic Ocean, when it cuts the meridian of Greenwich in about 65 deg. of south latitude. This line of no variation is extremely regular, being almost straight till it bends round the eastern part of South America a little south of the equator. The eastern line of no variation is exceedingly irregular, being full of curves and contortions of the most extraordinary kind, indicating plainly the action of local magnetic forces. It begins in latitude 60 deg. south, below New Holland; crosses that island through its centre; extends through the Indian Archipelago with a double sinuosity, so as to cross the equator three times—first passing north of it to the east of Borneo, then returning to it and passing south between Sumatra and Borneo, and then crossing it again south of Ceylon, from which it passes to the east through the Yellow Sea. It then stretches along the coast of China making a semicircular sweep to the west, till it reaches the latitude of 71 deg., when it again descends to the south, and returns northwards with a great semicircular bend, which terminates in the White Sea. Thus it is demonstrated that in the northern hemisphere the general motion of the variation lines is from the west to east, in the southern hemisphere from east to west.

A great impetus was given to the study of terrestrial magnetism by the publication of M. Hansteen's labors; and the various arctic expeditions sent out by the country did much towards making us acquainted with the laws of magnetism in the northern regions. One of these expeditions led to the discovery of the north magnetic pole, or that point where the dipping needle assumes a vertical position. The discovery was made by Captain Sir James Ross, who sailed with his uncle Sir John Ross in a voyage undertaken in search of north west passage. He left his uncle's ship with a party for the sole purpose of reaching this interesting magnetic point, which a series of observations assured him could not be very far distant. The following extract from his journal communicating his discovery will be read with interest. Under the date of 31st May 1831, he writes—'We were now within fourteen miles of the calculated position of the magnetic pole, and my anxiety, therefore did not permit me to do or endure anything which might delay my arrival at the long-wished-for spot. I resolved therefore, to leave behind the greater part of our baggage and provisions, and to take onwards nothing more than was strictly necessary, lest bad weather or other accidents should be added to delay, or lest unforeseen circumstances, still more untoward, should deprive me entirely of the high gratification which I could not but look to in accomplishing this most desired object. We commenced therefore, a rapid march, comparatively disencumbered as we now were; and persevering with all our might, we reached the calculated place, at eight in the morning of the 1st of June. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was 89 deg. 50 min., being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this magnetic pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession.—These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which

showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed—a fact which even the most moderately informed of our readers must know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any. The land at this place is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. But nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot that she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers. We had abundance of materials for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister containing a record of the interesting fact, only regretting that we had not means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to stand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux.' The latitude of this spot is 70 deg. 5 min. 17 min., and its longitude 96 deg. 46 min. 45 min. The reader may remember that during his late arctic voyage in search of Sir John Franklin, Sir James Ross was extremely anxious to revisit this interesting locality, which he was at one time not very distant from; but which as the places of magnetic intensity are continually changing, he would have found no longer representing the north magnetic pole. It is not a little remarkable that during Sir James Ross's voyage, Mr Barlow who had been long engaged investing the laws of magnetism, had constructed a magnetical map in which he laid down a point which he described as that where, in all probability, the dipping-needle would be perpendicular, and which is the very spot where Sir James Ross ascertained the north magnetic pole to exist.

But valuable and interesting as were the observations made by navigators in different parts of the globe, yet philosophers begin to perceive that, without some definite plan of proceeding, the mere multiplication of random observations made here and there at irregular periods was not the course most likely to lead to desired results, and to make us acquainted with the mysterious laws of magnetism. The establishment of national observatories for the registration of magnetical observations became absolutely necessary; and the illustrious Humboldt, to whom every branch of science owes so much, gave the first impulse to this great undertaking. During the course of his memorable voyages and travels in various parts of the globe, the observations of the magnetic phenomena in all their particulars occupied a large portion of his attention; and as the commencement of any great work is always an epoch of rare and lasting interest, we shall give the philosopher's own words on the subject:—'When the first proposal to establish a system of observatories, forming a network of stations, all provided with similar instruments, was made by myself, I could hardly entertain the hope that I should actually live to see the time when, thanks to the united activity of excellent physicists and astronomers, and especially to the munificent and persevering support of two governments—the Russian and the British—both hemispheres should be covered with magnetic observatories. In 1806 and 1807 my friend M. Altmann and myself frequently observed the march of the declination needle at Berlin for five or six days and nights consecutively, from hour to hour, and often from half hour to half hour, particularly at the equinoxes and solstices. I was persuaded that continuous uninterrupted observations during several days and nights were preferable to detached observations continued during an interval of many months.'

## NEW WORKS.

### A WILL AND A WAY.

Leigh Hunt tells an anecdote of an unjust and spiteful schoolmaster. He was in the habit of 'spitting' C—; that is to say, of taking every opportunity to be severe with him; nobody knew why. One day he comes into the school, and finds him placed in the middle of it with three other boys. He was not in one of his worst humors, and did not seem inclined to punish them till he saw his antagonist. 'Oh ho, sir,' said he; 'what you are among them, are you? and gave him a thump on the face. He then turned to one of the Grecians and said, 'I have not time to flog all these boys; make them draw lots, and I'll punish one.' The lots were drawn, and C—'s was favorable. 'Oh, ho,' returned the master, when he saw them, 'you have escaped, have you, sir?' and pulling out his watch, and turning again to the Grecians, observed that he had time to punish the whole three. 'And, sir,' he added to C—, with another slap, 'I'll begin with you.' He then took the boy into the library and flogged him; and, on issuing forth again, had the face to say, with an air of indifference, 'I have no time, after all, to punish these two other boys; let them bewail how they provoke me another time.'

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN CLASSIC SCENES.

From Zante I sailed for Patras in an English steamer; and have seldom been more amused than by the contrast between English manners and those of the islanders among whom I had been lately sojourning. The unceremonious vivacity of the Greeks makes even a lively Frenchman look dull by comparison. Judge, then, of my astonishment when I found myself in the midst of Englishmen, and of Englishmen recently come from home. I could never sufficiently admire

their sublime tranquillity, or, rather, that wonderful *vis inertia*, which seemed sufficient of itself to keep the vessel steady in a storm, and which would, no doubt, have made even sea-sickness a dignified condition. I gazed almost with awe at their smooth-brushed hats, which the Egean breezes hardly dared to ruffle, their unblemished coats, and immaculate boots, on which several of them gazed more attentively than they would have done at the Leucadian rock. Happen what might, their magnanimous indifference to all chances and changes, not connected with business or duty, preserved them from all astonishment. Had a whale risen close beside us, and spouted its foam in their faces, they would, I believe, have contented themselves with observing that 'it was not in good taste.' To one of them I spoke, by way of experiment, of Sappho's leap and the Leucadian rock. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I have heard that it was the scene of a distressing.' I must say, however, in justice to my new acquaintances that they appeared thorough gentlemen. In antiquities they were far indeed from being versed; but in the principles, ancient but ever young, of patriotic duty and honor, they had, probably, little to learn.—*Picturesque Wanderings in Greece and Turkey.*

## WINTER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

On the 5th of January, nearly the anniversary of the day on which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote, or on which she afterwards pretended to have written, the glowing lines about the gentle, warm winter at Pera, we had the snow lying knee deep, and as no care was taken to clear it away, and as no thaw came to our relief, the snow was not much diminished in depth for ten days. When it began to melt, the effect upon wayfarers was sad; no boots could resist the cold solution underfoot, and overhead the dissolving snow came down on your hat or cap, and often found its way under the collar of your shirt. Here no man thinks of sweeping the snow from his house top, and there are hardly any pipes or spouts to carry either rain or snow from the tiles to the street. Several times we were nearly knocked over by great lumps of dissolving snow, which fell from the eaves upon our heads. When all this snow melted, and ran off towards the port, the effect was most miserable, for the melting ran like a millstream underfoot, and the liquids came down from the housetops like miniature cataracts, and right upon you; the streets being far too narrow to allow of escape by running into the middle of them.

"Here summer reigns with one eternal smile!"

Fie, Lady Mary! Fie! The climate of this place was in your time what it now is, and what it ever has been. You may have had one bright, sunny day in Pera, on the 26th of December (old style) 1718, but you could not have had a succession of such days any time from the beginning of November to the beginning of April; and for weeks together you must have been as cold and shivering as your frail and sensitive poetical correspondent at Twickenham, without having, even in the ambassadorial palace, one one half of his comforts. The winter of 1847-8 was rather longer and more severe than usual; but a winter at Constantinople, exposed to the storms of the Euxine, has always been a season to be dreaded.—*Turkey and its Destiny.*

## THE PHASES OF LIFE.

From a beautifully written article in the last number of Eliza Cook's Journal, we extract the following eloquent passage:—

'Mourning, indeed, are those breakings-up which sever us so widely from each other and send us forth, by separate paths, into the great highway of life, to struggle for a living and a grave. How much would the labors of life be lightened, and how much would its darkest cloud be bordered by a golden fringe, if the dear and loved ones who start with us in the beginning of the race might battle by our side till we had reached its goal! But after the warm heart-gathering of our youth-time, they come not back again to refresh us with their presence, and to cheer us on in the battle and the strife. Apart we breast the foaming billows—together we sink into the grave. And though with the German poet we cry in our soul's sore anguish, 'come back again, bright youth,' yet for us it will not return. O! for one more glimpse of the blue sky as we beheld it then, when we thought it heaven, and while we looked out upon it as the jeweled canopy of this world, believed it to be the starry pavement of another. The old wood still lies black and grim round the old house as it lay then; but we do not fear its deep glens and its dark hollows now. There are no ghosts, and no fairies there any more.'

We have grown prosaic now, and the beautiful idealism of our youth has spread its sheeny wings and flown away, to gladden other hearts, on which still rests the dew of the morning, and into which the hot siroccos of the world have not yet withered the one green oasis! We have each of us desired in some moments of our life, to be once more a child. It is the season of dreams, the day of visions and fictions. We have not as yet come into contact with the iron realities of life. There is too such an implicit faith and wonderment in childhood. How reverently we believe the stories and adventures of Jack and the Bean Stalk; Sinbad the Sailor; and Little Cinderella, with her little Glass Slipper. What tears we shed over the 'Babes in the Wood,' and how we loved the 'Robins' for covering their little bodies up so decently with the brown withered leaves