

present to his mistress, and she kept it till now.

The husband understood it all. She had died with no stain outwardly upon her name—within her own heart and his with whom it was shared, was locked the secret of her guilt. Hers had been a bitter and a lasting repentance. The seal had been set upon her crime, the retribution was to be hereafter. The wronged husband and wounded soldier lifted the cold form upon the couch, and drawing the curtain around the beautiful corpse, turned from the chamber of death, saying, with a hollow voice:

'My dead Isora, my beautiful, unfortunate bride, the avenger lives.'

It was the winter of 1826, the year in which transpired the ending scene of this strange, eventful history. In one of the steamboats floating upon the 'father of waters,' an old and a young man had taken passage for New Orleans. The former from the moment the plank was hauled on, had not taken his eye from his younger companion. At length, covering his brow with his hand, he muttered—

'It is him. I have tracked him for eleven long years, and, now he has crossed my path.'

The stranger was alone upon the deck; the old man walked towards him, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, muttered a name!—Edgar Grantly.—He started as though a serpent had stung him. He fixed his eye upon his fellow traveller, and through the gray hair, the long white beard, the shrunken form, the stooping gait, the glaring eye, the trembling voice, he recognised the companion of his earlier years—the husband of Isora.

'You will meet me to night,' said the soldier, 'in my state-room, No. 9. You will not fail?'

'No. At what hour?'

'Midnight.'

'I will be there.'

Midnight came. The two strange travellers were locked in the state-room together. No sooner did Grantly cross the threshold than the soldier spoke:

'Wretch, I had a happy home: you desolated it; I had a trusting wife; you seduced her; I had honor, the honor of a husband, but you tarnished it; and you shall not live to exult over the ruin you have wrought.'

He held a knife in his hand, and it was but the work of a moment to sheathe it in the breast of the destroyer of his peace. There was a fall, a deep groan, and the souls of the erring wife and the cruel tempter were at the bar.

The husband and the soldier gazed a moment at the lifeless form at his feet, then locking the door of his state room, went on deck. There was a splash as of some body falling in the water, a cry, and all was still but the noise of the engine, and the roar of the wheels.

STEAM MOTIVE POWER IN 1700.

The discoveries which are from time to time made in the Egyptian tombs authorize the belief that many of the inventions and machines of the present day were known to the ancients and used by them.

A gentleman who is curious in such things, says the Baltimore Patriot, sends us the subjoined extract from the History of China, by Pere du Halde, which was published in 1741. It is certainly nothing less than a miniature locomotive and steamboat which was here noticed. The extract is taken from a description given by Du Halde of the various inventions made by the Jesuit missionaries in China, for the instruction and amusement of the Emperor Khanghi, who died in 1722. The inventions there described were made about the beginning of the eighteenth century:

'The pneumatic engine did not less excite his majesty's curiosity. They caused a wagon to be made of light wood, about two feet long, in the middle whereof they placed a brazen vessel full of live coals, and upon them an eolipile, the wind of which issued through a little pipe upon a sort of wheel, made like the sails of a windmill. This little wheel turned another with an axle-tree, and by that means the wagon was set a running for two hours together; but for fear there should not be room enough for it to proceed constantly forwards, it was contrived to move circularly in the following manner: To the axle-tree of the two hind wheels was fixed a small beam, and at the end of this beam another axle-tree passed through the stock of another wheel, somewhat larger than the rest; and accordingly as this wheel was nearer or further from the wagon, it described a greater or lesser circle. The same contrivance was likewise applied to a little ship with four wheels: the eolipile being hidden in the middle of the ship, and the wind issuing out at two small pipes, filled the little sails, and made them turn around a long time. The artifice being concealed, there was nothing heard but a noise like wind, or that which water makes about a vessel.—Boston Journal.

REWARD OF LABOR.—Speed the spade be your motto, and speed the plough, too; for live and let live is the golden rule of good neighborhood. Selfishness is not prudence, and he who cares for himself alone will not prosper. Keep to your land, and your land will keep you; the better you cultivate it the greater will be its produce, and thus labor will bring its own reward.

Act uprightly and fearlessly, and you may defy the devil and all his works. Past labor is present delight.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND PURE.

BY WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

O! why, when manhood steals on youth,
Do all the roseate hues
That once were wont through every scene
Their beauty to infuse—
The sunny gleams of early joy,
Love's fair impurpled blooms,
And all the fitful sanguine tints
That youthful hope assumes—
Why do they all grow dim and dark,
And powerless to allure,
And leave a wreck of dreams, for all
So beautiful and pure?

O! can it be that all the hopes
And aspirations high
That well up in youth's inmost soul
And sparkle from his eye—
That all the generous thoughts which burn
Within his throbbing breast
Are but the fragile rainbow tints
By fancy's finger traced—
Are but imagination's freaks,
Unsuited to endure,
And that on earth we near can reach
The beautiful and pure!

Is there indeed no love like that
Which feeds the poet's dream,
As wrapt in pleasing thought, he roves
Beside the greenwood stream?
No faith and constancy like those
Which fill his midnight trance,
When poring o'er the love that lights
The tales of old romance?
Can friendship's altar now no more
A holy flame procure?
Nor patriot feeling urge to deeds—
The beautiful and pure?

Forbid it, ye whose souls the world
Has fail'd as yet to win
To all its hollow heartless ways,
Its folly and its sin.
By all the high and holy hopes
That cheer'd your youthful day,
Lift your voices and proclaim
A loud impassion'd Yea!—
Yea! there are love and friendship yet
And faith doth yet endure;
And there are hearts that cherish still
The beautiful and pure!

Then, wherefore thus from age to age
Do we our hopes outlive,
And yearn in youth for noble ends
The future fails to give?
Why! but that, faithless to those hopes,
And pleased with idle toys,
We batter all our large desires
For momentary joys;
Charm'd with their tints we pluck the
blooms—
A fading prize secure;
But lose the ripen'd lasting fruit—
The beautiful and pure!

In holy league, ye ardent souls,
O, join and lead the van,
And teach our age by noble deeds,
The dignity of man!
Abjure the cold world's callous ways,
Which would reward your pains
By hollow, unsubstantial praise,
Or ill-assorted gains;
And build ye up this lofty faith,
That man may yet procure,
If faithful to his God and self,
The beautiful and pure!

STORY OF A DRAMATIST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF T. H. BERTHOUD.

ONE cold morning in February, 1810, a short, stout, commonplace looking man, about sixty years old, entered the garden of an inn situated in the suburbs of Paris. Although the air was sharp and frosty, he seated himself near one of the tables placed out of doors and taking off his hat, passed his fingers thro' his long gray hair.

His hands contrasted strangely with the remainder of his person: they were small, white, and terminated in such delicately formed pink nails, as might excite the envy of many a young lady. Presently one of the waiters came up, and placed before him a bottle of wine.

'Not any to-day, thank you,' said the old man, 'I feel fatigued, and will just rest a moment.'

'The best way of resting, monsieur,' replied the waiter, gaily, 'is to drink a good glass of wine.'

He drew the cork and poured out some of the wine.
The old man rose and walked away. The waiter was a young lad; and it was with a confused and embarrassed air that he ran after the guest, and said:

'Sir, there is credit for you at the Lion d'Or: if you have forgotten your purse, that's no reason you should lose your breakfast.—To-morrow or whenever you like you can ask for your bill.'

The old man turned, looked at the youth, and a tear sparkled in his eye. 'Thou art right, Jean,' he said; 'poverty must not be proud. I accept thy kindness as frankly as it is offered. Help thyself to a glass of wine.'

'I drink to your good health, monsieur,' said the waiter; and having emptied his glass, he went and fetched some spiced meat, bread, cheese, fruit, and everything necessary for a tempting and nourishing repast; then with native politeness, in order to lessen the painful sense of obligation to his guest, he said: 'When next one of your pieces is played will you give me a ticket?'

'Thou shalt have two this very evening, my good lad. I will go and get them from Brunet, and bring them back to thee.'

'The walk would be too much for your strength, monsieur; some other day, when you happen to pass by, will do as well.'

'Thou shalt have ticket to-day, for they are going to perform one of my pieces. 'Le Desespoir de Jocrisse,' at the Theatre des Varietes and it may amuse thee!'

'Ah, thank you, monsieur! What laughing I shall have!'

'Yes; the poor old man, who but for thy charity would not have had a morsel to eat to-day, will this evening entertain a numerous assembly. They will applaud his pleasantry, they will laugh at his wit, but none of them will inquire about his destiny.'

'But, monsieur, do not your pieces bring you money?'

'Not now, my friend. In order to support life during the past month, I was obliged to forestall the resources of the present one.—These are their only slender returns from my former productions, for now age and misfortune have robbed me of my former powers. I no longer offer any vaudevilles to the managers; for although they accept them, and pay me, they never have them played. I perceive they only take them from motives of compassion, and as a pretext for giving me alms. Now, my friend, thou art the first from whom I have received charity, and thou shalt be the last. The son of Louis Quinze may have descended to write in the character of a buffoon, and as it were to set his wit dancing on the tight rope of a vaudeville, but he will not become a beggar, were he expiring of hunger. You look as if you thought I have lost my senses; but it is not so. Louis Dorvigny is the son of a king. My mother, the young orphan daughter of Count d'Archambaud, died in giving me birth. My father was Louis Quinze. During my childhood, and youth, an invisible protector watched over me, and provided amply for my support and education. Suddenly the fostering hand was withdrawn, and I was cast on the world to work unaided for my support. I did so until the moment when the powers of both mind and body failed me. This is my history—a royal origin, success, reputation, almost glory; and its end a meal owed to thy charity! Adieu, young man, and thanks: I will bring thee the tickets for the play.'

So the old man departed; but as he stepped into the road he found himself intercepted by two or three cavalry regiments returning to their barracks after a review.

The band was playing a lively air, and in the midst of his troops rode, in the place of honor, a general dressed in a magnificent uniform, and mounted on a splendid Andalusian charger. Happening as he passed to cast a glance at Dorvigny, he uttered a loud exclamation of surprise. Without heeding the soldiers he stopped, jumped off his horse, and taking the old man by the hand, saluted him with great affection. Dorvigny stared with astonishment, not recognizing his features.

'You do not know. Have twenty long years caused Monsieur Dorvigny to forget his idle, good-for-nothing servant boy?'

'Jean Dubois?'

'Yes, Jean Dubois—Joerisse as you used to call him. You ought not to have forgotten me, for I served as a model of one of your happiest dramatic creations.'

'What! my poor boy—monsieur, I mean—thou art—you are become a general?'

'Precisely. While in your service I was a terrible destroyer of plates; now in the Emperor's, I perform the same office for his enemies. How glad I am to have met you! During the two or three days after my arrival in Paris, I have sent to seek for you in every direction, but I could not discover your address.'

'Because I have no longer an address.'

'Then you must come and take up your abode at mine.'

'General?'

'A General is accustomed to be obeyed. I arrest you as my prisoner. Go,' he continued, addressing a soldier, 'fetch me a carriage, and lead my horse home. Now, Monsieur Dorvigny, step in.'

Half laughing, half-resisting, the old man took his place in the carriage next the General.

'Do you remember,' said the latter as they drove on, 'the day I left your service, because as you told me, you were no longer rich enough to keep a servant? I tried my fortune in several situations, but did not find any master so lenient as you; so as a last resource enlisted in a regiment. I was jeered by my comrades for my awkwardness, and for many months led an unhappy life;—until one day we found ourselves at Bormio, in the Valteline, facing a redoubt which opened a murderous fire on our ranks. The order was given to advance, and we rushed to the attack; but presently most of our men were mowed down, and those who escaped hesitated and drew back. I threw myself alone into the redoubt, shouting 'Follow me, boys! They did so. The Austrians astonished at this unlooked-for attack, fled, and we took twelve pieces of cannon. The same day I was made a sergeant; and afterwards, by degrees and the fortunes of war, rose to the rank I now occupy. Perhaps I may get still higher.'

Dorvigny was installed by the General in a pleasant apartment next his own, and for some time the old man enjoyed all the comforts and luxuries of life. At length his friend received an order to set out for Russia. During the first three months of the campaign, General Dubois sent letters and remittances to his former master, but they suddenly ceased, and one morning, from the column of a newspaper, Dorvigny learned that his friend

had fallen at Moscow. He was forced to leave his pleasant lodgings and take refuge in an attic in an obscure part of Paris. There, after selling the coat off his back, overwhelmed with age and illness, he went to the proprietor of the Theatre des Varietes, whose fortune he had made, and begged a small weekly pittance. It was refused. The old man smiled bitterly when the sentence was pronounced, and from that time he shunned meeting his acquaintances. The bookseller, Barba, who felt some friendship for him sought him in various parts of the city but in vain. A short time afterwards Barba heard that in a mean lodging in the Rue Grenetat, was lying unclaimed and unknown the corpse of an old man. With a sad presentiment he hastened thither. It was, indeed, Dorvigny—dead from cold and hunger, uncared for alike in life and death.

The son of a peasant the awkward servant boy, became a General, and after a glorious career, died the death of a hero; the son of a king, the charming poet, the bewitching dramatist, lived in poverty, and died the death of an outcast. Such is life.

THE LATE BARON ROTHSCHILD OUTWITTED.

When the Hebrew financier lived on Stamford Hill, there resided opposite to him another very wealthy dealer in stock exchange, Lucas by name. The latter returned one night very late, from a convivial party; he observed a carriage and four standing before Rothschild's gate, upon which he ordered his own carriage to go out of the way, and commanded his coachman to await in readiness his return. Lucas went stealthily, and watched, unobserved, the movements at Rothschild's gate. He did not lie long in ambush before he heard a party leaving the Hebrew millionaire's mansion, and going towards the carriage. He saw Rothschild accompanied by two muffled figures, step into the carriage, and heard the word of command, 'to the city.'

He followed Rothschild's carriage very closely. But when he reached the top of the street in which Rothschild's office was situated, Lucas ordered his carriage to stop, from which he stepped out, and proceeded greeting to and fro, feigning to be mortally drunk. He made his way in the same mood, as far as Rothschild's office, and sans ceremonie opened the door, to the great consternation and terror of the housekeeper, uttering sundry ejaculations, in the broken accents of Bacchus' votaries. Headless of the affrighted housekeeper's remonstrances, he opened Rothschild's private office in the same staggering attitude, and fell down flat on the floor. Rothschild and his friends became greatly alarmed. Efforts were made to restore and remove the would-be drunkard, but Lucas was too good an actor, and was therefore in such a fit as to be unfit to be moved hither or thither.

'Should a physician be sent for?' asked Rothschild.

But the housekeeper threw some cold water into Lucas's face, and the patient began to breathe a little more naturally, and fell into a sound snoring sleep. He was covered over, and Rothschild and the strangers proceeded, unsuspectingly to business.

The strangers brought the good intelligence that the affairs in Spain were all right, respecting which the members of the Exchange were, for a few days previous, very apprehensive, and the funds were therefore in a rapidly sinking condition. The good news, however, could not, in the common course of despatch, be publicly known for another day. Rothschild therefore planned to order his brokers to buy up, cautiously, all the stock that should be in the market, by twelve o'clock the following day. He sent for his principal broker thus early, in order to intrust him with the important instruction. The broker was rather tardier than Rothschild's patience could brook; he therefore determined to go himself.

As soon as Rothschild was gone, Lucas began to recover, and by degrees was able to get up, being distracted, as he said, with a violent headache, and insisted—in spite of the housekeeper's expostulations—upon going home. But Lucas went to his broker, and instructed him to buy up all the stock he could get by ten o'clock the following morning. About eleven o'clock, Lucas met Rothschild, and inquired satirically how he, Rothschild was off for stock. Lucas won the day, and Rothschild is said never to have forgiven 'the base, dishonest, and nefarious stragem.'

EVILS OF HABITUAL NOVEL-READING.

It cannot but be injurious that the human mind should never be called into effort. The habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel reading. Those who confine their reading to such books, dwarf their own faculties, and finally reduce their understandings to a deplorable imbecility. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession, each indeed, for the moment of its stay prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but, altogether, they leave the mistress of the house (the soul I mean) flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to their own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.—S. T. Coleridge.

Success is the child of confidence and perseverance.

Take heed will surely speed.