

you were walking round the garden, I have managed to lose my wife, and you to find a son-in-law!

'But, my Geraldine,' exclaimed her mother, 'are you not behaving very badly to Edouard?'

'Not at all,' said the young man: 'I could not think of marrying her. Look at her.—Five minutes with Alfred has done her more good than all her excursions in search of roses.'

'Mischievous man to betray me,' said Geraldine in her turn, warmly shaking his hand.

'But what will the world say?' exclaimed M. Delisle.

'I will tell the truth,' said Alfred; and in a few words he explained the cause of the refusal of Geraldine to have him.

It was now settled that the day should be spent at the villa; that in the evening they should return to Paris, without the count, who was to present himself only next day. He agreed to own frankly to all his friends the depth and sincerity of his affection, while Edouard good-naturedly volunteered to tell every one that he had been turned off—a promise which he gravely kept, relating his discomfiture in a way that drew tears of laughter from all his hearers.

And Geraldine and Alfred were married, to the surprise of the world. They were both cured of their former errors, and I know no instance of a happier marriage than that of M. and Mme. de Rougemont. He is now a member of the Legislative Assembly, and is remarked for the liberality of his opinions—being one of the many ex-legitimists who have gone over to the moderate republican party. Edouard married his country cousin. Both young couples have children, and both are happy; the only revenge the young man having taken is to persevere on all occasions, even before his own wife in calling Geraldine 'The Stolen Rose.'

#### HOW TO ESTIMATE PROVIDENCE.

The goods and evils which befall us here are not so truly to be estimated by themselves as by their effects and consequents; for the Divine Providence which runs through all things, both disposed and connected them into such a series and order, that there is no single event or accident (but what is purely miraculous) but depends upon the whole system, and hath innumerable consequents attending it: and what the consequent will be, whether good or bad, singly or apart by itself, yet in conjunction with all those consequents that will most certainly attend it, the best event for aught we know, may prove most mischievous, and the worst most beneficial to us. So that boldly to pronounce concerning the good or evil of events before we see the train of consequents that follow them, is very rash and inconsiderate. As, for instance, you see a good man oppressed with sorrow and afflictions, and a bad man crowned with pleasures and prosperities; and, considering these things apart by themselves, you conclude that the one fares very ill and the other very well. But did you at the same time see the consequences of the one's adversity and the other's prosperity, it is probable that you would conclude quite the contrary—namely that the good man's adversity a blessing, and the bad man's prosperity a curse; for I dare boldly affirm, that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions than bad men do from their prosperities. The one suffers, indeed, at present; but what follows? Perhaps his mind is cured by it of some disease that is ten times worse to him than his outward afflictions—of avarice and impatience, of envy or discontent, of pride or vanity of spirit. His riches are lessened, but his virtues are improved by it; his body is impaired, but his mind is grown sound by it; and what he has lost in health, or wealth, or pleasure, or honor, he has gained with vast advantage in wisdom and goodness, in tranquility of mind and self-enjoyment; and, methinks, no man who believes he hath a soul would grudge to suffer any tolerable affliction for bettering of his mind, his will or his conscience.—*Dr. Scott.*

#### WOMAN WITHOUT RELIGION.

A man without religion is, at best, a poor reprobate, the foot-ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity, and to the wondrous eternity that is begun within him; but a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may, in some cases, tie his frail hopes and honors, with weak shifting ground-tale, to business or to the world; but a woman without that anchor which the world call faith, is adrift and wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of moral responsibility out of his relations to mankind; but a woman in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis for any system of right action, but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thought and his brain to trustfulness in such poor harborage as Fame and Reputation may stretch before him; but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in heaven? and that sweet trustfulness, that abiding love, that enduring hope, mellowing every page and scene of life—lighting them with the pleasantest radiance, when the world's storms break, like an army with smoking cannon—what can bestow it all but a holy soul-tie to what is above the storms, and to an army with cannon? Who that has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear.

Prefer lost to unjust gain.

#### From Hogg's Instructor. THE RESCUE.

The sun had sunk on the inland sea,  
That laves the famed shores of Gallilee—  
(Those sacred shores which the son of God  
In the days of his flesh so often trod);  
And the faint breeze sighs o'er its glassy  
breast,  
Like low soft breathings of infant rest;  
And the shallop is loosed from its moorings  
light,  
And glides from the shore with its precious  
freight.  
But who are those that have left the strand  
And on yon crowded deck now stand?  
And who is he they have left behind,  
And who eyes them still with a look so kind?  
Twelve lowly men by the world disown'd,  
Yet above the kings of earth renown'd;  
And he who still lingers on the shore  
Is the Son of God.

Sweetly she glided through the dark blue  
sea,  
To the chant of the boatmen's minstrelsy;  
And the moon look'd down from her cloud-  
less throne  
On the bright expanse that beneath her  
shone;  
And none who had seen that lovely sky  
Could have dreamt an approaching storm  
was nigh;  
But the spirit maligne, whom the storms  
obey,  
Had marked that bark for his destined prey;  
And now summons in haste from their slum-  
bering coves  
His ruffian blasts, and his mountain waves.  
Eclipsed is the moon in a murky cloud;  
Sinks the fair landscape in a shroud;  
Low growls on the verge of heaven the gale,  
And breaks on the ear with a fearful wail;  
And now it bursts on the distant hill;  
And now more near, and yet nearer still,  
Onward the whistling tempest hies,  
Lashing the proud surge to the skies.  
God for the shallop!—who shall abide  
The fury of that raging tide?  
But that same eye, which so late before  
Beheld them as they left the shore,  
Though distant far on a lonely hill,  
With anxious glance surveys them still;  
For to that eye's keen vision bright,  
All things in heaven and earth are light;  
And through all earth's bounds on that listen-  
ing ear  
Falls every sound distinct and clear.  
A moment he views the devoted bark  
Driving along through the tempest dark;  
And the prayer of these holy men forlorn  
On the howling blast to his ear is borne.  
Down, down from the mountain cliff he  
springs,  
For that simple prayer to his speed gives  
wings;  
Nor stays, but prompt on the towering  
heads  
Of the foaming surge majestic treads.

O! fear not, ye tremblers; 'twas but to  
prove  
Your fealty in his truth and love  
That he left you thus. Behold yon form  
Emerging through the midnight storm;  
Like a spirit of light it seems to glide  
O'er the dark surface of the tide.  
Now terror their every sense benumbs,  
As on the glorious phantom comes;  
Down drops from the boatmen's hands the  
oar,  
The avestruck helmsman strives no more;  
Still the bark it nears, and, when full in  
view,  
Bursts a wild cry from the trembling crew.  
But hark! what glad sounds their ears in-  
vade—

"Fear not—'tis I—be not afraid."  
Propitious heaven!—it is the Lord!  
He comes, he comes!—He is now on board.  
O, ever blest, in distress most near,  
Art thou come their last lingering hopes to  
cheer?

But vain were all efforts of tongue or pen  
To express the joy of these holy men.  
Yet wonders more strange they behold ama-  
zed;

To the scowling heavens see his finger raised  
O! 'tis God that speaks and proclaims his  
will!—

"Peace ye loud winds!—ye rude waves be  
still."

Swift at his word the fierce tempest flies;  
Hush'd is the clamor of seas and skies;  
Rolls the bright moon from her murky  
shroud,  
And spreads her fair light on the shining  
flood.

No trace of that tempest now remains;  
Like a dream, its first beauties the landscape  
regains!

A moment they gaze, and, in one moment  
more,  
The shallop lies stranded on Genesaret's  
shore.

O ye whom the tempest of life may assail,  
Deem not this rude legend an idle tale;  
But say, have ye never such rescue known.  
When your own last earthly hopes seemed  
gone?

O, cherish the lesson it imparts;  
Till the last storm of life departs.  
In stern affliction's darkest hour,  
When even the last glimpse of Hope disap-  
pears,

Remember the shallop—the Lord is near.

#### LORD CHATHAM.

Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly  
heard. "His middle tones were sweet, rich  
and beautifully varied," says a writer descri-

bing the orator: "when he raises his voice to the highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of sound; and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate—and then he had spirit stirring notes which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the house sank before him, still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer than his words; that the man was greater, infinitely greater than the orator."

#### END OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

The celebrated Lady Hamilton was distinguished above almost every woman of her age, for personal beauty. Her accomplishments were scarcely inferior. She was skilled in music and painting; she had exquisite taste, and her features would express every emotion by turns.

The only occasion on which Beckford of Fonthill Abbey threw open his splendid mansion to company, was when Lady Hamilton along with Lord Nelson visited it.—All that the wealth of the princely owner could furnish, was provided to give splendour to the scene. The grounds were illuminated by lamps and torches, and the interior of the apartments was a blaze of jewelry, gold and silver. Spiced wine, and confectionary in golden baskets, were handed round to the company. A numerous party was assembled, and Lady Hamilton shone the envy of them all. Attired in a rich costume, she entered with a golden urn in her hands, and recited some verses, which the company was far too polite not rapturously to applaud, spoken as they were by one, who had such influence over the hero of the hour. No one was there to tell her that all this was deception; that sin carried its own punishment with it, and that the Pleasure she was pursuing was a vain shadow!

Thirteen years after the banquet at Fonthill had taken place, a lady buying some meat for her dog, at a butcher's stall in Calais, was thus accosted by the butcher's wife—

'Ah! madam! you seem a benevolent lady, and up stairs there is a poor English woman who would be glad of the smallest bit of meat which you are buying for your dog.'

Who then was the grateful recipient of such humble aims? Alas! it was the beautiful Lady Hamilton! After the death of Lord Nelson, deserted by those who fawned upon her in prosperity, she gradually became impoverished; and died in a wretched lodging in Calais. Her property consisted only of a few pawn-broker's duplicates. Her body was put into a common deal box, without any inscription, and over the praised of statesmen, warriors, poets, and artists, the funeral service was read by an Irish officer on half-pay. Such was the end of the beautiful Lady Hamilton.

#### A YANKEE IN LONDON.

After a most delicious breakfast—breakfasts in London mean something—and, speaking of bacon, ain't London bacon nice? It is as different from Yankee bacon as pigs are from poultry. None of your pyroigneous, smoked to death stuff, but simply the nicest kind of the swinaceous animal, so cured as to be almost completely deporked. No smell or taste of pork, salt, saltpetre or scarcely of grease; yet it is nearly all fat, being made of the sides of that exceedingly gustatory animal. The way they cook it, too, was as excellent as it was peculiar. Instead of great, thick, Yankee slices as big as a flap jack, and thick, and about as hard and indigestible as the sole of a cow hide shoe, it was shaved off in slices so thin as to be perfectly transparent, and when fried *a la mode*, as it was, not burnt up, it seemed to us poor Yankees, who had never tasted such before, to be the most delicious morsel that we had ever rolled under our tongues, in the animal line especially. After breakfast, I say, we sallied forth, and being anxious to find a brother Yankee, who we knew to be in the city, but not knowing his whereabouts, our only resource was to track him, which, fortunately for us, is easily done in London. The Londoners scarcely chew the vile Virginia weed, but the way they smoke it is a caution to foul chimneys. And here let me say that there is as much odds in folks as in anybody, or in bacon.—The Yankee chews nothing but tobacco—the Englishman nothing but his food; and you'll find it hard work to get either to reverse customs. The real Jonny Bull wants at least three quarters of an hour to eat his dinner—the Yankee scarcely ever more than five minutes. Teeth were made for use, hence the necessity the Yankee feels for chewing weeds. Taking then each well-defined tobacco track, we walked up Cheapside, by old 'Bowbells'; time was when all the population of London was within the sound of the bells of a small church in Cheapside, called Bow Bells. Now there are some hundred on either side of them, none of which can be heard by the outsiders. I remember riding twelve miles, at the end of which ride found the same eternal hubbub still, a wilderness of houses and stores, a boundless continuity of brick and mortar walls. It was a long time before we found our Yankee, though we knew pretty well the size of his track, owing to the numbers that had lately arrived from the land of johnny cakes and pumpkin pies; but at last we found him, way up in Regent street, with his pockets full to repletion of the various 'notions' he had picked up on his way, from a box of lucifers to a cashmere shawl, including a complete dress for the baby, and a one dollar 'diamond

breast pin. When we came up with him he was in clover, he had in his hand a large paper-full of assorted confectionary, had discharged his quid, and the way he showed the Londoners how to eat candy, was no man's business. While his eyes feasted themselves on the numerous rare nicknacks displayed in one of the large, low windows of that most beautiful street; and you may judge of the figure he cut, when I tell you that on his head he wore a fur cap, which was now about half off, and out of his capacious surlout pockets was dangling one end of his wife's new shawl, and out of the other one leg of the boy's new trousers, while peeping from his bosom were gloves, handkerchiefs, and a pair of new stockings.

#### FORGET-ME-NOT.

When the heavens and the earth had been summoned into being, and man had been called to taste the joys and glories of the celestial Eden, every living thing was brought unto Adam that it might receive from him its befitting name; and flowers of every varied hue were among the lovely objects that his eyes did rest upon; and as he named each of them, according to its own peculiar form, or fragrance, or color, he added, 'Go ye be mindful of the name by which the image of your Maker has called you.' And it was yet but a short time afterwards, that a floweret arrayed in the meek azure of the firmament, spake unto Adam, saying, 'Lord, by what name didst thou call me? of a truth it shameth me that I did not heed it. And the first man answered saying, 'Forget me not.' Then the floweret drooped its head, and went and hid itself in the lonely shade, beneath the bough that wavelth over the murmuring brook, and there it abideth, mourning; and when the gentle hand of friendship, or the eager finger of love, stoopeth to pluck it from its loneliness, it still doth whisper softly 'Forget-me-not.'

This often mistaken flower, Forget-me-not, or mouse-eared scorpion grass is of two kinds; the one grows in marshes, the other in fields. They have each five bright sky blue petals, with a bright yellow centre; and some of the buds are of a pink hue.

#### NATURAL WATER PURIFIERS.

Mr Warrington has for a year past kept twelve gallons of water in a state of admirably balanced purity by the action of two gold fish, six water snails, and two or three specimens of that elegant aquatic plant known as *Valisneria spiralis*. Before the water snails were introduced, the decayed leaves of the valisneria caused a growth of slimy mucus, which made the water turbid and threatened to destroy both plants and fish. But under the improved arrangement, the slime, as fast as it is engendered, is consumed by the water-snails, which reproduce it in the shape of young snails, whose tender bodies again furnish a succulent food to the fish; while the valisneria plants absorb the carbonic acid exhaled by the respiration of their companions, fixing the carbon in their growing stems and luxuriant blossoms, and refreshing the oxygen (during sunshine, in visible little streams) for the respiration of the snails and the fish. The spectacle of perfect equilibrium thus simply maintained between animal, vegetable and inorganic activity, is striking and beautiful; and such means may possibly hereafter be made available on a large scale for keeping tanked water clear and sweet.—*London Review.*

#### SCRAPS FOR THE CURIOUS.

If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into water, it will rebound and be flattened as if fired against any hard substance. A musket may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread not even vibrate.

Cork, if sunk twenty feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water.

In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles on a still day, with a perfect distinctness.

#### THE NEWSPAPER.

In no other way can so much, so varied, so useful information be imparted, and under circumstances so favorable for educating the child's mind, as through judicious well-conducted newspapers. To live in a village, was, once, to be shut up and contracted.—But now a man may be a hermit and yet a cosmopolite. He may live in the forests, walking miles to a post office, having a mail but once a week, and yet he shall be found as familiar with the living world as the busiest actor in it! For, the newspaper is a spy glass by which he brings near the most distant things—a microscope by which he collects and brings within his hearing all that is said and done all over the earth—a museum full of curiosities—a picture gallery full of living pictures from life, drawn not on canvass, but with printer's ink on paper. The effect, in liberalizing and enlarging the mind of the young, of this weekly commerce with the world, will be apparent to any one who will ponder it. Once, a liberal education could only be completed by foreign travel. The sons only of the wealthy could indulge in this costly benefit. But now, the poor man's son can learn as much at home, as a hundred years ago, a gentleman could learn