

tire. Poor girls, even though they were plain enough, for their best was nothing so boast of. Too restless to employ themselves in their usual occupations, they listened intently to every noise in the street, occasionally breaking off for a brief discussion of the important subject which had occupied them for three days, to the exclusion of every other.

'You are sure, Harriet, that he said three days, not after three days.'

'Quite sure, Clara. "In three days" time. I remember the very intonation. If it be not all an illusion of my distempered brain, we shall know more before this evening is over.'

'Who can he be Harriet? We never heard that poor mamma had any relatives beyond seas.'

'It is in vain to conjecture, Clara. And, indeed, Mr Somerton wished us not to do so; but we have neither of us been very strict in our compliance with his request. Look, what a handsome carriage is dashing up the street. Who can it be? The coachman is making some inquiry. It has turned—it stops at our door. A gentleman is getting out. Mr Somerton!'

How the sisters trembled, and became alternately red and pale, as Mr Somerton quickly ascended the stairs, and was ushered into their presence. I leave my readers to imagine. Their emotion was overpowering, and their visitor participated in a still greater degree. It was with much difficulty, and a choking utterance, that he, at length—displaying the miniature of their mother at the same time as his credentials—announced himself as their Uncle, their mother's only brother, long since lost sight of, and, owing to certain desperate family quarrels, never even mentioned among those once nearest and dearest to him.

'And now, my dear nieces,' he concluded, 'this drudging life of yours must cease, and you must come and live with me, to cheer my home, and render it a little haven of peace to your poor storm-tossed and weather worn uncle. Well, won't you give your future protector a kiss a piece?'

The girls ran to his arms, and, after giving them both a hearty embrace he gently detained Harriet near him, and gazed fondly upon her.

'It was this face,' he said, 'with all my dear best sister in its expression, that led to my happy discovery.'

'Uncle,' said Harriet eagerly interrupting him, and then begging pardon for having done so—'uncle I too made a discovery.'

'Indeed; and what was that?'

'While I was waiting on you to come in that evening, I saw the miniature. That was what induced me to answer your questions so readily, otherwise I might not have done so. But uncle, if you will allow me, in my turn, to ask a question, how comes it that your name is Somerton, and not Leslie?'

Simply because, my dear, sagacious little niece, the old gentleman who made me his heir, and thus placed me in my present fortunate position, annexed to his generosity one sole condition, that I should take his name. Thus it happened that I became Harry Leslie Somerton.'

We may be sure that the uncle and his new found nieces were in no hurry to separate. When, however, this generous and affectionate relative did rise to take leave for the present, he placed in the hands of each of the sisters a fifty pound Bank of England note.

'These,' he said, 'will discharge your little obligations, and attire you in a manner more befitting your future position. Lose no time in procuring yourselves suitable apparel, for in a fortnight I shall take you down to Sussex, to a pretty little place I have purchased there, and where I hope we shall live happily together for a considerable period—unless, indeed, you choose to run away and leave me for greater favourites,' he added, archly.

The sisters would have entered a disclaimer against this latter supposition, but their uncle would not hear a word; and, bidding them a kind good bye, left them to the contemplation of their unlooked-for happiness. They remained perfectly silent for some minutes after his departure. Clara was the first to speak.

'I just feel, sister, as if we should have to wake up to-morrow morning and say, in the bitterness of our hearts, "Behold, it is all a dream."

'No fear of that, dear Clara.' And Harriet took up the miniature which lay on the table. 'Our uncle, like a considerate ghost, has left this voucher of a real visitation.'

'The nieces of the rich Mr Somerton. What a talk it will make in the town.'

'I fear, Clara, you think more of the pecuniary benefits than of the happiness of living with a dear, good uncle. I declare, I love him dearly already.'

'I like him very much too, Harriet, and am very grateful to him. But I don't fall in love with people so soon as you, who are an authoress, and privileged to be romantic—such, at least, is the popular opinion. Besides, you must excuse me if, after the life we have lately led, I think more of the solid advantages of his protection for both of us than of anything else. No more drudgery, Harriet, he said.'

'I must own that is pleasant to think of,' Harriet replied. 'I shall write so much better when my efforts are not forced.'

of the initiated, to emanate from the pen of the gifted Harriet Lee, the niece of H. Leslie Somerton, Esq., of Oakdale Lodge, in the county of Sussex.

#### From the London Working Man's Friend.

#### AMBITION'S BURIAL-GROUND.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

'A late letter from California states that the writer counted six hundred new graves, in the course of his journey across the Plains.'

Far away, beyond the western mountains, lies a lovely land,

Where bright streamlets, gently gilding, murmur over golden sand,

Where in valleys fresh and verdant, open grottoes old and hoar,

In whose deep recesses treasured, glitter heaps of golden ore—

Lies a lovely land, where Fortune long hath hidden priceless store.

But the path which leadeth thither, windeth o'er a dreary plain,

And the pilgrim must encounter weary hours of toil and pain,

Ere he reach those verdant vallies—ere he grasp the gold beneath;

Ay, the path is long and dreary, and disease, with poisonous breath,

Lurks around, and many a pilgrim finds it but the way to death.

Ay, the path is long and dreary—but thou canst not miss the way,

For, defiant of its dangers, thousands throng it night and day,

Pouring westward, as a river rolleth on in countless waves—

Old and young, alike impatient—all alike Ambition's slaves—

Pressing, panting, pining, dying—strewn all the way with graves!

Thus, alas! Ambition ever leadeth men through burial plains—

Trooping on, in sad procession, melancholy funeral trains!

Hope stands smiling on the margin, but beyond are gloomy fears—

One by one, dark Disappointment wastes the castles Fancy rears—

All the air is filled with sighing—all the way with graves and tears!

Wouldst thou seek a wreath of glory on the ensanguined battle field?

Known that to a single victor, thousands in subjection yield;

Thousands who with pulses beating high as his, the strife essayed—

Thousands who with arms as valiant, wielded each his shining blade—

Thousands who in heaps around him, vanquished, in the dust are laid!

Vanquished! while above the tumult, Victory's trump with swelling surge,

Sounds for him a song of triumph—sounds for them a funeral dirge!

E'en the laurel wreath he bindeth on his brow, their life-brow stains—

Sighs, and tears, and blood commingling, make the glory that he gains—

And unknown, sleeps many a hero, on Ambition's burial plains!

Or, the purple field despising—deeming war's red glory shame—

Wouldst thou, in seclusion, gather greener laurels, purer fame?

Stately halls Ambition reareth, all along her highway side—

Halls of learning, halls of science, temples, where the arts abide—

Wilt thou here secure a garland woven by scholastic pride?

Ah! within those cloisters gloomy, dimly wastes the midnight oil—

Days of penury and sorrow alternate with nights of toil!

Countless crowds those portals enter, breathing aspirations high—

Youthful, ardent, self-reliant—each believing triumph nigh;

Countless crowds grow wan and weary, and within those portals die.

Ay, of all who enter thither, few obtain the proffered prize,

While unblest, unwept, unhonoured, undeveloped genius dies!

Genius which had else its glory on remotest ages shown—

Beamed through History's deathless pages, glowed on canvas, lived in stone.

Yet along Ambition's way-side, fills it many a grave unknown!

But, perchance, thou pinest only for those grottoes old and hoar,

In whose deep recesses hidden, Fortune heaps her glittering store;

Enter, then, the dreary pathway—but above each lonely mound

Lightly tread, and pause to ponder—for, like those who slumber round,

Thou mayst also lie forgotten on Ambition's burial ground!

#### THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth sipping. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd, then, feel an interest in his dog. It is, indeed, he that earns the family bread, of which he is

content himself with the smallest morsel. Neither hunger nor fatigue will drive him from his master's side; he will follow him through fire and water. Another thing very remarkable is, the understanding these creatures have of the necessity of being particularly tender over lame or rickly sheep. They will drive these a great deal more gently than others; and sometimes a single one is committed to their care to take home. On these occasions they perform their duty like the most tender nurses.

Can it be wondered at, then, that the colley should be so much prized by the shepherd; that his death should be regarded as a great calamity to a family, of which he forms, to all intents and purposes, an integral part; or that his exploits of sagacity should be handed down from generation to generation, and form no small part of the converse by the cozy ingle on long winter nights?

#### THE BERLIN DOG.

The Prussian dog, unlike his kin in many other countries, is not placed on the same level with vagabonds and vagrants. In London and Paris, a dog is but a dog; in Berlin he is a patentee. He holds his own specified rank, has his own number, and pays a fixed tax, just like an adult citizen, in testimony whereof, he bears his acquittance suspended to his neck, in the shape of a little plate of metal, stamped with his number. Furnished with this legal passport, he rambles quietly through the whole territory, without fearing either ragman or bullets. The authorities interpose the shield of their protection between him and outrage; he is regarded as a citizen. The privilege of paying the tax, however, does not extend to all dogs indiscriminately. The dog of luxury, which constitutes the aristocracy of the canine species, alone enjoys prerogative. The blind-man's dog, the sheep-dog, the draught dog—a common office in Germany—are exonerated from all payment. But woe to the animal convicted of not being included in one of these categories, if he carry not his number. He is then treated as a vagabond, and, as such, expelled from the territory, or 'hanged by the neck until he be dead.'

#### THE PERCH.

'Every fish that swims the sea,' said Professor Rymer Jones, in a lecture delivered at Oxford, 'is an island, and has to be peopled. Examine the gums of a perch, and we find animals resembling a kind of sucking cup, provided with hundreds of little hooks which it inserts into the gums of the fish and thus sustains its existence. But has that creature always enjoyed that form? It might hold on where we find it, and increase itself for a length of time, but as to changing itself for another fish's mouth, how is that to be done? And yet, strange to say, we never find that little creature in the mouth of any other fish than a perch.'

The way in which this is done is simple enough. That creature implanted on the palate of the perch lays its egg—from that egg is produced a creature not like the original animal, but one provided with fins, by means of which it travels about, and after trying different perches, selects one suitable to itself. It then changes its form once more, and makes its appearance with ten or a dozen grappling irons to enable it to hold on. And then it changes into the shape at first described, and thus maintains its existence.'

#### Sketches of Lectures.

From the New York Tribune.

#### INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE AND ART ON THE CONDITION OF MAN.

PARTICULARLY IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

By Prof. Silliman.

Professor Benjamin Silliman delivered a lecture on this subject on last Monday night at the Mechanic's Society Lecture room, Broadway. The Lecturer stated that he was happy to have been asked by the members of the Mechanics' Society to deliver a lecture on the subject, and there would not possibly be a more important one. Man was wisely dark, and rudely powerful, and in the beginning there was great impediments to his progress in knowledge. After a short time, Man began to perceive that there was two worlds—the Internal and External world; the world within him and the world without. The sensations which he received from the physical bodies in the outer world produced thought, and by this his faculties began to be developed. The Lecturer then entered on a history of the gradual civilization of man by the discovery of some new substance, and of the art of manufacturing it, so as to make it applicable to some useful object. He contended that iron, of all other substances, had most to do with the civilization of man. The use of iron was very soon discovered by the savage, and is held by him in the highest estimation. For an old hatchet he will part with the most prized of his ornaments. The axe and the mattock soon changed the forest into cultivated plains, and not only added beauty to the landscape, but produced comfort. From iron machines were made by which the produce and animals of one country were with ease transported to another for the use of man. The uses to which iron can be applied are numberless, and nature has consequently supplied it in this most boundless profusion. It is found in all situations and in all parts of the world. How then first came the idea that this ore could, by the skill of man, be made malleable and converted to many and different uses to which it is applied.

It is supposed that the meteoric iron, found under the first stratum of the earth first gave the idea. It is porous, as are the stones which fall to the earth and are thrown off from the planets in their evolutions, and follow the same system. The Esquimaux, when first discovered, was found to possess clubs of this meteoric iron, and among the most savage nations this substance has been found converted into billets and wedges of irregular dimensions and made to answer many purposes. When highly tempered and properly worked it was found that the instruments into which it could be converted, conferred the greatest benefit on mankind. Surgical instruments, into which it has been worked, proves it benefit, as well as the great perfection to which it can be brought. This is only one instance, however, of its utility as the thousand of machines in every day use prove this. This City has lately witnessed a splendid instance of the great use to which iron can be converted. He meant the Ericsson vessel—where, by its use had been converted into a motive power. It was known before that air possessed this power, for the wind is only air in motion; but how to produce, direct and govern this power has been the difficulty. Compressed air has a motive power, but the moment the force which compresses it is removed it loses the power. By means of this iron machine the power is produced, and by heat increased, and in such a manner as that the moving is continually kept up. So it had been described to him, for he had never seen it, but hoped soon to be able, by personal examination, more definitely on the subject; and, though some of the newspaper Editors of New York had said the matter was certain of success, he was not yet prepared to speak the elegy of steam, but would believe it a motive, still-existing power, and one likely to continue such for a long period yet to come. There was at present the iron road and the iron horse travelling along it, that only required the aid of fire and water to send him snorting, revelling along, and dragging after him an incredible weight, at a quicker pace than a bird would wing its flight. These machines are changing the isolated character of all people, and merging them into one body. The inhabitants of one country now visit other lands, not as heretofore, for purpose of war, plunder and devastations but for the cultivation of social intercourse, for pleasure or business. Land and sea are traversed in an incredible short space of time, and the greatest glory of these machines belongs to our own country, in the Collins's steamers. He travelled twice across the Atlantic in them, and he could not speak in terms of praise sufficient to convey his high estimation of them. They were braced all around at given spaces with plates of iron, so that it was impossible that under any circumstances they could fall in pieces, no matter on what description of coast they might be driven, if even on a rock—holed or broken in places they might be, but never smashed in pieces. They to be sure required a great outlay, notwithstanding the greatest economy which might be used, and he was happy to see the Government had aided the proprietors in an undertaking so noble and one which deserved the utmost encouragement; and notwithstanding the praise bestowed upon the Ericsson ship, he did not think that steam was prepared to give up quite yet. If in the last age any one would have ventured to foretell the perfection to which they would arrive in this branch of art, he would be sneered at. When Oliver Evans said in Philadelphia, that persons would travel from that city to this, in one day, he was met with a sneer of incredulity, but now persons can go in less than one day to Baltimore and Washington. The lecturer alluded to inventions, experiments of Fitch and Fulton and how all efforts were ridiculed and every difficulty thrown in their way, but afterward the cheers of applauding thousands rewarded them. He also alluded to the great benefit steam had conferred to mankind, and trusted that this power would never be turned to war, for if so, the slaughter and destruction would be incalculable. He said it was foolish to consider destructive war would prevent them, as he feared mankind when excited would be too desirous to destroy each other to allow such a consideration to prevail, as he looked to the intercourse of mankind, to amicable discussion and mutual concession to prevent it. It was only, however, when the Bible would prevail that there would be a cessation of war, the words of which were the true messengers of peace, as it was itself the true peacemaker. William Penn was moved by its spirit when treating with the red man—and what was began by him in peace and benevolence, was kept and fulfilled without the shedding of one drop of blood. But it Penn had his mission so had Washington, too; and the brave defenders of their country should not feel offended at any allusions to this subject. He looked to the discovery of the electric telegraph, which could fulfil the imaginations of the poet and wait a sigh from Indus to the Pole. He stated that telegraphic wires were sunk under the sea from England to France, and it was said that wires would be brought to this country from London, and then the premiers of this Government and that of England could hold direct communication to the great advantage of both people. The Lecturer went on to describe the principles of Electricity at some length—and the first discoveries of Franklin, and concluded his lecture by stating that when in Berlin he had a personal interview with Baron Von Humboldt who had received him with great distinction and indeed that scientific and literary American were received with the greatest courtesy by the learned men of Europe. He stated that Baron Von Humboldt showed him a map of Ame-