

'So remarkable, that I am altogether at a loss what to say or think about it. But that you may be satisfied that the horse in question is not mine, I will have my Rozante brought out for you inspection.'

'The times, monsieur!—is it not strange?' repeated the marchioness with emphasis, looking into the face of the count.

'Sometimes in our lives we find it impossible to comprehend what we see and hear,' said the count with a shrug, but still with the imperturbable smile which the disappointed marchioness found so intolerable. 'However, I am well content to remain in wonder and ignorance since the phenomenon has procured me the honour and pleasure of this visit.'

'Ah, monsieur, I did not come with a disposition to joke; and I am still inclined to regard these circumstances very seriously,' the marchioness said, as she moved towards the door. 'I shall take some further steps to clear up the mystery, for one cannot endure the thought of such things occurring in one's own neighbourhood, and nobody able to make head or tail of them. Depend upon it, I will soon know what is the meaning of it all, monsieur.'

'Good-luck to your endeavours, my dear madame! and when you have made the discovery, may I ask that you will honour me with a communication; for I also have been very much struck by what you have told me.'

'Still, my good sir, you seem to treat it very lightly.'

'I regard this mystery of mysteries as altogether a piece of good-fortune for myself.'

'For yourself, monsieur?'

'Yes, madame; for otherwise who knows how long I might have remained in ignorance of the most charming neighbor it was ever man's happiness to have.'

'Ah, you are welcomed to your badinage, monsieur!' exclaimed the marchioness, moving away towards her carriage with a swifter step, though she could restrain neither a laugh nor a blush.

In the courtyard, on one side of the gateway she saw Antoine examining, with great steadfastness, a beautiful horse, which the groom was leading to and fro.

'There is the only animal I have here at present,' said the count. 'That I suppose is not the one you have been alluding to?'

'It is certainly not the same horse I saw,' said the marchioness curtly, for she was considerably piqued at the thought of her inquiries being all in vain.

'And you, sir,' said the count to Antoine—'is this the animal you saw last night?'

'He's exactly the same size, your excellency, and has exactly the same swing of the head,' answered Antoine, looking at the creature solemnly. 'But he can't be the same, by reason of his breast and legs being white whereas the other was all over as black as somebody's back.'

'Ah! we are all involved in an enigma!' cried the count laughing, as he handed the marchioness into her carriage. 'It is the most surprising thing I have heard for many a day; and I must own myself indebted to your ladyship for the excitement of a new sensation.—It is quite refreshing to hear of a right down good mystery in one's immediate neighbourhood.'

'At one's own door, you might have said, monsieur. However, not long shall it be a mystery: mark my words!' cried the marchioness, with a redoubtable shake of the head.

'Surely I hope not, since you have set your heart upon an *éclaircissement*,' returned the count.

He mounted his horse; and as the charming widow, the Marchioness de Beauvoisin, rode home to her chateau, the Count du Foinvert rode by her carriage, talking gaily, and thanking his stars that the phantom horse had been the means of making him acquainted with the most desirable of all possible neighbours.

A few days after this the count rode to the chateau of the marchioness to pay his respects to her; and before he went, he was conducted round her beautiful little estate, all the fine qualities of which he scanned with a very observant eye. When he departed, he bade her adieu, saying he was obliged to return to Paris, but should hasten back to the country again as soon as he was at liberty, and humbly hoped he might be permitted to improve further the acquaintance he had been so happy as to make.

(To be continued.)

LIEUTENANT MAURY ON THE PATHS AND DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

The second lecture of the winter course, at the Brooklyn Athenæum, was delivered last night before a large audience, by Lieut. Maury, U. S. N. His subject was, 'The Paths and Depths of the Sea.' He said that the paths through the sea, like those across the desert, were the works of accident. From the time of Columbus to the war of independence, nearly every navigator followed the same track, dropping down south of the Carolinas, and then skirting the coast of the States till they came northward to New York, or where they wanted to go. The discovery of the gulf stream and of the chronometer had changed that course. The Christian philosophers knew that everything came in its

time, and that discoveries were not made till they could be of use. A line of sea steamers would have been useless in the days of the revolution, for in that anti-chronometric time ships or steamers could not make a straight line across from the old world to the new, and it was possible for ships, having been weeks at sea, not to know on which side of the Atlantic they were. When the gulf stream was discovered, it was found that vessels going from Boston to England, instead of running south to Charleston, and then going northward, could go straight across. The Atlantic seaboard by these discoveries were turned upside down.

The wonders of the ocean telegraph were dwelt on at length and with much enthusiasm by the learned lecturer. It would soon put a belt around the globe. The question arose, when these telegraphs were completed, what should be done about Sunday? In some parts of the world there would be two in a week, and Sundays generally would get confused. Moreover, if the telegraph offices in all parts of the world closed their offices on Sunday, our news arrangements would be constantly interfered with, and often we should get the news a week too late.

The sea, said Lieut. Maury, is a great workshop, and everything connected with its inhabitants is wonderful. It was most prolific of life, outnumbering the inhabitants of the land. The coral reefs, which were carbonate of lime, were a congregation of particles, contributed by the Mississippi, by every river, and by every seaboard in the world. If we could inspect them, and find where their material came from, we should find them derived from a thousand places at a thousand times, till we traced them back to the still brooks meandering among the hills. These coral insects are the masons of the sea.

Until recently, all was conjecture about the depth and bottom of the sea. It was usually thought that the height of mountains on the earth might be accepted as the measurement of the depth of the sea. As to the character of the bottom of the ocean, that was left entirely to the fancy of poets. But Brooks' lead tells another tale. There were no wrecks there, no wedges of gold, no dead men's bones.—Those were covered many feet deep with the remains of animal culms. Wherever the sounding rod has been it brings evidence of perfect repose, and though these remains have been lying there for ages, they are as perfect in shape and color as though just created.

The lecturer explained to the audience, and exemplified by experiment, the manner in which the deep sea soundings were made. The line on returning from the mysterious depths, revealed more than Clarence saw in his dream, for it showed that a telegraphic bed was prepared there from Europe to America. When the specimen of the bottom of the sea was inspected by a microscope, it was found that it was composed entirely of the remains of infusoria, and that not a particle of sand or gravel was contained amongst them.

From what was at present unaccountable, volcanic cinders had been discovered at the bottom, in the route taken by the Collins and Cunard Steamers. He (the lecturer) at first surmised that they might be ashes cast forth by the steamers in their passage, but Professor Bailey had minutely examined them and reported that they were undoubtedly volcanic.—The question was, how came they there? They laid as lightly on the bed of the ocean, with the pressure of 400 atmospheres upon them as down in the beds of royal chambers. There was no abraded force there. The bed of the ocean, in its motionless rest was made for a submarine telegraph. The wires once laid there would remain forever.

Lieut. Maury considered the large cable of which it was proposed to form the submarine telegraph, useless. A light copper wire coated with gutta serena, he considered sufficient.—There was no reason, indeed, why the telegraph under the sea should not be formed of a wire as small as the telegraph over the land. And when the international telegraph was completed, he trusted that its first message from this country would be this: 'The people of the United States to the princes and the potentates of the Old world, greeting. Peace to every nation, Trade Commerce, and intercourse with all people.'

The lecturer was loudly and frequently applauded. Will he pardon us, if we say he disappointed a large portion of his auditors in one point? He neglected to state what the greatest depth of the sea really is. We know from his published work that the Indian Ocean is in parts seven miles deep, but everybody has not had the opportunity to consult those interesting pages.—*N. Y. Times.*

A LESSON FOR WIVES.

THE following touching, simple, and sorrowful memorial of his wife, was written by one of the greatest statesmen of England—Sir James Mackintosh—in a private letter to a friend:—'She was a woman,' he writes, 'who, by tender management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved

order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence.—To her I owe whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm, and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and I find it, in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that a being capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts, that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just; that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man.'

MARSEILLES.

LEAVING the Café Turc, its busy crowd, and the pretty woman, who here, as in most French cafés, presides over the array of cut-glass, china silver sugar basins, and flower vases, I take a stroll along some of the streets by the water's edge. Here at least the problem of supply and demand has been fully worked out. On the ground-floors of those tall dreary-looking houses is an infinitude of dirty little shops, professing to supply travellers from all parts of the world with all the delicacies and peculiarities of their native lands at a moment's notice. On green window shutters, in yellow letters, are inscribed their bills of fare after the following fashion:—'Englische Potshop. Rosbif. Bred and cheese. Rhum; Brandy; Wheeskey, Grogk and Porter-bier.'

Here we see sloop-shops and marine-stores, much after the fashion of Liverpool or the narrow streets near the London docks; Hebrew and Turkish characters over a money-changer's window; Arabic over a pawn-shop, and Greek with a hand pointing up a narrow passage.—And is it possible that the language of Sophocles and Plato can be used for such base purposes? But I forget—there was also a clever fellow called Aristophanes whose ready pen was not always dipped in the purest of the waters of Helicon.

Passing along the various streets and quays, I turn more into the town, ascending the steep hill leading to the 'Arc de Triomphe.' But what triumph? That's exactly the difficulty. The good people of Marseilles wanted an arch, and they like to pay a compliment to the powers that be. First of all it was dedicated to some of the great victories of Napoleon I; but ere it was well finished, he was great no more; and of course it was of no use to dedicate a triumphal arch to him. 'To all the glories of France' was its next inscription. Surely nobody could have any objection to that. No, but it has got another nevertheless. 'A Napoleon III, &c is now painted upon it in red letters, with, if I mistake not, a very humble and laudatory inscription. It will easily wash off. The arch is but a poor thing, after all; somewhat after the style of Temple-bar, carved in relief with scenes from the Spanish war, wild horses, ferocious hussars, and frantic women, mingled in inextricable confusion with cannon and broken wheels, and muskets and swords. But the view from the foot of it down the Rue de Rome is really fine—a broad handsome street, thronged with busy men in the most picturesque of costumes. At the bottom of this street, in the avenue of trees, are the little canvas stalls of the flower-sellers, with their violets and primroses, lilies and hyacinths, for the living, and immortelles for the dead.—There is a smirk and a knowing look for you as you buy a posy for your lady love, and a lugubrious doleful tone of voice if you ask for immortelles. It is curious to watch the nimble fingers of the stall-keepers as they tie up their bunches of flowers, the natural taste they show in the arrangement of the colors and the intermixture of the green leaves. French national character is seen in the least as in the greatest things. Sentiment and show are as essential to the existence of the meanest perriquier as to the emperor himself. Adieu, Marseilles! you are very beautiful, but I have known you have secrets. At times I mistrust your haughty smiles, your captious temper, and your dark covert looks.

THE LOVE OF THE DEAD.

To have laid a strange affection down among the dead may be a great sorrow, but is not a real misfortune. Whatever one's aftergoings may be, there is a deposit for the future life, a stake in the better country, a part for the heart which the grave keeps holy, in spite of the evil that is in the world. The living may change to us, or we to them; sin may divide, strife may come between us, but through all times and fortunes the dead remain the same to our memories and our love. The child taken from us long ago is still the innocent lamp that was not for our folding. The early lost friend or lover is still the blessed of our youth, a hope not to be withered, a promise not to be broken, a possession wherein there is no disappointment.

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Morning Post.
PRUSSIA'S MEREST MADNESS.

Every sane man in Europe, excepting the King of Prussia, sees that any attempt to drag the Neufchâtelois by the power of the sword is the merest madness, even supposing his majesty could come to close quarters with his enemies. But this he cannot do, for other independent states intervene, some of whom are much more disposed to sustain the Swiss than to back the King of Prussia's pretensions. The King of Prussia should remember that there are few nations in Europe whose occasional disasters and humiliations have been redeemed by such glorious feats and recollections. The most formidable enemy of the Swiss, at one time was a much more powerful nation than Prussia—Austria. Yet Austria was expelled by native arms from the Swiss territory, and forced to defend her own frontiers. Even though the King of Prussia could come once into contact with his Helvetic foes, he should think twice—nay, twenty times—ere he incurs the fate—the merited fate—of an older and more powerful empire. It cannot be too often repeated that the federative part of Switzerland binds the Swiss confederation to a common action against any invader. If one canton be invaded, the whole territory is invaded, and the wrong inflicted on an individual canton is a wrong inflicted on the whole Swiss *Bund*. Any external pressure on Neufchâtel would rouse every one of the twenty-two cantons, from Berne to Geneva and Valais. Nor would the strife end with Switzerland and Prussia. A collision of republican Switzerland with a monarchical power would excite and raise the democracy of Europe, and provoke manifestations which might extend to the Rhenane provinces, to Silesia, and to strips of Prussia formerly belonging to Saxony. The King of Prussia should remember that the competence of the Swiss diet, in reference to foreign relations, is express, complete, and exclusive. All the military means of the federal government; and these means, augmented by all the disaffected demagogues of Europe—Poles, Hungarians, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans, would be let loose against Prussia. It is well it should be known that by the federal pact of the 7th of August, 1815, the twenty-two sovereign cantons bind themselves to maintain their safety, liberty, and independence, against every foreign attack. They reciprocally guarantee their cantonal constitutions, cantonal customs, and their territory. In case of external danger each canton has the right to call on its co-state or canton to furnish assistance. Even though the King of Prussia were so ill-advised as to prepare for the fray, he would be stopped *in transitu*, as the lawyers say, by saner sovereigns, his near neighbours and real friends.

RUSSIA'S CASE CLEARLY PUT.

In the treaty of Paris of the 30th March of the present year, it was unanimously resolved, in the very second sitting of the congress, to close the negotiations by a general treaty; and a commission, on the proposition of M. Walewski, was appointed to draw up all the stipulations based on the resolutions recorded in protocols. On the 18th of March, the commission, through Baron Bourqueney, presented a draught treaty, modeled on the final act of the congress of Vienna. The leading object of this great instrument, resulting in a general peace, was to assure, by efficacious and reciprocal guarantees, the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. We have already shown that England, France, and Austria have not only separately and conjointly between themselves, guaranteed as much, but they have further guaranteed to see that the treaty of Paris, having these desirable objects in view, is faithfully and honestly executed. How could it, however, be faithfully and honestly executed if the meaning of the text of the treaty were allowed to be perverted and frittered away? It would be not only perverting, but corrupting, distorting, and destroying the treaty to give to the twentieth article any other interpretation than that which a majority of the contracting parties is prepared to give to it. The clear object, meaning, and intent of the article is to deprive Russia of any port or fortress within the mouths of the Danube; otherwise, the main object of the treaty itself, and of the war of which it is the most striking result, would not be attained—namely, the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire; for how could the Porte be independent if Russia had the control of any portion of the Danube? Hence, it is manifest that the Bolgrad of which mention is made in the twentieth article, must be an inland town, and not New Bolgrad. A line to the south of New Bolgrad would embrace some of the waters of the Danube, and thus Russia would obtain that of which it is one of the main objects of the war to deprive her. It were burning daylight to discuss this question at farther length. There is, however, we believe, external evidence apart from the treaty; and by that evidence alone Russia would be put out of court. The map ultimately used at the congress was a chart ob-