

was walking and talking together, in leisure hours, and Louis, when he found his master kind to her, would seem pleased and delighted; but, till her unfortunate declaration of his intentions towards her, he was not satisfied that Adele loved him, and that their love had been confessed, admitted, and declared.

His birthday—one little month would only elapse before that day arrived—the day when he was to yield up all hopes of triumphing over innocence and virtue—when he was to consent to abandon, what in his heated imagination he believed to be, the object nearest his heart to another. Could he refuse the man who had saved his life? But how saved it? Was it not a plot?—a scheme?—whereon to found this very claim? Could this man, if he valued and esteemed him, persist in gaining and securing the affections of Adele, to whom he must know from circumstances, his master was attached? or was he really blind enough to imagine that he was loading the girl with favours and presents literally and merely because she was a good servant!

In the midst of these contending feelings Dupres formed the desperate resolution of getting rid of Louis—not as many who knew the real character of the man might suppose, by means such as had been adopted against himself; but by degrading him, lowering his high spirit, and at the first plausible opportunity subjecting him to the punishment from which he had frequently endeavored, even so successfully, to save others. He was convinced, from all he knew of his character, that this infliction would either drive him from the estate, or break his heart; and he was more over convinced that such a display of impartiality would have a great effect upon the other slaves, who it must be admitted, were a little jealous of Louis; and more than all it would debase him in the eyes of Adele, whose affection for him after all might be in some degree connected with the position he held amongst his brethren. (To be continued.)

#### HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake, decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity. Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. 'A cat in gloves catches no mice.' He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes. Attend to your own business, never trust another. 'A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled.' Be frugal. 'That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid.'—'Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.' Be abstemious. 'Who dainties love shall beggars prove.' Rise early.—The sleeping fox catches no poultry.' Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep. Treat every man with respect and civility. 'Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy.' Good manners insure success. Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor; especially never place dependence upon becoming a possessor of an inheritance. 'He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot.' 'He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.' Above all things never despair. 'God is where he was.' He helps those who truly trust in Him.

#### THE POETRY OF A STEAM ENGINE.

THERE is, to our thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam-engine. Stand amid its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their incessant play; how regular and how powerful! The machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons, touching solemn things; but to him who thinks, an engine room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—intellect battling with the elements!—And how exquisitely complete is every detail!—how subordinate every part towards the one great end!—how every little bar and screw fit and work together!—Vast as is the machine let a bolt be but the tenth part of an inch too long or too short, and the whole fabric is disorganized. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam engine—more of the poetry of power than in the dash of a cataract. And might it not be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complete fabric, this triumph of art and science, was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once only the waking phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat, and in seeming idleness, watched a little column of vapour rise from the spout of a tea kettle?—*Illuminated Magazine.*

#### THE RISING GENERATION.

If the question were asked us, who are destined to make our most useful citizens of the

next generation; we should reply, those clerks and apprentices who endeavour to improve their leisure time to the best advantage—those young men who are seldom seen at the corners of the street; or any improper resort at late hours, using profane language. Such are the youth who are to become our most respectable and influential citizens, when their fathers are gathered to their long homes. When an apprentice, or clerk is found perusing instructive and valuable books or periodicals, or improving his talents in compositions, in painting, in drawing, in figures, in mechanics, or in anything that may prove useful to him, we are certain there is something in that youth. Let the rising generation stamp upon their minds that they are living for the future, and the impression they now receive and the cast they give to their minds, will have an important bearing upon their manhood. Improve all your leisure time. If your employers see you are characterized by a disposition to become useful by your own exertions, they will step forward and give you their assistance, they will put the means into your hands and stimulate you by their smiles of approbation and words of encouragement.—Do not waste your evenings in idle pursuits; in improper amusements; or in any society where you cannot be profitably employed. Then you will rise and a glory will attach itself to your names, which will not be easily marred. Industrious habits, connected with virtuous principles, will guarantee to any youth success in whatever he undertakes, and give stability and weight to his character.

#### A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me and say, 'There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young: no one knew it, but he aided me in time of need; I owe what I am to him.' Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, 'There is your friend and mine; he visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer; and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family.' I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have created over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—*Dr. Sharp.*

#### THE JAPANESE.

IN personal appearance the Japanese are fair, and have a pleasing expression of countenance; and their urbanity and kindness to strangers, as well as to each other, are very remarkable. During the time we were in their ports, although our decks were daily crowded with them, I never saw the smallest expression of annoyance or bad temper; and whenever anything that was likely to be curious or interesting to them was pointed out to their notice, instead of pushing and crowding to get a sight of it, as the English would do under similar circumstances, each man seemed most anxious to occupy as small a space of room, and to impede his neighbour's view of the object, whatever it might be, as little as possible. In short they appear to be naturally a kind-hearted and polite people.—*Halloran's Japan.*

#### A CHINESE TALE.

IN the reign of Sweng-Yang, the guards of a castle found a man lying in a field who appeared but recently to have been murdered. At a little distance they found two brothers, whom they took into custody, as the probable murderers. As, however the deceased had but one wound, which consequently gave cause to surmise but one perpetrator, the question arose, which of the two had done the deed? Neither of the brothers would accuse the other, each of them declaring that he, and not his brother, was the assassin. The case was brought before the king. 'To grant life to both,' said the king. 'would be to show mercy to one murderer; to have both executed, where only one can be guilty, would be cruel, and against the law.—Well, then, let the mother of these men be called, and let her opinion decide their fate; for she will know her children best. So said, so done. The mother was informed of the king's command. 'If,' said the poor woman, bursting into a flood of tears, 'if I am, then, compelled to choose, let the eldest live!' The king expressed his great surprise that the mother should not have chosen the younger, for the younger children are generally cherished the most by mothers. 'Yes,' said she, 'he whose life I now save, is not the offspring of my own body, but a son of my late husband by his first marriage. I have solemnly promised his father always to treat him as my own child and until now I have always kept my word. I should now break that promise, were I, from maternal tenderness, to save the life of my youngest son, to the detriment of the elder. I feel what this sacrifice costs my heart.' Cries and sobs here choked her utterance. The king pardoned them both.

## The Politician.

From Lloyd's London Weekly Newspaper, of February 12.

#### REPEAL OF THE WAR NINEPENCE.

Mr Disraeli may hang his harp upon the willows; Mr Gladstone may shut up his *Ready Reckoner*, for, as we have all along predicted, the astute and active Lord Palmerston has deprived them of their occupation by causing the Chancellor of the Exchequer to anticipate the fiscal reformers. We have now a Budget in fact, and not a Budget in future. Messrs. Disraeli and Gladstone have nothing left for it but to sympathise with one another—and sudden as a newly gushed stream from the stony bosom of a rock has been the sympathy of the right honourable gentlemen—and to denounce the alacrity of the premier as at once jaunty and factious.

Ere this sheet shall meet the eye of tens of thousands of our country readers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have made his financial statement. Already, however, we have the assurance that a sufficiently effective and honest reduction of the expenditure will enable the minister to relieve the country of at least nine millions of annual taxation as produced by the war ninepence, by means of which we fought and beat Russia; though certainly we ought to have had a fuller pennyworth for the money. And this reduction is made in a wise, foreseeing spirit. The golden age has not returned to us with the Russian ambassador to St. James's. The peace at all price men may still revolt at the greatness of the navy and army estimates. But, with the cost as fixed, we are well-prepared for war, and at the shortest notice; a condition that, of course, is the surest guarantee of enduring peace.

The naval and military cost for 1856-7 was no less in round numbers than thirty six millions and a half. The cost is reduced for 1857-8 to little more than nineteen millions. The process of subtraction is very easy. We have at once a saving of more than a million beyond the sixteen millions raised by the income tax: every penny of the tax, be it remembered, making an aggregate million.

We congratulate the ministry on their manly, straightforward policy: and we may, as Englishmen rejoice that we have borne the stress and expenditure of a gigantic war with unimpaired vigour: with resources still increasing, with commerce still rising and enlarging. We have paid our war shot, every penny of it; and the money paid, we may feel a justifiable pride at filing the receipt. This is an after-triumph over exhausted Russia.

But what, it may be asked, about the income tax as it remains? What about the continuing sevenpence? We fear we shall have to wait for its natural decrease. When the time comes, it will die with all its sins of injustice and extortion upon its head. As levied, it is a most wicked tax; but, it is rarely that the wicked are the first to give up the ghost. On the contrary, we have remarked as we have thought, in the long lives of certain men a conservative power in wickedness. And it is even so, with the income tax. It is too iniquitous to die an early death. Let us, however, have this consolation; its days, though long and lingering, are numbered.

#### JOHN MACGREGOR "IMPOSED UPON."

Mr John Macgregor, we learn has been imposed upon. This was hardly to be expected of so astute a man as the active ex-director of the British Bank; whose wisdom, however, he has since modestly confessed, did not come from the East: inasmuch as, in banking concerns, he was 'purely a West-end man.' Mr Macgregor has been made the subject of much comment; but, with the exception of the composition of a hurried note, he has been as unimpulsive and as dumb as an oyster. But wherefore? Why we are told by his apologist, the Glasgow Examiner, that 'his lawyers have imposed silence on him.' Mighty are the lawyers, for they can impose even upon John Macgregor!

But will Mr Macgregor's Glasgow constituents remain satisfied with 'a dumb dog' for a member? We think not. It must be confessed that they have already displayed the virtue of patience, awaiting an explanation of their silent member. But no; the attorneys have placed a padlock on the eloquent lips that were wont to run with silver speech; and no parish pump, chained and locked, can bestow less liquid music. It is more than five weeks ago that a portion of Mr Macgregor's constituents—electors of the second municipal ward of Glasgow—addressed him, in order that he should take into consideration the position in which the late painful occurrences connected with the Royal British Bank had placed him with the community of Glasgow. But not a word in reply from Macgregor.—

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, And burned is Apollo's laurel bough, That sometimes grew within this learned man.

Another meeting, however, was held on Friday week: and it is impossible, we think, even under the imposition of any attorney power, for Mr Macgregor any longer to remain dumb.—

And, indeed, wherefore should he, seeing that according to his Examiner apologist, 'he suffers obloquy and blame which is in great measure undeserved, and which will yet be shown to be so.' We shall rejoice at the exhibition however late.

However, when a man makes, say, an accidental tumble into a quagmire, he does not sit still, in order that when the dirt is dry, it may haply crumble off; but, if he be a man of ordinary cleanliness of habit, he takes the readiest and surest means of purifying himself for his own satisfaction, at least: whatever he may care for the senses of other people. Wherefore then, has not Mr Macgregor taken a bold dip into the well of truth, and come up sweet as ever to the eyes and nostrils of Glasgow? But says the Examiner, Glasgow will in no way be influenced by the 'scurrilous abuse' of some organs of the London press. No; 'Glasgow will never be so weak as to allow itself to be influenced by Cockney insolence.' Glasgow will love their tongue-tied member all the better for Cockney persecution. 'In regard to the British Bank, he states that he is ready and willing to pay all just claims.' Sure we are, there are official parties ready and willing to receive them. However, Mr Macgregor's attorneys have in the meantime imposed silence on him. Therefore it is probable that any future communication from a Glasgow constituency may be answered, 'without prejudice,' by a lawyer's letter. We further learn that these retributive lawyers 'will by and by reckon with the press for present libels.' Thus, triumphant virtue in the person of Mr Macgregor, may obtain a sufficient sum in damages wherewith to open another London Bank; and this time, on purely West end principles.

#### REDUCED ESTIMATES—THE BUDGET.

The reduced estimates have now been published, and we are enabled to lay before our readers the sweeping reductions which are to lighten the burthen of taxation and give once more free play to the national energies. To begin with the navy; the sum asked for the expenses of the present financial year amounts to only £8,109,168, in place of £15,812,127, the estimate for last year. Furthermore, as by an act of last session the coastguard is transferred to the admiralty, and its cost is now included in the naval estimates, we must make a further reduction of £488,028. In other words the total decrease on the year is the difference between £16,298,155 and £8,109,168—that is £8,188,987. The reductions effected in the army and ordnance estimates are not less striking. The total sum demanded for the year is little more than £11,000,000. Now, the army and ordnance estimate for 1856-7 was no less than £14,993,504, and even the revised estimate when the war closed was £20,249,084.—Thus, even compared with the past year of peace, the reduction is no less than £9,000,000. The cost of our military and naval defences is therefore reduced from £36,547,230 for 1856-7 to little more than £19,000,000 for 1857-8.—The saving effected is consequently upwards of £17,000,000, a million more than the sum produced by the whole income-tax of 16d in the pound.

We believe, therefore, (says the Times) that the just wishes of the public are to be gratified, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will announce to-day (Friday) that he is prepared to relinquish the 9d in the pound of extra income-tax which was imposed to meet the exigencies of the war.

The reduction of naval expenditure may be accounted for without suggesting that Britain is about to abandon her just position on the seas. The decrease is chiefly in the votes for the conveyance of troops, for building and repairing vessels, and for providing stores. Thus 'Conveyance of troops last year—a year of peace—cost £1,965,918; this year it will cost only £207,000. Those who wish to form some notion of the expense of actual war should consider this item. Nearly £5,000,000 sterling must have been expended last year in bringing home the British army from the Crimea. The 'wages to seamen and marines' have not decreased more than one sixth, or from £2,801,922 to £2,149,333. We may therefore conclude that a sufficient number of vessels is still to be kept in commission. But 'naval stores, &c., for the building and repair of ships,' and 'new works, improvements, and repairs in the yards,' are considerably reduced. This is what might be expected.

It must be remembered that the war has given us a complete 'plant,' and all that is now necessary is to keep in order what has been constructed. Since the beginning of 1853 we have been building screw line of battle ships and frigates without cessation, and of the former we certainly must by this time have enough considering that these overgrown constructions are not able to approach within range of three-fourths of the harbours in the globe. The steam batteries and the gunboat fleet are all ready for the first enemy who may excite the anger of England. We may presume, then, that with the exception of a few experimental frigates to rival those extraordinary vessels which the Americans have recently launched, naval shipbuilding is at rest for a few months. The estimate ought therefore be amply sufficient, for any one