The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS. MONTROSE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1856. FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS—VOL. 2. NO. 8.

"Poets' Corner."

SONG.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow,
Soft shall be his pillow.

There thro' the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There while the tempest sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!
Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying,
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!
Never, O never!

From the Portland Transcript.

Backbone.

To dress and sit and walk genteelly,
To bow with easy grace,
To speak in accents soft and mealy,
To wear a studied face—
These and like goodly gifts and grace,
Are well enough I own;
But what we want in this soft age
Is bone, backbone.

A heart to feel, a mind to think
Despite each base control,
A tongue to speak, a hand to work
The purpose of the soul—
By these and other goodly tokens
It may be surely known;
If this, or that, within his body
Has bone, backbone.

Give me a man that's all a man,
Who stands up straight and stroug,
Who loves the plain and simple right
And will not yield to wrong,
Who deals with firm untrembling hand
To every one his own;
O! a blessed thing in any body
Is bone, backbone.

Tales and Sketches.

From the London Times.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The common idea of Newton is very vague. In writing to the earliest of his biographers, Pope expressed a desire to have some "memoirs, and character of him as a private man." The desire might still be expressed. We have no intimacy with Newton. Few persons, if asked to describe the character of the man, could say more than this—that he was exceedingly absent, and that he was imperturbable almost to insipidity, perhaps quoting as an illustration of the latter characteristic the apocryphal story of the philosopher and his little dog "Diamond." This is not saying much, and yet the half of it is incorrect. The cotemporaries of Newton described him as any thing but imperturbable on certain occasions. Locke declared that he was "a nice man to deal with," but "a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground." Flamsteed always "found him insiduous, ambitious, and excessively covetous of praise and impatient of contradiction."

Whiston describes him as equally impatient, and of the most fearful, cautious, and suspicious temper that he ever knew. D'Alembert gives the French idea of him when he says: "In England people were content with Newton's being the greatest genius of his age; in France one would have also wished him to be amiable." If Newton was really unamiable, it was chiefly a negative unamiability. He was unsocial, he was reserved, he was absent, he was silent; in the course of five years his secretary, Humphrey Newton, never saw him laugh but once, and that once, it was impossible to comprehend why; worst of all to a Frenchman, he had none of the graces—could not, like Fontenelle, begin a treatise on astronomy by saluting a lady and comparing the beauty of day to a blonde and the beauty of night to a brunette. The only qualities in Newton that were positively unamiable were his suspicious temper and his impatience of contradiction. All else was negative. His goodness even was negative, with the exception of his piety and veracity. He was good because he was passionless; and he was not loveable, because he was void of emotion.

Bishop Burnet says that Newton had the *whitest* soul he ever knew. We can well believe it so. Newton was utterly unworldly, and the unworldliness of the man who was content to pace about his chamber and his trim little garden from morning to night, save when he turned out for half an hour to see if any body would listen to him as Lucasian Professor, must have rather astonished the bustling, courtly Scotch bishop. Then he was pure as a child; his niece tells us that he broke an acquaintance of the greatest intimacy with Vigani because the Italian chemist told him some loose story of a nun.—Bishop Burnet's remark, however, is true in a much more stringent sense than, perhaps, he ever contemplated. Newton had the whitest soul he ever knew, simply because his emotional nature was the sheet of white paper which the metaphysicians of that period were continually talking about.

Sir David Brewster has done his best to prove the contrary. He even fancies that he has discovered Sir Isaac in love. Sir Isaac in love!—it is incredible—it is impossible. Fancy the sedate Lucasian Professor addressing Lady Norris like one of those fops called "pretty fellows," whom Steele shortly afterward satirized in the *Tatler*. "Can you resolve to wear a widow's habit perpetually?" he writes. "Whether your ladyship should go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish once more among the ladies"—that is the question, and that is the style of courtship which Sir David, with his eyes open and all his brilliant optical reputation, attributes to a philosopher whose soul was fixed on one idea—the increase of gravity inversely as the square of the distance. Sir Isaac, we make bold to say, never had a thought of love.

In comparison with Newton, Uncle Toby's behavior to the Widow Wadman was the extreme of gallantry and licentiousness. It must be remembered that Newton was a god, and Alexander the great used to say that two—he might have said three—things reminded him that he was a mortal, and not a god—love, sleep, and food. These three things proved the divinity of Sir Isaac, for he never spent a thought on love, took very little sleep, and as for his dinner, he never cared for it and often never ate it. "He kept neither dog nor cat in his chamber," says Humphrey Newton, "which made well for the old woman, his bed maker, she faring much the better for it, for in the morning she has sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with."

While speaking of food, we may mention, in passing, as a set-off to the negations of Newton's animal and emotional nature, his own physical enjoyment. He liked fruit, and could eat any quantity of it. As a boy, we find in his account book spending his money on cherries and marmalade. This latter taste seems to have grown with him, for he was always very fond of a small roasted quince for supper. He was fond of orange peel as Dr. Johnson, and used to take it boiled in water for his breakfast instead of tea. Apples, too, appear to have been a favorite fruit of his; one of his letters exhibits him longing after cider, and making great endeavors to secure some grafts of the genuine "red streaks." Perhaps it was one of those favored "red streaks" that falling from the tree suggested the system of the world—the universality of the law of gravitation.

Other enjoyments Newton had none which were not purely intellectual. Even as a boy he never joined in the games and amusements of his companions. We find him making dials, and waterclocks and windmills; and on the day of the great storm of 1658, when Cromwell was drawing his last breath in Whitehall, and Goodwin stood by his bedside, assuring him that his soul was safe, and Bates went soft and sad from room to room, and the trees in St. James's Park were uprooted by the tempest, Newton in his sixteenth year, was jumping about in the gale to measure the force of the wind. In more advanced years his amusements were still more severe. When weary of his other studies, the differential calculus and the irregularities of the moon, he "refreshed himself" with chronology and all the dry details of lustrums, Olympiads, and the expedition of the Argonauts.

With such pleasures it will not be surprising that we return to negation, and say that his æsthetical nature was utterly blank. He had a perfect horror of poetry, and would have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is "an ingenious kind of nonsense." He showed his regard for sculpture when he said of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was "a lover of stone dolls." And his opinion of painting is expressed in an anecdote which we do not profess to comprehend, but which, according to the interpretation suggested by Sir David Brewster, implies that he considered pictures nothing but "dirt."

As we look farther into Newton's character, we find everywhere the same absence of color, the same whiteness that Bishop Burnet observed. One curious specimen of it is presented in a letter of advice to his young friend, Francis Aston, who was about to set out on his travels.

"If you bee affronted," wrote the philosopher, "it is better *in a forraine country* to pass it by in silence, or with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge; for in the first case your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrel. But in the second case, you may bear the marks of the quarrel while you live, if you outlive it at all." Here is a lily liver with a vengeance—dissuading his young friend from a quarrel on the ground, not of high Christian principle, but of unmanly fear. If the truth must be spoken, Newton was a coward. It is the most amusing thing to read how frightened he was to face the public.—He could never bear publicity. This was partly the result of a timid disposition which made him shrink from criticism, but partly also it was the result of a self-absorbed and unsociable nature that was all in all to itself and felt no need of human sympathy. When shortly after writing the above letter to Francis Aston, he was asked for permission to publish one of his papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, he gave his consent, on condition that his name should be withheld.

"For I see not," he writes, "what there is desirable in public esteem, where I am able to acquire it and maintain it. It would perhaps, increase my acquaintance—the thing which I chiefly study to decline." This appalling self-absorption is without a parallel in the history of the human mind. After having been embroiled in a trifling optical discussion with a Dutch physician of the name of Linus, he writes as follows, to one of his friends: "I see I have made myself a slave to philosophy; but if I get free of Mr. Linus' business I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my private satisfaction, or leave to come out after me." That sentence represents Sir Isaac to the life.

All his pursuits were for his own private satisfaction; he shunned mankind; and there is not one of his discoveries that would ever have been published if it had not been dragged into the light by his friends, while he looked on, fretting and muttering at the intrusion. Of him it may be said with truth, what was never truly said of Milton. "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Dwelling thus apart, and viewing with singular apathy all that men most prize in public esteem and private sympathy, it was natural that Newton should look with stocial contempt on all the objects of human ambition. Love he needed not; honor he sought not; above all things he despised wealth. Master of the Mint, money had no charms for him. Speculum metal, for his reflecting telescope, was to him the most precious of metal. The bursting of a soap bubble, when pursuing his experiments on color, gave him more concern than the loss of £20,000 on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. His indifference was extended to his latest biographer, who has not condescended to hint at the loss. Sir Isaac thought more of a lense and a prism than of all the ingots at the Mint and all the diamonds in Amsterdam. He parted with his money freely—so freely, indeed, that his biographers have regarded it as a proof of singular generosity. It was nothing of the kind; it was no more generosity than is the act of the poor savage who gives away inestimable treasures for a glass bead or a piece of mirror.

What cared he for wealth? He had no interest in human life; he had no sublunary pleasures which money could purchase, except pippins and red streaks. He gave it away to any body who asked him for it. In one of his absent fits he had his pocket picked of more than £2,000, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated Whiston; he made no efforts to recover his bank bills, and when asked how much he had lost, only replied: "Too much!" He was so far imposed upon that he paid £4,000 for an estate in Wiltshire worth only half of that sum; he was told that he might vacate his bargain in equity, and he declined the trouble. "I have seen," says honest Humphrey Newton, "I have seen a small pasteboard box in his study set against the open window, no less, as one might suppose, than 1,000 guineas in it, crowded edgeways." Whether this was suspicion or carelessness I cannot say; perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him."

It was certainly carelessness; but poor Humphrey (how vividly he remembers it all!) felt sorely tempted when he saw, "as one might suppose"—for he was to honest to count them—"no less than one thousand guineas crowded edgeways," and it was a help to his fidelity to believe that the trial was intended by his master—his master, to whom, when at the head of the Mint, a Duchess will in vain offered £6,000. At one period of his life Sir Isaac Newton gave some study to alchemy, and we might suppose, from one of the sentences in the letter to Francis Aston, from which we have already quoted, that he had thought of transmutation as a means of money-making. He recommends his young friend to inquire on the Continent about transmutations, "these being the most luciferous, and many times *luciferous* experiments, too, in philosophy."

This letter, however, it must be remembered, was written not long before his circumstances were such as to give him some anxiety, and he was glad to escape his weekly payments as a member of the Royal Society. If ever he thought of money-making, it was only to pay his frugal buttery book, buy putty for his lenses, and oranges for his sister. He gave away his money without concern; he was even offensive in his liberality, and quarrelled with persons who refused his purse. Think of Sir Isaac taking a handful of guineas at random out of his pocket and offering it as a fee to a physician like Cheselden.

We have not said anything of the controversies which brought Newton into contact with his fellow-men, and put his manliness to the test and we must leave it to others to adjust all the microscopic details of authorship and copywright which these controversies involve. But it is impossible to pass without reprehension the unfairness with which Newton treated his opponents Huygens and Hooke, Leibnitz and Flamsteed. It is a just retribution that Newton's corpuscular theory of light has succumbed before the undulatory theory defended by Huygens and Hooke; that his law of double refraction has been displaced by that of Huygens; that his theory of the inflexion of light has been forgotten for Hooke's; and that his method of fluxions, which raised the greatest din of all, has been supplanted by the differential calculus of Leibnitz. For one thing in these controversies we may be proud of Newton. His jealousy was absurd, all generosity was forgotten; but he never descended to the atrocious frauds which disgraced his opponents, Bernoulli, Leibnitz, and Wolf.

Such was Newton as a man. Glorious in his intellect, with a piety rather intellectual than devotional, he was a stoic without the merit of a stoic, for he had no feelings to contend with. It is very saddening to find that the two most splendid names which science can boast of belong to men so deficient in their moral natures as Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton. In the former we find a positive moral obliquity, which would awaken pity were it not joined to so majestic an intellect that it excites terror and despair of human nature. In the latter we find simply a vacuum, iron intellect on every side surrounding and maintaining the tremendous gap within. We have no desire to moralize on the fact. We have simply endeavored to give a faithful representation of Newton's character, believing that no possible good can result from the fulsome flatteries which are heaped on his name. When the cotemporaries of Newton hailed him as a god, they declared in brilliant phrase, that he was not a man.

MYSTERIES OF THE AIR.

Let a man roll a little air in his mouth, and what is that? Let Napoleon twist it between his lips, and all the world is at war; give it to Fenelon, and he shall so manage it with his tongue that there shall be every where peace; it is but a little agitated air that sets all mankind in motion. If we could live without air we could not talk, sing, or hear any sounds without it. There would be a blazing sun in a black sky—there would be every where an awful silence. There is less air in the upper than in the lower regions of the atmosphere; the bottom crust of the air is of course, densest. Saussure fired a pistol on the summit of Mount Blanc, and the report was like the snapping of a stick. There is a well at Kulda three hundred palms deep; throw a stone down it, and the noise it makes in its descent will be like the firing of a park cannon. It goes down among dense air, and also it reverberates. When a man speaks, he strikes air with his throat and mouth as a stone strikes water, and from his tongue as from the stone spread undulating circles which may be checked and beaten back in their course, as it is with the waves of sound made by the stone tumbling down a well, beaten back and furiously multiplied. At the castle of Simonetti, near Milan, one low note of music will beget a concert; for the note is echoed to and fro by the great wings of the building that reflect and multiply a lighted candle. Sound is in fact, reflected just as light is, and may be brought quite in the same way to a focus.

A word spoken in the focus of one ellipse, will be heard in the focus of an opposite ellipse hundreds of yards away. Such a principle was illustrated oddly in the great church of Agrigentum, in Sicily. The architect—perhaps intentionally—built several confessional ellipses, in which, whoever stood, heard the secrets whispered to the priest. A horrible amount of scandal sprang up in town; nobody's sins were safe from getting into unaccountable publicity. The church soon became such a temple of truth that nothing was left to be hidden in it; but at last, by chance, a discovery was made of the character of the tale-telling stones, and the walls had their ears stopped.

THE BANDIT'S CAPTIVE.

The sun was shining brilliantly above one of the fairest landscapes of the South of Spain, as a young cavalier cantered along the undulating road leading to the castle of Don Fernando da Estrella, which stood upon an eminence overlooking the silver Guadalquiver. The cavalier was handsome as well as young, and the richness of his attire and the splendid animal which he bestrode—one of those finely-formed, slender-limbed horses, for which Andalusia was so famous—showed that he belonged to a noble family. Don Alphonso Gonzales was, in fact, the son of one of the principal grandees of Valencia, and expected soon to call Don Fernando father, by leading to the hymeneal altar his youngest daughter. His heart beat high, as the towers of the old hidalgo's castle rose before him, and in imagination he anticipated the moment when the lovely Inez would be folded in his arms.

His disappointment and grief may be imagined, when, on reaching the castle, he found Don Fernando indulging in the wildest lamentations, and the entire household in confusion, owing to the disappearance of the object of his attachment, who was believed to have been carried off by Roderigo Zurbaran, the ferocious chieftain of a band of brigands, who had long infested that part of the country, and who had lately increased in numbers and audacity, owing to the disturbed state of the country, consequent upon the war then raging between the Christian monarch of Valencia and Abdurrahman, the Moslem king of Cordova. That morning, while walking in the garden, she was seized by two of the ruthless band, and the domestics, alarmed by her cries, beheld a troop of mounted and armed men galloping southward with the speed of the wind. One of them bore before him a female, whom they recognized by her white garments, as the young mistress.

Don Alphonso was overwhelmed with grief and dismay by this intelligence; but he was a young man of dauntless courage and irrepressible energy of character, and he soon dashed the tear drops from his eyes, and remounted his Andalusian steed, determined to rescue his beloved Inez, or perish in the attempt. He went alone; he could not assemble a mounted force sufficiently numerous to warrant him in attacking the brigands, owing to the hidalgo's vassals having gone to the Valencian camp, and a weak force would only serve to attract attention, and place Zurbaran on his guard. The sun was declining when he left the castle, and the cork trees threw their broad shadows across the road. The robber band had retreated towards the South, and from the distance between Don Fernando's castle and the supposed haunt of the marauders, he concluded that they must halt somewhere for the night.

At various places where he remed his steed for a few moments, he heard that the robbers had passed that way, having with them a young lady, whose description corresponded with that of the lovely Inez da Estrella. It wanted about an hour to midnight, when he learned at a roadside wine house that they had stopped there at nightfall, and taken some refreshment, when their horses had exhibited every symptom of fatigue. This rendered it extremely probable that they halted soon afterwards for the night, and the young cavalier rode forward with the caution necessary for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Presently the grey walls of an ancient convent rose before him, and in an adjacent thicket the moonbeams revealed to him the presence of armed men. He immediately slipped off his horse, the better to avoid observation, and leading the animal by the bridle, crept along the convent wall, by which he was effectually screened. The night was so calm and still, that the voices of the bivouacking robbers were borne to his ears by the breeze, and the foliage of the evergreen oaks made a low murmuring, above which he heard at intervals the plaintive notes of some distant nightingale.

While revolving in his mind various plans for the rescue of Inez, he was equally surprised and delighted by hearing the dulcet tones of her voice on the other side of the convent wall. She was bewailing her abduction, and as she spoke of the grief and despair of Alphonso and her father, her voice was interrupted by sobs. The young cavalier now recollected that Inez had a cousin in this convent, and the next moment he heard the voice of the fair recluse, gently soothing the wretched object of his attachment. He looked up; directly above where he stood was a semi-circular aperture in the wall, and the cousins seemed, by the sound of their voices, to be immediately below this spot. To put his foot in the stirrup and then to stand upright on the back of his steed, was the work of a moment; he looked eagerly into the convent garden, from the aperture which has been described, and beheld Inez and her cousin.

'Inez!' said he, in a low voice; and the lovely girl started, and gazed wildly around her.

'Whence came that voice?' said she, as she clung tremblingly to the arm of her cousin.

'Inez!' repeated the young cavalier, and the two dark-eyed maidens looked up, directed by the sound of his voice, and recognized him immediately.

'Don Alphonso!' exclaimed Inez, clasping her small white hands. 'Oh, fly, Alphonso! the robbers are close at hand, and if they find you here they will take your life.'

'I have come to rescue you,' returned Don Alphonso. 'I have sworn to restore you to your father, or perish in the attempt. Are there no means by which you can reach this opening?'

'The gardener's ladder!' exclaimed the nun. 'Quick, cousin Inez!—help me to carry it!'

The maidens disappeared among the shrubs, and in a few minutes returned, carrying between them the gardener's ladder, which was just long enough to reach to the top of the wall. Inez ascended the ladder, and as she was received in the arms of Don Alphonso, who pressed her to his heart, she turned round to bid her cousin adieu, and found her on the top of the ladder, looking through the arched aperture.

'Farewell, dear cousin!' said she, folding the dark-eyed nun in her arms, and then her lover seated her before him, and turned his horse's head in the direction of her father's castle.

He advanced slowly, for he wished to get quietly away from the bivouac of the robbers before urging his steed to a gallop. In a few minutes a musket ball was fired, and a wild uproar rose among the trees, under which the robbers had been sleeping or talking.

'We are discovered!' said Alphonso, and spurring his horse, the animal bounded forward, and galloped in the direction of Don Fernando's castle with the speed of a hunted deer.

The clatter of arms and the fierce cries which followed the discovery that Inez had escaped, told them that the robbers were preparing for pursuit, and the terrified maiden clung closer to her lover as the sounds reached her ears. In the swiftness of Alphonso's steed was their sole chance of escape. The young cavalier looked back, and by the light of the moon saw the fierce band of Roderigo Zurbaran mounting their horses; in a few minutes the clatter of horse's feet rose in their rear, and Alphonso urged his own to increased exertions to maintain the lead. On flew the gallant steed—on came the fierce marauders in pursuit. There was an excitement in the flight that caused the blood to rush swiftly through the veins of Don Alphonso, arising from the rapid motion, the charm of moonlight, and the extremity of the peril from which he and his companion fled. The devotedness of his attachment to Inez, his unquailing courage, and the precious faculty of coolness in the presence of danger, rendered him confident of carrying out his enterprise to a successful issue, and ever and anon, as they flew along the road, he whispered love and ardent hope to the dark-eyed maiden whom he supported before him.

But events are in the hand of God. Man may make the best arrangements of which human wisdom and foresight are capable, but when all is done and success seems certain, the merest trifle will frustrate his endeavors and crush his hopes. A spark of fire, a fall of snow, have destroyed the ambitious hopes of a conqueror, and all the cherished plans of aggrandisement that had been nursed for years. A stone thrown, a pistol fired at a critical moment, has precipitated revolutions that have exercised a powerful influence on the destinies of nations. The thoughtless may call this chance, but the thinking Christian recognizes in these apparent chances the controlling hand of Providence.

A mendicant, who had lain down at the foot of a tree by the roadside, was awakened by the clatter of the horses' feet and the shouts of the pursuing robbers, and starting in terror, emerged so suddenly upon the moonlight road from the deep shadow of the cork-trees' spreading boughs, that the horse of the fugitives was frightened, and rearing up, plunged so violently that Alphonso and Inez were thrown upon the ground. Fortunately, neither of them was injured, but the steed was no sooner liberated from the rider's control than he galloped off at a speed which rendered the thought of catching the animal futile. Alphonso was not a man to despair or to lose time in deliberation, when every moment was of the utmost value. One glance he cast behind him, and then caught Inez up in his arms, and bounded down a narrow path which led to a wood. Had the night been dark they might have escaped, but the robbers, though they had lost ground since the start, owing to the wearied condition of their horses, were still near enough to observe the accident, for the moon was high, and threw her pearly lustre over the road. A loud shout, or rather yell of triumph from the road, impressed upon the fugitives the terrible conviction that their last hope was gone; and looking back they saw the robbers leaping from their horses, and bounding down the narrow path.

'Lost! lost!' murmured the pale burden of the young cavalier; and the increased heaviness with which she leaned upon his shoulder told him that she had fainted.

Alphonso did not yet despair, but made a desperate effort to reach the wood. It was in vain; Inez encumbered his flight, and the robbers now gained rapidly upon him. Only one course remained to him—to die in her defence. With countenance pale as her own but with resolution impressed in every feature, he placed her on the ground, drew his sword, and standing over her, prepared for the desperate combat. The first robber who came up he pierced through the arm, but the next moment half a dozen of the band attacked him together, and his sword was struck from his hand, his arms seized and bound behind him with a cord, and the unconscious Inez lifted from the ground.

'Who art thou?' demanded a dark, athletic ruffian, better dressed than the others, who appeared to be their chief.

'One who would have died to save yon maiden from such profanation,' replied Alphonso, following Inez with his eyes, as she was borne away by two of the robbers.

'Thy name!' thundered Zurbaran, stamping his foot.

'Don Alphonso Gonzales,' he replied.

'Good,' said the bandit chief; 'his father is rich enough to pay a handsome ransom; bring him along, comrades.'

Resistance would have been ineffectual, and he wished, moreover, to be near Inez as long as he could. He suffered himself, therefore, to be led up to the hill, and on regaining the road, Roderigo Zurbaran took Inez before him on his jaded steed, and he was made to mount another, behind one of the robbers, to whose belt he was secured by a cord, as an additional precaution against his escape. The robbers turned their horses' heads towards the convent, and Ines now gave herself up for lost, for the robber captain had sworn that she should be his mistress, and now declared that he would not lose sight of her until his mountain retreat was reached. They had ridden some distance when a halt was called, the reason of which was presently explained by the sounding of a trumpet and the appearance of a large body of Moorish cavalry.

'Break and scatter!' cried Roderigo Zurbaran, and some of the robbers succeed in galloping off; but most of them were surrounded by the Moors and made prisoners.

Inez was taken away from her abductor, and the arms of Don Alphonso being unbound, they were placed on horseback, and taken, with the captive robbers to the Moorish camp. To be in the hands of the infidel Moors was, to the mind of Inez, a fate as dreadful as that from which she had been rescued; Abdurrahman was, in her apprehension, a being to be dreaded as much as Roderigo Zurbaran. But her lover was of a sanguine temperament, and saw in this change of circumstances an interposition of Providence in their behalf; moreover, his mind had received the illumination of the sun of knowledge, and he shared not the horror with which the Moslems were generally regarded. He knew that the spirit of chivalry animated the Moorish kings as fully as the most illustrious knights of Christendom, and longed for an interview with Abdurrahman as much as Inez dreaded it.

When they reached the camp, however, the Moorish monarch had not risen, and never had the hours passed so wearily as they did that morning to poor Inez. At length the martial reveille told her that the camp was astir, and coffee was brought to her by a young negress, of which she partook, and was much refreshed by the exhilarating beverage. An hour afterwards a flourish of trumpets announced that Abdurrahman had entered the tent of audience, and an officer of his household came to conduct her to his presence.

Pale and trembling with, her eyes bent on the ground, and her soul calling on the Virgin for succor, the maiden found herself standing before the dark-visaged Abdurrahman.—Her loveliness elicited an ejaculatory expression of admiration from the Moorish monarch, and the steadfast gaze which he fixed upon her recalled the color to her pale cheks.

'How camest thou, maiden, in the hands of those marauders?' he inquired.

'They attacked my father's castle, sire,' replied Inez. 'His retainers are in the camp of the King of Valencia, and there was none to resist them.'

'And the cavalier with thee?' said Abdurrahman. 'Is he thy brother?'

'I have no brother, sire,' returned Inez, a deep blush suffusing her cheeks, and greatly enhancing her beauty. 'The cavalier whom your majesty's soldiers found in the power of the robbers, is he to whom I am affianced.'

Abdurrahman's brow was clouded for a moment, for he had hoped to win the maiden for himself; the glow upon her cheek, her downcast eyes, told him that she loved Alphonso, and he was too generous to think of detaining her against her will. He clapped his hands, and on a slave appearing, commanded him to bring the Christian into his presence. Alphonso bowed low as he approached the rich carpet on which the Moorish king was seated, and took the hand of Inez, who instinctively drew nearer to him, as if for protection.

'Christian,' said Abdurrahman, 'by the laws of war thou art my prisoner, but for the sake of this maiden I give thee liberty.—Thou, too, maiden, art free; Allah send thee happiness.'

He sighed as he thus relinquished his fair captive, who could scarcely believe that the man who had been so much an object of dread to her could be so generous. Alphonso expressed his sense of the Moorish king's generosity on behalf of Inez and himself, but Abdurrahman cut short his thanks by clapping his hands, and giving orders for the now happy pair to be conducted by an escort of cavalry to the castle of Don Fernando de Estralla.

Roderigo Zurbaran and his band were compelled to embrace Islamism, and serve in the Moorish army, as the only means of saving their lives. Inez and her lover reached her father's castle in safety, and were, shortly after united; but the lovely bride never forgot her fear-inspiring adventures among the robbers and the Moors, and years after related to her children the heroism of their father, and the generosity of Abdurrahman.

COFFEE AND COFFEE POTS.

"My dear friend," said the doctor, holding his cup in his left hand thumb and forefinger, with the other three fingers stretched out over the rest of the table, "I never inhale the fragrance of coffee without thinking of the old fashioned coffee-pot, or, Madame Follet, as dear Miss Bremer used to call it. Do you know, sir—and I suppose you know everything, do you know, sir, there are a great many old fashioned people in the world!"

We replied the fact was not to be disputed.

"Old-fashioned people, sir; old-fashioned in dress, in speech, in politeness, in ideas, in everything. And, sir, not long since I had occasion to visit two old ladies, sir: I went down stairs to the basement dining-room, sir, without ceremony, sir; and there I found the antiquated virgins over their coffee, sir; and in the middle of the table there was the old-fashioned tin coffee-pot, sir, scoured as bright as sand could make it, with a great big superannuated spout, and a great, broad-backed handle, sir, and a great big, broad bottom, sir, as broad, sir, as the top of the great bell-crowned hat I used to wear, when I went to visit them as a spruce young buck, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, sir." Here the Doctor's spectacles fairly glistened again.

"Well, Doctor!"

"Sir," replied Doctor Bushwhacker, "there was plenty of silver in the cupboard, plenty of great pots and coffee-urns of solid metal, sir, with massive handles to match; but they were so old fashioned as to prefer the old, scoured, broad bottomed tin pot, sir, and with reason, too, sir."

"Give us the reason thereof, Doctor, if you please."

"Well, sir, one of the sisters apologized for the coffee pot in a still, small sort of voice, a chirrup by constant use, and said the reason why they drank their coffee out of that pot was because it never seemed to taste so well out of anything else.

"Why not? Easily enough explained, sir; we never make coffee in a silver urn, and when we pour it from the vessel in which it is made into another, we lose half the aroma, sir. Coffee is of most delicate and choice flavor, sir; very few know how to make it or to use it. The proper way to make good coffee, sir, is to roast it carefully in a cylinder over a charcoal fire, until it is a light brown color; then the cylinder should be taken off the fire and turned gently until the berries are thoroughly cooled. The best part of the aroma is dissipated, sir, by the abominable practice of turning out the coffee into an open dish so soon as it is roasted. Why, sir, anybody can see that the finest part of it escapes; you can smell it sir, in every crack and corner of the house. When cooled, it should be put in a mortar and beat to powder. A coffee mill only cracks the grains—but a mortar pounds out the essential oil.—Then, sir, put it in an old-fashioned tin coffee pot, pour on the hot water, stand it over the fire, not too hot; let it simmer gently. If your fire is too hot it will burn the coffee and spoil it. Then, sir, take Madame Follet fresh from the fire, stand on the table, and if you want an appreciative friend, send for me!"

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

That devoted and adventurous traveler and public benefactor, the late John L. Stephens, was one of the projectors of the Panama railroad, which may be considered the pioneer in the great interoceanic commerical enterprise, to be perfected by the construction of the proposed ship canal. The road was begun in December, 1850, at Chagres, but its eastern terminus was afterwards fixed at Aspinwall, eight or nine miles northeast of Chagres, which has superior advantages with respect to the approach from the sea and other circumstances. It was finally completed to Panama, on the Pacific, a distance of forty-nine miles, from ocean to ocean, January 27, 1855, at a cost of a little over $6,000,000, according to Colonel Totten, the chief engineer. Before the completion of this road, passengers crossed the Isthmus on mules, occupying several days in the toilsome and dangerous journey. They now cross it by railroad in four hours. On account of the defective condition of the Pacific terminus of the road, and the want of suitable wharves for the direct shipment of goods, it is not yet suited for the carriage of heavy freight. The road is owned by a New York company.—Its future ownership will depend upon the willingness of the Government of New Granada, to which the country traversed by it belongs, to continue the privilege temporarily granted by the present contract, which stipulates that New Granada can redeem the privilege after twenty years from the date of the completion of the road, on payment of $5,000,000. If it should not then avail itself of this stipulation, it can reedeem it for $4,000,000 after the lapse of ten years; and if not then, for $2,000,000 after the lapse of ten years more; giving, in each case, one year's notice of its intention to redeem.—There are five proposed routes for the ship canal; the first, from Port San Juan, on the Caribbean sea, up the San Juan river, across Lake Nicaragua, and thence to the Pacific by different routes; the second, across the Isthmus from Chagres or Puerto Bello to Panama; the third, from the mouth of the river Coatzacoalco to Tehuantepec; the fourth, from the river Choco, along the Atrato and the Naipi, one of its branches, and then by canal to cupica bay on the Pacific; and the fifth, across the Isthmus of Darien. An attempt to explore another route, by way of Chucanaque bay, by a corps under the direction of the United States, in 1854, failed utterly, with much suffering and the loss of several lives. It is generally supposed that the route by way of Lake Nicaragua is the only practicable one. The cost of the canal is variously estimated at from six to thirty millions of dollars. If, however, as some have supposed, it should many times exceed that amount, the outlay would be most fully justified by the immense advantages accruing from it to the commerce of the world. A grant was made by Nicaragua, in 1849, to Cornelius Vanderbilt and others, of New York, for the construction of a canal through that State, but the work has not yet been undertaken, though the route has been surveyed. It was for the joint protection of the contemplated canal by this route that Great Britain and the United States concluded, in 1850, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, understood by Mr. Clayton as putting an end to the dominion of Great Britain over the Mosquito shore.—This construction is, however, denied by the British Government, and practically negatived by the continued possession of the port of San Juan, the proposed Atlantic terminus of the canal, which was seized by the agents of that Government in 1848, under the pretext of supporting the territorial rights of the Mosquito king. The continued occupation of this port by the British, in violation of the American construction of the above mentioned treaty, would give them the entire control of the proposed canal, if built.—Whether or not this occupation shall continue is a vexed question, to be hereafter decided by English and American statesmen.

OLD DAN TUCKER IN INDIA.

A very curious illustration of progress in India was furnished to me, one day, during my sojourn with Mr. Place. We were dining together in his bungalow, when a wandering Hindoo minstrel came along with his mandolin, and requested permission to sit upon the verandah and play for us.

I was desirous of hearing some of the Indian airs, and my host ordered him to play during dinner. He tuned the wires of his mandolin, extemporized a prelude, which had some very familiar passages, and, to my complete astonishment, began singing, "Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker!" The old man seemed to enjoy my surprise, and followed up his performance with "Oh, Susannah," "Buffalo Gals," and other choice Ethiopian melodies, all of which he sang with admirable spirit and correctness.

I addressed him in English, but found that he did not understand a word of the language, and had no conception of the nature of the songs he had given us. He had heard some English officers sing them at Madras, and was indebted entirely to his memory for both the melodies and words.

It was vain to ask him for his native Indian airs; he was fascinated with the spirit of our national music, and sang with a grin of delight which was very amusing. As a climax of skill he closed with "Malbrook se va t'en guerre," but his pronunciation of French was not quite successful.

I have heard Spanish boatmen on the Isthmus of Panama singing "Carry me back to old Virginny," and Arab boys in the streets of Alexandria humming "Lucy Long," but I was hardly prepared to hear the same airs from the lips of a Hindoo in the Great Mogul.—*Bayard Taylor.*

'What blessings children are!' as the parish clerk said, when he took the fee for christening them.