THE HEART'S GUEST

When age has cast its shadows O'er life's declining way, And the evening twilight gathers Round our departing day Then we shall sit and ponder On the dim and shadowy past: Within the heart's still chambers, The guests will gather fast. The friends in youth we cherished Shall come to us once more, Again to hold communion As in the days of yore. They may be stern and sombre: They may be bright and fair: But the heart will have its chambers; The guests will gather there. Now shall it be, my sisters? Who, then, shall be our guests? How shall it be, my brothers, When life's shadow on us rests? Shall we not, 'midst the silence. In accents soft and low. Then hear familiar voices

Till the mists of that still chamber Are sunset clouds of gold, When age has cast its shadow O'er life's declining way, And the evening twilight gathers Round our departing day?

And words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces,

Sweet smiling as of old,

Biography.

From the London Times. SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The common idea of Newton is very vague. In writing to)the earliest of dis 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 stupidity, 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 describe him as anything but imperturbable on certain occasions. Looke 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." Flameteed always "found him insidious, ambitious, and excessively covetuous 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 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 impossi ble 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 imputience 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

lovable because he was void of emotion. Bishop Burnett 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 trimhis 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 astonished the bustling, courtly Scotch Bishop. Then he was pure as g 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 Burnett'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 afterwards 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 Middle, as

ladies"-that is the question, and that is the style of courtship which Sir David, his eyes attributes to a philosopher, whose soul was fixed on one idea the increase of gravity inversely as to the square of the distance. Sir Isaac, we make bold to say, never had a thought of love.

In comparison with Newton, Uucle Toby's behavior to the widow Wadman was the ex treme of gallantry and licenti usness. It must be remembered that Newton was a god, and Alexander the Great used to say that twohe 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 por 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 a 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 nature, his own physical enjoyment. He liked truit, and could eat any quantity of it. As a boy, we find him 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 as fond of orange peel as Dr. Johnson, and used to take it boiled in water for his and a prism than of all the ingots at the Mint breakfast, instead of tea. Apples, 100, appear and all the diamonds at Amsterdam. He to have been a favorite fruit of his; one of his parted with his money freely-so freely, inletters exhibits him longing after cider, and deed, that his biographers have regarded it as 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 grav,

Other enjoyments Newton had pone 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 water clocks and windmills; and on the day of the great storm of 4558, when Crom. well was drawing his last breath in Whitehall," and Goodwin stood by Lis 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 that he paid four thousand pounds for an estempest, Newton in his sixteenth year was jumping about in the gale to measure the force of the wind. In more advanced years in equity, and he declined the trouble. "I his amusements were still more severs. When have seen, says honest Humphrey Newton, "I weary of his other studies, the differential have seen a small pasteboard box in his study calculus and the irregularities of the moon, he refreshed himself with chronology and all the dry details of Lustrum's Olympiads, and the expedition of the Argonauts.

With such pleasures it will not be surprising that we return to negation, and say that his costhetical nature was utterly blank. He had a perfect horror of poetry, and would felt very sorely tempted when he saw, "as have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is an "ingenious kind of non sense." 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 Burnett observed. One curious specimen of it is presented in a fetter of advice to his young friend, Francis Aston, who was about to set out on his travels.

"If you be affronted." wrote the philosopher, "it is better in a forraine country to pass it by in silence, or with a jest, than to endeavor revenge; for in the first case your credit's ne'er the worse when you return to England, or come into 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 lilly 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 amazing 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 Philosophi-'cal 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, were I able to acquire it and maintain it. It would, perhaps, by that of Huygons; that his theory, of the increase my acquaintance—the thing which I inflexion of light has been forgotten for that

I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my private entisfaction, tence represents Sir Isaac to the life.

satisfaction; he shunned mankind, and there have been published if it had not been dragged iuto the light by his friends, while he looked on, fretting and muttering at the intrusion .-Of him it may be said with truth, what never a star, and dwelt apart."

Dwelling thus apart, and viewing with sinhe needed not, honor he sought not, above all Mint, money had no charms for him. Speculum metal, for his reflecting telescope, was to him the most precious of metals. The bursting of a soap bubble, when pursuing his experiments on color, gave him more concern than the loss of twenty thousand pounds, on the bursting of the South Sen bubble. His indifference was extended to his latest biographer, who has not condescended to hi atnt the loss - Sir Isaac thought more of a lese 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; lie had no sublunary pleasures which money could purchase, except pippins and redstreaks. He gave it away to anybody who asked him for it. In one of his absent fits he had his pockets picked of more than two thousand pounds, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated Whiston; he made no effort to recover his bank bills, and when asked how much he had lost, only replied, "Too much." He was so far imposed upon tate in Wiltshire worth only half of that sum he was told that he might vacate his bargain set against the open! window, no less, as one might suppose, than one thousand guineas in it, crowded edgeways. Whether this was suspicionsor carelessuess I cannot say perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him.

It was certainly carelessness; but poor Humphrey (how vividly he remembered it all!) one might suppose,"-for he was too honest o 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 in vain offered six thousand pounds. 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 the most luciferous experiments, too, in philosophy."-

This letter, it must be remembered, however, 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 to use 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 Ches-

elden. We have not said anything of the controversies which brought Newton into contact wito his fellow men, and-put his manliness to the test, and we must leave it to others to adjust all the microscopio details of authorship and copyright 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 Flamstoad. 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 chiefly study to decline." This appalling of Hooke; and that his method of fluxions, lished.

all absorption is without a parallel in the which raised the greatest din of all, has been history of the human mind. After having supplanted by the differential balculus of open, and all his brilliant optical reputation, been embroiled in a trifling optical discussion Leibniz. For one thing in these controverwith a Dutch physician of the name of Linus, sies we may be proud of Newton. His jealhe writes as follows to one of his friends ousy was absurd, all generosity was forgotten, "I ree I have made myself a slave to philoso but he never descended to the strocious phy; but if I get free of Mr. Linus' business; frauds which disgraced his opponents, Bernoulli, Leibnitz and Wolf.

Such was Newton as a man. or leave to come out after me." That sen his intellect, with a piety rather intellectual till, jeminy oriminy, of all the noises that over than devotional, he was a stoic without the did noise growlin', bollerin', howlin', screech-All his pursuits were for his own private merit of a stoic, for he had no feelings to in', and thunderin', all rumblin' up in one contend with. It is very saddening to find is not one of his discoveries that would ever that the two most splendid names which science can hoast 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 awawas truly said of Milton, "His soul was like ken 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 gular apathy all that men most prize in public a vacuum-iron intellect on every side, suresteem and private sympathy, it was natural rounding and mainteining the tremendous gap that Newton should look with stoical contempt within. We have no desire to moralize on on all the objects of human ambition. Love the fact. We have simply endeavored to give a faithful representation of Newton's characthings he despised wealth. Master of the ter, believing that no possible good can result, from the fulsome flatteries which are heaped. on his name. When the oftemporaries of Newton hailed him as a god, they declared in you think it was? Why, nothing but a poor. very brilliant phrase that he was not a man.

The Cradle of Napoleon's Future Heir.

We translate from the correspondence Independence Belge the following description of the gradle which the city of Paris is about to offer to the future heir of Napoleon III.

. " This cradle is a real chef d'auvre, in the decoration of which all the arts seem to have vied with each other. It far surpasses the celebrated cradle of the young King of Rome, and a description of it may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

"The cradle is in the form of a ship, which is the principal emblem in a coat of arms of the city of Paris. At the brow, a silver eagle with wings outspread, in the act of flying .-On the stern, the city of Paris, crowned with towers, sustains above the pillo an imperial drown of silver, to which are attached the curtains. The figure is flanked by two others representing children, the one wearing a helmet, the other a crown of olive-branches, personifying Peace and War; the three statutes are of silver and half the size of life.

"The little vessels reposes on two supports formed each of two miniature columns, and placed one at the end of the cradle. supporters are joined together by a long baluster. The extremeties of the supports, and the baluster that joines them, are of solid silver. The body of the cradle is entirely of rosewood, so sculptured as to receive the branches of laurel and silver ornaments that cover it almost entirely. On each side of the cradle are two medallions of blood red jasper, richly framed in silver, and destined to be

wrought into emblemtical devices. "Below the rosewood hand rail that completely surrounds the upper part of the cradleship, extends an open work gallery of quaint architecture, and covered with silver orna ments. This gallery is intersected on each side by a silver cartouch bearing the cyphers of their majesty's on a groundwork of enamel. From this cartough depend garlands of silver flowers, which descending to the middle of the ships hull, pass below several medallions of jasper, and wind, the one around the prow, the other around the stern, relieving the uniformity of the vessel.

" Behind the stern house of which the angels are adorned with winged sirens of silver, t rich silver cartouch, surrounde with branches of laurel and clive supports the arms of the city of Paris-enameled and surrounded by the mural crown. Around those olive and laurel branches is rolled the device of the city, written in letters of gold on an enameled bandrol. The double curtains of the cradle are made of Alecon lace and blue silk, embroidered with gold.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE IN TURKEY .- The New York Observer contains a letter from the Rev. C. N. Righter, a Presbyterian missionary at Constantinople accompanied by one from the Hon. Carroll Spencer of Baltimore, the American Minister in Turkey, appealing for the Abolition throughout the Turkish dominions of the death penalty against Mahometans who have turned Christians. It appears from the letter of Mr. Righter, that a deputation on behalf of the Evangelical conference of Paris, embracing France, England, Germany, and America, recently waited upon the Sultan and the Minister of Foreign Affairs with a memorial praying for liberty of conscience in the Turkish dominious, and also the repeal of the Turkish law which inflicts the penalty of death upon all native born Mussulmans, who embrace the Christian faith. They were veny kindly received and assured that the subject would receive due consideration, Mr. Righter gives several instances where, of late, Turks who have embraced the Christian religion have been banished or severely punThe Gong.

We find the following rib-tickler in an exchange : * for a grant of the real section in

Speaking of gongs, a trio of old ladies. delegates to the Woman's Rights Convention, lately stopped at the Burnett House, Cincinnati. They had never heard a gong, and we give Mrs. Trodwell's own description of it: We hadn't been in our own room very long. infernal muss of a sound! We thought the day of insurrection had come, sure enough; all were awfully frightened. Miss Saffron vowed that it was Gabriel blowing his last trump, and that he was a little hoarse. Miss Skinflint, she bounced into her bed, crying out, 'feathers is non-concuctors.' Directly, the all-fired howlin' thing shut up, and then there was a sound of folks runnin down stairs fit to break their necks.___

... We were all making for the door to run, too, when something knocked at the door .-We were nfraid to open, but at last, Miss Saffron, bold as a lion, advanced and peeped through a key-hole. There she stood, shivering with fright-just at this moment the door opened, and what in the name of floggins do mean, good for nothing, decektful valler nigger, wanting to know if we had come to supper. Has the telegraphic magnetiff explod-'ed?' asked Miss Skinflint. 'Ma'am?' says he again. Then, says I, what was that infernal howling about, you great, stupid, silly nigger?' 'That noise just now? oh, nothing but the gong, I reckon,' said he, and the critter went off grinning. What a gong was we couldn't tell, but from its voice we guessed it was some astonishing savage beast they had tamed and let loose about the house to skeer decent people out of their senses."

Traveller for perdition!" said Mrs. Partington, turning round in State Street, as a little boy was proclaiming in dismal tones that he had the "Traveller-fourth edition." for sale. It was evident that she had misunderstood him. . Poor child !" said she, with s benignity that would have furnished the capital stock for four Samaritun societies, and are you really in so bad a way as that? I knowed there was a good many going that road in this peighborhood, but shouldn't think you was one of 'em, so young, But people begin in sin airly in Boston, and here you are at your age, calling yourself a traveller for perdition!" The old lady's voice trembled; there was a tear good for a dime in her eye; her hand was in her spacious reticule in a search for the coin; the little boy stood selecting the paper from the number under his arm; busy merchants stood buying and selling all around her, and busy brokers were shaving notes and shaving each other within sound of her voice. The search for the dime went on, but not one cent could she find, and with a benediction on the disappointed boy, she left him. Hearing his melancholy voice in the distance-" Here's the traveller for perdition !"-she sighed deeply, and in her abstraction wandered into a snowbank, where lke had mischieyously led her.

A DEATH BELL .- A story is told of the casting of the bell for the church of St. Magdalen Breslac. When the metal was ready to pour into the mould, the chief founder went to dinner, and forbade his apprentice under penalty of death, to touch the vent by which the metal was conveyed. The Youth, curiousto see the operation, disobeyed orders, and the whole of the metal ran into the mould, and the enraged-master, returning from his meal, slew him on the spot. On breaking away the mould, he found he had been too hasty, for the bell was cast as perfect as possible .-When it was hung in its place, the master had ... been sentenced to death by the sword for the murder of hisapprentice, and he entreated the authorities that he might be allowed to hear __ it once before he died. His petition was granted and the bell has since been rung atevery execution.

Hoops are dangerous in some places. Rend and tremble. In New York, a day or two since, a full rigged lady was walking up Broadway, when one of the hoops with which her circumambients were inflated, the ends of which had not been strongly secured together, suddenly broke loose, and flying back with great force, tore completely through the outer garment and struck a small boy, who was standing on the sidewalk, about twenty feet from the lady. The small boy was taken home senseless; it is feared he will not recover. The hoop is already recovered.

man Young America is growing rapidly. Every day we meet with proofs of this encouraging state of facts. Here is one of the latest instances of rapid development:

"Have you been to the Astor Library !" asked a youth of his father a few days ago.

"No, I have not," replied the father. "You had better call and see it," the youth continued. "Just mention my name to the Librarians and he will show you every atten-