

TRIFLES.

"Who hath despised the day of small things." Why do we speak of a "little thing," And "trifles light as air?" Can aught be a trifle which helps to bring One moment's joy or care? The smallest seed in the fertile ground, Is the germ of a noble tree; The slightest touch on a festering wound, Is it not agony? What is a trifle? a thoughtless word, Forgotten as soon as said! Perchance its echo shall yet be heard When the speaker is with the dead. That thoughtless word is a random dart, And strikes we know not where; It may rankle long in some tender heart— Is it a trifle there? Is it a trifle—the first false step On the dizzy verge of sin? 'Tis treacherous ground—one little slip May plunge us headlong in. One light temptation and we may wear Death's galling chain for aye; One little moment of heartfelt prayer May rend those bonds away. Drops of water are little things, But they form the boundless sea; 'Tis in little notes the wild birds sing, Yet his song is melody. Little voices, now scarcely heard, In heaven shall bear their part, And a little grave in the green churchyard Holds many a parent's heart. This world is but little if rightly weighed, And trifling its joy or care; But, not while we linger beneath its shade— There are no trifles here. The lightest burden may weigh like lead On the faint and weary soul, In the uphill path its performance must tread, Before it reach the goal. Cease then to speak of a "little thing," Which may give thy brother pain; Shun little sins, lest they haply bring The greater in their train. Seize each occasion, however small, Of good which may be given, So, when thou hearest thy Master's call Thou shalt be great in heaven. —Church of England S. S. Quarterly.

Literature.

[For the York Herald.]

AN ORIGINAL INDIAN TALE.

BY J. F. LAMB.

It was evening; the sun had just sunk beneath the glowing horizon, and was casting back his last lingering beams of purple and gold, as they playfully danced along the line of the blue Pacific. The light winds came in fitful gusts across the bosom of the restless waters, bearing upon its wings a balmy and grateful feeling of exhilarating freshness. I sat musingly upon the decayed trunk of a fallen tree, viewing the dreamy prospect around me that seemed well suited to my then present occasion. Four days prior to this event a small party of eight of our most courageous and athletic young men and myself, left the retired settlement of our quiet colony, on the banks of the dark Missouri, to hunt deer. Having struck upon a trail, we divided off, thinking to meet around the bend of the gorge. Night overtook us, and I having wandered the furthest from the direct track, became lost from my companions. The sound of my clarion horn was not answered, and I knew that I was lost, and was past the hearing of my companions. Darkness set in, and I reclined my weary limbs upon a moss-covered crag. Fatigue lent sweetness to my slumbers, and I did not awake until the day began to dawn in the eastern sky. I arose and pursued my uncertain course, for the continued windings of the path forbid me a direct course. The day was spent in fruitlessly trying to regain the principal trail; my hunting rations were completely exhausted.—I had seated myself in my forlorn condition, tired and perplexed, meditating what course to pursue. The soft winds came sighing among the branches of the bending trees; white fleecy clouds were skimming along their aerial track, while the bright sails of many crafts were to be seen upon the distant waters, as those vessels boldly parted the blue wave. Not a sound disturbed the attentive ear, save the loud dashing of the surges upon the hollow shore. There was a wildness in the motion of those leaping billow that I loved to watch. At this instant there emerged from a thick cluster of pines that stood angling from where I sat, a female figure dressed in a broad flowing robe. It was carelessly thrown over her shoulders, displaying a form of the most perfect symmetry and gracefulness.—Cautiously approaching me, and with an enquiring glance said, in very good English: "Why does the white man trespass upon the Indians hunting ground?" The suddenness of my visitor's appearance, together with her searching gaze, completely threw me off my equilibrium to reply.—Her voice was soft and musical, like tones of a silvery lute. "Why are you here?" she continued, "to intercept the wander-

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ings of the mountain maid. What spirit directed you to her lonely retreat? Having recovered my awkwardness, I related to her the incidents of my separation from the other hunters; that I was lost, and desired her to inform me of the nearest route to the village of —. "Wyanka knows no such place as the white warrior speaks of," she returned; "but follow me, I will take you to my tribe, and some of our braves might know." To hesitate was to lose my guide; to comply might be still more fatal; but I chose the latter, and springing to my feet waved her forward and followed. What if there should be treachery in the bosom of my Indian guide, thought I; but remembering the soft impassioned expression of her dark liquid eye, when relating to her my misfortune, I felt quite willing to trust her confidence.—The light was fast fading from the world; the orange and purple folds became fainter, as it shaded by the most delicate touch of a painter's hand. The gorgeous splendour was passing away, giving place to the curtain of ebon night. The winds had lulled, and a breathless stillness reigned throughout that wild and forest domain. The birds were caroling in happy strains, while their notes rung through the windings of that mountain range. All my timidity had now forsaken me, and I followed the elastic footsteps of my companion and guide. The warriors circuitous path was frequently intercepted by huge masses of crumbling rock, or the remains of fallen timbers; but on she bounded, regardless of the impediments in the way, occasionally looking back to see the result of my arduous efforts to follow. At one time a crash, like the noise produced by the falling of a heavy tower, arrested our attention. The earth seemed to convulse and tremble beneath our feet; for just at the left from where I was standing, when first startled by the noise, an old and weighty pine uprooted, and was sent hurtling into the giddy depths below. I called to Wyanka; quick as an antelope she was by my side, while with a mischievous smile she said: "Does the white warrior fear that which the Indian scorns?" And again her pliant feet scarcely touching the mossy cliff, scaled each gutting crag with magic bound.—She darted over them with the same ease that she would have done upon a level surface. From steep to steep did she lead me, until we came to the table land overlooking her Indian village.

"Let the pale-faced hunter remain here," she exclaimed, half turning herself, "while the blue sky of the mountain descends to her people." Looking in the direction of her voice, she had disappeared. Bending over the rocks I could catch a view of her white floating mantle at intervals, spreading like a small summer cloud, and dropping from height to depth as she neared the broad surface of the valley beneath. A shrill cry like the scream of the vulture came rolling up the acclivitous spot. Instantly an answer echoing back to the frowning hills, rung with the hideous yellings of her savage friends. There was a hurrying to and fro among the dusky crowd that thronged around at her approach; they looked like small moving specks, while they gathered in the grey depths of their woodland dell, and croneched submissively to their forest queen. One wave of her hand was sufficient to calm the tumult that was fiercely rising among them. The white robe had again disappeared, but a short interval had elapsed since I beheld its position, when a slight tap upon my shoulder arrested my attention to its meaning; and upon looking around discovered my guide and a huge fright of an Indian decked in his entire war trimmings. He was surveying me from head to foot with severe and intent curiosity. At last he said in broken English: "White man, do you know that you are in the power of the Mountain Eagle?" "I feel perfectly safe in your hands," I replied; "for never did an Indian injure any one that was thrown by accident into his dominions."

The chief paused, and seemed flattered by the remark of confidence last uttered; for presently he returned: "the white warrior shall indeed find a home in the Indians wigwam." And turning to my former friend, said: "Take the pale face to the banks of our fishing stream—to our summer abode—where the waters glide—where the doves hatch their young in the tall thick trees—where the grape-vines are clustering—where the butternut blooms—where the red bird builds his nest—take him to that quiet retreat; and plucking a feather from his waving plume bade me wear it. The moon had now risen, and her silvery light came streaming along the dark concave of heaven, while a few lingering rays of purple and gold gave beauty to the gorgeous west. The winds had died away, and every leaf was now still. All nature seemed sleeping, calm as an infant upon its mother's breast. My companion again broke the deep quietude by reminding me to keep clear of the shelving precipice that was hidden by the thick matted boughs of the green cedar. There was a peculiar archness in the expression of her almost classic features that spoke of truth and kindness, humour and hidden volumes. There was a gentleness, mingled with dignity, fully displayed in her commanding deportment; yet I could not banish the thought that my position was a very critical one. I could not doubt the truthfulness of my newly made friends; still fear seemed to haunt me that all was not right. The future, however, convinced me that all my forebodings were decidedly groundless. At this time spoken of war was waged between the white and red man. The hatchet remained unburied, and the pipe of peace had long since been dug up. The knowledge of this sustained my fears.—I enquired of my guide the reason that the chief presented me with the choicest feather from his plume. "That token," answered she, "will secure you from the wrath and enmity of my people, who are sworn to exterminate every white enemy that may fall into their hands. This decision was made at the last council of our chiefs. Now, whoever shall behold you, and observe the feather, will offer you peace, considering you one of our household." I thanked her for this agreeable intelligence, and we proceeded down the trail. Suddenly stopping and facing me with her soft gazelle-like eyes fixed intently upon my own, she said: "My tribe style me the Nymph of the Mountain, owing to the great liking that I have for its lonely haunts. Had you fallen into other hands than mine,—[here she faltered, and a tenderness beamed from her sweet countenance while her voice seemed to wail with a softness that died like the evening zephyr, and touching like the Eolian lyre in its bursts of entrancing melody, she exclaimed]—the white warrior would now be sleeping; the fresh dew that moistens the dead leaves at our feet would be gathered cold upon his brow, and his warm breath would have ceased forever." But let us away! Already are the shadows deepening, and the chill night is approaching. A few more windings and the grey smoke of our hut will be seen curling its bending columns upward, while they dissolve amid the heavier elements. Here I was startled by a rustling in the bushes beside me, and immediately a snow-white fawn came gliding past me joyously to the side of its mistress. It had not as yet perceived the second person, so much was it taken up with its carressing of friendship. "Poor Nena," she said, "my tender Nena!" But it had gone; for at my coming up with Wyanka a quick bound conveyed the affrighted little creature into the thicket. Three suspicious looking dogs came forth, as if to enquire into the unusual trespass. The conceal but was situated within a thick cluster of young pines. Upon entering I beheld seated upon some figured matting, used for carpeting, a female Indian, aged and squalid in her appearance. She was arranging some nets for fishing purposes. The wildest surprise was depicted in the restless and flashing glance of her eye at observing so strange a visitor. Two Indian boys were lounging moodily upon a rude sort of ottoman, with no less degree of marvellousness displayed in their mysterious coun-

tenances. Wyanka now set about collecting some of the choicest fruits, which she placed before me, together with some newly killed venison, saying: "Let the white friend eat in the Indians home." The fruit was of the most delicious and perfect kind, being nurtured in a warm and southern clime. After our repast was ended, she and her attendant retired to an adjoining wigwam, leaving me with the two young Indians. The moon had risen high in the heavens, silvery the valley with her spangled beams, when the chief stealthily entered the rustic cabin. I should not have known him, so much was he changed in his appearance. No longer did he wear the war dress; the paint was removed from his face, revealing features of the most complete and chiselled cast. The eye no longer wore that fierce and deadly expression, nor had his voice so harsh and revolting a tone.—There was a mildness accompanying the settled earnestness of his gaze; the shadow had forsaken his brow, while his features were lit up with a brilliancy descriptive of the highest class of thought. "The white chief need fear nothing from our red warriors," said he, "upon the condition of three things."

"What are they?" I replied, "wishing to know the worst." "They are these," he continued—"first, that you continue with us until the end of the war; secondly, that you instruct your people in the art of building and other useful knowledge; and, finally, that you make no attempt to escape from our territory." "Then I am your prisoner," I replied; "how long is my bondage likely to continue?" "That is more than I am able to inform you of at present," retorted the chief. My countenance must have betrayed some uneasiness at the unwelcome proposal, for immediately, while his features darkened with a lowering and mysterious expression, he said: "Does the white man's heart meditate evil; does he purpose his own deliverance. Beware! already is the war cry given. Three thousand of my braves are at this time performing the war dance at the camp, preparatory to meeting the enemy on the frontiers; and whosoever is not for us is against us, and we shall deal with them as such." With his features commanding greater terror, he exclaimed: "This is a time of peril to the pale faces, yet you are perfectly safe to remain among us; but to try to escape will be certain death. I shall give you until my return to consider your fate, and I shall set a strong guard over you, and you will be closely watched." He withdrew in the same cautious manner that he entered. (To be concluded in our next.)

THE OPPOSITE INFLUENCE OF THE SEXES IN TRAINING.—Why is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred those women who have been brought up chiefly amongst men, who have had no sisters, who have lost a mother early in life (doubtless, for many reasons, a sad affliction to a girl), who have been dependant on fathers or brothers for society and conversation, should turn out the most fascinating and superior of their sex? Why is it that in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand the boy who is educated solely by his mother becomes a triumphant and successful man in after life? Perhaps the opposite influence of either sex is beneficial to the other; perhaps the girl derives vigorous thoughts, expanded views, habits of reflection, nay more, charity and forbearance, from her male associates, as the boy is indebted to his mother's tuition and his mother's companionship for the gentleness and purity of heart which combine so well with a manly and generous nature, for the refinement and delicacy of feeling which so adorn true courage; and above all, for that exalted standard of womankind, which shall prove his surest safeguard from shame and defeat in the coming battle; a shield impervious so long as it is bright, but that, when once soiled, slides and crumbles from his grasp, leaving him in the press of angry weapons, a naked and defenceless man.

THE MORALITY OF THE HUMAN STOMACH. "The cause of morality is more dependent upon the bodily health than many politicians, moralists, and divines seem ready to believe." Hora Subseciva. BONAPARTE used to attribute the loss of one of his battles to a bad dinner which had disturbed his digestion; and we are disposed to think the cause quite adequate to the effect. If a man's stomach is out of order, so, by consequence, must be his brain and he is not himself either in heart or head. While all the blackguards and idolaters are fine, big, lusty men, effervescing with animal health and spirits. We all know what sort of atrocious theory as to the relation of physical and spiritual health. If the "muscular Christianity" of our day tends to fly into an extreme, it is in the recoil from a still worse extreme. We do not say that Mr. Kingsley is a better Christian because he is a fox-hunter, but we entertain no doubt that his Christianity owes much of its buoyancy to his robust and vigorous constitution; and, much as we dissent from many of Mr. Kingsley's tenets, we think his faith incomparably more Christian than that of the anchorites, which led Simon Stylites to pine away for thirty years on the top of a bolus, and St. Dunstan to shut himself up in a cell five feet long, flogging himself by day, and singing psalms in cold water during winter nights. The fact is that bodily suffering and disease acting on a nature already depraved is one of the most prolific sources of evil; and it is probable that all the heresies, false philosophies, suicides, murders, and treacheries that we read and hear of, were dependent more or less directly on the state of the stomach. It seems a very carnal view of the matter, but it is not the less just. A most important principle in moral philosophy is hinted at in the words which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Cæsar: "Let me have men about me that are fat; Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights; You'd Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

Old Samuel Johnson said that "every man was a rascal when he was sick," and a greater man than Johnson said to Timothy: "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities;" and we have no doubt that Paul gave that advice because he knew that, if Timothy's digestion was impaired, he would be less able than otherwise to withstand the seductive influence of Greek philosophy and to fight the good fight of faith. Men are prone enough to sin at the best, and they can ill bear to have the strength of "the old man" augmented by the corrupting tendencies of disease. Is it not a notorious fact that so trifling a thing as a cold in the nose will often convert the most amiable of men into a public nuisance? A man kindly and generous when in health has only to over- load his stomach, and forthwith his liver is affected, then his brain. His sensibilities are deadened; his un- easiness makes him fretful; his fretfulness is contagious; and in these circumstances he will say and do things from which in health he would have recoiled. There is quite as much truth as humor in Sydney Smith's remark that "old friendships are often destroyed by toasted cheese," and that "hard salt meat has led to suicide." Health has much more to do with godliness than used to be supposed. Of course health is not in itself piety, nor can it ever engender piety; but it is a condition very favorable to it—sometimes, perhaps, essential. Hence, all innocent amusements that serve to exhilarate, and all innocent games and exercises that tend to invigorate a man, deserve the most cordial encouragement from all who desire the social and spiritual elevation of the people. The volunteer drill may be doing as much for healthy religion, in an indirect way, as a tract society.

We are told that David was ruddy and of a beautiful countenance, and we believe his personal courage and his faith in God were all the stronger because of the bodily vigor indi-

ated by his face. A man loves better, prays better, and reasons better, in health than in sickness. A climb up Arthur's Seat warms a man's heart while it braces his nerves; and a good game at cricket does far more to strengthen one's moral principles than a lecture in moral philosophy. HARDENING OF THE BRAIN. Softening of the brain is not unfrequently the result of overtasking that delicate and wonderful organ. Southey, the poet, died of the disease, and it is sometimes produced by sensual excesses as well as by mental labor. But according to a distinguished modern anatomist, hardening of the brain is more common than its opposite. Nothing can be more easy than to indurate the organ of thought. It can be done either by soaking the contents of a dead man's cranium in alcohol, or by the introduction of liquor into the skull of the living subject in the form of drams. In short, drunkenness sometimes hardens the brain during life as effectually as a bath of fourth-proof spirits could solidify it after death. Hirth, the celebrated physiologist, declared that he could distinguish in the dark, by the resistance it offered to his knife, the brain of a drunkard from that of a person who had lived soberly; and when he found a hardened brain in the dissecting room, was accustomed to congratulate the students in his class on obtaining a specimen so thoroughly prepared for presentation and for the purposes of demonstration. How horrible thus to petrify, as it were, the seat of thought, the organ of the soul, while its arteries still throb with the pulses of life, and its gossamer tissues are permeated and acted upon by the immortal principle of our being! Does the inebriate ever reflect that he may be literally walling his mind out of its God-appointed home? Does he realize, as his ideas become more and more obtuse, that the instrument through which they are developed is hardening; that it must soon lose all flexibility and elasticity, and become utterly powerless; that were it scooped from his skull now, and given to the surgeons, it would be the jest of the dissecting-room as "a drunkard's brain"? Well has it been said that habitual intoxication dries up all the fountains of feeling, leaving behind only "a brain of lead and a heart of stone."

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—The late Duke of Buckingham, whose death has been recently recorded, was nearly related to the great Tudor family that once sat on the English throne. From the Philadelphia Press, which is excellent authority in matters of British genealogy and family history, we compile one or two items of interest. The Duke succeeded in 1839 to a dukedom, two marquises, two earldoms, one viscounty, one barony, and a million a year. He married a daughter of the Marquis of Breadalbane, from whom he was afterwards divorced, and was a member of one of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinets. At his magnificent palace at Stowe, he entertained Queen Victoria and Prince Albert for three days, in 1845 in a style equal to that which Leicester bestowed on his famous reception of Elizabeth. His Grace is said to have spent a million and a half on this three days' visit of his Sovereign. In less than three years from that time, Stowe and its museum of contents, equal in rarity and vertu to the contents of any royal palace in Europe, were put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. The Duke had got embarrassed by gambling, and such extravagance as entertaining queens, and absolutely lost everything he had in the world. He persuaded his son, the Marquis of Chandos, to cut off the entail of the family estates, and afterwards prosecuted his son for perjury. The Marquis brought a host of such witnesses into court, as Lord Brougham, the Provost of Eton, &c., to prove his character, and of course did prove it satisfactorily; after that he supported his father until the death of the Duke.

A Glasgow antiquarian recently visited Cathcart Castle, and asked one of the villagers "if he knew anything of an old story about the building?" "Ay," said the rustic, "there was another auld story, but it fell down long since." Sons of Mrs. McClarty.—A country laird, at his death left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live very amicably together for several years. At length one said to the other, "Tam, we're getting auld noo; you'll take a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share of the ground." "Na, John, you're the youngest and maist active; you'll take a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share." "Oh," says John, "Tam, that's just the way 'y' see when there's ony fash or trouble—we're a thing you'll do at a'." CRISOLINE.—The large tub-hoop made their appearance in the reign of Queen Anne. The apology was its coolness in summer, by admitting a free circulation of air. Grainger says: "It was no more a petticoat than Diogenes' tub was his breeches." Swift says, in one of his letters to a friend in Ireland: "Have you got the rhabdellone petticoat amongst you yet? I hate them; a woman may here conceal a moderate gallant under them." Henry IV. of France, it is well known, was saved from assassination by hiding himself under his Queen's (Margaret of Valois) hoop. "Everything, however preposterous," remarks Mr. James Bruce, "may be made useful."

"The Premier and the Station-Master.—At one of the chief stations on the Great Western Railway (says the Western Daily News) is a station-master noted for self-conceit and funkoyism. His reverence for a person with a handle to his name is equalled only by the esteem in which he holds himself. One day he desecrated a gentleman pacing the platform with a cigar in his mouth. Mr. — at once accosted the audacious offender, and requested him forthwith to stop smoking. The gentleman took no notice of this command, but continued his walk, emitting a silvery cloud. Irritated by this disobedience, Mr. — repeated his rebukes more peremptorily than before; but still the owner of the Havannah maintained a provoking disregard. A third time the order was repeated, accompanied with the threat that if the obstinate fellow did not obey, he would be handed over to the tender mercies of the porters. The stranger took no more heed than before; and so at last, enraged Mr. — pulled the cigar out of the smoker's mouth and flung it away. This violent attack produced no more effect than commands and threats, and the peripatetic philosopher continued his walk quite serenely. Presently a carriage and four drove up—an equipage well known to Mr. — as that of the Duke of —. To his inconceivable horror the refractory smoker entered the said chariot, and drove off in style to —. Mr. — asked in tremulous tones who the stranger was, and he felt ready to sink into the earth when he heard that it was Viscount Palmerston, K. G., First Lord of the Treasury. He did not hesitate long, however; he at once ordered a chaise and pair and drove off. Arrived there, he sent in his card, and urgently requested a private interview with Lord Palmerston. His Lordship soon appeared, when Mr. — began a most abject apology for having so grossly insulted his Lordship. Had he known who his Lordship was he would not have so treated his Lordship for the world." The Premier heard the station-master out then looking down upon him sternly, and with his hands in his pockets, said, "Sir, I respected you because I thought you were doing your duty like a Brior; but now I see you are nothing but a snob." Thus ended the station-master's interview with the Premier.

NATURAL BAROMETER.—The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are very frequently fallible guides particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. The insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to be settled fair when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.

A Woman has been detected in drawing pay from the New York Volunteer Fund for three husbands, another for two, others for men not married; while others have been allowed for five, six, and seven children, when they had but one, and in some instances none.

THE PREMIER AND THE STATION-MASTER.—At one of the chief stations on the Great Western Railway (says the Western Daily News) is a station-master noted for self-conceit and funkoyism. His reverence for a person with a handle to his name is equalled only by the esteem in which he holds himself. One day he desecrated a gentleman pacing the platform with a cigar in his mouth. Mr. — at once accosted the audacious offender, and requested him forthwith to stop smoking. The gentleman took no notice of this command, but continued his walk, emitting a silvery cloud. Irritated by this disobedience, Mr. — repeated his rebukes more peremptorily than before; but still the owner of the Havannah maintained a provoking disregard. A third time the order was repeated, accompanied with the threat that if the obstinate fellow did not obey, he would be handed over to the tender mercies of the porters. The stranger took no more heed than before; and so at last, enraged Mr. — pulled the cigar out of the smoker's mouth and flung it away. This violent attack produced no more effect than commands and threats, and the peripatetic philosopher continued his walk quite serenely. Presently a carriage and four drove up—an equipage well known to Mr. — as that of the Duke of —. To his inconceivable horror the refractory smoker entered the said chariot, and drove off in style to —. Mr. — asked in tremulous tones who the stranger was, and he felt ready to sink into the earth when he heard that it was Viscount Palmerston, K. G., First Lord of the Treasury. He did not hesitate long, however; he at once ordered a chaise and pair and drove off. Arrived there, he sent in his card, and urgently requested a private interview with Lord Palmerston. His Lordship soon appeared, when Mr. — began a most abject apology for having so grossly insulted his Lordship. Had he known who his Lordship was he would not have so treated his Lordship for the world." The Premier heard the station-master out then looking down upon him sternly, and with his hands in his pockets, said, "Sir, I respected you because I thought you were doing your duty like a Brior; but now I see you are nothing but a snob." Thus ended the station-master's interview with the Premier.